



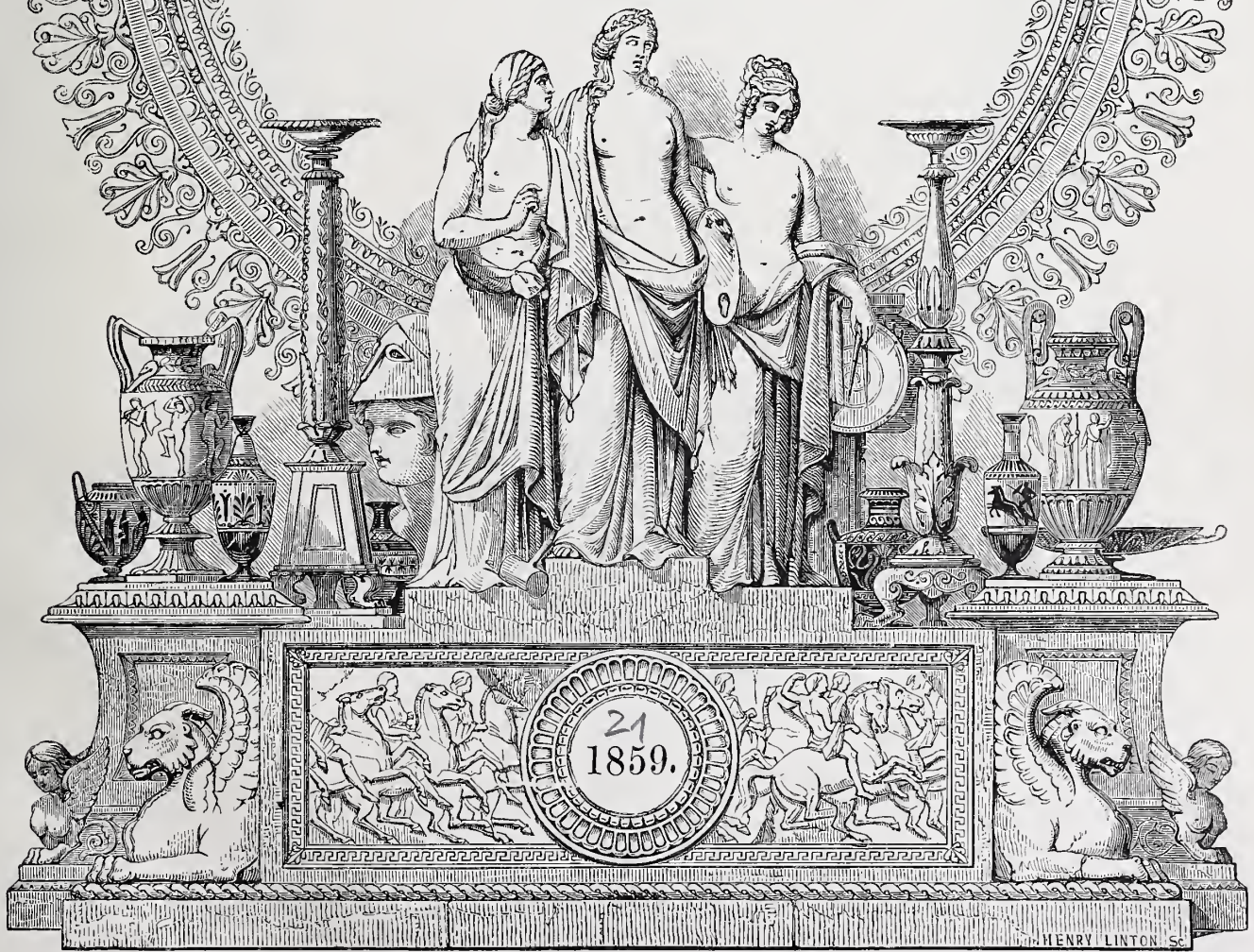


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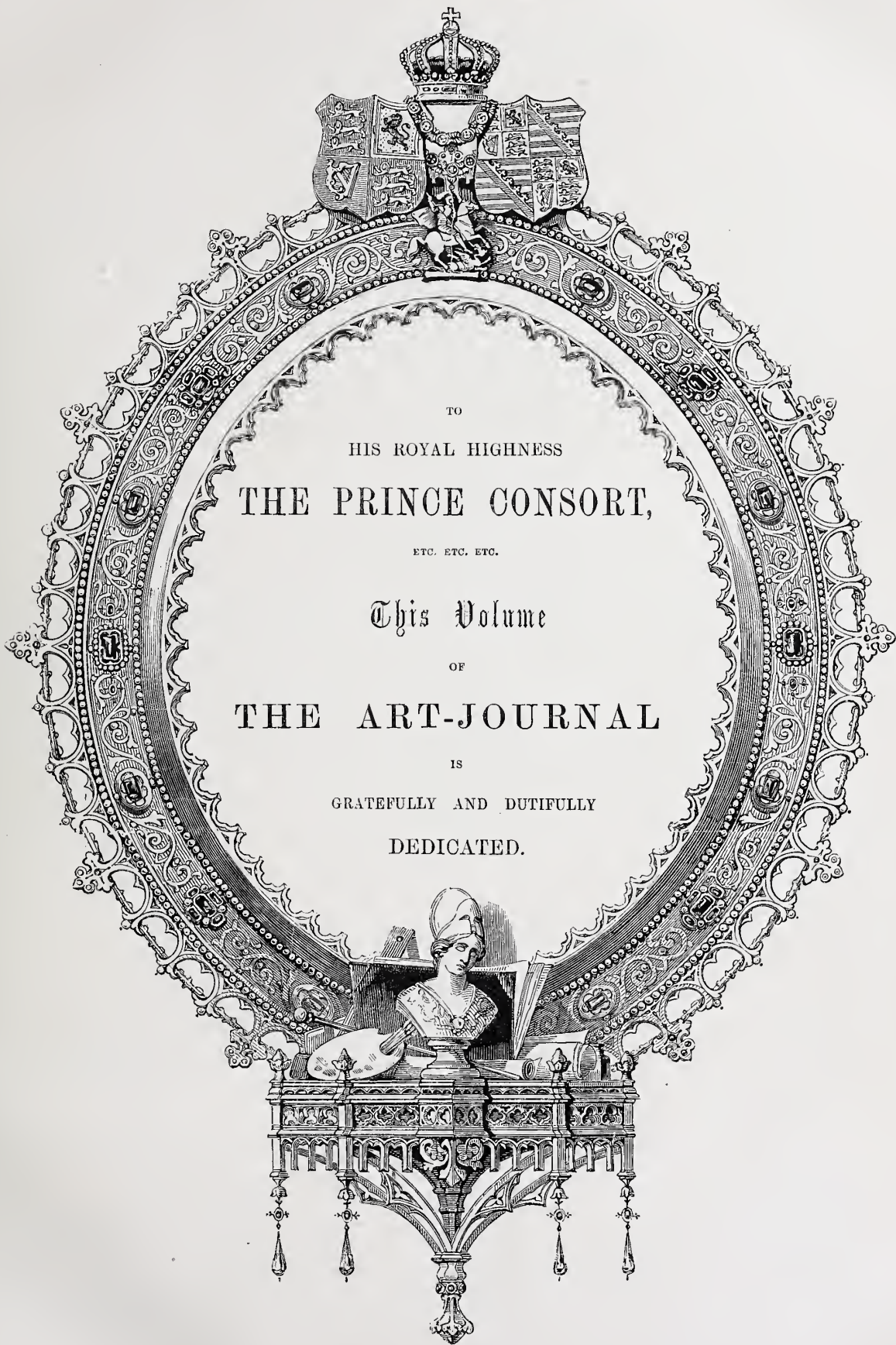
THE
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LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1859.

HOGARTH IN LONDON STREETS.

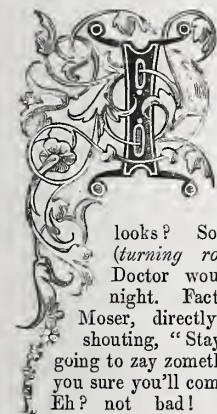
BY G. WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC. ETC.

Scene:—GARRICK'S House, 27, Southampton Street, Strand, October 23rd, 1767.

GARRICK and GOLDSMITH: the former dressed in dark claret-coloured velvet, trimmed with gold lace, and a yellow brocade waistcoat; the latter in his celebrated peach-bloom coat, just home from Friend FILBY, the tailor's. A black page enters with an old red and blue china bowl, and materials for punch, at which GOLDSMITH'S eye kindles, and he fustily removes his cocked hat and sword from the table.

Garrick.

am glad I met you, Goldie, coming out of the theatre. I thought I knew you though you were in that bloom-coloured coat. We are friends again now; yet I do think you'd have shirked me—



GoldsmitH. No, no. How do you think it looks? So you noticed the coat? (*turning round and round*). The Doctor would not give it a look last night. Fact! that *vulgarian* brute, Moser, directly I tried to speak, kept shouting, "Stay! stay! Doctor Shonson is going to say something." I said, "Well! are you sure you'll comprehend him?" Not bad! Eh? not bad! (*laughs*—GARRICK *looks amused*). I was telling the Doctor how hard it was to be simple enough in a fable—to make, for instance, little fishes talk like little fishes. The Doctor laughed. I said, "Well, well, Doctor, if you had to do it, they would all talk like *whales!*" think that was hard hitting—eh, Davy?

Gar. Yes; you had Sam there.

Gold. If Boswell heard you call his Jupiter, Sam! Well, take care! take care! So, coming home, I wrote a fable. Here it is:—"Once upon a time (by-the-bye, you talk of my showy dressing—about my not dressing like a gentleman)—"

Let me tell you—you—
Gar. Come, come, Noll, talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh!

Gold. (*simply, holding up his neck with mock indignation*). Let me tell you that when my tailor brought home my Tyrian bloom coat, he said, "Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the 'Harrow,' in Water Lane." (*GARRICK laughs*). Well! what do you think Johnson said to this?

Gar. Not an idea.

Gold. Why this: "Why, sir, that was because the coat is of such an absurd colour. It will draw a mob round you, and then they'll hear of Filby, and see that he can make a coat even of an absurd colour."

Gar. (*laughs*). I suppose you have heard merry old Quin is dead?

Gold. Yes. Well, he made people laugh long enough, and now he makes them cry. The perfect actor has both powers; his—but I must go on with my fable:—

"Once upon a time a school of young dace, just out for a holiday, were dancing and standing on

their heads under the trailing boughs of a large willow, for the day was too hot to allow of much play or fun outside the golden autumn shadows of the trees that grew on the bank. At last, tired of standing on their heads, the dace all assembled round an old obstinate John Bull of a prickly perch, who had come there for shade, and listened to him as he talked of the uses of aspiration and ambition.

"'Excelsior,' he said, 'young gentlemen, Forward, Upward, Unselfish Rivalry, Progression, must be written on our standard. We all are here waiting for preferment and a higher office. This river is but a starting-point,' and so on. At that moment a red worm, fastened to a hook, descended wriggling just at the old philosophic gentleman's nose. Forgetful of others for a moment, he seized it, and was instantly drawn up through the water out of the astonished sight of his congregation.

"'What is that?' said the youngest dace, interrogatively.

"'That?' said one who flattered himself he had seen the world, having once ventured five yards up the side brook; 'oh! that is what we call *preferment!*'"

Do you like it? See the moral against foolish and restless ambition?

Gar. Well, I must be blind if I didn't. It is good, but too long.

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Garrick. Wife's off to bed; so now for some punch. Is Johnson back, Noll, from the Lincolnshire Laughtons?

GoldsmitH. Back, Davy? Yes, on Tuesday. I met him last night at the founding of a new literary club.

Gar. (*quick*). Where? I like the idea. I shall be of you, Goldie.

"I'll be with you anon."

Gold. At the "Turk's Head," in Gerrard Street, Soho—a quiet crib, removed from the rolling din and cataract of wheels in the Oxford Road. We meet once a week, at seven o'clock—nine of us.

Gar. The number of the Muses.

Gold. Truly. There is the Doctor, Sir Joshua, with his ear-trumpet and snuff, Burke, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, myself, poor Chamier, and that sour-faced dog, Sir John Hawkins. They talk of Dyer, a member of Johnson's old Ivy Lane Club, in Newgate Street; and I suppose that note-taking coxcomb, Boswell, will drag himself in, by catching hold of the Doctor's skirts, when he comes back from Utrecht, where Heaven keep him as long as possible.

Gar. I shall be of you. I will join, and snub Boswell. What is Johnson doing now?

Gold. Well, he is struggling with hypochondria, that befores his Cyclopean mind; he is revising "Shakspeare," and has been lately writing a review of that poem of mine, "The Traveller." By-the-bye, don't you really like this coat, Garrick? Isn't the colour delicious? I have already had three Templars at the "Bedford" ask me where I got it made.

Gar. Oh! they were laughing at you, Noll. You're too smart; you look like a North American dancing-master. That is not the colour to rub about with in sponging-houses and Strand taverns. Waiters always expect more if you dress well.

Gold. Well, I won't be angry, Davy, just after making it up at Reynolds'; but I really think it becoming with this dark blue waistcoat. Filby said he never "seed" a gentleman become a colour more; he thought the fall at the waist one of the happiest things he had done. I shall let Reynolds take me in this coat; it is, as Filby says, so—

Gar. Get out of that, Noll, mix for yourself. I hope you'll punish Filby for his flattery by never paying his bill. You surely are not going, at your time of life, to set up for a blood, and perform the five acts of "The Rake's Progress!" Touch the bell for the silver punch-ladle poor Quin gave me.

Gold. Where have you been this morning?

Gar. Down to Chiswick with Mossop, to inquire for Mrs. Hogarth. Hogarth—poor fellow!—died last night. I think that quarrel with Wilkes hastened his end. (*Cuffey, put some wood on the fire.*) He died striking at his adversary, who had told people that the painter was in his dotage. I saw him yesterday morning being lifted into his coach

at his door in Leicester Fields. Death had his hand on his shoulder then; and I dared not stop to speak. The bushy, thick eyebrows had lost their archness; his quick, bull-dog eyes were fireless and faded; his clenched mouth drooped; and the skin on his round, full forehead was loose and yellow. I saw him stoop, and pat his dog "Trump;" and I waited till the servants packed in a parcel of copper-plates, and he drove slowly off.

Gold. Poor Hogarth! I will ask Johnson to write an epitaph for him. Curious enough, they say that that reprobate, Churchill, whom he drew as a bear with bands on, is dying at Boulogne. How paltry death makes all quarrels look! How did Hogarth die? Suddenly?

Gar. Yes. He was that very morning weak but cheerful; he even worked languidly upon a caricature of the Judges of the Common Pleas, introducing portraits of Noel, Clive, Willes, and Bathurst, worthy of Rabclais. Such bewigged and solemn owls you never saw. He even drew up an answer to a flattering letter of Dr. Franklin. He ate a pound of beefsteak for his dinner, and boasted that no man in England had ever such a stomach as his. He then went to bed, and soon after was seized with a violent and dangerous sickness. He rang the bell till the rope broke in his hand; and Mrs. Lewis rushing in, he gave one groan, tried to point to some picture on the wall, and expired in her arms. I have been an hour since I came home trying to write an epitaph on the dear, lion-hearted fellow, but I cannot get further than—

"His matchless works of fame, secure,
Shall live, our country's pride and boast,
As long as Nature shall endure"

Here I stick. My mind seems to lose all focus when I get excited. As for poor Mossop, I don't think even venison would rouse his appetite to-day. Do you remember Hogarth's sketch of me as Richard III?

Gold. Yes! of course I do, Davy! I was there that night you dressed up as Fielding, to help Hogarth's memory; he thought a moment or two, and then drew him just as he looked before he went out to Lisbon, with his long fine nose, and mouth fallen in. But they were saying last night at the club that he had a presentiment of his death;—I suppose, merely a sense of the flickering lamp—of the blood retreating back to the citadel of the heart. Bedad! I have had presentiments too. I had one the night before I was last arrested.

Gar. Well, Noll, then why did you not get off to some quiet place in Islington, and study natural history, as you once intended? But about this presentiment?

Gold. It was Hawkins telling it. He was dining with one of the Thornhills and Hogarth last week in the Piazza. All at once the conversation lulled, just as the wind does sometimes on gusty, chimney-shaking nights. The only sound was that of the draught fluting through the keyhole. Hogarth broke the silence, and, looking up from a brown study, said, drinking the last red drop in his glass, "My next picture will be called, 'The End of all Things.'—"If that is the case," said Thornhill, laughing, and stretching to the laggard bottle, "there will be an end to the painter too!"—"There will, indeed!" said Hogarth, with a heavy sigh, looking mournfully into a mirror that hung opposite him; "so the sooner the work is done the better."

Gar. Did he ever finish the plate?

Gold. (*drawing a roll from the well-like pocket of the peach-bloom*). He did, and here is an impression of it, it is full of fancy and thought—a broken bottle—a worn-out broom—the butt-end of a musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a broken crown—a fallen tower—"The World's End Tavern" tumbling down—the moon in her last wane—a gibbet falling, the body rotted off, and the chain rusted away—Phœbus and his horses dead in the stagnant clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his scythe and hour-glass broken, and his pipe just smoked out—H.'s own picture of the *Times* fading into air—a statue of Bankruptcy against Nature—an empty purse; and here, Davy, a touch for you—a play-book lying open, with "Ereunt omnes" written on the last page. He showed it a few days after to the artists who were in an inner room at Chiswick retouching his plates. They all liked it. "Stop!" he said; "give it here! Nothing

remains but this!" and he swept in, with his brush full of sepia, a painter's palette broken! "*Tinis!*" he sighed, "the deed is done! it is all over!"

Gar. Poor fellow! (Pass the punch.) I knew he had got his death-wound when I met him two months ago at the "Mitre," opposite Fetter Lane. He looked sad, and his hat was drawn down more than usually low over the scar on his right temple; his bumping forehead no longer shone with the oil of humour—the little dogged man was silent and grave. He said to me, as we drew up near the fire in Johnson's right-hand corner seat, "Garrick, feel my pulse, and tell me what you think of it." I did, putting on a sort of quack grimace, to amuse him. I said, "It beats low, but calmly."—"My dear friend," he replied, with a look I shall never forget, "if you don't know what its heat is called in medical jargon, I will tell you—I'll tell you what it beats: it beats the *Dead March!*" I did not reply; he paid his reckoning, shook me by the hand, and, drawing his hat over his eyes, walked feebly out.

Gold. I am glad it was you, and not me. I should have fallen to crying, as sure as my name is Noll. What a fool I seem with this peach-blossom coat, when I think of myself behind that great inevitable black curtain, that must some day fall on all our performances, and shut us out from our grinning and hissing audiences for ever! Then Death flings us a crust to comfort us, and labels it "Posthumous Fame." What comfort is that? I would rather hear Johnson quote a line of "The Traveller" at the "Bedford" than have a whole Westminster Abbey huilt over me.

Gar. And I one night's welcome of a thousand honest hands than all the cold monuments in Poets' Corner.

Gold. Poets' Corner! I prefer Garrick's chimney corner. Delicious perfume of the lemon! Was punch thy final cause, O lemon?

Gar. Hogarth, when you knew him, was very quick and lively, always honest and sincere; never hackbiting; and severe only on the present. I found his servants all in tears: now, that's a good sign.

Gold. That depends on what he left them in his will.

Gar. Now, don't be cynical, Goldie; it does not suit you. Hogarth's servants had all lived with him for years, and loved him like a father. They were not like Cuffey's brother here, whom I met the other day, and asked him how he got on with the son of his old master, who, I heard, was rather fond of using the whip, and was as severe a chip of the old block as his father. "Cus' him! him all old hlock, massa," said Sambo.

Gold. (Laughs.) I have heard that Hogarth preferred small tradesmen's clubs, where he could see character, for he was irritable, and did not like contradiction.

Gar. Do you, Goldie?—eh? eh?

Gold. Faix! no; but I have enough of it with the Doctor. Hawkins seemed to say Hogarth was jealous of Reynolds, and was rather mean in his housekeeping. He called him, too, I think, a turn-coat in politics, and not always a friend of morality.

Gar. Bah! That man never laughed but once, and that was when a friend broke his thigh. He lives by fly-blowing reputations. He will backbite Sam himself some day, if he and Boswell don't fall to blows, and run each other through. He is just one of those flesh-flies of society of whom our poor Hogarth crushed so many. He goes about pretending to praise him, and then slips in a sting about his jealousy of the old masters. Now, it was only yesterday Mrs. Piozzi told me that Hogarth once said to her that, "Johnson's conversation is to other men's what Titian's painting was compared to Hudson's; but don't you say I said so, for the connoisseurs are at war, you know, and because I hate them, they think I hate Titian,—and let 'em!"

Gold. Just like him, Davy. (Shall I fill your glass with this lemon-coloured scented nectar?) The little man of Chiswick certainly was what the Doctor calls "a good hater." What blows he has struck in his time at hypocrisy, lust, cruelty, and all the brother vices! It makes me quite ashamed to think of my huffoon plays and trifling verses. Think, too, of this sturdy swimmer at last sinking in the muddy whirlpools of party!

Gar. It was merely because he was half dead when he took to such swimming. His print of the *Times* was meant to aid peace and unite the people,

but drove Wilkes and his set mad. Long before this the Tories and Anti-Walpole men had encouraged him—just when he had finished his inimitable "Rake's Progress"—to design a series of plates called "The Statesman's Progress." Why, he might have been almost crowned by the mob if he had chosen to fly with the other curs at that brave old English gentleman, Sir Robert.

Gold. Or have been drawn off with golden sops. No! Hogarth was rough, but honest—very honest.

Gar. Never was such a bludgeon fight, I think. Just fresh from an onslaught on Methodism, Hogarth, in a print of the *Times*, drew Pitt on stilts, blowing up a fire that has caught the two globes; ridiculed Lord Temple, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Harrington's Grenadiers. No. 17 of the *North Briton* contained an article by Wilkes against this picture, accusing Hogarth of rancour, malevolence, and plagiarisms from Callot. It spoke of him as worn out, and delighting only in painting the dark side of things. (Goldie, touch the fire, there's a good fellow! I'll ring for pipes, so that we may take a *birds-eye* view of things.) Wilkes laughed, too, at his failures in history and portrait-painting.

Gold. I was away in the country, and did not read that scurrilous paper.

Gar. Enraged at being accused of envy and vanity (Don't look at that coat of yours, Goldie), Hogarth went to Wilkes's trial, and took a sketch of him from the gallery of the Court of Common Pleas, sheltered behind forests of wigs. I need not tell you he caught our clever, wicked, patriotic friend's demon squint and projecting rat-teeth with terrible severity. Then, what must he do but publish it. Churchill, like a true brother-hruiser, replied with a poetical epistle, describing Hogarth as hopelessly in his dotage. Hogarth, catching up another handful of blinding mud, brought out then his Churchill as a hear in a casco, holding a club knotted with lies. He then—still unsatisfied,—set to work altering the *Times*, hriuging in himself whipping Wilkes and Churchill, who are distinguished as a hear and a monkey, adding the King of Prussia smoking, and Pitt lying down, and firing at the Dove of Peace, which is perched on the English standard.

Gold. A sorry ending for a great man's life—flinging about rotten eggs—such as too often broke in his hand to his own detriment. If this was how he had spent his life, I think we—two of the best minds in London—

Gar. Goldie! Goldie! No, no!

Gold. Yes! I am not given to sham self-deprecation. I say, if he had spent his life merely manufacturing squibs, we—two—

(GARRICK springs up in the attitude of Hamlet preparing to wrestle with Laertes.)

Gold. Well! well!—we should not now be lamenting beside his grave.

Gar. Well, I suppose it is grief makes you dip so thirstily into the china punchbowl. Now, don't be angry! We are human; and there is no reason, because the young Adam dies, that the old Adam should not be thirsty.

"All that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity."

Oh! that's only one striking—never mind one; he is the smallest of them, and must take care of himself. There is no one sitting up for you in the Temple; and if the printer's boy does come too early in the morning, why, let him wait.

Gold. (sings) "Let him wait—let him wait—LET HIM WAIT!" There's a bass note! No weakness in that chest! By-the-by, you haven't a loose five-pound note? Filby 'll be dunning me.

Gar. The worst man in the world to come to, Goldie. (Oh, the vanity of peach-blossom coats!) Who was it told Footc I once went to do a generous action, and was frightened back by the ghost of a farthing? Who said I used to tell Kitty Clive not to make my tea as red as blood?

Gold. Not I, or you may tread me under foot. Did I ever say an unkind thing of any friend, Davy?

Gar. Well, upon my word, Goldie, I think not; but certainly many a blaudering thing—eh?

Gold. By all the guineas ever born, Davy! I never said the words. The dirty blackguard that said so is only fit to live off the rinsings of creation

and the offal of humanity. Shiver the guineas! let us go on with our talk about Hogarth; and if, before I go, you could oblige me, why, I shall sing a *Non nobis*, and go home, whistling, to the Temple, ready to defy Filby to-morrow or next day—pay my coal-bill, and buy some books.

Gar. What! all with five guineas?

Gold. Yes; judiciously applied in small instalments, that stimulate the hope, and are tonics to the imagination. By-the-by, did it ever strike you that Hogarth is the first English painter who used London as a background for his scenes? He will not be the last. I think a place with seven hundred thousand souls, and seven miles' length of streets, is no bad field, Davy, for the observer and the thinker. He certainly has left records of this age—of its cellars, dens, and palaces—its angels, men, and devils—its highwaymen, footpads, beaux, quacks—

Gar. Poor poets,—

Gold. Bad actors, gamblers, shoeblacks, publicans, chairmen, merchants, lords, ladies, and apprentices. His net was always full of oddities—refugees, thieves, intriguers, bullies, jockeys, or fools. Wherever you go now in London, he is there. By the pert Charles I. at Charing Cross—there his coach broke down; by the Flect's black ditch—there his murdered man was thrown; Bow Church—there his Lord Mayor's procession passes; Guildhall—there his industrious apprentice feasts; St. James's Street—there his rake was arrested; St. Martin's Lane—there's where the guilty wife in *Marriage à la Mode* destroyed herself; Tyburn—there Tom Idle quivered and swung.

Gar. Very true, Goldie. I only wish he had done still more, and then no age would have been so depicted and so satirized. The cock-pit—Bridewell—the fair—the theatre—the suburban inn—the Surgeons' Hall—the strolling-player's booth—Bedlam—our prisons—the Thames—our drawing-rooms,—he has done, but there is no Temple Bar—no Park—no Strand, nor much of common shop-life either, though he does give us a barber and a quack doctor's, and a merchant's counting-house. He will leave the impression of ours being a bad and unhappy age. By-the-by, what are you writing now?

Gold. Nothing to boast of. A short English grammar, for which I am promised the enormous sum of five pounds—half of which I have already horrowed. I be bound Papyrius gets more for one of his ridiculous cross-readings.

Gar. Nay, nay, Goldie! I saw you the other day, at the Wednesday Clnh, crying with laughter at the idea of Lord Chatham taking his seat, and being severely handled by the populace—eh? eh?

Gold. Oh! the man is not altogether a fool. By-the-by, that day Reynolds had brought us together in Leicester Square—do you remember?—I spoke of my comedy, "The Good-natured Man."

Gar. I remember. You promised me a look at the manuscript for Drury Lane. It was the day after the Doctor had the interview with the King. I am loaded with manuscript, but still the author of the "Vicar" shall not be disregarded (assumes a high and rather pompous tone—GOLD-SMITH looks vexed).

Gold. Before we made up our quarrel I thought of going to Covent Garden; but Rich's death, and Beard's dubitations, drove me to wait—

Gar. You did well! you did well! Covent Garden is no theatre for genius. Beard is physically and spiritually deaf. I believe no actor in London has more power of serving an author than I have.

Gold. We will not discuss the relative importance of actors and authors, or we shall fall to swords again. Read my play; if it is good, and will pay you, bring it out, and we shall both benefit. One or two of the characters are not ill drawn.

Gar. It is not mere talent floats a play, it is the dramatic interest; and here the Doctor even fell through. Still, though I would not hold out too great hopes of good fortune, I will promise to carefully peruse your manuscript.—Now, to continue with Hogarth, let us turn over this portfolio of his engravings.

Gold. So be it. Then I will send you the manuscript. I think it will give the theatre a lift.

Gar. Oh! as for that—But by-the-by, you know me as an actor, but not much as an author. What do you say to my reading you some notes I have just been writing after rehearsal this morning of a review of Hogarth, supposed to be written some

hundred years hence, by a critic who is considering the poetry our old friend has thrown round London. I talk of the men and times as passed, just as a bit of drollery of my own, because it throws the thing into focus.

Gold. Read it, by all means! I shall be happy to furnish you with any hints that may—

Gar. Very well! I'll snuff the candles, and begin:—

"It is almost a hundred years since the death of the great London painter; and if ever a verdict can be pronounced on his fame, now is the time to call the jury together. A hundred years ago the great Garrick—"

Gold. Is not that a little presumptuous?

Gar. Perhaps it is. We'll soften that. This is only a rough copy. But, by-the-bye, do you agree with me in my argument?

Gold. What argument?

Gar. Hang it, Noll! I haven't yet come to it, and never shall, if you don't let me get on. I argue, that there is poetry to be found in London.

Gold. Poetry? Of course!—bushels of it! specially this November weather, when the lamps shine like yellow stars in the dusk, and at a distance form themselves into strange letters and cyphers. Yes—(stops to light his pipe.)

Gar. (aside). [But this is October. Now, I think, I have got him on his track about Hogarth and London poetry. Now he will run on in long rhapsodies, if properly plied with punch at intervals.] Go on, Goldie! I want you to point me out this new branch of poetry. I thought poetry was confined to grecu fields and babbling brooks,—

"Where the world seems ever young."

But how can any breath of Nature's poetry steal into this region of man's works and arts.

Gold. Zounds! Well! I'll tell you. I went out this morning to visit Hogarth's haunts, for I had heard he was dying from bookseller Davies, and I wanted to think him over. It is one of these golden-fogged October mornings that I go out to ramble through the London haunts of our great pictorial satirist. The sun seemed passing through a series of chemical experiments. Now it was a globe of luminous, pale, purple fire; now a mere blot of yellow, that reminds unpoetical people of gilt buttons and coloured wafers; presently it becomes a burning brazen ball; and a moment after it loomed like a red-hot shell descending through fiery sulphur clouds upon a suffering and guilty town. The stones were hard, dry, clear, and grey in the mild autumn morning light, and yielded sharp responses to the busy feet that trod them. It was cheering to see, as you approached a street-corner, the broad waft of sunlit vapour, that fell aslant the houses, shining into sorrowing and happy eyes, with all that gracious impartiality with which Heaven bestows its precious, though everyday, blessings of hope and life.

Gar. Bravo, Goldie!

Gold. I turned my back to the angel warnings and praises showered from the steeple of Saxon St. Dunstan, and pushed on—my stick borne like a sword over my shoulder—to Temple Bar, that Portland stone, cold classicity, which Wren erected after the Great Fire, when there was a rage, Davy, for Corinthian and other sham, lifeless classicities. This black windowed archway, not unlike the mouth of a sewer, through which our bulldog-faced Hogarth has passed a thousand times, from the striping time when he sallied out, as he used to say, poor and hipped, to go into the city, and sell the eopper-plates, wrapped in soft blue paper he carries in his deep left-hand pocket, to the time he went city-wards to visit good, vain, old Richardson, where he met the Doctor, and took him for a lunatic, because he twitched his face, and gibbered at the window.

Gar. I can see him now, the little man, with his small gold-laced hat cocked up over his right temple, to show the scar there, his keen eyes, like a terrier's at a rat-hole, ever on the watch—gay in his blue coat, small sword, and silver-buckled shoes—stopping at the black, smeared gateway that divides old London city and its freedom and riches from the liberty of the borough-city of Westminster.

Gold. His busy eye has often rested on that very misplaced row of black leaves and fruit that top the wooden mud-splashed gates, that have opened at the herald's knock and trumpet alternately to swarth Charles, on his way to get drunk with the Lord Mayor, and hook-nosed bigot James, to

Anne and the Proud Duchess. Through this purgatorial arch I have seen him watch the great daily black tide of London life—its goodness, badness, wisdom, and folly—rush past like a horizontal Niagara—loud roaring, and never-ceasing.

Gar. I have seen Hogarth—his hand still warm from pressing Quin's—arm-in-arm with Hoadley or Hayman, smiling at those dummy pointing statues of Queen Elizabeth and James I., or looking with a certain sense of mystery into the dim church-like windows, where the bankers keep their ledgers and ponderous cash-books. He used to laugh at the shrivelled black plaisters of bygone posting-bills, which, affixed to the walls, give them the air of only having just recovered from the Great Plague. The last time we were together he would stop at the corner fruit-stall on the right-hand side to admire the yellow pears, and the charcoal smouldering crimson under the suffering, out-at-elbow chestnuts of Spain.

Gold. But when I saw Hogarth looking up there, leaving for a moment old Sir James Thornhill's arm, and casting his eye over the round arched top of the Bar, he was peering at something else besides a looming yellow sky burning away overhead, to a brighter and purer flower blue, tenderly feathered with grey clouds. Yes! he borrowed a spy-glass for a halfpenny of a seedy chairman, and looked up at those dreadful rebel heads, which stand out dark against the sky, like so many barber's blocks. I saw him sketching on his thumb-nail, as he used to do, those gaunt Scotch heads, still wrung with a pain which remains there, petrified by death, soon by sun and wind to become shapeless black masks, unnoticed even by the street boys. Then, with an absent stare, as if he was looking within, watching a new picture engraving on his retina, he would lounge off to go home to Leicester Square, where his rival, Reynolds, lived; and just out of which, in St. Martin's Street, Sir Isaac Newton resided, as Boswell has wormed out.

Gar. Not that he always went straight home to his easel, for the little satirist's trade was to observe. He was a painter of London manners, therefore his business was to know London, and study its features. He would stroll round Jonathan Wild's lair in Lewknor's Lane, to watch bullies swagger, or painted women squirt brandy into each other's faces; or he went to look for his rake, in his torn and unbuttoned laced coat, at King's Coffee House, the drinking shed near the portico of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, where poor starved Hudibras Butler sleeps his sleep. Here he went to see the young swordsmen, who stop up all night, come to finish the last drop, and then stroll into the market to kiss the fresh market-girls, and cool their heated stomachs with a pottle of scented strawberries, with the Fulham dew on them; or perhaps the shrewd, absent little man ordered his coach to meet him at Johnson's tavern (the "Mitre," opposite Fetter Lane), and went off to study the last scene of the Idle Apprentice at Tyburn, where Jack Sheppard, the thieving carpenter, is to end his agile life, Jonathan Wild be strangled to death, or Lord Ferrers, expiating his crimes, die insanely reckless in his wedding clothes, unpitied and unwept.

Gold. The little engraver, the sturdy grandson of the Westmoreland yeoman, delighted to rub elbows with cruel, greasy butchers, one-eyed sailors, lame highwaymen, informers, and pimps. Many a time has our friend in the blue coat walked in the great draught round black-and-white St. Paul's, fresher than that it is now from the hands of the great Sir Christopher, who sleeps in the crypt with much good company. A pity, Davy, it is so smeared with sooty rain, and looks so like a great Ethiopian giant playing at cup-and-ball. It is pleasant to think that in his searches for droning preachers, sleepy congregations, and ogling clerks, such as he has introduced in the organ-loft scene of his Two Apprentices, he must have worked in and out under the great leaden-covered dome which Time has now so scratched and clawed, and have watched with pleasure the old London sun, that is still as hearty and changeable as ever, brighten on its golden coronet of a gallery above, where Sir James Thornhill has put St. Paul to a second martyrdom. He liked to watch, as I do, with duller and stupider eyes, the leaves on the black trees in the green churchyard fade and get yellow, till they become patches of rags—bad as the leaves of theatrical trees.

Gar. Leave the stage alone, Noll! Ten to one, but he—with Fielding perhaps, or some wit of the Club—has been up in that stone gallery, where I have been, to look down with indignant wonder at the sublime dulness of the mighty ocean of red-tiled roofs, lying like a great wreck under a sea of seacoal smoke, the streets mere lines on the great groundplan mass, and the river its silver-frac. Hesees Tyburn far away, where Tom Idle's deadly, never-green tree stands—where Lawyer Silvertongue perished; Bow Church, from whose sunny balcony, by the projecting clock, Polish Prince Frederic looked down on the monstrous Mayor's state coach, with the tight-legged footmen swarming on behind; on Bridewell, where he went to see the hemp beaten, just as he went to Bedlam to see the Rake in his last stage of hopeless idiocy—not more foolish than when he was sane, but less sane than when he was foolish; out there runs the noisome Fleet, upon whose Stygian black waters opens that terrible trap-door in the den in Blood-Bowl Alley, down which Tom Idle and his one-eyed footpad, with the pistol sticking out of his torn pocket, thrust the murdered man.

Gold. You take breath; I'll go on. Far away yonder to the right, up Chepe, is the Industrious Merchant's house, and on the east the "Adam and Eve" public-house (now Eden Street), where the sagacious, little, hawk-eyed man stood making notes on his thumb of the ragged rot marching from Finchley to the bloody moor of Culloden, where the grim, hairy Highlanders hewed them down with their swords. As he descends from this "bad eminence," our little London Asmodeus will give an eye—as I did this special red hazy October morning as I went to Newbery's about the Grammar—to the strings of sooty apples and stone flowers over the windows, and to the white glitter that glimmers fitfully upon the dark glass round those strange little rooms above the porches where mysterious men ought to dwell, but where there probably is nothing but a world of dusty archives and mortuary rolls, written by dead men about dead men's wishes and about dead men's lands; and yet if all dead up there, why that little puffing thread of curling blue smoke—that melting feather and plume of vapour that steals so stealthily and quietly up the side of the great stone mountain—the London Dom Daniel sepulchre of prayer—the huge ecclesiastical money-box,—and then melts into thin air. That must be life, or I don't know what life is!

Gar. Fill your pipe, Goldie! But leaving that mystery uncorked for some other day, let us, Goldie, on tip-toe, follow this watchful dog, who saw everything, and traek him to Southwark Fair, where he much loved to resort—St. Margaret's Hill is the place, not far from the fluent, brown river. There his strolling actors are now just as he saw them dressing in the booth before that disastrous fall, when Bajazet and Tamerlane broke their heads and cracked their royal crowns. There are the demons discussing the pot of porter, the nymph tallowing her hair, the hag cutting the cat's tail, and Diana spouting her heroic verses under peculiar difficulties. That pretty white-and-red woman, beating the red-and-blue tinselled drum, blazoned with the royal arms, to announce the commencement of the tragedy of "Bajazet, or the Orphan of Samarcand," is the poor girl that Hogarth himself—yes, the little strutting gentleman in the blue and gold frock—defended when the brute of a Bajazet, the manager, would have struck her for stealing a shilling at the door. Twenty to one, but he goes into the "master of fence's" hooth to see Figg, that horror of Irish fighters—the truculent man, with the bald bullet head, striped with plaisters—backword with some other gladiator of the day, who, stripped to the waist, which is bound with a scarlet handkerchief, waits, with shiny skin and swelling muscle, for his terrific antagonist. Now the swords cross with a clash and sparkle of fire; now they sweep and curve down on arm and rib, leaving lines of crimson; now they cut up at the wrist, down at the breast, and sharp at the elbow, with the emphasis of attack, rejoinder, repartee, and rebutting. A shivering blow on the shoulder of Figg's antagonist, which produces a grimace and spasm of pain, ends the fight as we leave the tent. If you want to see Figg, stern and stolid, look for him mounted on the carrion horse, keeping guard, with drawn bare sword over his right shoulder, in the right-hand corner of Hogarth's Southwark Fair picture. As for his adver-

sary, you will find him stripped in readiness in the front garden of the "Adam and Eve," in "The Guards' March to Finchley."

Gold. And now, Garrick, if we want to see him at work in a not inappropriate transition, let us, regardless of highwaymen in black masks and claret-coloured roquels, venture up Tyburn way again, and, turning to the right, walk round Marylebone Church, where this same stalwart Figg of the bullet cast-iron head, ribbed with plaisters, lies tranquil, beaten down by that champion of every ring—Death. Let us step in too, and, though the church is to be rebuilt, recall that wonderful scene of the Rake's Marriage. Look about, and you will even see the old inscription raised in wood on one of the gallery pews:—

"These pews : unscrewed : and tane : in : sunder."

Let us, too, repaint No. 5 of "The Rake's Progress" (I went there this morning on purpose) as we tread the musty-smelling cocoa-nut mats of Marylebone Church this quiet week-day, and breathe its rather mouldy and sepulchral air, as of departed churchwardens innumerable under the broad flag grave-stones of the aisle. The dust lies white and thick on the hymn-books and psalters, destined to remain untouched till Sunday, six days hence, again disturbs that unchristian dust. It is a cold October morning, too, just as when the Rake married the rich old beldame, who leers in such a Gorgon-like way at the toothless, drivelling old fogey of a rector. My breath mounts in a white steam, just as it did from the fool Rake's mouth on that lying and unhappy day. It may be perhaps a month earlier, because the rims of the pews do not yet wear green, glossy, red-berried plumes of Christmas holly. I see, too, the great sleeping-box citadels—like turrets with the lids off—of Hogarth's time; I see the skittle-pin balustrades of the communion rails; and, above all, I see the black-lettered table of the commandments, with the satirical oblique crack running in a sinister way through the ninth edict. I am glad to see no spider's web over the slit of the poor-box, and fewer gold-lettered tablets recording the humble and retiring charity of departed churchwardens, who certainly did not die without leaving a sign. There are green damp blots on the walls, and the stucco, now peeled off like sores, shows the raw harsh bricks, soft and red. The latticed window is green, and discoloured with the stain of damp—oozing from within, not pelted from without. There is the square tub of a pulpit, with the irradiated sounding-board; there the queer tank of a gallery; and there, specially, that indifferent man—perhaps the organist—who, in Hogarth's admirable picture, looks down with folded arms from the upper box upon the pew-opener in the black hood.

Gar. To get without much rambling to another London haunt of Hogarth's, let us go back into Pall Mall, and, passing White's, steal down Lower St. James's Street to the old Henry VIII. rich gateway of St. James's Palace, with its two guardian towers and central turret, once the site of a hospital for fourteen leprous maidens. The street is full of cake-shaped state coaches, and dice-box-looking sedans, borne by chairmen who wear cocked hats. One of the chairmen—a Welshman evidently, for he has a leek in his hat—is with both hands lifting up the heavy padded lid of the sedan-chair No. 41, and from behind its cautiously curtained window steps out the scared and disgusted beau, his lapelled coat firm in the tenacious grip of a sour and malicious bailiff, who presents to him with the other hand an ominous slip of sealed paper, inscribed "arrest." No wonder he turns pale as his puffed and snowy wig, the huge back bow and flaunting ribbon ends of which we delight to marvel at. No wonder the grinning chairman in front, looking back, wonders at the detention, and halts irresolutely, his rough hands still clenching the chair poles, and the broad buckled strap that connects them still hanging over his neck. The ragged shoe-black, with the stool and basket of sable implements, bare legs, and shuffling slippers, takes advantage of the sudden alarm and scuffle to slip out from between the chair-poles the clouded cane the rake and spendthrift has dropped from his relaxing hand. The lamplighter above looks down for a moment, and forgets his errand, letting the oil run over from his tray upon the chair. The other bailiff-villain,

with the huge Jonathan-Wild sort of knob-stick, the black plaster on his recently broken head, and the dirty cravat knotted round his thievish neck, looks round on the proud Welsh baronet with the leak-plume in his hat, the muff sword, and the pert little spaniel that is coming up the steps, as much as to say, "We've nabbed our bird!" At this moment up comes the *Dea certe*—the guardian angel who is to deliver him out of all his trouble. She drops her neat tin box of patches and powder, to spring forward with her bag of hard-earned savings. She pulls back the cruel turkey-looking jailer, and demands the conscience-stricken man's release. How base, in spite of his gold-flowered cuffs a foot deep and a foot and a half long, his gold loops and buttonings, he looks beside that pure-hearted, sorrowful, forgiving girl who he trod down under foot, like a flower he was tired of wearing! How fresh, and pure, and bright she looks with her long white apron, tight waist, and modest lawn neckerchief veiling her bosom, that trembles in its eagle like a frightened bird! How indistinct her plump, bare arms look, with the little frill round the elbow! How proud the good girl is thus to come suddenly down, as from the clouds, to the relief of her seducer! And how pleasantly she, like the milkmaid in "The Enraged Musician," refutes the vulgar assertion that Hogarth could not draw a pure or pretty face!

Gold. And now, having passed the Rake's chair in St. James's Street, wondering gravely how he will reward his protectress, and whether any spark of love or gratitude lingers still in that cold, hard, selfish heart, shall we go on to St. Clement's, in the Strand, where that ridiculous altar-piece of the imprudent charlatan Kent once flattered, till our little snarler laughed it down? Or shall we go to Moorfields, to the old Bedlam, where his Rake, crazed, and half-stripped, is tended on his pallet of straw by the poor faithful girl he neglected and shamefully deserted. Then there is Covent Garden, with many of his haunts, and the scene of his *Morning* open to us; or we may take wing far away to the New River at Sadler's Wells, and wait for the gulled husband, the despotic, hard-featured wife, and the old man-child, so preternaturally vicious, as we see them in the picture of *Noon*, walking near the New River of Sir Hugh Myddleton, the high-browed, large-hearted citizen. Or we may take snells—it is difficult to get away from Hogarth—and pull to Cuckold's Point, the sedge reach where pirates used to be hung, and at whose gibbet the reckless comrade of Tom Idle points, as, seated near his chest, he and his weeping mother row towards the ship that Tom is about to join.

Gar. But, after all, we must get back to Leicester Square, and reconsider and revise our former verdict of Hogarth's position as a pictorial satirist.

Gold. (gets up, and seizes his hat and sword). 'Pou my soul! I must be going, Davy; it is past three by that clock on the mantelpiece, and Newbery's devil comes for copy for the Grammar at ten. Confound the pronouns! I should like to go on about the little man dearly. Away joy and pleasure! welcome woe and care! (Suddenly breaks into a dance, singing to a lively gay tune.)

"Melancholy marked him—
Melancholy marked him—
Melancholy marked him—for—her—own!"

Gar. Gray would thank you for that parody. Sit down! Oh, stay, Noll, and finish the bowl. I can see already on the red china shore of the bottom the golden curls of scented lemon-peel stranded. Take courage, Cato! we are near the bottom, and there we shall find truth.

Gold. I found truth long ago in my tenth ladleful. Oh, hang it! now wet napkins round the brow, and strong green tea for me till pallid morning dawns. I know I have taken too much, for I find myself talking in blank verse. That is not right! blank verse is not normal.

Gar. Here! I'll try you. How many candles are there in the room?

Gold. Eight.

Gar. No; four, by Jupiter—I swear its four! (rings the bell—enter CUFFEY.) Get my chair ready for Mr. Goldsmith. Tom and the coachman can go with it for once; it is only to the Temple.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE MARMOZETTES.

Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Painter. T. Landseer, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 5½ in. by 12½ in.

THE marine residence of her Majesty, her *home*, so to speak, where she lays aside for a time so much of the attributes of royalty as can be dispensed with,—the trappings of state, no less than the duties appertaining to her exalted position,—contains among its numerous Art-works a considerable number of pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer, who not only enjoys, to a great extent, the patronage of his Sovereign and the Prince Consort, but has the privilege, in which few of his brother-artists share, and that very rarely, of being a frequent guest in the royal residences. Landseer is undoubtedly the court-painter, though his name, like that of another artist-knight, Sir J. Hayter, is not enrolled in the Lord Chamberlain's department of the Queen's household; he has not been "gazetted" to office, but holds his position by royal "will and pleasure;" and no one, it may be presumed, would be inclined to dispute his right and title to it, as the prince of animal-painters.

Osborne House, as we have intimated, is rich in "Landseers;" some of them are known to the public, there are others with which they are unacquainted,—pictures painted expressly for her Majesty or the Prince Consort, and which have never been hung on the walls of any of our exhibition-rooms: but, with all the abundance, our choice of an example of this artist's works was necessarily very limited; we could not, of course, engrave what must be considered as "private" pictures, and the majority of the others have already been engraved; the publishers of these prints having paid large sums to the artist for the copyright, could not be expected, even were they so inclined, to forego their exclusive right in our favour. This explanation seems necessary, because many of the subscribers to this publication, knowing what Osborne House contains, may think it strange that we have selected a subject so comparatively insignificant as a specimen of Landseer:—there was no alternative left to us.

Yet it is only when viewed relatively to other productions that the "Marmozettes" may suffer depreciation, for it is an exquisite little picture as to finish, and the subject is treated with peculiar felicity. It was painted for the Queen, and exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1842, under the title of "A Pair of Brazilian Monkeys, the property of Her Majesty." Naturalists have assigned to these diminutive, but most sagacious little animals, the name of "marmozettes," a title we have adopted; and the artist has given to his "sitters" an expression almost human: they are mounted on a magnificent pine-apple, regarding with intense astonishment a wasp near them; the combined expression of wonder, curiosity, and apprehension, could not have been more successfully manifested in the faces of children than it is in the countenances of these rare and interesting little creatures.

In such works as this we seem to see as much as in his larger pictures—perhaps even more—of the extraordinary power that Landseer possesses in giving character to the brute creation; his animals—or at least such of them as nature seems to have given capacities analogous to those with which "man, the great master of all," is endowed—think, speak, argue, appeal; they weep, they rejoice; they become our familiar friends; we hold converse with them, and in their mute but most eloquent language—for "looks have language"—they appear to share our sorrows and our joys. This is the triumph of the artist; no painter, living or dead, has proved himself so great and true a benefactor to the horse and dog; no one who has so displayed their characters, and shown them to be worthy not merely of our kind treatment, but of our attachment. We do believe that if every house in the kingdom had on its walls two or three prints from such pictures by Landseer as teach humanity,—and there are many of this kind,—the functions of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" might, as lawyers say, "cease and determine." Some of the old painters of the Dutch schools, such as Rubens and Snyders, have endowed their pictures of animals with more powerfully-expressed instincts, arising from their natural ferocity of character; but Landseer has always invested his with nobler qualities.



T. LANDSEER, SCULPT.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R. A. PINX.

THE MARMOZETTES.

FROM THE PICTURE, IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

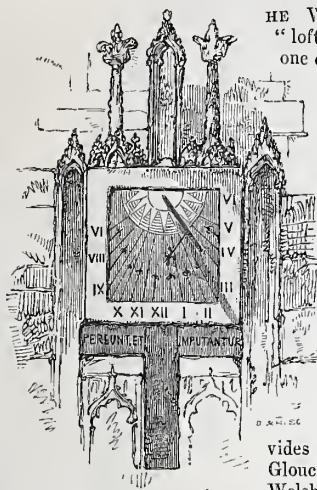
LONDON: JAMES CLARKE.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART I.—THE WYE: FROM ROSS TO MONMOUTH.

THE LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. HULME.



THE Wye has its source in "lofty Plinlimmon;" it is one of five sister streams to which the mountain gives birth: these are the Severn, the Rheidol, the Llyffnant, the Clevedoc, and the Wye. Its rise is, thus, in Montgomeryshire; it flows into Radnorshire; thence through nearly the centre of Herefordshire to Monmouth; and afterwards, for the greater part of its course, forms the boundary which divides Monmouthshire from Gloucestershire. Although of Welsh birth, therefore, and distinguished in all early Welsh documents as Gwyr,—"the river,"—in its maturity it is English; for both Herefordshire and Monmouthshire—"anciently" of Wales—have long been numbered among the counties of England. The Wye is the fairest of the five fair sisters, running its course of a hundred and thirty miles through luxuriant scenery—hill and dale, rock and valley—in its earlier progress over many falls, beside productive flats of green pasture, "a wanderer through the woods," encircling prosperous towns, and unavailing for a distance of seventy miles from the sea. Having gathered the contributions of several liberal tributaries, at length it joins the rapid and robust river, the "Princelie Severne," which, thus augmented, runs into the Bristol Channel, dividing Somerset and Devon from South Wales.*

Although, in due course, we shall ask the Tourist to accompany us downward all the way—from the source of the Wye to its mouth, from the well into which it dribbles on the far-off mountain side to the estuary where it joins the Severn—our present purpose is to commence our EXCURSION at that point where the Wye is first seen in mingled strength and beauty—the renowned town of Ross; † a town that owes its fame to the "Man" who a century and a half ago gave to it an illustrious page in history, and whose name has been immortalized by a few lines of verse, more enduring than any

"Monument, inscription, stone."

The date of the foundation of Ross is not very remote; it is not, however, far distant from a Roman station, the Ariconium of Antoninus—

"Of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones."

The interest of Bctun, Bishop of Hereford, to whose See the manor was attached, procured it the grant of a market from King Stephen, and Henry III. constituted it a free borough. It is a pleasant town, built on an eminence that overlooks the Wye, which here, as in so many other parts, exhibits the peculiarity referred to by the poet when describing its

* The Wye flows from its source on the south side of Plinlimmon—a mountain the summit of which is 2463 feet above the sea-level—in Montgomeryshire, south-eastward, through a portion of Radnorshire, and then running more directly south, forms the boundary between the counties of Radnor and Brecon, and, after turning to the east and intersecting Herefordshire, resumes its southerly course, separating Gloucester and Monmouth, and enters the estuary of the Severn two miles below Chepstow to the south. Its whole course is 130 miles, for 70 of which it is navigable by vessels of 40 tons—so far as Hereford. It is connected with the Severn by a canal running from Hereford to Gloucester, and the Severn canal joins the Thames at Lechlade.

† THE SOUTH WALES RAILWAY has a branch to Ross and Hereford. At Grange Court, about seven miles west of Gloucester, there is a junction of the Great Western, the South Wales, and the Hereford, Ross and Gloucester railways. At this spot the H. R. G. line branches off to Ross and Hereford; the South Wales main line proceeding direct to Milford Haven, *via* Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Caermerthen, Haverfordwest, and Milford Haven—its present terminus. In the course of our "Excursions" we shall conduct the Tourist to all these places, describing, and illustrating, the several objects of interest and attraction they present.

[The initial letter is copied from the dial of Gloucester Cathedral.]

"winding bounds." Mr. HULME has taken his view of the Town from the opposite side of the river; he has thus directed attention to its leading points of interest, the principal of which is the "heaven-directed spire," rising high above them all. From the stately Hotel that occupies a portion of the once honoured "Prospect,"* there is a wide-spread view, embracing a fine expanse of country—hill and dale, green meadows, crowded farm-yards, church spires,



ROSS, FROM WILTON MEADOWS.

pleasant villages, venerable ruins, records of old Romans and their British predecessors—all the varieties, in short, that are in landscapes so many sources of inexpressible delight. From this "Prospect" we have been looking down and around on one of the loveliest of autumn days, the sun shining through surrounding trees over the river. The view is indeed



THE WYE, FROM THE "PROSPECT."

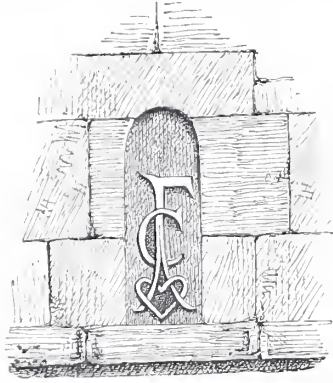
surpassingly beautiful—such as only England can supply; for although deficient in grandeur, it is happily suggestive of the unobtrusive pleasures that arise from internal peace; the grace that combines high cultivation with natural boons; and the charms that are derived from the past and the present as fruitful sources of hope in the future.

* "The Prospect" is a height outside the town, to which there is a private walk through the grounds of the hotel, and a public right of way through the churchyard. It is a piece of land, acquired by the Man of Ross, and given by him to his fellow townsmen for their convenience and recreation—to be theirs for "five hundred years!" It was prettily and pleasantly laid out for their comfort, and here he constructed a reservoir to supply them with water—

"Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Nor in proud falls magnificently lost;"

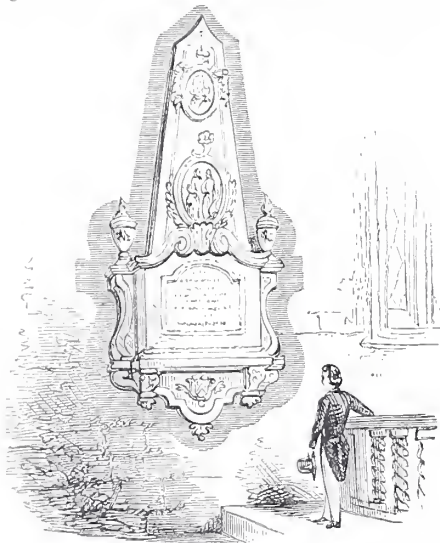
but that it might pour "health" and "solace" "through the plain" to all who needed. The name remains, indeed, but its character is entirely changed: the reservoir is now a dry hollow—the fountain and its "figures" gone—potatoes are planted in the centre of the ground, and, although gravelled walks are still about it, they retain nothing of their old charm except the view they command—which it has been impossible to allocate to private uses. The wall that enclosed it is down; the sundial (with "his name and arms engraved thereupon") is not to be found; the ball-room of "the Hotel" stands on part of the site; in a word, all that could do honour to the memory of "the Man," and continue his benevolence from generation to generation, has been removed by one innovator after another, and the people of Ross are either so supine or so timid as to submit to this encroachment on their rights, instead of, day by day, rooting up or tearing down vegetable and brick and mortar trespassers on their land. There is but one excuse for this apathy: it is stated by Heath (a printer of Monmouth, who printed a number of very interesting pamphlets, written or compiled by himself, about the year 1805) that "the seats had been wilfully destroyed by loose and idle people passing through the grounds;" that the fountain was removed, "having become a receptacle for the carcases of dead animals;" that the arms over the north door of entrance were "destroyed by the barbarous hands of ignorance;" and that of the rows of elms he planted, "the axe since his death had visited them with premeditated intentions of violence, and laid their honours in the dust."

From the "Prospect" the eye first falls on WILTON CASTLE—now a picturesque ruin—standing on the right bank of the Wye, close to the old bridge, "broken down"



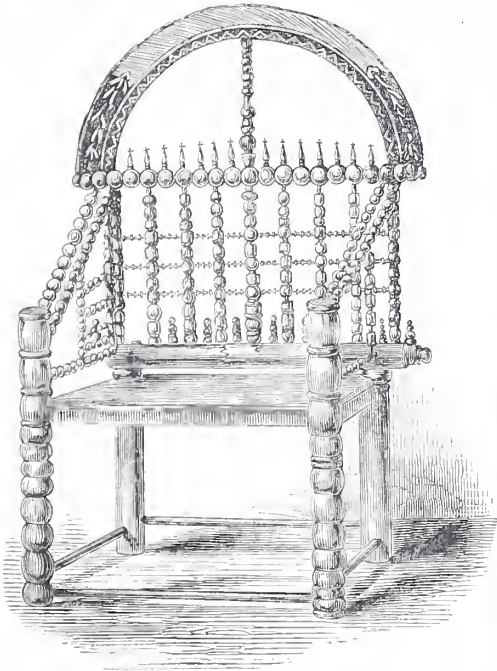
MONOGRAM.

by a gallant soldier, General Rudhall, who defended Hereford during the civil war, and who thus arrested the army of



THE MONUMENT.

Cromwell on its march to invest the city. It was once the residence of the Lords Grey, of Wilton; and though now

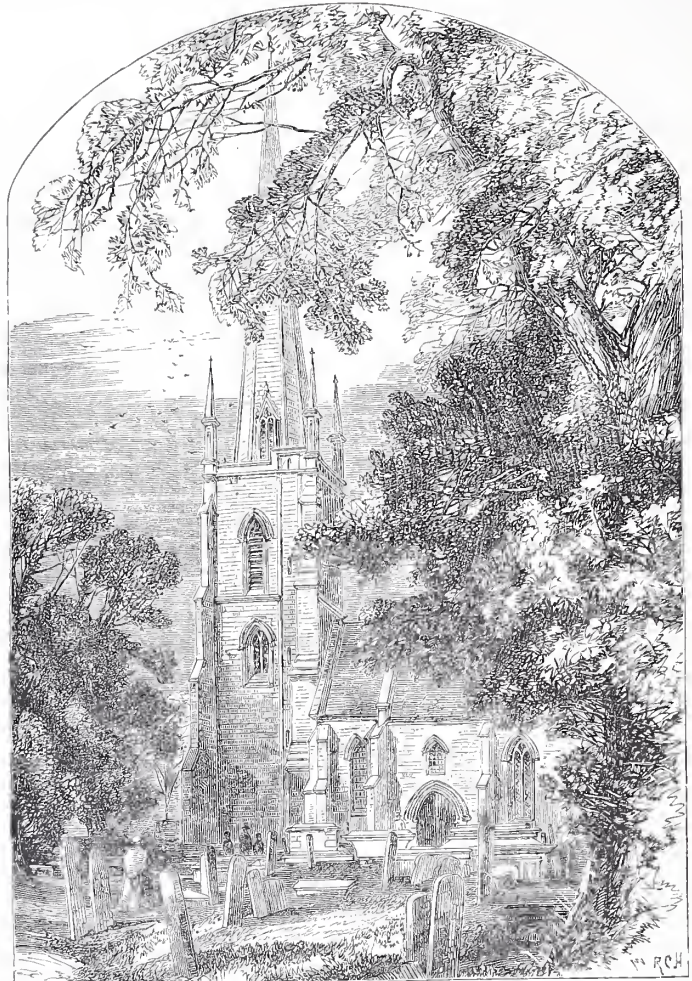


THE CHAIR.

but a few ivy-covered walls, it was here the noblest of a noble race entertained the poet Spenser—

"The patron of his Muse's pupillage,
In the first season of his feeble age."

It appears to have been erected by King Stephen, in 1141, and was held by Harry de Longchamp, as a gift from Henry I., "by the service of supplying two men-at-arms for the wars in Wales." To the Greys it came by marriage; and afterwards, by marriage also, to the first Lord Chandos, in whose family it continued for two centuries, until it was sold to the Governors of Guy's Hospital, in London, to whose large and well-spent revenue the estate now contributes.



THE CHURCH OF ROSS.

The castle gives his title to the Earl of Wilton. We shall pass this venerable ruin—associated with so many "Memories," and which the ivy preserves and adorns—when we are voyaging down the Wye.

Our present duty is to visit the town;—to enter the time-honoured structure which, happily, continues unimpaired—the old and venerable Church of Ross; to walk through the market-place made famous by "the Man;" and to visit the house in which he dwelt, and the room in which he died—and especially to view from the "Prospect" the delicious scenery he loved.

Let us first look at the town: there are here few remains of a remote date. The streets all lead "up hill" to THE MARKET-PLACE, a quaint structure, built of the red sandstone, so universal in



THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

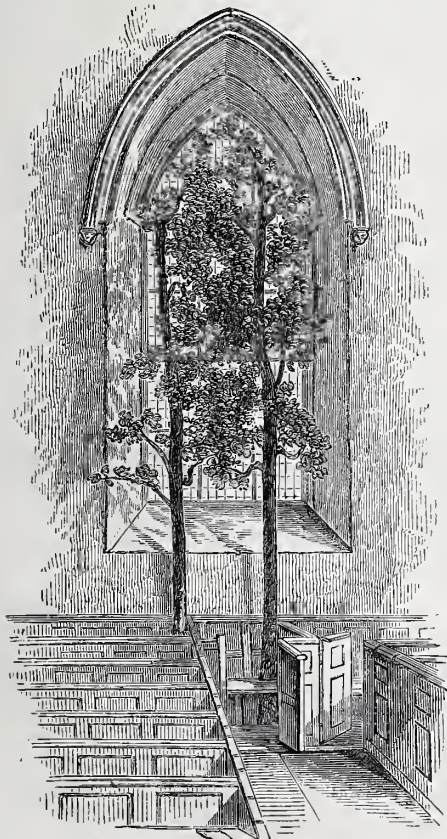
the district, which has but little power to resist the influence of time; it is no older than the reign of Charles II., whose time-defaced bust stands in an oval, over the principal entrance; one

of the sides, however, contains a piece of sculpture far more interesting—a monogram of singular character, composed of a reversed L, a C, and a heart, from which the letters spring; the tradition being that the Man of Ross, whose house is directly opposite, desiring, in his loyalty to the



THE CORACLE.

crowns, to have before his eyes a perpetual reminder of the restored monarch,—and failing in his wish to have the bust placed where he could see it when he pleased,—caused this small stone to be fixed in the position it now occupies.* It is understood to mean, “Love Charles in your heart.”



THE PEW.

Let us enter the house in which he lived and died, and offer the homage of gratitude to a good man's memory; one

* Among other characteristic anecdotes, it is related of him that when “the Great Bell,” which he presented to Ross Church, was cast at Gloucester, in 1695, he was present at the casting, and “taking with him his old silver tankard, he first drank therefrom to ‘Church and King,’ and then threw it into the furnace, and had it mixed with the metal that made the bell.”

who, if not all the poet describes him, was undoubtedly as he is pictured by another poet—Coleridge*—nearly a century after his death:—

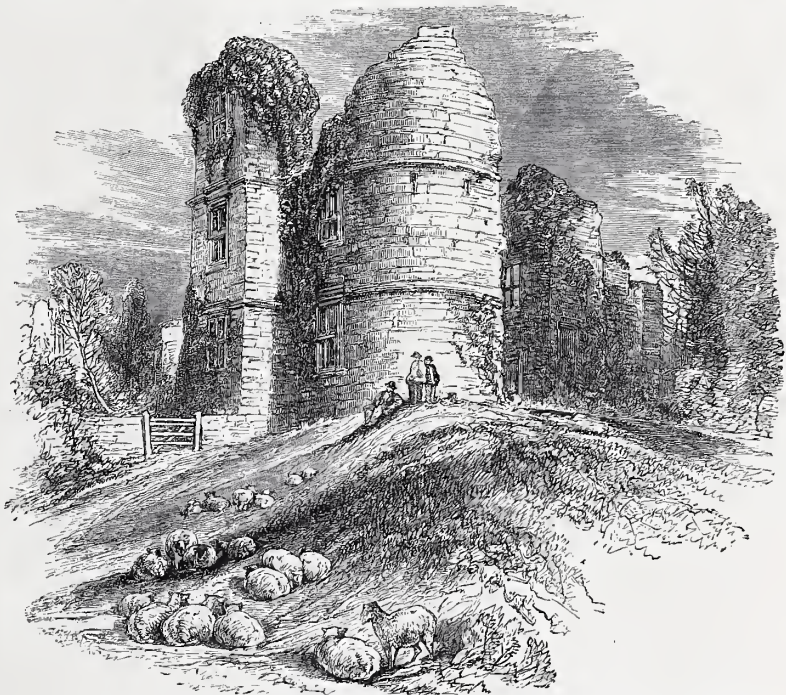
“Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he view'd his modest wealth;
He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise;
He marked the shelter'd orphans tearful gaze;
Or, where the sorrow-shrivell'd captive lay,
Pour'd the bright blaze of freedom's noontide ray.”

The house has been divided: one portion has been in a great measure rebuilt; the other part has not been so materially changed. The floors and panellings of several chambers are



THE MARKET-PLACE.

of oak; a quaint opening leads to a narrow corridor, and into a small room, traditionally said to have been his bed-room, where he endured his first and his last (his only) illness, and where he died: † it looks out upon his garden; that garden is now divided, like the house; one half of it has been strangely “metamorphosed;” the other half has been converted into a bowling-green; the surrounding walls of both, however, sustain flourishing vine and pear-trees. The one boasts a gothic summer-house, in which there is a tablet commemorating the visit of Prince George of Cambridge, in 1835, and a table made of the huge beams of the “modest mansion,” and part of a tree under which Nelson sat, at Rudhall; while in the other there is a small conservatory erected on the foundations of the summer-house, in which the venerable Mau of Ross usually spent his afternoons of quiet and contemplation. It was a pretty thing in its time,



WILTON CASTLE.

whatever it may be now; and as the father of the present owner—Mr. Powle, the respected bookseller—kept a drawing of it in its better state, the reader may be pleased to see it engraved as one of the illustrations of our tour.

As will thus be seen, there are in Ross several memorials of “the Man.” We look in vain, however, for evidence that his fellow-townsmen have been, or are, more proud of his fame than vain of his notoriety: there is even now “no monument, inscription, stone,” other than

* It is said, and we believe on good authority, that Coleridge actually wrote his beautiful lines on the Man of Ross in the house in which Kyrie had resided. Letitia Landon (L. E. L.) was some time a dweller in this town, visiting an aunt who was a resident here.

† In this chamber there are two doors of oak, in which the arms of Mr. Kyrie (his crest, a hedgehog) are punctured, apparently by a gimlet. There is a tradition that the puncturing was the work of his hands; this is probable, for to a man so active, who had never previously suffered a day's illness, confinement must have been very irksome, and he no doubt sought relief in any employment that circumstances could supply to him, while it is not likely that so singular a whim was a commission to an artizan.

that which one of his remote descendants erected half a century after he slept under the shadows of the "heaven-directed spire" he "taught to rise," and which, until then, contained no mark to make known "his race, his name, his form." There is no hospital, no school, no alms-house "neat but void of state;" no "portioned maids" nor "apprenticed orphans," in the middle of the nineteenth century, to "bless his name;" no seats on which "weary travellers repose," and ask who gives them rest; nothing, in short, to make

"The memory of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust,"

save his own good deeds which, as we have shown, neglect or envidia have gone far to obliterate.

Let us now proceed to the church, so happily associated with the honoured name of John Kyrle, the Man of Ross.*

The church is a spacious and beautiful building, with a tower and an elegant spire, 121 feet in height. The churchyard is very neatly kept; and has some venerable elms, traditionally said to have been planted by the Man of Ross, whose body, as we have intimated, rests within its walls.† It contains a group of finely-sculptured monuments, principally of the Rudhall family (a family now extinct), and a statue in Roman costume of that gallant General Rudhall, who defended Hereford for the crown against the assaults of the army of the Parliament. Under a plain stone beside the altar, the Man of Ross is buried: as we have said, no "monument, inscription, stone" marked his grave until, in 1776, a distant relative, "Lady Betty Dupplin" left by will a sum of money, which "her executor and heir" expended in erecting a tomb to his memory. This tomb has a bas-relief, which purports to be a portrait, and a tablet representing Charity and Benevolence. But the chief interest of the church is derived from another source. Growing from the pew where the good man used to sit are two elms, which, when in full leaf, are singular adornments of the sacred edifice. They are, it is said, about fifty years old, but are not thicker than a man's arm, and are necessarily cut at the tops when they reach the roof, which is their boundary. The local tradition is that they are suckers from a tree planted by "the Man" outside the church, but which was "impiously" cut down by a certain rector, because it excluded light; the consequence was, that they forced their way *inside*, where they have continued to grow and flourish, and where, certainly, they are protected by the good will and grateful feelings of the inhabitants. There is one other object of interest associated with his memory—the chair in which he used to sit, and which was afterwards *the* chair of a convivial society.‡

There is no doubt that the fame of John Kyrle arises principally, if not solely, from the accident that Pope had heard of his generous and liberal acts, which, although at that time productive of enormous good, had received no sort of recog-

* John Kyrle was descended from an ancient family long seated at Walford, near Ross. He was born at the White House, in the parish of Dymock, Gloucestershire, on the 22nd of May, 1637, and died at Ross, on the 7th November, 1724, at the "full age" of eighty-eight. The name appears to have been originally Curll, afterwards Cyrill, and subsequently Kyrle. He was a bachelor, and left no near relatives; his nearest, Mr. "Vandervort" Kyrle, inherited his estate. It was, however, subsequently divided and subdivided; and we believe very little either of his blood or his property is owned by any of his "descendants" at the present time. It would seem that he did not receive from Pope the soubriquet of "the Man of Ross;" he had, according to Fosbroke, been so styled during his lifetime. He is described as "in person rather tall, thin, and well shaped, wearing a plain suit of brown and a wig, in the fashion of his day." But there is no authentic portrait of him.

† "I never remember having been so much pleased with a church and burial-ground as with this; the grey, gothic architecture, the ancient tombs, and the heaved turf, where so many nameless dead are laid at rest,—the grand trees, rustling in the wind above, and the glorious prospect spread out all around,—it was the very poetry of earth—its beauty and its sadness."—Roscoe.

‡ This chair was, according to Mr. Heath, presented to a Benefit Society in the town, but as it wanted a cushion, "to render the seat easy, it was turned out of the club-room, being considered as a piece of lumber, in which neglected state it lay for some years, and was at last ordered to be burnt." By some lucky chance it was preserved, and is now deposited in the vestry of the church. One other interesting memorial of the Man of Ross is preserved, also, in the church. It is a small volume, written by the Rev. John Newton, buried here: this volume contains the autograph of John Kyrle. We

John Kyrle

procured a tracing, and have engraved it. A monument to the Rev. John Newton records that "immediately after the restoration of King Charles (as a reward for his piety and loyalty) he was appointed by the archbishop's commissary to the vicarage of Ross, on the 27th of July, 1660; which vicarage, on account of large returns being at that time required from this place, was exceedingly burthened and oppressed. Newton, therefore, though at first he stood alone, nobly devoted himself to its exigencies and relief; finally obtaining this benefice, together with his chapels of Weston and Brampton to be created and ordained rectorial."

nition from those of whom he was the benefactor.* The poet wrote, therefore, his immortal lines—an imaginary dialogue between himself and his friend Lord Bathurst, in his poem on "The Use of Riches"—partly as an example and partly as an anathema † ("Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!"), and they have carried the name of the Man of Ross throughout the world wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is read. We hope and believe there are not many cities or towns of England where there have been none at any time found at once so benevolent and so beneficent as John Kyrle, of Ross, with as little idea as had "the Man" of the celebrity that was to follow—who neither sought for nor anticipated renown beyond the limited circle directly benefited—who in doing good would have "blush'd to find it fame," but who are benefactors to mankind by the force of example, and inasmuch as "their works do follow them!" ‡

Blessed be the memory of good John Kyrle, the Man of Ross! and may the prophet yet find in his own country other honours than those which give his name to a wayside inn, a "walk" of which he would be ashamed, and a house defaced by an unseemly bust of plaster.

We commence our voyage down the Wye; § entering the neat and trim boat which Mr. Evans, the postmaster, provides for us, and for all who desire to make a voyage, brimful of interest and enjoyment. Mr. Evans is an admirable guide and counsellor, who has traversed the river more than two thousand times, and whom, with his boats, we recommend to all tourists. Let us pause a moment to sketch yonder boatman, who is conveying the coracle to the stream.

The coracle, || which boatmen and fishermen use to-day on the Wye, differs little from that in which their forefathers floated when the Romans were rulers on its banks. In shape it resembles the half of a walnut-shell; some laths, or rude sticks, laid cross-wise form the skeleton; that is covered with canvas—zinc, however, has been lately adopted for the purpose: it is needless to say that the ancient covering was generally a horse's hide; a plank across the middle makes the seat; a small paddle is used for directing its movements; it is so light, and draws so little water, as to be very easily upset. Considerable skill is therefore required to keep exactly in the centre, and also to enter it, for the least irregularity in either case is dangerous. The fishermen of the district are, however, so much "at home" in this walnut-shell, that accidents rarely happen; and it is stated, on good authority, that voyages have been made in them from Chepstow to Bristol. They are so light that the boatmen carry them on their backs from place to place, launching them when required, and stepping in to cross the river. They are used also by anglers. Many a salmon of size has been thus taken and carried to shore; and in the season it is not uncommon for a fisherman to fill his coracle with the smaller fish of the bountiful river.

Having examined this curious and very interesting object, that has undergone so little change for twelve centuries, we commence the voyage of the Wye.

Passing the venerable ruin of Wilton Castle, and underneath the old bridge, which dates as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, presents some unusual features in the way in which the arch-stones are morticed, and retains marks of the "hacking down" to arrest the on-march of Cromwell's troops, we are called upon, first, to notice "Kyrle's Walk," which leads from the churchyard to the river, about a mile from the town—where, however, none of his "seats" remain, and where there survives but one of the many trees he planted. We then look upon two graceful hills,—Penyard¶ and the Chace,—one or both of which are said to have been "hung with woods" by "the Man." We leave here the scenes and circumstances associated with his history; and bare-headed we look back—fancying, nay, believing, his spirit is moving the minds and hearts of another generation to remember the eternal recompense—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my little ones, ye did it unto me!"

* "The truth is that Kyrle was a man of known integrity and active benevolence, by whose solicitation the wealthy were persuaded to pay contributions to his charitable schemes; this influence he obtained by an example of liberality exerted to the utmost extent of his power, and was thus enabled to give more than he had."—DR. JOHNSON: *Life of Pope*. It is believed he never possessed the annual sum of "five hundred pounds."

† "Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear."

‡ Pope was a frequent visitor at Holme-Lacey, then the seat of Viscount Sandmore, subsequently the property of his grace the Duke of Norfolk, and now that of Sir Edwin Stanhope, Bart. The Sandmores came in with the Conqueror, but obtained their lands in Herefordshire by marriage with the heiress of the Lacey, in the reign of Edward III. "The Sandmores derived their name from the *Cross Patée Fitchée*, the *Sutum* Armoris Divini, which they originally bore in their arms, and which is thought to have been given them in commemoration of some memorable action in defence of the Christian faith." The rooms inhabited by the poet, and a tree under which it was his wont to sit, are still pointed out to the curious. These we shall visit and describe on our journey from Hereford to Ross. Pope was probably in the neighbourhood very soon after Kyrle's death, and had abundant opportunities of hearing the good man's praise, of noting the beneficent effects of his munificent charities, and of mourning at the indifference with which his memory was regarded by his fellow townsmen. It is likely that Mr. Kyrle had been often a guest at Holme-Lacey, and was personally known to the family.

§ Ross has had, at least, one other benefactor—Mr. Walter Scott, who, having acquired a large fortune by trade in London, bequeathed £6000 for the erection of a school-house, and the clothing and educating thirty boys and twenty girls, children of the inhabitants of the town. It is said of Mr. Scott, that when a boy he had taken some pears from a garden, and "being seen eating of them" by a man who guessed where they came from, the man told the boy "he would be hanged if he was found out." Terrified at this threat, he instantly left Ross, and made his way to London, where he acquired a fortune, of which the boys of to-day continue to be the inheritors. The charity bears his name.

¶ This division of the tour is known and distinguished as that of "the Lower Wye." As we shall show, in the course of our tour, those who visit the Wye should take this route in preference to ascending it, as many do, either from Chepstow or Monmouth; first, because to go down, is always pleasanter than to go up, a river; next, because nearly all the finest views are thus seen to best advantage; and also, because the voyage up is a work of exceeding difficulty. Excellent boats, well and carefully manned, are to be obtained either at Hereford, Ross, or Monmouth; the charges are somewhat high, necessarily so, considering the heavy labour attendant on "the return." For a boat with one man, the charge from Ross to Monmouth is 15s., the distance being twenty-three miles; for a larger boat with two men, the charge is 30s. When the lighter boat is used, the boatman finds it easier to bring it back by land, on a truck, the distance being only ten miles; when the heavier boat makes the voyage the men are compelled to draw it along the shore, the difficulty of rowing up stream being (as we have intimated) very great, in consequence of the extreme rapidity of the current. The boats in use we shall describe hereafter.

|| In Hereford and Monmouth it is called also a *thoracle*, a *truckle*, and sometimes a *coble*, and on the western coast of Ireland a *corragh* or *corach*,—all names evidently derived from one root, and proving the general use of these light boats among the early Britannie tribes. They are of profound antiquity, and are mentioned by the "father" of history, Herodotus, as used by the ancient Babylonians. He describes them as round, and covered with skins, and the accuracy of his statement is confirmed by the sculptures now in our British Museum. Pliney, quoting the old Greek historian Timæus, says the Britons sailed in boats made of wattle, and covered with skins, to islands six days' distant from their starting-places; and Solinus mentions that in his day communication was kept up between Britain and Ireland by these boats. Cæsar, in his works, tells us he availed himself of such vessels in crossing the Spanish rivers; and that he obtained his knowledge of their use while in Britain.

¶ Penyard Wood was, about a century ago, purchased for £11,000: it was sold not long since for £73,000. At Penyard there was a castle, some remains of which may still be traced. Towards the close of the last century, among the ruins was found "a vestibule or spacious passage," with octagon pilasters, which had caps and bases in the Saxon style. In Bonner's "Itinerary" is an engraving of a silver penny, understood to have been coined at Penyard Castle; he thus briefly describes it, and its historic associations:—"The family of Spence, of Hangwest, in Yorkshire, about 1638, assumed as their armorial bearings, az. three penny-yard pence proper," and "these are so-named of the place where they were first coined," which Guillim supposes to be this castle. On the summit of "the Chace," towards the north, is a large square "camp," now overgrown by woods.



ON DOMESTIC GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

I. THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE Camden Society has recently published an early French metrical romance, ("Blonde of Oxford," by Philippe de Reimes), which gives us a very interesting picture of the manners of the thirteenth century. Jean of Dammartin is represented as the son of a noble family in France, who comes to England to seek his fortune, and enters the service of an Earl of Oxford, as one of the esquires in his household. There his duty is to attend upon the earl's daughter, the lady Blonde, and to serve her at table. "After the meal, they wash their hands and then go to play, as each likes best, either in forests or on rivers (i. e. hunting or hawking), or in amusements of other kinds. Jean goes to which of them he likes, and, when he returns, he often goes to play in the chambers of the countess, with the ladies, who oblige him to teach them French." Jean does his best to please them, for which he was qualified by his education, "For he was very well acquainted with chamber games, such as chess, tables, and dice, with which he entertains his damsel (Blonde); he often says 'check' and 'mate' to her; and he taught her to play many a game."

De jus de cambres sent assés,
D'eschés, de tables, et de diés,
Dont il sa damoisele esbat;
Souvent il dist eschek et mat;
De maint jeu à juer l'aprist.

Blonde of Oxford, l. 399.

This is a correct picture of the usual occupations of the after-part of the day among the superior classes of society in the feudal ages; and scenes in accordance with it are often found in the illuminations of the mediæval manuscripts. One of these is represented in the accompanying engraving (Fig. 1), taken from a manuscript of the fifteenth century, containing the romance of the "Quatre Fils d'Aymon,"



Fig. 1.—A MEDIEVAL AFTER-DINNER SCENE.

and preserved in the Library of the Arsenal, in Paris. In the chamber in front, a nobleman and one of the great ladies of his household are engaged at chess, while in the background we see other ladies enjoying themselves in the garden, which is

shown to us with its summer-house and its flower-beds surrounded with fences of lattice-work. It may be remarked, that the attention of the chess-players is withdrawn suddenly from their game by the entrance of an armed knight, who appears in another compartment of the illumination.

Of the chamber games enumerated in the foregoing extract from the romance of "Blonde of Oxford," that of chess was no doubt looked upon as by far the most distinguished. To play well at chess was considered as a very important part of an aristocratic education. Thus, in the "Chanson-de-Geste" (metrical romance) of Parise la Duchesse, the son of the heroine, who was brought up by the king in his palace, had no sooner reached his fifteenth year, than "he was taught first his letters, until he had made sufficient progress in them, and then he learnt to play at tables and chess," and learnt these games so well, "that no man in this world was able to mate him."

Quant l'anfès de xv. anz et compliz et passez,
Premiers aprist à lettres, tant qu'il en sot assez;
Puis aprist-il as tables et à eschas joier,
It n'a omean cest monde qui l'en peust mater.

Parise la Duchesse, p. 86.

In this numerous cycle of romances, scenes in which kings and princes, as well as nobles, are represented as occupying their leisure with the game of chess occur very frequently, and sometimes the game forms an important incident in the story. In "Garin le Loherain," a messenger hurries to Bordeaux, and finds Count Thiebaut playing at chess with Berengier d'Autri. Thiebaut is so much excited by his news, that he pushes the chess-board violently from him, and scatters the chess-men about the place.

Thiebaut l'ot, à pou n'enraze vis,
Li eschés boute, et le jeu espartid.

Garin le Loherain, ii. 77.

So, in the same romance, the Emperor Pepin, arriving at his camp, had no sooner entered his tent than, having put on a loose tunic (*bliaut*), and a mantle, he called for a chess-board, and sat down to play.

Eschés demande, si est au jeu assis.

Ib., ii. 127.

Even Witikind, the king of the pagan Saxons, is represented as amusing himself with this game. When the messenger, who carried him news that Charlemagne was on the way to make war upon him, arrived at "Tremoigne," the palace of the Saxon king, he found Witikind playing at chess with Escorfaus de Lutise, and the Saxon queen, Sebile, who was also well acquainted with the game, looking on.

A lui joe as eschas Escorfaus de Lutise;
Sebile les esgarde, q' do jeu est aprise.

Chanson des Saxons, i. 91.

Witikind was so angry at this intelligence, that his face "became as red as a cherry," and he broke the chess-board to pieces.

D'ire et de mantant rugist comme cerise;
Le message regarde, le jeu peyoie et brise.

In the "Chanson-de-Geste," of Guerin de Montglave, the story turns upon an imprudent act of Charlemagne, who stakes his whole kingdom upon a game of chess, and losing it to Guerin, is obliged to compound with him by surrendering to him his right to the city of Montglave, then in the possession of the Saracens.

These "Chansons-de-Geste," formed upon the traditions of the early Carlovingian period, can only of course be taken as a picture of the manner of the age at which they were composed, that is, of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and we know, from historical evidence, that they are strictly true. At that period chess certainly was what has been termed the royal game. The celebrated Walter Mapes, writing in the latter half of the twelfth century, gives a curious anecdote relating to tragical events which had occurred at the court of Brittany, apparently in the earlier part of the same century. Alan, of Brittany, perhaps the last of the name who had ruled over that country, had, at the suggestion of his wife, entrapped a feudatory prince, Remelin, and subjected him to the loss of his eyes and other mutilations. Remelin's son, Wigan, having escaped a similar fate, made war upon Alan, and reduced him to such extremities that, through the interference of the king of France, he made his peace with Wigan,

by giving him his daughter in marriage, and thus for many years the country remained in peace. But it appears that the lady always shared in her father's feuds, and looked with exulting contempt on her father's mutilated enemy. One day she was playing with her husband at chess, and, towards the end of the game, Wigan, called away by some important business, asked one of his knights to take his place at the chess-board. The lady was the conqueror, and when she made her last move, she said to the knight, "It is not to you, but to the son of the mutilated that I say 'mate.'" Wigan heard this sarcasm, and, deeply offended, hurried to the residence of his father-in-law, took him by surprise, and inflicted upon him the same mutilations which had been experienced by Remelin. Then, returning home, he engaged in another game with his wife, and, having gained it, threw the eyes and other parts of which her father had been deprived on the chess-board, exclaiming, "I say *mate*, to the daughter of the mutilated." The story goes on to say that the lady concealed her desire of vengeance, until she found an opportunity of effecting the murder of her husband.

We need not be surprised if, among the turbulent barons of the middle ages, the game of chess often gave rise to disputes and sanguinary quarrels. The curious history of the Fitz-Warines, reduced to writing certainly in the thirteenth century, gives the following account of the origin of the feud between King John and Fulk Fitz-Warine, the outlaw:—"Young Fulk," we are told, "was bred with the four sons of King Henry II., and was much beloved by them all except John; for he used often to quarrel with John. It happened that John and Fulk were sitting all alone in a chamber playing at chess; John took the chess-board and struck Fulk a great blow. Fulk felt himself hurt, raised his foot and struck John in the middle of the stomach, that his head went against the wall, and he became all weak, and fainted. Fulk was in consternation; but he was glad that there was nobody in the chamber but they two, and he rubbed John's ears, who recovered from his fainting-fit, and went to the king, his father, and made a great complaint. 'Hold your tongue, wretch,' said the king, 'you are always quarrelling. If Fulk did anything but good to you, it must have been by your own desert; and he called his master, and made him beat him finely and well for complaining.'" Similar incidents recur continually in the early romances, known as the "Chansons-de-Geste," which give us so vivid a picture of feudal times. A fatal quarrel of this kind was the cause of the feud between Charlemagne and Ogier le Danois. At one of the Easter festivals of the court of Charlemagne, the emperor's son Charles and Bauduin, the illegitimate son of Ogier, went to play together. Bauduin and young Charles took a chess-board and sat down to the game for pastime. "They have arranged their chess-men on the board. The king's son first moved his pawn, and young Bauduin moved his *aufin* (bishop) backwards. The king's son thought to press him very hard, and moves his knight upon the other *aufin*. The one moved forward and the other backward so long, that young Bauduin said 'mate' to him in the corner."

Il et Callos present un esquequier,
Au ju s'asissent por aus esbanier.
S'ont lor esches assis sor le tabier.
Li fix au roi traist son paon premier,
Bauduinés traist son aufin arier.
Li fix au roi le voit forment coitier,
Sus l'autre aufin a trait son chevalier.
Tant traist il uns avant et l'autre arier,
Bauduinés il dist mat en l'anjler.

Ogier de Danemarche, l. 3159.

The young prince was furious at his defeat, and, not content with treating the son of Ogier with the most insulting language, he seized the chess-board in his two hands, and struck him so violent a blow on the forehead, that he split his head, and scattered his brains over the floor. In a well-known illuminated manuscript of the fifteenth century, in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 15 E. VI.), containing a copy of the romance of "Ogier le Danois," this scene is represented in an illumination, which is copied in our cut (Fig. 2). Similar incidents are rather common in these old romances. In that of "Parise la Duchesse," her young son, brought up as a foundling at the court of the King of Hungary, becomes an object of jealousy to the old nobles.

Four of the sons of the latter conspire to murder him, and it is arranged that they shall invite him to go and play at chess with them in a retired cellar, and, having secretly provided themselves with knives, insult him, in order to draw him into a quarrel, and then stab him to death. "Hugues," they said, "will you come with us to play at chess? you may gain a hundred francs on the gilt chess-



Fig. 2.—A QUARREL AT CHESS.

board, and at the same time you will teach us chess and dice; for certainly you know the games much better than any of us." Hugues seems to have been conscious of the frequency of quarrels arising from the game, for it was not until they had promised him that they would not seek any cause of dispute, that he accepted their invitation. They then led him into the cellar, and sat down at the chess-board. "He began by playing with the son of Duke Granier; and each put down a hundred francs in coined money; but he had soon vanquished and mated them all, that not one of them was able to mate him."

Au fil au Duc Graner comença à juer;
Chaceurs mist e. francs de deniers montez;
Mals il les a trestoz et vancus et matez,
Que il n'i ot i. sol qui l'an polist mator.

Parise la Duchesse, p. 105.

Hugues, in kindness, offered to teach them better how to play, without allowing them to risk their money, but they drew their knives upon him, and insulted him in the most outrageous terms. He killed the foremost of them with a blow of his fist, and seizing upon the chess-board for a weapon, for he was unarmed, he "brained" the other three with it. We learn from this anecdote that it was the custom in the middle ages to play at chess for money.

As I have already remarked, these romances picture to us the manners of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and not those of the Carolingian era. The period when the game of chess was first introduced into western Europe can only be conjectured, for writers of all descriptions were so much in the habit of employing the notions belonging to their own time in relating the events of the past, that we can place no dependence on anything which is not absolute contemporary evidence. The chess-board and men so long preserved in the treasury of St. Denis, and said to have belonged to Charlemagne, were, I think, probably, not older than the eleventh century, and appear to have had a Byzantine origin. If the game of chess had been known at the court of Charlemagne, I cannot but think that we should have found some distinct allusion to it. The earliest mention of this game that we know is found in a letter from Damianus, cardinal bishop of Ostia, to Alexander II., who was elected to the Papacy in 1061, and enjoyed it until 1073. Damianus tells the pope how he was travelling with a bishop of Florence, when, "having arrived in the evening at a hostel, I withdrew," he says, "into the cell of a priest, while he remained with the crowd of travellers in the spacious house. In the morning, I was informed by my servant that the aforesaid bishop had been playing at the game of chess; which information, like an arrow, pierced my heart very acutely. At a convenient hour, I sent for him, and said in a tone of severe reproof, 'The hand is stretched out, the rod is ready for the back of the offender.' 'Let the fault be proved,' said he, 'and penance shall not be refused.' 'Was it

well,' I rejoined, 'was it worthy of the character you bear, to spend the evening in the vanity of chess-play (*in vanitate scachorum*), and defile the hands and tongue, which ought to be the mediator between man and the Deity? Are you not aware that, by the canonical law, bishops, who are dice-players, are ordered to be deposed?' He, however, making himself a shield of defence from the difference in the names, said that dice was one thing, and chess another; consequently that the canon only forbade dice, but that it tacitly allowed chess. To which I replied, 'Chess,' I said, 'is not named in the text, but the general term of dice comprehends both the games. Wherefore, since dice are prohibited, and chess is not expressly mentioned, it follows, without doubt, that both kinds of play are included under one term, and equally condemned?' 'This occurred in Italy, and it is evident from it that the game of chess was then well known there, though I think we have a right to conclude from it, that it had not been long known. There appears to be little room for doubting, that chess was, like so many other mediæval practices, an oriental invention, that the Byzantine Greeks derived it from

the Saracens, and that from them it came by way of Italy to France.

The knowledge of the game of chess, however, seems to have been brought more directly from the East by the Scandinavian navigators, to whom such a means of passing time in their distant voyages, and in their long nights at home, was most welcome, and who soon became extraordinarily attached to it, and displayed their ingenuity in elaborately carving chess-men in ivory (that is, in the ivory of the walrus), which seem to have found an extensive market in other countries. In the year 1831, a considerable number of these carved ivory chess-men were found on the coast of the Isle of Lewis, probably the result of some shipwreck in the twelfth century, for to that period they belong. They belonged to at least seven sets, and had therefore probably been the stock of a dealer. Part of them were obtained by the British Museum, and a very learned and valuable paper on them was communicated by Sir Frederick Madden to the Society of Antiquaries, and printed in the twenty-fourth volume of the *Archæologia*. Some of the best of them, however, remained in private hands, and have more



Fig. 3.—ICELANDIC CHESS-MEN OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

recently passed into the rich museum of Lord Londesborough. We give here two groups of these curious chess-men, taken from the collection of Lord Londesborough, and from those in the British Museum as engraved in the volume of the *Archæo-*

logia just referred to. The first group, forming our cut Fig. 3, consists of a king (1), from the collection of Lord Londesborough, and a queen (2), bishop (3), and knight (4), all from the *Archæo-*

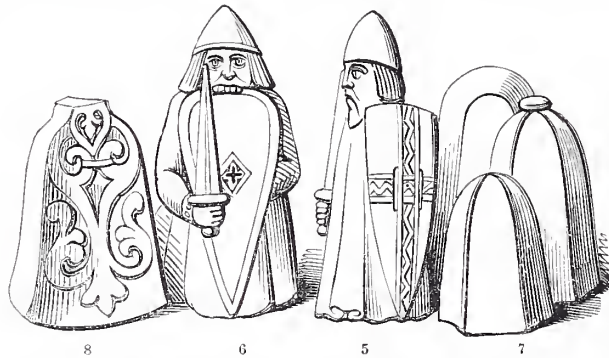


Fig. 4.—ICELANDIC CHESS-MEN OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

with the warriors on foot, to which the Icelanders gave the name of *hrokr*, and to which Sir Frederick Madden gives the English name of warders, one of them (5) from Lord Londesborough's collection, the other (6) from the British Museum. The rest are pawns, all from the latter collection; they are generally plain and octagonal, as in the group to the right (7), but were sometimes ornamented, as in the case of the other example here given (8.)

It will be seen at once that in name and character these chess-men are nearly identical with those in common use, although in costume they are purely Scandinavian. The king sits in the position, with his sword across his knee, and his hand ready to draw it, which is described as characteristic of royalty in the old northern poetry. The queen holds in her hand a drinking horn, in which at great festivals the lady of the household was accustomed to serve out the ale or mead to the guests. The bishops are some seated, and others standing, but all distinguished by the mitre, crozier, and epis-

copal costume. The knights are all on horseback, and are covered with characteristic armour. The armed men on foot, just mentioned by the name of warders, were peculiar to the Scandinavian set of chess-men, and supplied the place of the rooks, or rooks, in the mediæval game, and of the modern castle.

Several of the chess-men had indeed gone through more than one modification in their progress from the East. The Arabs and Persians admitted no female among the persons on their chess-board, and the piece which we call the queen was with them the *pherz* (vizier or councillor). The oriental name, under the form *fers*, *ferz*, or *ferce*, in Latin *ferzia*, was long preserved in the middle ages, though certainly as early as the twelfth century the original character of the piece had been changed for that of a queen, and the names *fers* and queen became synonymous. It is hardly necessary to say that a bishop would not be found on a Saracenic chess-board. This piece was called

by the Persians and Arabs *phil*, or *phil*, meaning an elephant, under the form of which animal it was represented. This name was also preserved in its transmission to the West, and with the Arab article prefixed became *alfil*, or more commonly *alfin*, which was again softened down into *awfin*, the usual name of the piece in the old French and English writers. The character of the bishop must have been adopted very early among the Christians, and it is found under that character among the Northerners, and in England. Such, however, was not the case everywhere. The Russians and Swedes have preserved the original name of the elephant. In Italy and France this piece was sometimes represented as an archer; and at an early period in the latter country, from a supposed confusion of the Arabic *fil*, with the French *fol*, it was sometimes

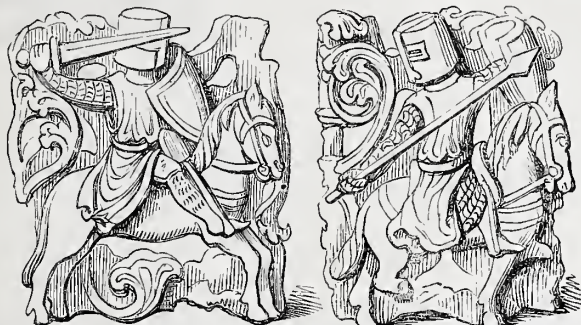


Fig. 5.—CHESS-MAN OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

and, to judge by the costume, belongs to the earlier part of the thirteenth century. Its material is the tooth of the walrus (the northern ivory); it represents a knight on both sides, one wielding a lance, the other a sword, the intervening spaces being filled with foliage. Another knight, made of real ivory, is represented in Fig. 6, taken from an engraving in the third volume of the *Archæological*



Fig. 6.—CHESS-MAN OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Journal, where it is stated to be in the possession of the Rev. John Eagles, of Worcester. It belongs to the reign of Edward III. Here the knight is on horseback, and wears chain-mail and plate. The body of the horse is entirely covered with chain-mail, over which housings are placed, and the head with plate-armor.

All who are acquainted with the general character of mediæval carving will suppose that these ornamental chess-men were of large dimensions, and consequently rather clumsy for use. The largest of those found in the Isle of Lewis, a king, is upwards of four inches in height, and nearly seven inches in circumference. They were hence rather formidable weapons in a strug hand, and we find them used as such in some of the scenes of the early romances. According to one version of the death of Bauduin, the illegitimate son of Ogier, the young prince Charles struck him with the rook so violent a blow that he made his two eyes fly out.

Là le dona Callos le cop mortel
Si com juoit as eskés et as déz;
Là le feri d'un roik par tel fieretés,
Que andus les elx li fist du cieuf voler.

Ogier de Danemarche, l. 90.

A rather rude illumination is one of the manuscripts, of which M. Barrois has given a fac-simile in his edition of this romance, representing Charles striking his opponent with the rook. According to another version of the story, the young prince,

called by the latter name, and represented as a court jester. Roc, the name given by the Saracens to the piece now called the castle, meant apparently a hero, or champion, Persian *rokkh*; the name was preserved in the middle ages, but the piece seems to have been first represented under the character of an elephant, and it was no doubt, from the tower which the elephant carried on its back, that our modern form originated. The Icelanders seem alone to have adopted the name in its original meaning, for with them, as shown above, the *hrokr* is represented as a warrior on foot.

A few examples of carved chess-men have been found in different parts of England, which show that these highly-ornamented pieces were in use at all periods. One of these, represented in Fig. 5, is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford,

using the rook as a missile, threw it at him. An incident in the romance of the "Quatre Fils d'Aymon," where the agents of Regnault go to arrest the duke, Richard of Normandy, and find him playing at chess, is thus told quaintly in the English version, printed by Copeland:—"When Duke Rieharde saw that these sergeantes had him thus by the arm, and helde in his hande a lady of ivory, wherewith he would have given a mate to Yonnet, he withdrew his arme, and gave to one of the sergeantes such a stroke with it into the forehead, that he made him tumble over and over at his fetete; and than he tooke a rooke, and smote another withall upon his head, that he all to-brost it to the brayne."

The chess-boards were naturally large, and were sometimes made of the precious metals, and of other rich materials. In one romance, the chess-board and men are made of crystal; in another, that of Alexander, the men are made of sapphires and topazes. A chess-board, preserved in the museum of the Hôtel de Cluuy, at Paris, and said to have been the one given by the old man of the mountains (the Sheikh of the Hassassins) to St. Louis, is made of rock-crystal, and mounted in silver gilt. In the romances, however, the chess-board is sometimes spoken of as made of *ormier*, or elm. In fact, when the game of chess came into extensive use, it became necessary not only to make the chess-board and men of less expensive materials and smaller, but to give to the latter simple conventional forms, instead of making them elaborate sculptures. The foundation for this latter practice had already been laid by the Arabs, whose tenets, contrary to those of the Persians, proscribed all images of living beings. The mediæval conventional form of the rook, a figure with a bi-parted head, somewhat approaching to the heraldic form of the fleur-de-lis, appears to have been taken directly from the Arabs. The knight was represented by a small upright column, the upper part of it bent to one side, and is supposed to have been meant for a rude representation of the horse's head. The auhin, or bishop, had the same form as the knight, except that the bent end was cleft, probably as an indication of the episcopal mitre. The accompanying figure of a chess-board (Fig. 7), taken from a manuscript of the earlier part of the fourteenth century, (MS. Cotton. Cleopat. B. IX.), but no doubt copied from one of the latter part of the thirteenth century, when the Anglo-Norman metrical treatise on chess which it illustrates was composed, gives all the conventional forms of chess-men used at that time. The piece at the left hand extremity of the lower row is evidently a king. The other king is seen in the centre of the upper row. Immediately to the left of the latter is the queen, and the two figures

below the king and queen are knights, while those to the left of the queen and white knight are rooks. Those in the right hand corner, at top and bottom, are auhins, or bishops. The pawns on this chess-board bear a striking resemblance to those found in

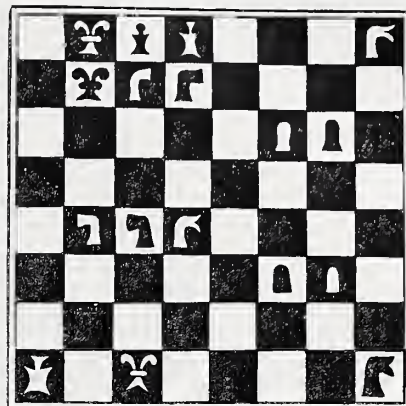


Fig. 7.—AN EARLY CHESS-BOARD AND CHESS-MEN.

the Isle of Lewis. The same forms, with very slight variations, present themselves in the scenes of chess-playing as depicted in the illuminated manuscripts. Thus, in a manuscript of the French prose romance of "Meliadus," in the British Museum (MS. Addit., No. 12,228, fol. 23 v°), written between the years 1330 and 1350, we have an interesting sketch, given in our cut, Fig. 8, of two kings engaged in this game. The rooks and the bishop are distinctly represented, but the others are less easily recognised, in consequence of the imperfect drawing. Our next cut, Fig. 9, is taken from the well-known manuscript of the poetry of the German Minnesingers, made for Rudiger von Manesse, early in the fourteenth century, and now preserved in the National Library in Paris, and represents the prince poet, Otto of Brandenburg, playing at chess with a lady. We have here the same conventional forms of chess-men, a circumstance which shows that the same types prevailed in England, France, and Germany. Another group, in which a king is introduced playing at chess, forms the subject of our cut, Fig. 10, and is taken from a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the Harleian collection in the British Museum (No. 1275), consisting of a numerous series of illustrations of the Bible history, executed evidently in England. It will be seen that the character of chess as a royal game is sustained throughout.

In this century the game of chess had become extremely popular among the feudal aristocracy—including, under that head, all who could aspire to knighthood. Already, in the twelfth century, directions for the game had been composed in Latin verse, which seems to show that, in spite of the zeal of men like Cardinal Damianus, it was popular among the clergy. Towards the latter end of the thirteenth century, a French dominican friar, Jacques de Cessoles, made the game the subject of a moral work, entitled *Moralitas de Scaccario*, which became very popular in later times, was published in a French version by Jean de Vignay, and translated from this French version into English, by Caxton, in his "Boke of Chesse," so celebrated among bibliographers. To the age of Jacques de Cessoles belongs an Anglo-Norman metrical treatise on chess, of which several copies are preserved in manuscript (the one I have used is in MS. Reg. 13 A, XVIII. fol. 161, v°), and which presents us with the first collection of games. These games are distinguished by quaint names, like those given to the old dances; such as *de propre confusion* (one's own confusion), *ky perde, sey sauve* (the loser wins), *ky est larges, est sages* (he that is liberal is wise), *meschief fet hom penser* (misfortune makes a man reflect), *la chace de ferce et de chivaler* (the chace of the queen and the knight), *de dames et de dumyceles* (ladies and damsels), *la bataille de rokes* (the battle of the rooks), and the like.

It is quite unnecessary to attempt to point out the numerous allusions to the game of chess during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when it continued to be extremely popular. Chaucer, in one of his minor poems, the "Boke of the Duchesse," in-

troduces himself in a dream as playing at chess with Fortune, and speaks of false moves, as though dishonest tricks were sometimes practised in the game. He tells us,—

At chesse with me she gan to pleye,
With hir fals draughtes (*moves*) dyvers
She staale on me, and toke my fers (*queen*):
And whanne I saugh my fers awaye,
Allas! I kouthe no lenger playe,

But seyde, "Farewel, swete! ywys,
And farewel al that ever ther ys!"
Therwith Fortune seyde, "Chek here!"
And "mate" in the myd poynt of the chekkere (*chess-board*),
With a powne (*pawn*) errante, alas!
Ful craftier to pleye she was
Thau Athalus, that made the game
First of the chesse, so was hys name.

ROBERT BELL'S *Chaucer*, vol. vi., p. 157.

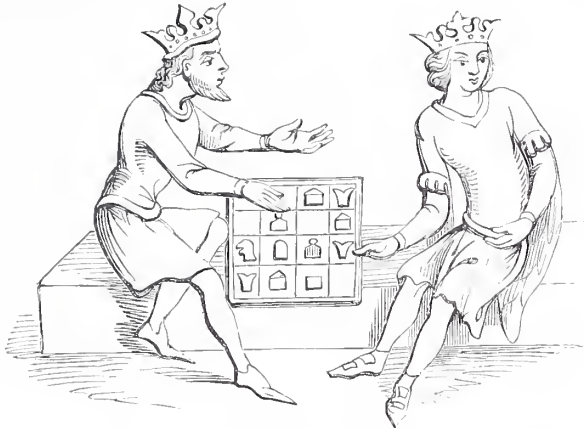


Fig. 8.—A ROYAL GAME AT CHESS.

With the breaking up of feudalism, the game of chess seems to have gone to a great extent out of practice, and made way for a comparatively new

game, that of cards, which now became very popular. When Caxton printed his "Boke of Chesse" in 1474, he sought only to publish a moral treatise,



Fig. 9.—A GAME AT CHESS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

and not to furnish his countrymen with a book of instructions in the game. The cut of the chess-player given in this book, copied in our cut, Fig. 11,

forms of the men were considerably modified. An Italian version of the work of Jacques de Cessoles was printed at Florence in 1493, under the title of

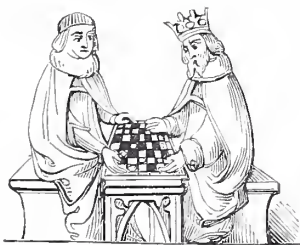


Fig. 10.—A KING AT CHESS.

shows some modifications in the forms of the chess-men. The knight, the rook, and the pawn, have preserved their old forms; but we are led to suppose, by the number of pieces with the bi-partite head, that the bishop had assumed a shape nearly resembling that of the rook. We have just seen Chaucer alluding to one of the legends relating to the origin of this game. Caxton, after Jean de Vignay and Jacques de Cessoles, gives us a strange story how it was invented under Evelymerodach, king of Babylon, by a philosopher, "whyche was named in Caldee Exerses, or in Greke Philemetor."

Meanwhile, the game of chess had continued to flourish in Italy, where it appears to have experienced improvements, and where certainly the

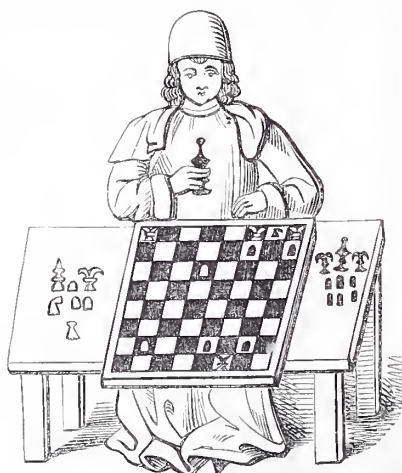


Fig. 11.—CHESS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Libro de Giuoco delli Scacchi, among the engravings to which, as in most of the editions of that work, there is a picture of a group of chess-players, who are here seated at a round table. The chess-

board is represented in our cut, Fig. 12, and it will be seen at a glance that the chess-men present a far greater resemblance to those used at the present day than those given in the older illuminations. Within a few years of the date of this book, a Portuguese, named Damiano, who was perhaps residing in Italy, as his books seems to have appeared there first, drew up a book of directions for chess with a set of eighty-eight games, which display considerable ingenuity. An edition of this book was published at Rome as early as 1524, and perhaps this was not

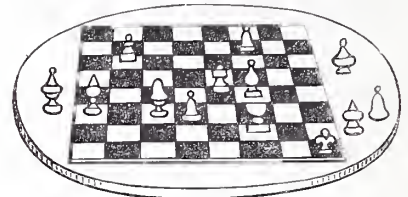


Fig. 12.—AN ITALIAN CHESS-BOARD.

the first. The figures of the chess-men are given in this treatise; that of the king is vase-shaped, not unlike our modern chess-king, but with two crowns; the queen is similar in shape, but has one crown; the *delfino* (bishop) differs from them in being smaller, and having no crown; the *carvallo* (knight) has the form of a horse's head; the *rocho*, as it is still called, is in the form of a tower, like our modern castle; and the *pedona* (pawn) resembles a cone, with a knob at the apex. In England, the game of chess seems not to have been much in vogue during the fifteenth century; it is, I believe, only alluded to once in Shakespeare, in a well-known scene in the *Tempest*, which may have been taken from a foreign story, to which he owed his plot. The name of the game had been corrupted into *chests* or *cheasts*. The game of chess was expressly discouraged by our "Solomou," James I., as "overwise and philosophicke a folly." An attempt to bring it into more notice appears to have been made early in the reign of Elizabeth, under the patronage of Lord Robert Dudley, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Leicester, who displayed on many occasions a taste for refinements of this sort. Instructions were again sought from Italy through France; for there was printed and published in London, in the year 1562, a little volume dedicated to Lord Robert Dudley, under the title of "The Pleasaunt and wittie Playe of the Cheasts renewed, with Instructions both to Learne it Easily and to Play it Well; lately translated out of Italian into French, and now set forth in Englishe by James Rowbotham." Rowbotham gives us some remarks of his own on the character of the game, and on the different forms of the chess-men, which are not uninteresting. He says:—"As for the fashion of the pieces, that is according to the fantasie of the workman, which maketh them after this manner. Some make them lyke men, whereof the kyng is the highest, and the queene (whiche some name amasone or ladye) is the next, bothe two crowned. The bishoppes some name alphins, some fooles, and some name them princes, lyke as also they are next unto the kinge and the queene, other some cal them archers, and thei are fashioned accordinge to the wyll of the workeman. The knights some call horsemen, and thei are men on horse backe. The rookes some cal elephantes, caryng towres upon their backes, and men within the towres. The paunes some cal fote men, as they are souldiours on fote, caryng some of them pykes, other some harquebushes, other some halbards, and other some the javelyn and target. Other makers of cheastmen make them of other fashions; but the use thereof wyll cause perfect knowledge." "Our Englishe cheastmen," he adds, "are commonly made nothing like unto these foresayde fashions: to wit, the kyng is made the highest or longest; the queene is longest nexte unto him; the bishoppe is made with a sharpe toppe, and cloven in the midst not muche unlyke to a bishop's mytter; the knight hath his top cut asloope, as though he beyng dubbed knight; the rooke is made lykst to the kyng and the queene, but that he is not so long; the paunes be made the smailest and least of all, and thereby they may best be knowen."

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLI.—LOUIS HAGHE.



TRICTLY speaking, we cannot claim Mr. Haghe as a "British" artist, but he is naturalized here, and his works are so well-known to us—as much so, indeed, as those of any Englishman—that we feel no hesitation in including his name among those who by right of birth come into our category, for his well-deserved reputation has been achieved here. At any rate, we are well assured that our readers will cordially welcome a notice of one whose works have so often ministered to the gratification of every lover of Art who has become acquainted with them; and there are few, it may be presumed, to whom his name is not a familiar word. For more than thirty

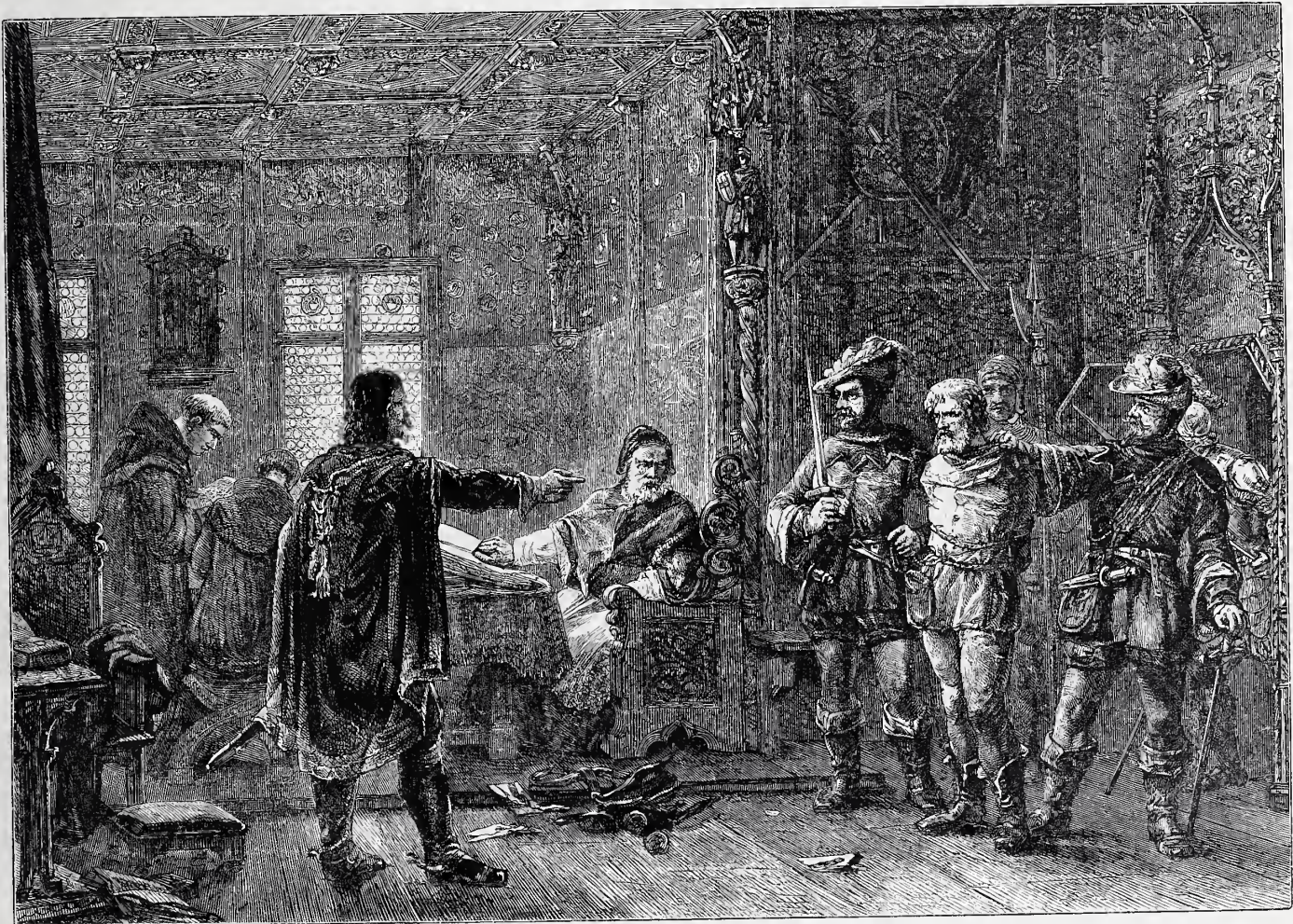
years he has been among us, adding in a variety of ways to our artistic productions—generally, too, in a department in which he has but few competitors, and of superiors, fewer still, if any.

Louis Haghe was born at Tournay, in Belgium, in 1806. His father, who was an architect, intended him for the same profession, and gave him his first lessons in architectural drawing; in addition to which, the boy had the advantage of attending the evening classes of the drawing academy of the town. At ten years of age he was sent to the College of Tournay, where he studied for five years. After leaving this institution he was placed under the instruction of the Chevalier De la Barrière, a

French officer, exiled from his native country, who had settled at Tournay, and gave lessons in landscape water-colour painting. This seems to include the whole of Mr. Haghe's educational career.

The art of lithography, which originated in Germany a few years antecedent to this period, had now found its way into other countries, and De la Barrière having had the opportunity of seeing and appreciating its capabilities and importance, established a lithographic press in Tournay, and obtained the assistance of his young pupil in the prosecution of his arduous task—for the art was even then but in its infancy, and the mysteries of its working were but partially known, even to those who were engaged in it: it may well be assumed that neither principal nor assistant could at that time have foreseen the perfection it has since reached, nor its multiform applications. Much of this excellence is, without doubt, due to the time, attention, and skill devoted to it by Mr. Haghe, of whom, twenty years ago, we spoke as "the most accomplished and prolific of lithographic draughtsmen," and as one who, with J. D. Harding, S. Prout, Joseph Nash, Sidney Cooper, and others, was elevating lithography to a permanent and important branch of fine-Art. The work which De la Barrière was engaged in bringing out, was "*Vues Pittoresques de la Belgique*;" for this Mr. Haghe made several of the drawings upon stone; but, during its progress, the former returned to France, while the latter continued and completed the publication—though he had not yet attained the seventeenth year of his age—in conjunction with M. Dejonghe, a Belgian landscape-painter of distinction.

About this time a young Englishman went over to Tournay for the purpose of studying the art of lithography under De la Barrière: as the latter was absent, Mr. Haghe undertook the task of instructing him in the mode of drawing upon stone. Several prints thus executed were sent to the relatives of the new student, and were by them shown to some London publishers, who promised the young English artist employment if he would come over and reside here. The Englishman proposed to Mr. Haghe that the latter should accompany him, and continue his instructions till the latter was able to "go



Engraved by]

THE SPY: A SCENE IN THE ARCHBISHOP'S ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF SALZBURG.

[Butterworth and Heath.

alone." The proposition was accepted, and, in 1823, Mr. Haghe arrived in London, and has never since quitted it as a permanent place of residence. The work promised by the London publishers did not, however, come; but while waiting for it he executed several lithographic drawings which soon made him known, and altered the determination he had formed of returning to Belgium when his pupil had left him, and there seemed little chance of his getting any regular employment: for hitherto he had given very little, if any, attention to water-colour painting, which subsequently gained him so many admirers. The late Mr. William Day, of Gate Street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields, was at this time forming the lithographic establishment that has since become so well-known—and deservedly so, for by far the largest, most costly, and most important pub-

lications in lithography, that have appeared in Europe, have come forth from the printing-presses in Gate Street. Mr. Day was fortunate in securing at the outset the valuable co-operation of the young Belgian artist, who, we believe, formed eventually a partnership with the former in this portion of his business; at any rate, they continued together till the death of Mr. Day, in 1845. During their connection, many most valuable and beautiful productions were, from time to time, brought before the public; of these stand among the foremost, Vivian's "Spanish Scenery," Muller's "Age of Francis I.;" Lord Mounson's "Views in the Valley of Isère;" Gally Knight's "Views;" Moore's "Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy;" Atkinson's "Sketches in Afghanistan;" Haghe's "Sketches in Belgium and Germany;" and, lastly, though in point of

rank it should stand at the head of the list, D. Roberts's magnificent work of the "Holy Land." On the whole of these, but especially on the two last, Mr. Haghe's unwearied pencil was constantly engaged, as well as on other works executed respectively for Messrs. Princesps, Grindlay, and Baron Taylor. Quite needless, we are sure, would it be for us to descant now upon the works specified—the public has long ago put its seal of approbation upon them.

After the completion of the "Holy Land," Mr. Haghe reproduced in chromolithography the large picture by D. Roberts of "The Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans under Titus." This was his last work in lithography.

Throughout the period in which he had been thus occupied Mr. Haghe had found opportunity to devote a portion of his time—and yet but a small part—to water-colour painting. In 1835 he was elected a member of the "New" Society, to which he has been since almost a regular contributor, rarely, however, exhibiting more than two, sometimes only one, each year; but they have always been among the "lions" of the gallery. The attractiveness of his subjects, his truly artistic treatment, and his powerful and brilliant colouring, could not fail to draw to his pictures especial notice: let us endeavour to recall a few of them.

The first work which directed the attention of the Art-loving public to the merits of this painter was "The Council of War in the Hall of Courtray," exhibited in 1839, and purchased by the late Mr. Vernon: it forms a part of the collection he bequeathed to the country, and was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1854, as one of the "Vernon Gallery." The remarks which accompanied the print at that time render any further comment needless.

"A Scene at the Gate of the Convent of San Geronymo, Lisbon," exhibited in 1840, is a far more pleasing, if less powerful, picture than that exhibited in the year following, "The Oath of Vargas in the Conseil des Troubles, 1567." This incident in the history of Spanish domination over the Low Countries, is described by the artist with an appalling fidelity. It is a scene of ferocious cruelty that is revolting to look upon: as a development of evil passions breaking out with unmitigated fury in the hearts and actions of ruffians, we almost instinctively turn aside from the representation; as a work of Art or example of picturesque grouping, fine drawing, and brilliant colour, it draws us instinctively to it. "Cromwell and Ireton intercepting a Letter of Charles I.," taken from the saddle of the messenger, who had put up at the "Blue Boar," Holborn—exhibited in 1843—tells the

story very circumstantially and graphically. Cromwell has read the letter, and holds it before him, evidently pondering its contents as if undecided how to act upon the information it conveys; and yet we can almost detect under the apparent hesitation, a deep and earnest feeling which forebodes the fate of the unhappy monarch: his doom is unquestionably fixed. "The Town Hall of Courtray," hung at the same time, shows this picturesque apartment in a less quiet state than the picture of 1839: the hall is thronged with an animated group of soldiers and ecclesiastics, the latter soliciting from the warriors permission to seek the body of Robert of Artois, slain at the "Battle of the Spurs." It is a most effective picture, whether regarded as a work of the mind, or of the hand, or of both.

From English civil war and Flemish contests Mr. Haghe's pencil passed, in 1844, to a quiet death-bed scene—"The last Moments of Zurbaran," the celebrated Spanish painter, who, an unknown inmate, is lying "sick unto death," in the chamber of the convent of "Santa Cruz," at Lisbon. The records of this artist's decease narrate that the physician who stood by his

bedside pronounced him mad; on which Zurbaran made signs that the attendants would give him a piece of charcoal from a censer in the room: having obtained it, he drew on the wall close to him, a sketch of the head of Christ in his last agony. The physician holds one of his hands, as if counting the fitful and ebbing pulsations of life, while a monk appears to inquire whether the heart of the dying man has beat its last throb. The heads in this picture are singularly fine, and expressive of the thoughts that are passing through the mind of each individual.

"Ferdinand Visiting Rubens in his Studio, at Antwerp," exhibited in 1845, is a gorgeous picture, full of picturesque material which the artist has worked up into a composition of exceeding brilliancy. It contains numerous figures—Ferdinand, the Governor-General of the Low Countries, and his attendants; Rubens, who is confined to his house by an attack of the gout, and his family; and two of the painter's pupils or assistants, Jordaens, or Snyders, or Wildens, or Van Uden: Van Dyck must have left him long before this honoured visit was paid. Of three pictures exhibited in the following year—"Rubens painting

the 'Chapeau de Paille,'" "Interior of the Brewers' Corporation-Room, Antwerp," and "Staircase in the House of the Brewers' Corporation, Antwerp"—the first-named is the most important in character of subject and in size: it is a magnificent drawing, beautiful in colour, masterly in composition, and full of living expression; the female figures, especially one, presumed to be Helena Formann, are very lovely. The other two works, much smaller in dimensions, well sustained the position of the artist in this class of subject. This fine old civic hall of the Antwerp brewers, has received great honour from the attention Mr. Haghe has given to it, and when one looks at its rich ornamental features and picturesque architecture, we are not surprised at the interest which he has shown in it. In 1847 his only exhibited painting was a scene in the "Meeting-Room," another name given, we presume, to the "Corporation Room," for it presents the same appearance as that before called by the latter title: here numerous burghers are congregated and engaged in an animated discussion. In 1848 he contributed three pictures to the exhibition of the Society of which he is a member—"Capuchin Monks at Matins, in their Convent at Bruges," a painting with what is known as a "candle-light effect," and most powerfully is the light thrown from a shaded lantern upon the heads of the assembled ecclesiastics; "Chaffoir, in



Engraved by

THE STUDIO.

[Putterworth and Heath.]

the Town Hall of Mons," representing the public cook distributing soup to the poor; and "Michael Angelo attending his sick servant, Urbino," a comparatively small drawing, but an exquisite work in feeling and artistic character. "Vespers in the Church of Sta Anne, Bruges," exhibited in 1849, is a kind of companion picture to the "Capuchin Monks," of the preceding year. The altar of the church is lighted up, while the aisle is in deep shade, except where here and there the fading light streams through the windows on a few of the figures: these two lights are admirably managed.

In 1850 we saw exhibited two works from Mr. Haghe's studio; one entitled "Miseries of War," represents a number of citizens, apparently, confined as prisoners in the crypt of a church, which has been converted into a guard-room. The figures are habited in the costume of about the middle of the seventeenth century: a strong light from a window is thrown upon the unhappy group, and is introduced with almost magical effect. The other is simply a "Guard-Room," treated in a similar way, the light falling upon two soldiers, the sole occupants of the apartment. The only picture exhibited by Mr. Haghe

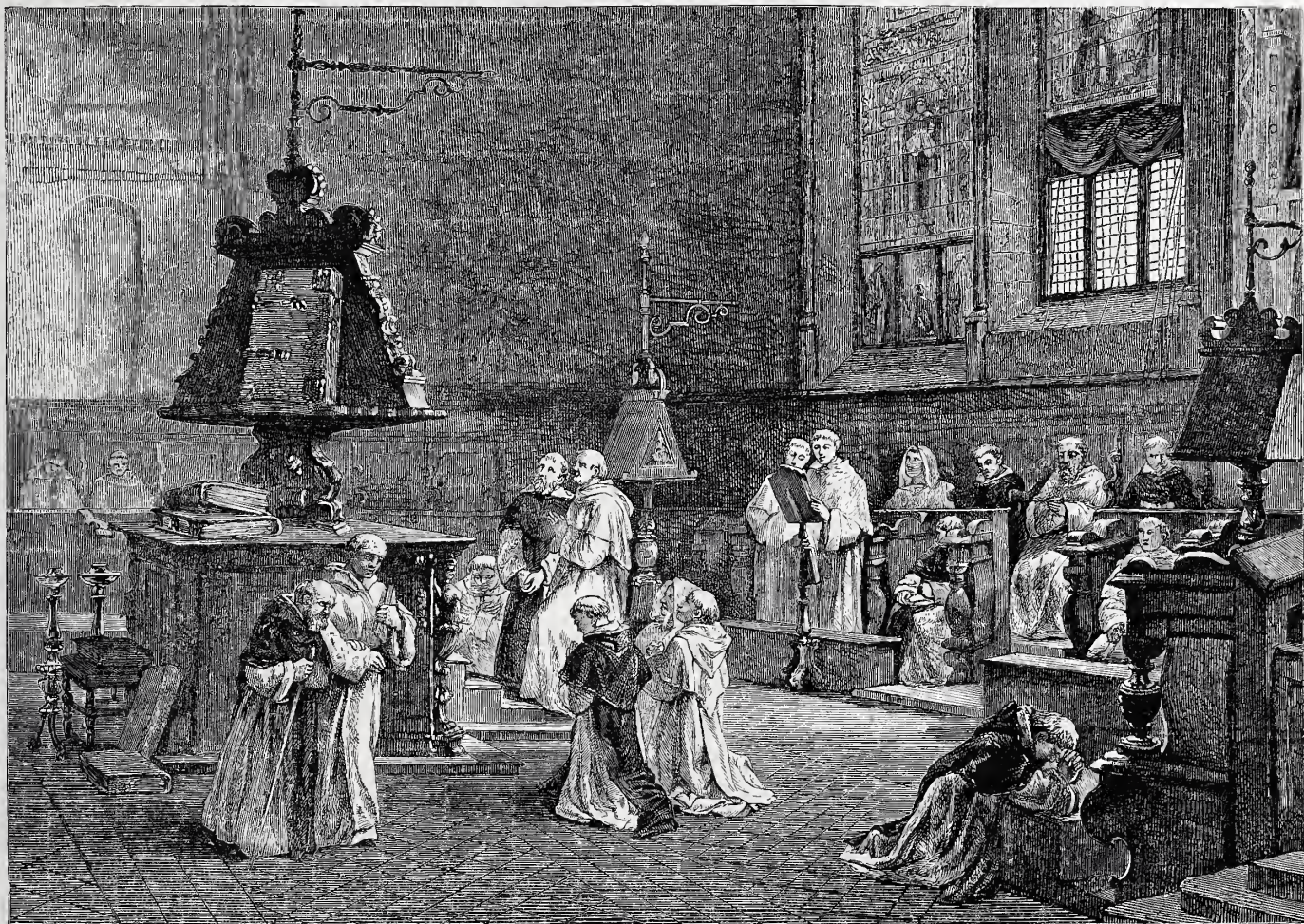
in the following year, was a small view of the interior of the "Church of St. Gomer, Lierre," enlivened with a number of figures.

The largest picture, so far as our recollection extends, which this artist has painted, is one that was exhibited in 1852—"Audience Chamber of the Magistrates of Bruges—Visit of Marguerite of Austria, Duchess of Parma, Regent of Belgium." "The Happy Trio," exhibited the following year, reminded us of the works of Mezza, or Maes, the old Dutch painters. The subject consists of three figures—a lady, in a red jacket, seated at a spinnet, a gentleman, with his back to the spectator, playing the guitar, and another, apparently the father of the lady, asleep in a corner of the apartment. It is a brilliant little picture, that will bear favourable comparison with the best of the Dutch school. "Salle d'Armes, in the Castle of Salzburg," hung at the same time, is one of those military scenes of past ages, which Mr. Haghe has frequently painted, and with unqualified success. The same may be said of the only picture he exhibited in 1854, a "Corps de Garde," representing a few soldiers of the class we should call "city volunteers,"—thriving burghers, not quite of uniform standard as to height and circumference, but looking *very warlike*. It is a humorous picture, admirably painted, and full of character.

The largest number of works exhibited by this artist at any time was in 1855, when he contributed seven to the gallery in Pall-Mall: "Le Benitier in the Church of St. Peter, Rome," "The Post-Office at Albano," "Convivial

Meeting of the Brewers' Corporation, at Antwerp," "The Fair Reckoner," "Comfortable Quarters," "The Report," and "Work First, and Play Afterwards." Mr. Haghe must have worked hard to have produced seven such drawings as these during the year—for the smallest of them is a gem of exceeding brilliancy, while the largest, the "Brewers' Meeting," is full of figures, elaborately painted, and of well-studied character,—a jovial assembly, over which mirth and good fellowship reign supreme.

Up to this period the public knew Mr. Haghe only by his lithographic and water-colour pictures; but in 1856 he made his appearance, at the British Institution, as a painter in oils, by exhibiting a view of the "CHOIR OF THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLO, FLORENCE," engraved below; a work admirable in composition, and of great power,—qualities every one would expect from an artist of his experience: but, as we have invariably found to be the case with all who have long worked in water-colours, Mr. Haghe's first essay in oils showed that he was as yet unacquainted with the peculiarities of the new medium. The picture was deficient in brilliancy, owing to the absence of transparency in the shadows, and, as a consequence, the whole wanted harmony; the opaqueness of the shadowed parts rendered the others obtrusive. It is possible the painter may have seen these defects when the picture was hung in the Gallery by the side of others, and subsequently remedied them; for the evil, we believe, is not incurable. The water-colour pictures of the year were three, all of them



Engraved by]

CHOIR OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLO, FLORENCE.

[Butterworth and Heath.

large: "The Ante-chamber of the Tribunal of the Inquisition in the Ducal Palace, Venice," into which is introduced one of the many historic scenes associated with the place, namely, the capture by the officers of the Inquisition of the head of some noble family accused of crimes against the State; an exterior view of the "Ducal Palace, Venice;" and "The Town Hall of Oudenarde—Meeting of the Corporation." We cannot do more than point out these and all Mr. Haghe's subsequent productions, for the space at our command prohibits comment.

In 1857 he exhibited at the British Institution another oil-picture, entitled "Sunny Hours." In this the defects alluded to in the preceding work were in some slight degree less apparent. To the new Water-Colour Society he contributed an incident in the life of Cornelius Vroom, the Dutch painter,—a capital subject, treated with the artist's usual ability and success; "A Public Letter-writer in the Remains of the Theatre of Marcellus, Rome," and "The Remains of the Portico of Octavia, now the Fish-market, Rome." One of his pictures of 1858 is engraved on the first page of this notice—"THE SPY: A SCENE IN THE ARCHBISHOP'S ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF SALZBURG,"—a water-colour painting. At the British Institution in that year he exhibited "Peter Boel arranging his Model." His other works exhibited with the latter are—"The Drinking Song," and "The Transept of the Church of St. Mark, Venice." "THE STUDIO," engraved on the preceding page, is from a picture in the possession of Mr. E. Bicknell; it was never publicly exhibited.

This brief enumeration of Mr. Haghe's works shows his "specialty" of subject. Like Mr. Cattermole, formerly of the "Old Society of Water-colour Painters," he lives in a past age, among old continental churches and monasteries, and other edifices, and with the people who worshipped in or occupied them; but he seems most at home in the land of his birth, among those fine mediæval Flemish interiors, so rich in carved decorations, which he paints with unrivalled fidelity and masterly execution, and fills with figures that are living and acting memorials of the past. His powers of imitation are of rare excellence, his composition is always most effective, and his colouring, in water colours, has the depth and richness of oils, as we find these qualities existing in the best examples of the best oil-painters. His facile and masterly execution is the more remarkable because he works with his *left* hand. The pictures of this artist always afford us the highest gratification, but we greatly prefer seeing him in his own Society, to his appearance in the "British Institution."

Among the "honours" bestowed on Mr. Haghe, we ought to mention that he received a gold medal for his lithographic works exhibited in Paris, in 1834; was elected "Associate Member" of the Academy of Belgium, in 1847; was afterwards decorated with the Cross of the Order of Leopold; elected a member of the Academy of Antwerp; received a second-class gold medal at the Universal Exhibition in Paris, in 1855, for water-colour painting; and the "Heywood" gold medal from the Manchester Academy.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 11.—JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, R.A.

Few visitors to our national collection of pictures at Marlborough House can fail to be interested with a well-executed portrait by Sir William Beechey of an artist, modelling-tool in hand, who looks forth at the spectator, with a somewhat melancholy face, and an eye worn with labour: the structure of the face is not English, but there is an expression about it which would cause inquiry as to the career of the person thus represented. It is the portrait of Joseph Nollekens, a sculptor of great repute in his day, who, successfully practising the most profitable part of his art, bust-making, made much money, but only a temporary fame.

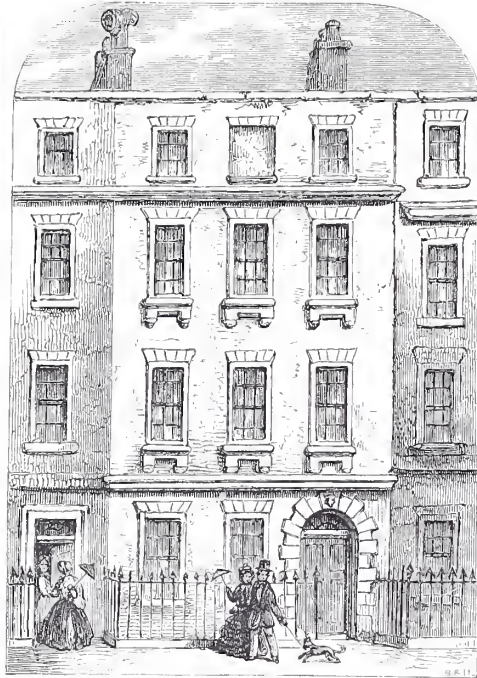
That no characters are so good or so bad as biographers make them, is a trite remark frequently enforced by experience. History as well as biography takes much of its tone from the mind of the writer. Had Nollekens left his biographer and pupil, J. T. Smith, the legacy he so confidently expected, the two volumes of small-minded narrative he gave the world as a history of "Nollekens and his Times" might have been laudatory of the genius of the sculptor, instead of wearisome with petty details of his household arrangements, with which the public have nothing to do, and would never have known but from one who was trustfully admitted into his household, and who should have reflected how far his conduct, and that of others like him, made and confirmed the parsimony of Nollekens,—by submitting to and encouraging meanness for the sake of reaping the ultimate gain of a great legacy. There is certainly poetic justice done when Volpone disappoints his parasites.

Smith commences his volumes with the bold announcement in his preface, "I am convinced that England has not produced such a character since the death of Elwes;" yet he cannot help relating his charitable liberality to Richardson, and many traits that show Nollekens only wanted the bias of his mind directed towards good, instead of fostered towards evil, by persons who would submit to anything for future gain, though listening to and recording the scandal of the lowest servants of his house, and when the man was laid in his grave printing trashy conversations not worth the reading. The best amongst us could scarcely stand so severe a test.

Joseph Nollekens was descended from foreign parents: his father was born at Antwerp; his mother was a Frenchwoman. Their son, the sculptor, was born on the 11th of August, 1737, at 28, Dean Street, Soho, in the house shown in our engraving, and in which the father died. At that period Soho Square and the neighbourhood was the fashionable residence of the nobility, and in the outskirts of London. Nollekens used to speak of his early reminiscences of that neighbourhood, when four ambassadors lived in the square, and when a windmill and a pond of water occupied the ground where Percy Chapel now stands, and it was a country walk to Marylebone Gardens. When Nollekens was thirteen years of age, he was apprenticed to Scheemakers, at that time in the height of fame, and some of whose best works are in that museum of monumental sculpture, Westminster Abbey. He was a successful student, and was awarded several useful money prizes by the Society of Arts. With these and other savings he went to Rome in 1760, where he worked for some years, and made money, returning to Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, and marrying the daughter of Mr. Welch, the magistrate, a lady who appears to have been more parsimonious than her husband. It was probably this concatenation of circumstances that confirmed his character; but he never appears to have been other than a cheerful, kind-hearted man, and in advanced age, after the death of his wife, relaxed greatly in his narrow habits.

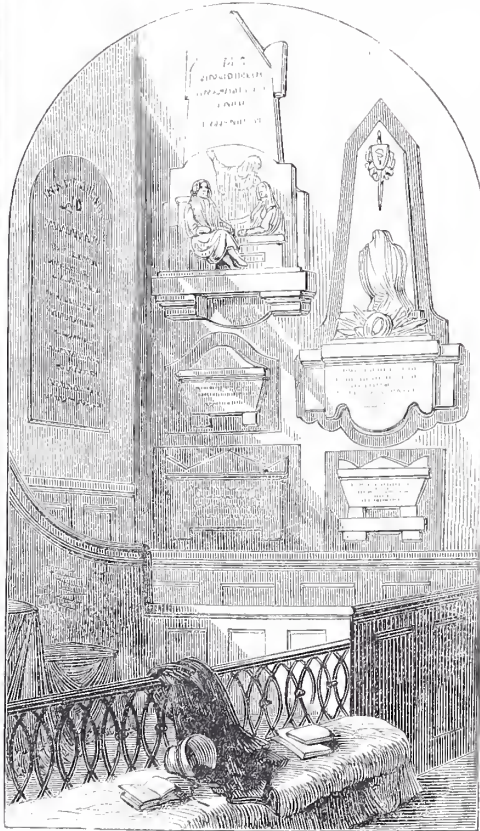
To understand Nollekens' character properly, it is necessary to take a more philosophical review of his peculiar position in early life. He came of a family of artists, persecuted people of another faith, necessitated to live poorly, to struggle hard for what they might obtain, and live among strangers without much sympathy; and in some

instances incur the dangers of strong religious prejudice. Left fatherless in early life, his mother married again, and retired to Wales, leaving Nollekens without the aid of money, advice, or education. It was a hard life for an orphan boy, to be left thus friendless in the great world of London; all the harder from the knowledge that a mother's



BIRTHPLACE OF NOLLEKENS.

love—the richest of prizes to a boy—he could never enjoy, not from any fault of his own, but from the desertion of her who should have given it. In his poverty he never did a dishonourable act; he clung to society as best he could by little acts of polite service, and received some



TOMB OF NOLLEKENS.

friendship in return. Was he to blame if the world taught him it respected not talent, or gave it a free stage to labour on, unbacked by some independence of pocket? Consequently, when he was in Rome, he found he could more readily put some few pounds into his badly-

stocked purse by dealing in antiques than by sculpture. He purchased from the labourers who had discovered them, the terra-cottas they obtained in the Via Latina, and he sold them to Mr. Townley; they are now in our British Museum, with many other antiques, some of which have the work of Nollekens upon them, in the way of additions and restorations. The young man, by his prudence, made himself a respectable position; it was the misfortune of his early poverty, and the inherited parsimony of two generations, as well as a wife still more niggardly, that ended in making Nollekens what he was. But the worst that can be honestly said of him is, that he was close-handed for what he considered unnecessary extravagances; but he was unusually liberal to cases of real want or to charity; and to all about him he gave good wages, and occasional gratuities. It is quite as easy to prove him a justly-liberal man, as it is to prove him a miser. Allan Cunningham has dealt most honourably by him in the memoir he constructed out of most unpleasant material; his strong common sense and love of justice led him to this.

He relates how cheerfully Nollekens helped Chantrey, then young and unfriended, to a proper position in the Royal Academy Exhibition, when he sent his bust of Horae Tooke there; "having satisfied himself of its excellence, he turned round to those who were arranging the works for exhibition, and said, 'There's a fine, a very fine work; let the man who made it be known; remove one of my busts, and put this one in its place, for well it deserves it.'"

An unvarying success in his profession leaves no incident to narrate in the calm course of the sculptor's career. His busts were popular, and he had the advantage of the best sitters. Life with him was the prosecution of Art, and the equally quiet accumulation of money. Aided by his still more frugal spouse, he amassed a large fortune. He died in 1823, and was buried in Paddington Church, but it was not until fifteen years afterwards that any record of the fact appeared within its walls. At that time the Rev. Mr. Kerriek, the librarian of the public library of the Cambridge University, an old friend of the sculptor, and who was a large legatee under his will, commissioned Behnes to execute the one now placed there. The basso-relievo on it represents Nollekens in his studio at work upon the group which he designed and executed for the monument of Mrs. Heard, a work which aided greatly in securing his professional fame. The inscription above is very brief:—"M. S. Joseph Nollekens, R.A., ob. non. Kal. Maii, 1823, æt. 85. Requiescat in pace." It is among a group of monuments on the south side of the communion-table, quite in the corner of the wall, and above the monument to General Charles Crosby. The crowded tablets give this part of the church almost the effect of the show-room of a monumental sculptor.

Few of our suburban churches—for Paddington was "in the country" not many years ago—contain memorials of artists in such number as this one does. Of many of them the resting-place is unmarked; but here was buried Bushnell, the sculptor (of the figures on Temple Bar), and his more famous brother in the art, Thomas Banks, R.A. Three engravers—Francis Vivares (celebrated for his landscapes), John Hall, and Lewis Schiavonetti (best known by his engraving from Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims")—are also buried in the churchyard; where lie two painters—George Barrett, and William Collins, R.A. There are other Art-connections in the history of the older church, which stood in the burial-ground to the north of the present one. There William Hogarth was married to the daughter of Sir James Thornhill in 1729; and here lies Michael Bryan, author of the valuable "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers." A great artist in another walk of Art reposes here also—Reynolds' "Tragic Muse" (Mrs. Siddons), whose grand delineation of the noblest characters gave life and boldness to the designs of many artists, and whose fine figure and expressive face have been delineated by some of the greatest among them.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1858.

THIS institution adopts a plan, well worthy of imitation by other similar associated bodies, of publishing annually a report of its proceedings: that for the past year has been forwarded to us, and it contains so much of interest, not only to the members of the academy themselves and those who desire the welfare of Scottish Art especially, but to all who are anxiously watching the progress and condition of Art throughout the United Kingdom, that we consider the statements contained therein of sufficient importance to be noticed at some length.

It sets out with the observation that the Exhibition of 1858 opened at a time of great commercial depression, a circumstance which justified the apprehension that its interests might be prejudicially affected; they were so, however, only in the amount received for the admission of visitors, which was rather lower than it had been during the two preceding years; while, on the other hand, the sales of works exhibited more than counterbalanced the deficiency for admission, considerably surpassing, as they did, those of any former year; on the first day of the exhibition pictures to the amount of nearly £5000 were sold, independent of a large number which had found purchasers while yet in the studios of the respective artists, the owners permitting them to be sent to the gallery of the academy for exhibition. The committees of the "Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland," and of the "Glasgow Art-Union," were in the field as friendly competitors with the general public for many of the works exhibited, thereby materially contributing to the commercial success of the exhibition,—not the least powerful stimulus in promoting future progressive development.

The report next refers, and with justifiable satisfaction on the part of the council, to the success of the evening exhibition; during the six weeks when the rooms were thus opened, at a reduced rate of admission, they were as usual filled by numbers of those classes of the community to whom a visit in the day, if at all possible, must prove a serious sacrifice, but who find in the opening of the gallery for their enjoyment during the evening, scope for a healthful unbending of the mind from the toil and cares of business. To the Scottish Academy belongs the honour of initiating this movement in favour of the labouring classes; it has been followed, we all know, with similar success at the National Museum at South Kensington, and also at the Fine Arts' exhibitions in most of the provincial towns: shall we ever live to see the example copied in Trafalgar Square and Pall-Mall? or are these institutions—the former especially ought to think seriously about the matter—resolved to be the last as *public* instructors by their works, when they ought to be the first? Is the artisan or the mechanic of London never to have his eyes gladdened and his mind refreshed by the sight of those works which are annually exhibited to a man who can pay his shilling for admission, and enter the galleries whenever he pleases? Is the English Academy apprehensive of losing caste by imitating their Scottish brethren? it would seem so.

The council, in their report, next notice the vote of thanks passed by the academy to Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., for the gift of his picture of "Rome;" the vote was accompanied by a silver medal. The thanks of the academy have also been presented to Mr. H. C. Blackburn, for his gift of the picture of the "Battle of Bannockburn," by Sir W. Allan, R.A. The late visit of Mr. C. Stanfield, R.A., to Edinburgh, and his election as an honorary member of the academy is the next matter referred to. Mr. Macnee has undertaken to paint a portrait of Mr. Stanfield for the "Artistic Portrait Gallery," now being formed by the academy; this gallery has recently received the following additions:—a portrait of the late H. W. Williams, known as "Grecian Williams," painted by the late — Nicholson, R.S.A.; a portrait of the latter, by Mr. Smellie Watson, both presented by Mrs. Nicholson; and a portrait of the late W. J. Thomson, R.S.A., painted by himself and presented by his son. Other recent gifts to the academy are a picture of "Ruins," by Ferguson, a Scottish artist, who died towards the

close of the seventeenth century; and a large perspective drawing by the late T. Hamilton, R.A., and presented by his daughter, of his design for a Fine-Art Gallery on the Mound.

Since the preceding report was published, two vacancies have occurred in the list of associates; one occasioned by the election of Mr. J. Archer to the rank of academician, and the other by the resignation of Mr. C. H. Heath, head-master of the Glasgow School of Art, who assigned as his reasons for resigning, the increasing weight of his official duties. Mr. A. Fraser and Mr. R. Herdman have been elected to fill these vacancies. Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P.R.A., has been elected an honorary member. At present, there are three vacancies among the academicians—one occasioned by the death of Mr. T. Hamilton; the others, by the resignation of Mr. J. B. Kidd, and Mr. Laurence Macdonald, the sculptor, resident at Rome. The laws of the academy necessitate settled residence in Scotland at the time of election, and "although by that law members leaving Scotland are not deprived of membership, it is of the very essence of that membership that the academy should continue to be benefited by the exhibition of a fair proportion of the works of all members, who otherwise forfeit every claim on the academy and its funds, . . . and that residence is essential for the conducting of the business of the academy;" we presume Mr. Kidd, like Mr. Macdonald, is a non-resident.

The remainder of the report has reference to the new edifices of the academy and national gallery: upon these it is unnecessary to comment.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE:
ITS ARCHITECT AND THE GOVERNMENT.

At length it has been officially announced that the Government have determined to entrust to Mr. G. Gilbert Scott that long talked of and much needed national work, the new Foreign Office. Whatever opinions may be entertained, or at least expressed, in certain quarters, it is impossible to refuse to the authorities the credit for mature deliberation in this matter: for ourselves, we are prepared also to concede to them the merit of having exercised the most careful and anxious thought before having adopted their resolution. And the subject was one which, however simple in itself and easy to deal with, had become involved in very perplexing difficulties. Another Government had inaugurated a great competition, open to all architects; and from the productions of a long array of emulous aspirants, they had made a selection of certain plans and designs for prizes: that is to say, the persons to whom the Government had entrusted the no less delicate than responsible office of judges, had made such a selection for them. In accordance with this selection, prizes, many in number and liberal in amount, were awarded. This *ought* to have settled the matter. The competition was designed to determine the ablest architect; and he, having as a matter of necessity received the highest prize, would be desired to proceed with the works. Unfortunately, however, the actual results of the competition proved to be by no means thus satisfactory. On the contrary, nobody was satisfied. The term is scarcely applicable even to the first prizemen; for though they might indeed have been very agreeably surprised, yet that is a different thing altogether. And so it happened that, when Lord John Manners had succeeded to Sir B. Hall, all that the noble lord found ready prepared to his hand, on the subject of the new Foreign Office, was a very palpable and a very decided blunder. And blunders are always bad things, particularly bad—because they are blunders. Still, a new Foreign Office remained to be erected, and an architect must accordingly be found to erect it. The blunder of his predecessor might be a troublesome request, but the noble commissioner of public works would feel that he must dispose of it as he best might, and pass on to a solution of the question itself—"Who is to build the new Foreign Office?" On the one hand there was the competition with its first prize-men; on the other hand appeared the conviction that, in this instance, at any rate, "first prize-man" was not a synonym for "best architect."

Now, as a general rule, we hold that the award of a prize in a competition ought to be accepted as a formal verdict of both a decided and a recognised superiority; and, consequently, the winner of this prize ought, when architects are competitors, to erect the required building. Such a rule of action, however, amongst many grave and serious considerations, must imply this most important one—that the judges be altogether competent, and that their competency is readily acknowledged: and with such qualities in the judges themselves must be coupled the circumstance, that they concur in their views, and are very clear and decided in their own decision. The competition under consideration cannot be regarded to have fulfilled such conditions. Then, in all competitions, and in this one in particular, the point at issue is very materially affected, when to one competitor a single first prize is adjudged, while two second prizes are awarded to another. This was the case in the present instance. Now, in this way, Lord John Manners would be led to feel himself to be free to act independently of what otherwise he might have regarded as the claims of the first prize-men. More minute inquiries would strengthen and ultimately confirm the view thus obtained. The competition once set on one side, the course of procedure would be as plain before the noble lord, as he could desire to have it. To be sure a gentleman, who was neither a prize-man nor even a competitor, considerably interposed with an effort to bring about a fresh complication. But the idea of a patent right to be the best (and therefore the sole) government architect, while decidedly ingenious, and at first sight in some degree startling, was happily shunted off by a dextrous handling of the points, and the way again was clear. The "right man" all the time was well known; and therefore all that then remained to be done, was to establish him in the "right place": and this is exactly what has been done. It is not Lord John Manners who first has pronounced Mr. G. G. Scott to be this "right man," and then has proceeded to act upon such a decision of his own. The decision was made for him. It was made at Ilamburgh, when the erection of the Hôtel de Ville was entrusted to the Englishman who had reared so far towards its completion the noble cathedral of that important continental city. It was made in England also, when his works at Ely led the authorities of Westminster, and Hereford, and Lichfield, and St. Alban's, and Doncaster to seek from Mr. Scott the aid of the *best architect* for their works of restoration. And the opinion thus authoritatively pronounced has been very conclusively confirmed, so that there can be no question that the public at home (not the clique who delight to call themselves, and perhaps actually imagine that they are, the public; but the real mass of the intelligent community), are well content that this national building should have been entrusted to Mr. Scott: and, more than this, it is pretty clear that the appointment of no other architect, whilst Mr. Scott was present amongst us, would have been received with the same quiet, expressive, "of course" kind of approval. All that has excited the surprise of foreigners has been, that there should have existed any doubt or hesitation in the matter.

We reserve for another occasion some remarks upon the influence that this appointment of Mr. Scott is calculated to exert upon the interests of Art amongst us; as we do all expression of our opinion upon the much vexed question of styles, as it has been applied to this particular building. When we congratulate Mr. Scott on his appointment, we at the same time admonish him that at length he holds in his hands the destiny of the "civil Gothic" of his era. The trust is a weighty one, yet we believe him to be equal to the responsibility it involves. Let him deal with the style fairly and also fearlessly—disregarding all that will not establish its fame, and developing all that yet is wanting to the full expression of its powers. He will find that, in so doing, his long cherished views will realise the triumph that from the first has awaited them; and he will add the key-stone to his own reputation, by proving his contemporaries to be right in the appointment which he has received from them, because he shows himself to be altogether worthy of it.

ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.*

It is a question admitting of argument how far our national and individual happiness has kept pace with our national progress in the arts and sciences. Intellectual knowledge has penetrated into almost every dark nook and corner of the land; we move to and fro over its surface on the wings of the wind, it may be said; wealth flows into and from channels that now may be counted by hundreds, where formerly they were numbered only by tens; our national greatness has become the envy and the

admiration of the world. All these advantages are indisputable; not so, however, is our personal and collective enjoyment of life; this is matter of opinion,—one, too, which the requirements of the age leave to few of us any time to discuss, while the discussion, could it be carried on, would terminate in no good result. Our lot is cast in days when no alternative is left us but to move forward; it may not, however, prove either an unprofitable or unpleasant task sometimes to take a retrospective view, and see how our forefathers lived in what we are accustomed to call—if we do not so consider the period—the “Merrie days of England.” Such a

picture of a past age is revealed to us in Mr. M'Dermott's richly-illustrated volume, which we briefly glanced at in our last number. “Pale students,” he says, “deeply read in their Hallams, their Humes, and their Rapins”—ought he not rather to have written in lieu of the last two names, their Mackintoshes, their Alisons, and their Macaulays?—“tell us there were no railways, no electric telegraphs, and no leviathan steamers in the ‘olden time.’ Alas! we know it; and we read too that there were then no commercial panics, nor monster workhouses, nor some other of the types of modern times and products of this iron and pro-



THE ANGLER'S MORNING.

gressive age. And yet our fathers lived and died, and taught their children how to enjoy life and meet death, as befitted the ‘free-born Englishman.’”

The text of Mr. M'Dermott's volume is mainly culled from the writings of other authors, prose and poetical,—descriptions of homes and pastimes of our ancestors two or three centuries ago: these quotations are aptly selected, and are linked together by the remarks of the compiler, who writes with a

* THE MERRIE DAYS OF ENGLAND: Sketches of the Olden Time. By Edward M'Dermott. Illustrated with Twenty Engravings, from drawings by Joseph Nash, George Thomas, Birket Foster, and Edward Corbould. Published by W. Kent & Co., London.

kindred feeling for the “merrie days.” To our taste, this is as welcome a “Christmas-book” as any that has come into our hands; the idea is good—for we love sometimes to revert to the days that are gone—the events of the olden time are judiciously selected, the engravings are mostly of the highest class, and the text is both interesting and instructive. The first illustration is a charming little pastoral bit of “Cottage Homes,” by Birket Foster; it is followed by J. Nash's “May-day Games,” a wide “ring” of peasants dancing round the May-pole, others amusing themselves with shooting at the target, pony-racing, &c. We read in the text that “a famous place for erecting the May-pole for the citizens of London was before the Church of St. Andrew,

in Leadenhall Street, now called in consequence St. Andrew Undershaft;” there was also erected, according to an old pamphlet published in 1661, in the Strand, a remarkable pole, 134 feet in height, “upon the cost of the parishioners there adjacent, and the gracious consent of his sacred Majesty, with the illustrious prince, the Duke of York.”

“Shepherds and Shepherdesses” is the title of the next chapter, with an illustration by G. Thomas, entitled, “A faire and happy Milk-mayd;” the wood-cut is effective as a composition, but not refined in execution. Far better is the next, the “Hock Cart,” by the same artist—a harvest-home scene; the hock-cart is the last waggon-load of grain from the field; long garlands are suspended from

the top, and held out by the peasants, some of whom precede it with music and dances. Herrick says—

"The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen, white as lillies;
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy to see the hock-cart crowned."

"Shooting the Popinjay," by J. Nash, illustrates a chapter on "Sports and Pastimes;" the sport takes place in the court-yard of an ancient Tudor mansion; "Robin Hood in Finsbury Field," by G. Thomas, and "Noah's Ark—a Dramatic Mystery," by E. H. Corbould, illustrate respectively

chapters on the hero of Sherwood Forest, and "Plays and Mysteries." From the chapter on "Mansions," we have selected the illustration by J. Nash, a most picturesque composition; the venerable mistress is seated at the porch; she has laid down her knitting-needle, and is conversing with a young gardener employed in nailing up the creepers. Then follow three subjects by G. Thomas,—an "Old Porter relieving the Poor at the Gate" of the mansion of "a fine old English gentleman;" a "Stag-hunt;" and a "Hawking Party." After these comes "Angling," with quotations from Izaak

Walton's "Discourse on Fish and Fishing," and from the writings of Wyukyn de Worde, and the Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopewell, an enthusiastic angler of the fifteenth century; this, the "contemplative man's recreation," is illustrated by a woodcut from the pencil of Birket Foster, "An Angler's Morning," which we have transferred to our columns, and a delicious morning it is, lovely enough to tempt any but a sloth from his bed to "taste the sweets and breathe fresh air," whether or no he be a follower of the gentic craft. In "Jousts and Tournaments," Mr.



THE OLD MANSION-HOUSE.

Corbould finds a subject which is no novelty to him; but we do not quite understand his treatment of it. "Fencing and Sword Play," by J. Nash, is a bright little picture; we remember something of this kind from his pencil in the Water-Colour Exhibition. "Canterbury Pilgrims," by G. Thomas, is one of the best compositions of its class in the volume; the characters introduced into the cavalcade can scarcely be mistaken: Chaucer's description of the motley gathering at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, furnishes Mr. M'Dermott with excellent materials for his narrative. Mr. Birket Foster has drawn a beautiful moonlight scene, which he calls "The Abbey's

ruined Walls," for a chapter on "The Old Abbeys of England;"—

"I do love these ancient ruins:
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some rev'rend history."

Then next there are "The Old Castles of England,"—those other silent chroniclers of by-gone years,—which Mr. Foster has also illustrated, giving "Norham Castle" as an example of those strongholds of our forefathers. The three last engravings are from drawings by J. Nash,— "Dinner in a Baronial Hall," with the entrance of the boar's

head; "Wandering Minstrels" entertaining the ladies of an aristocratic family in the interior of their mansion; and, finally, "Christmas Revels." "Happy landlords! happy tenantry!" says the author of this volume, "few were the manor-houses in England, a century or two ago, that did not present such scenes at Christmas time." Well, they are gone; but we can look back upon all such pictures as these, pleasant though they are, without envy, murmuring, or discontent; remembering that mercies are not limited to periods of time nor to places, and that, generally, man makes, or mars, his own happiness in every age and clime.

PRINTING IN COLOURS IN GERMANY.

THE attempt to produce anything that deserves the name of a picture—that is to say, in colours—by means of printing, is of comparatively recent date. The more clearly defined the colours were, and the fewer the tints which melted into each other, the greater the chance of a successful imitation of a given original. In Charles Knight's "Old England," we had interiors of panelled chambers and painted windows presented to us "printed in colours;" and for these, particularly for the latter objects, the manipulation resorted to of having a block for each different colour was sufficiently satisfactory. Attempts were made, too, to print in oil-colours, which were successful enough; but we do not remember, however, that these works ever produced on the spectator the impression of an oil-painting. But in the course of the present year, productions in this peculiar department of Art have been exhibited in Germany, which for many reasons deserve notice, and call for more than a passing remark. In the first place, they are faithful copies of celebrated works, often of the same size as the originals,—they do produce in a high degree the effect of an oil-painting; and, notwithstanding the careful execution and durability of the work, may be obtained for a surprisingly moderate price. We have seen the "Madonna and Child," after Murillo, 2 feet 10½ inches high by 2 feet 2½ inches broad—another of "Christ on the Mount," 3 feet 1 inch by 2 feet 3 inches—the Madonna della Sedia, of Raffaele, a circular picture 2 feet 6 inches in diameter, and were struck by the total effect of the colouring, as well as by the harmonious gradations to be found in each. All are printed on canvas, which is stretched on a common frame, as is the case with ordinary oil-paintings. Each print is varnished—or at least has the appearance of being so—which not only adds to the deceptive effect, but helps to preserve the work from dust or other injurious influences. It will at once be perceived how much more durable such a work must be than an impression taken on paper. As a proof that the price is moderate, we observe that the sum marked for the "Madonna" is £1 5s., for the second picture £1 10s., and for the Raffaele the same. But what seemed to us the most astonishing was the size of some of the lithographs. There were two whole-length portraits of the King and Queen of Bavaria, the size whole-lengths generally are; a "Crucifixion," also, of not less dimensions. The difficulty of obtaining stones of such unusual size is very great, but the handling of them in printing the different tints, or colours, is a work of great labour, and makes a peculiar machinery for the purpose absolutely necessary. Augustus Becker, of Munich, is the proprietor of the establishment whence these specimens of printing in oil-colours emanate,—certainly the largest, by much, of any we have seen, or, as we believe, were ever before attempted, out of England.

A house in Berlin—that of Messrs. Storch and Kramer—has produced lately other specimens of printing in colours, which also merit particular attention. They are altogether different from those just described, not being of so extraordinary a size, nor aiming at imitations of oil-painting. On the contrary, they resemble—perfectly resemble—excellent water-colour drawings. Among them are landscapes; one, especially—"The Finstermünz Pass"—giving proof of the most extraordinary facility of imitation. All the different tints of rock and moss-covered stone, which in a water-colour drawing are composed of an infinity of colours blended into one truth-like tone, are reproduced here with marvellous fidelity: and there is nothing which serves to remind of a mechanical process—all seems worked up by the pencil into the state we see. Similar reproductions had been attempted before, but we have not yet seen anything that could bear comparison with this particular print. Then, too, there are others after Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, &c., on a small scale, which present exactly the appearance of powerful, highly worked up copies in water-colour. These Berlin works are more to our taste than the larger ones in oil-colour from Munich; though, perhaps, the latter may claim to be considered as the greater achievement of the two.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

WORCESTER.—The seventh annual meeting of the School of Art has been held. Lord Ward, the president, in the chair. The Report stated that during the past year 283 students had received instruction in the school, being less by 13 than attended in the previous year. This decrease had taken place in the morning classes, and not in the artisan classes attending in the evening, a greater number of whom now attend the school than at any former period. During the first year of the operation of the school, in 1852, the average monthly attendance in the evening was about 74; in 1853, 95; in 1854, 111; in 1855, 106; in 1856, 134; in 1857, 126; and in 1858, the last year, 142; thus showing the average monthly attendance in the evening to have increased from 74 in the first year of the school to 142 in the past year. In addition to the instruction given in the school, elementary drawing is taught by a master from this school in four of the public schools of the city. The railway school, in which drawing is now taught by its master, is also in connection with the central school. About 560 children, pupils of these five schools, have now instruction in drawing, being an increase of 150 over the number for last year. Prizes were distributed by the noble chairman to the most meritorious of the pupils; and the head master, Mr. Kyd, was complimented by several of the speakers. The meeting was crowded, not only by employers and artisans, but by the aristocracy of the city and neighbourhood; speeches were made by Sir Edmund Lechmere, Dean Peel, the excellent Hon. Sec., Aldrich, Esq., J. Pakenham, Esq., and others, including Mr. S. C. Hall, who attended by invitation of the committee. The whole of the speakers referred in high terms to the admirable productions of Messrs. Kerr and Binns, at "restoring" the ancient fame of Worcester, and conferring not only honour, but more tangible advantages on the venerable city. We might dwell at some length on this subject—but we shall be ere long called upon to treat it in detail.

GLoucester.—The annual meeting of the "Diocesan School-masters' Association" was held on Friday, the 26th of November, in the Corn Exchange, when Mr. James P. Knight, of the Cheltenham School of Art, read a paper "On the Advantages of introducing Drawing as a Part of National Education," showing the necessity of educating the eyes and hands of that class from whence must come our future workmen and workwomen, insisting also upon the necessity of educating the tastes of all classes, as being the consumers of manufactured articles, and the practical arbitrators who, creating the demand, rule the supply. Attention was also drawn to the inducements and rewards offered by the Department of Science and Art, and an announcement was made that classes in connection with the Cheltenham School of Art were about to be immediately established in Gloucester.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The public distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Southampton School of Art took place on the evening of the 20th of November. Mr. Weguelin, M.P., took the chair on the occasion, and opened the proceedings with a speech containing so much good sense and sound practical knowledge on the state and position of Art in the country, that we sincerely wish we could transfer it entire to our columns. It is a rare specimen of public addresses upon Art, even from those who have given to the subject a life-long attention, but it is more especially so from one whose time has been, we believe, almost engrossed by commercial pursuits. The number of students in the school is now 158, being an increase of 40 over the number on the books of the preceding year. This, however, does not include all who come, directly or indirectly, under the superintendence of Mr. W. J. Baker, the head-master of the school; for in the various public and private schools in connexion with the institution at Southampton are 780 pupils, of whom 250 are classed under the head of "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Shipping Company." In the classification of those in the head-school we find 16 clerks, 13 carpenters, 26 schoolboys, and 21 without any known occupation. Of the 158, 107 are males, and 51 females.

WATERFORD.—An Art-Exhibition, promoted by the Committee of the Waterford Government School of Art, was opened on November 17th in that city, and an inaugural address was delivered by Mr. C. N. Bolton, B.A., in which he eloquently advocated the study of Art by all classes of the community. The local papers speak of the exhibition as containing much worthy of examination and study, and that it was likely to prove in all respects most successful.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

GIL BLAS AT PENNAFLOR.

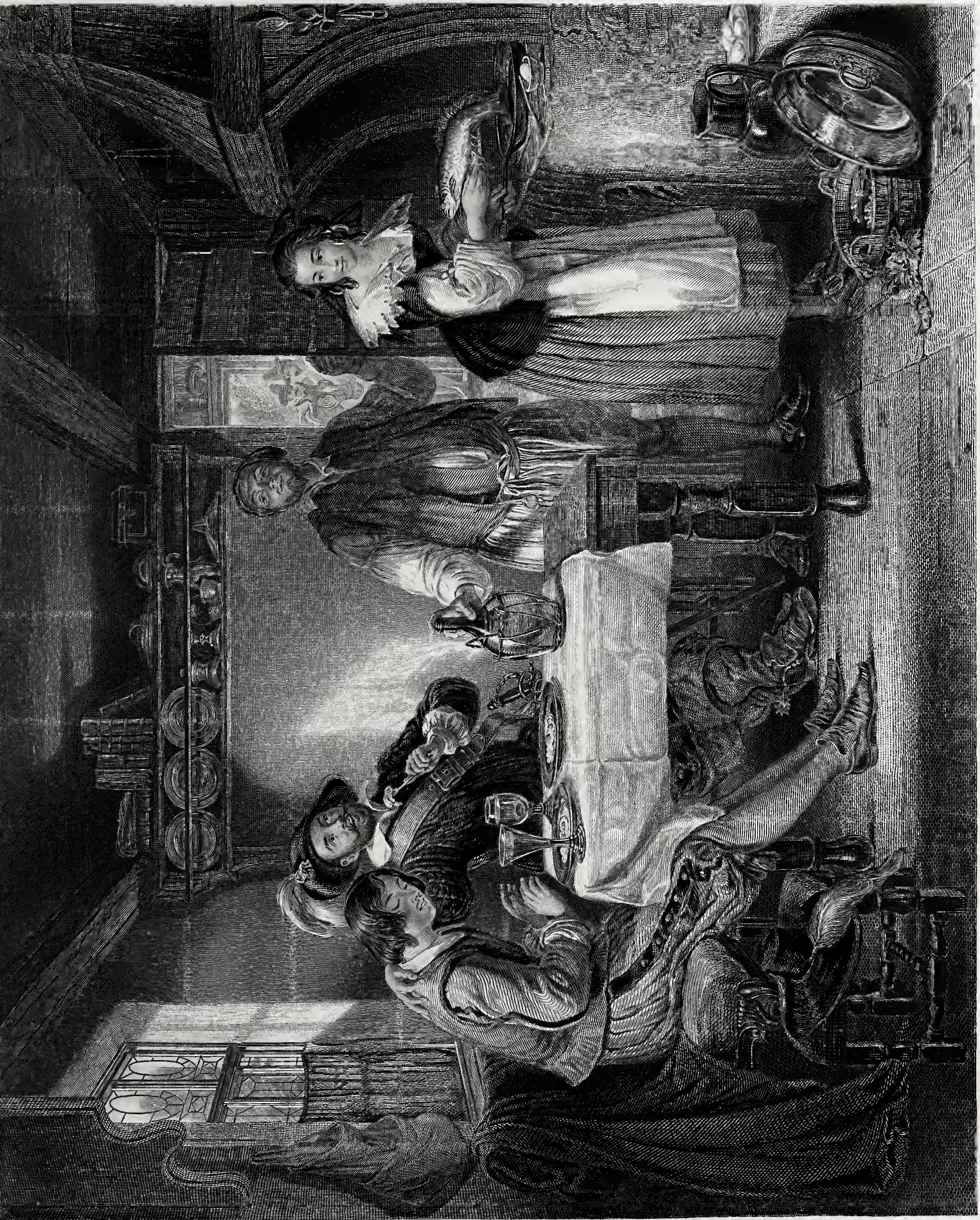
D. Maclise, R.A., Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver. Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 1½ in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

GIL BLAS is, to use a theatrical expression, one of the "stock-pieces" of our painters, in which they claim to have an unlimited property. Le Sage's humorous fiction yields in popularity only to Goldsmith's graver story of the "Vicar of Wakefield;" both have proved almost inexhaustible sources of subject-matter for artists,—and one can scarcely feel surprised that they should be so frequently applied to, for Goldsmith's tale abounds with amusing and affecting incident, and the history of Gil Blas contains a faithful portrait of human nature; few books have been so often quoted as the latter, "as affording happy illustrations of general manners, and of the common caprices and infirmities incident to man."

The lesson taught in the narrative selected by Mr. Maclise for his picture, is a warning against flattery. Gil Blas, the first evening after his departure from Oviedo for Salamanca, reaches Pennaflor, and seeks a night's lodging at an inn there. He had scarcely sat down to supper, when a cavalier entered, and addressed him thus:—"Mr. Student, I am informed that you are that Signor Gil Blas of Santillane, who is the link of philosophy, and ornament of Oviedo. Is it possible that you are that mirror of learning, that sublime genius, whose reputation is so great in this country? You know not," continued he, addressing himself to the innkeeper and his wife, "you know not what you possess; you have a treasure in this house! Behold, in this young gentlemen, the eighth wonder of the world." After this complimentary speech, with much more of a similar kind, Gil Blas could not of course, do less than invite his panegyrist to share his supper:—"Ah, with all my heart, I am too much obliged to my kind stars for having thrown me in the way of the illustrious Gil Blas, not to enjoy my good fortune as long as I can; I have no great appetite, but I will sit down to bear you company and eat a mouthful, purely out of complaisance." The frugal dish of omelet, the traveller had ordered for himself, was soon dispatched, as was also a second, when Gil Blas, whom wine and flattery had made generous, inquired of the landlord if he had no fish in the house. "I have a delicate trout," he replied, "but those who eat it must pay for the sauce; 'tis a bit too dainty for your palate, I doubt."—"What do you call too dainty?" said the sycophant, raising his voice; "you're a wiseacre indeed! Know that there is nothing in this house too good for Signor Gil Blas de Santillane, who deserves to be entertained like a prince." Supper was at length concluded, when the stranger, having eaten and drunk to repletion, rose from the table, and accosted his new acquaintance in these words:—"Signor Gil Blas, I am too well satisfied with your good cheer to leave you without offering an important advice, which you seem to have great occasion for: henceforth beware of praise, and be upon your guard against everybody you do not know. You may meet with other people inclined to divert themselves with your credulity, and perhaps to push things still further; but don't be duped again, nor believe yourself (though they should swear it), the eighth wonder of the world." So saying, he laughed in his face, and walked away. How many such characters as Gil Blas and his table-companion do not we meet in our journey through life!

Thus much of Le Sage's amusing narrative seems necessary fully to understand Maclise's clever, and no less amusing, picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1839. The artist has told the novelist's story with admirable point: Gil Blas, even to his very attitude, is the very embodiment of a silly dupe, beguiled with enticing words; the effrontery and easy bearing of the rogue who seasons each mouthful he takes with honied speech addressed to his victim; the sly humour of the host, in which his pretty wife, who is preparing to cook the dainty trout, half participates; the spectators of the operation of victimising, seen through the open doorway, are respectively examples of character that have been well studied. In composition and drawing the picture is excellent.

It is in the Collection at Osborne.



J. C. ARMYTAGE. SCULPT.

GIL BLAS AT PENNAFLOR.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

D. MACLISE. P.A. FINX.F

RUBENS AND HIS SCHOLARS.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

The Illustrations from Original Sketches by the Author.

IN the old city of Cologne, hallowed by memories which come to us in unbroken succession from the days of the Romans, there arrived, to pass the last few years of life, the father of one destined to rank among the noblest masters of Art. John Rubens, a man of learning and integrity, had held honourable office in his native city of Antwerp, where he had married Maria Pypelink, a scion of an old-established family there. But peace had fled from the Low Countries in the sanguinary wars which commenced between the Catholic and Protestant factions, and internecine war raged in the old city on the Scheldt. The Reformers, goaded to madness by the arrogance and determined cruelties of Spanish papal rule, rose *en masse*, and destroyed the monasteries and churches, burning and wasting the noble pictures and rich furniture of the altars, smashing the glorious windows of the sacred buildings, and defacing them within and without. These buildings, once the glory of Antwerp, were ruined in one night. The Catholic families fled from a city where the emperor's power could not suffice for their protection, and among the number were the parents of Rubens. They had descended from a Styrian family. Bartholomew Rubens, the father of John, had first visited Brussels in attendance on the court of the Emperor Charles V. in 1520; had married a Flemish lady of noble birth, and then settled in Antwerp. His son fled from the city in 1566, and sought a home in the ancient city of Cologne. The house he inhabited is still pointed out to the visitor,—it is in the "Sternen Gasse," No. 10; but in that city of tortuous narrow lanes the stranger may walk wearily and far in a futile attempt to find it without a competent guide. The tall houses, the narrow streets, and the tendency of the latter to wind suddenly, completely mislead a stranger, who cannot catch sight in their close depths of any friendly landmark of steeple or tower to guide his steps aright. The house, once found, is easily distinguished from others near it, as well from its size as from the inscriptions upon it. It is a noble mansion, situated at a slight angle of the street. The carved door-frame was added in the year 1729; in a medallion over its centre is a portrait of Rubens, and on a shield above are the arms of Marie de Medicis. In the year 1822, two inscribed tablets were placed between the windows on each side the doorway, to which attention was called by large gilt stars above them. One narrates the fact of Rubens's birth in the mansion; the other, the death, in the same house, of Marie de Medicis, the widow of Henry IV. of France, the mother of Louis XIII., and the mother-in-law of three sovereigns, among them Henrietta Maria, wife to our Charles I., who was by the intrigues of the Cardinal Richelieu compelled to exile herself, living for many years an unhappy fugitive in various countries,* and ultimately dying at Cologne, where her heart was buried near the high altar, but her body removed to France. The glory of the house, as the birthplace of Rubens, is somewhat saddened by the melancholy end of this once-powerful royal patroness of the painter. She is said to have died in the same chamber where he was born.†

In the Church of St. Peter, a few hundred yards from the house of his birth, the infant Rubens was christened. It still preserves a certain picturesque quaintness, which belongs to the past, and does not disturb the mind of one who might dream he saw the christening procession of the baby-boy destined to be so great a painter and so distinguished a man hereafter.‡ John Rubens had already a son

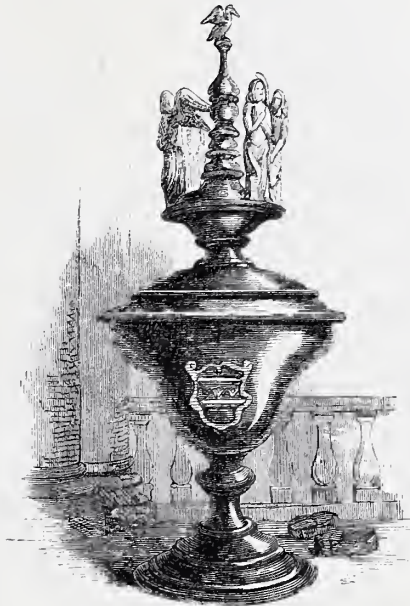
* She lived for some time in England, but was compelled to leave it in 1641, when Lilly, the famous astrologer, who saw her, describes her as an "aged, lean, decrepit, poor queen, ready for her grave; necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it."

† The inscription on the house informs us that "he was the seventh child of his parents, who resided here twenty years;" that his father died here, and was buried in the Church of St. Peter.

‡ One of the last acts of Rubens's life was done in affectionate memory of the church of his baptism. He painted for it an altar-piece, representing the Crucifixion of St. Peter, the patron saint of the edifice. It depicts the martyrdom, with the saint's head downward, and is more re-

born to him in this good city in the year 1574, but his second son was born three years afterwards, that is, on the 29th of June, 1577. That day being the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, the infant was carried to the Church of St. Peter, and christened Peter Paul Rubens, a name never to be forgotten in Art. Let us enter the cloister, and walk beneath its arches toward the narrow door of the sacred building. Poverty is not without its pic-

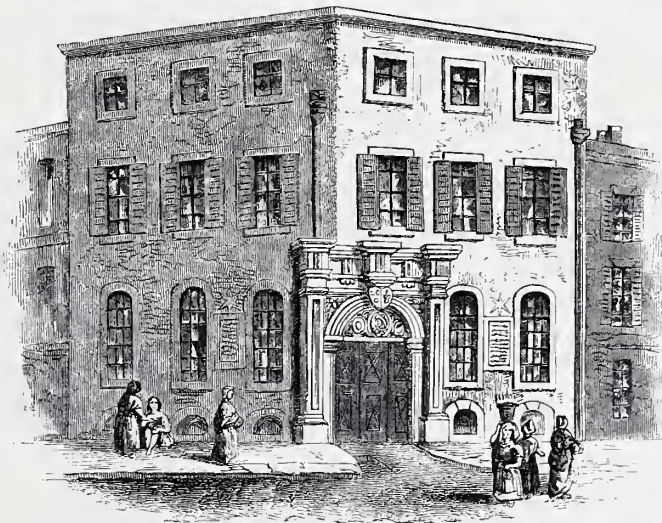
turesque features, in the beggars that lean against the wall, or sink upon their knees beside the gate, awaiting the approach of worshippers, whose charity they then solicit. The group inside the building has an equally marked individuality; the rich bourgeois and his family can be readily distinguished from the prosperous farmer, the peasantry are unlike both, as they are unlike each other, for the dwellers on this side the Rhine are very different from those



FONT IN ST. PETER'S CHURCH, COLOGNE.

on the other side of the noble river. Society has not here assumed the dead level of English uniformity. There is a local pride in local habits which no great modern scheme of centralization has yet destroyed. We see little in the scene before us that might not have met the eye on the day when the unconscious baby of the Rubens family was formally admitted a member of the Roman Catholic church. At one corner of the building still stands the remarkable font in which he was christened. It is of bronze, shaped like a large chalice (can it have a

mystic allusion to the wine-cup of the Holy Communion?), and bears date "Anno 1569" upon the rim. The bowl is decorated with the arms of the city—three royal crowns upon a fess—alluding to the heads of the three magi, once popularly termed "the three Kings of Cologne," still preserved as a sacred relic in the Cathedral of Cologne, first brought there by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in the twelfth century, and which wondrously enriched the city in the middle ages by the number of pilgrims drawn toward their shrine.* The



BIRTHPLACE OF RUBENS.

summit of the cover is decorated with figures representing the baptism of the Saviour by St. John,

attended with angels, the sacred dove descending on the apex.

markable for the striking character of the scene than for general merit. Rubens thought highly of it, and in one of his letters to his friend Gildorp talks of it as one of his best works. But Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "Many parts of this picture are so feebly drawn, and with so tame a pencil, that I cannot help suspecting that Rubens died before he had completed it, and that it was finished by some of his scholars." The picture was taken by the French to Paris, but has since been restored to its original place over the altar; the copy made to supply the place when it was absent is that constantly exhibited,—the original is at its back.

* This shrine is still one of the most remarkable upon the continent. It consists of a case covered with plates of silver-gilt, enriched with chasing, and laid out in arcades, enclosing figures of saints and prophets, and highly embellished with jewels and antique sculptured stones. The skulls of the three kings repose within, and may be seen from an opening in the centre. They are crowned, and have their names formed in rubies on each. Many of the jewels which once enriched this shrine were removed, to support those monks who carried it to Westphalia for safety, at the time when the French Republicans were masters of the city of Cologne.

At the early age of ten years Rubens lost the fostering care of a father. He had known no other home but Cologne, but his mother reverted to her earlier one in Antwerp. Fearful scenes of strife had been enacted in that city, as Protestant or Catholic faction gained the ascendancy; but now the Duke of Parma had subjugated its hostile inhabitants to the Emperor Maximilian II. and the Catholic faith. In 1588 the widowed mother of Rubens was again located with her family in Antwerp. Her position and connexions enabled her to place him as a page, at the age of sixteen, with another widowed lady, the Countess of Lalaing. But the life was irksome to the lad,—irksome by the very indolence and irregularity that would be its great charm to an unintellectual boy. Rubens's father was a scholar and a gentleman, and he made his sons the same. When Peter Paul returned to his mother's house after a few months' servitude, she well understood the lad's reasons for so doing; for she was also no ordinary person, and her affectionate education and wise council were as lovingly acknowledged by her son in after life as any mother could wish; for when, prosperous and happy in the palaces of Genoa, the painter was in full enjoyment of fame, profit, and pleasure, he broke away from all, to hurry post-haste to her sick-room. Alas! she died before he reached it, and the disconsolate young artist shut himself up for four months in the Abbey of St. Michael, where she lay buried, mourning thus long a loss that was irreparable to him.

Thanks to the innate goodness of the female sex—unspoiled by that closer business connection with the world which sometimes hardens a man's heart—there are few among us that cannot testify to the holy care of a mother's loving guidance. There is nothing so precious while it remains with us; there is no loss so great as that loss. Rubens always felt it to his mother's judgment, prudence, and care he owed the due appreciation of his intellectual struggles. Freed from the servile duties of a page, he was placed to study law, that he might follow his father's profession; but, as he showed much love for drawing, his tendency was indulged by permission to relax his mind in the art he loved. That love became a passion, and he earnestly petitioned that his future profession might be that of a painter. On due consideration, it was allowed him; but he was unfortunate in the selection of his first master, the landscape painter Verhaegt, with whom he had little sympathy; and still less with his second one, Van Oort, the historical painter, a man of dissolute life and coarse manners, repulsive to a gentle and gentlemanly mind, like that of Rubens. His third master was in every way fitted for him—a well-educated man, with elegant tastes, and kindly and refined manners. Otto Venius* became the tutor and friend of the great scholar committed to his charge. This artist was court-painter to the Archduke Albert, the governor of the Netherlands, and he has received the honourable appellation of "the Flemish Raphael," and not without reason, as his graceful pictures will show, many of which are the treasured decorations of the Antwerp churches to this day. In that of St. Andrew are several; the best being "St. Matthew called by the Saviour from the Receipt of Customs;" it has more of Raphael's simplicity of design, purity of colour, and unobtrusive beauty than we see in any of his followers. He was a very perfect draughtsman, and designed a large number of book illustrations.† To all his early masters, therefore, we may trace some of the peculiarities of Rubens's manner, though his genius surpassed them all and was trammelled by none. His power of landscape painting, which—unlike historic painters—he occasionally practised for itself, and not for his backgrounds merely, he may have imbibed from Verhaegt; his love of bold and vigorous colour in figure-painting from Van Oort, who was chiefly remarkable for that quality; and his fondness for graceful infantine forms from

Venius. We copy from the "Emblems of Love,"* by that artist, two figures. One which he calls "Love untrammelled," has just spurred a bridle on the ground, and is flying upward joyfully: the other, termed "Contented Thoughts," shows Cupid in a well-cushioned chair, contemplating his fair one's picture with secret satisfaction. Both call to mind similar figures by Rubens, who delighted in such quaint imaginings, offsprings of poetic thought.

Happy in the house of a noble-minded and

accomplished man, the scholar-days of Rubens passed cheerfully onward. No painter possessed greater industry than he, none laboured more unceasingly at the technics of Art; he fortunately had a friend and a master in Venius, who, less great than his pupil ultimately became, was naturally of more refined mind, and had a purer and less sensuous love of beauty. It is impossible to over-estimate the utility of judicious control and criticism such as he would give to a young man like Rubens, whose natural

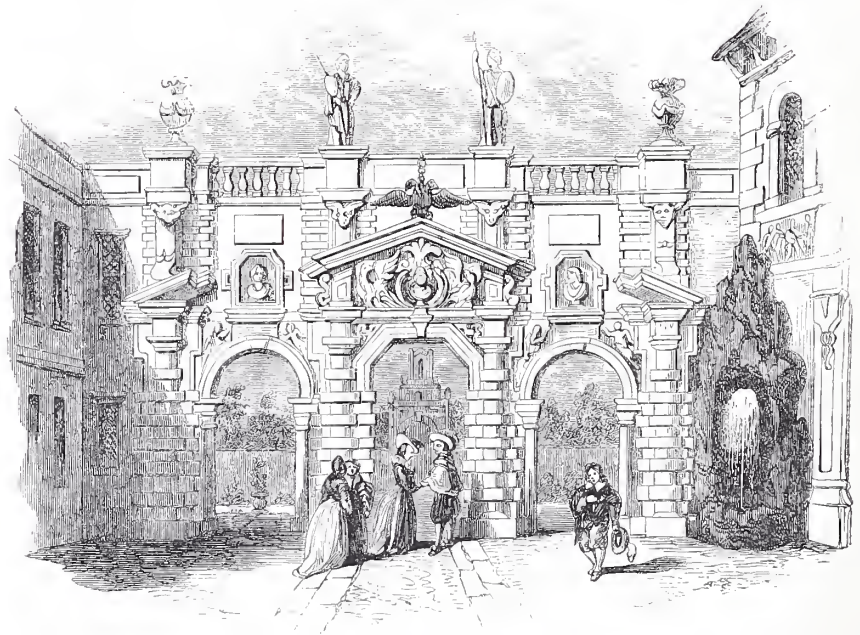


CUPIDS, AFTER OTTO VENIUS.

vigour and bold conception wanted just such wholesome correction as Venius could impart. The refinement of manners, the courtier-like air, and the cultivated tastes of the master were all fully appreciated by the scholar: and his example, no doubt, confirmed Rubens's own love for collecting and studying the best works, ancient and modern. There is no better instance of a man who more generally profited by the experiences of life in its upward and onward course than Rubens presents. He may be said to have spent his days in constant self-improvement, so that he became not only a great painter,

but a learned man; not only an artist of world-wide renown, but an ambassador from his own sovereign to other kings, and their companion and friend. Surely no man ever upheld the artistic character more nobly than he.

Venius having fully instructed Rubens in the arena of his profession, and seeing he was well grounded in general knowledge, advised him to visit Italy. The advice was taken, and, in the middle of the year 1600, he started on his journey, well provided with due introductions from the Archduke Albert, who already esteemed him. His journey



COURTYARD OF RUBENS'S MANSION.

lay through Venice to Mantua, where he presented himself to the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, who received him most favourably; and on better acquaintance, offered to attach him to his service as gentleman of his chamber; a position Rubens readily accepted, as it allowed him full liberty of studying the ducal collection, then celebrated as one of the

finest in Italy. It was this that gave the painter his peculiar knowledge of antique Art, more particularly as exhibited on medals, coins, and intaglios, minor works as regards size, but often as great in treatment as colossal marbles. It was this that led him in after life to collect such objects for himself, and it was this that gave him his great facility in designing an abundance of works now comparatively little known, such as book illustrations, designs for pageantry, triumphal arches, &c., which he was often called on to execute; and all of them show how his fertile fancy was grounded on the best

* His proper Flemish name, Otto Van Veer, he had thus Latinized, in conformity with a custom popular at that time in the Low Countries, and which induced Gerritz of Rotterdam to alter his into that of Erasmus, by which only he is now known.

† His principal works are the "Roman Wars," engraved by Tempesta; the "Historia Septem Infantum de Lara," with forty spirited engravings by the same artist; a folio of emblematic pictures of Human Life; and a small oblong quarto volume of Emblems of Love, the most graceful and beautiful of all which he designed. The latter is now very rare and much valued (as indeed are all his works) in the Low Countries.

* The original title of the work ran thus, "Amorum Emblemata, figuris æneis incisa studio Othonis Veni. Antwerpum venalia apud auctorem M.D.C.IX" (1608). Prefixed are recommendatory Latin verses by Daniel Heinsius and Philip Rubens, the painter's elder brother.

works of the ancient artists, though he never allowed them to cripple his own native genius. His classic tastes led him to reflect with pleasure on such works as depicted scenes from their history; but his native bias led him to delight chiefly in the gorgeous richness of their ceremonial observances. Hence Andrea Mantegna's "Triumphs of Cæsar"* riveted his attention most; there was a wealth of display in this scenic work which accorded with the young Fleming's mind, and he copied one of the compartments, not, however, without some vigorous variation, the creation of his own warmer imagination. With permission of the duke he visited Rome, but necessarily stayed there but for a limited time; he afterwards visited Venice, and his experience of the greatness of their colourists had a strongly marked effect on his after works. On his return to Mantua, the duke gave him the greatest proofs of his esteem and confidence; he had in Rubens a gentlemanly companion as well as a highly-informed artist; and he selected him as the most fitting person to convey to the king, Philip the Third of Spain, a present of a state carriage and horses he had obtained for that purpose. The artist accepted the charge; and became as popular at the court of Madrid as he was at that of the Duke of Mantua. He painted while there several portraits of the king and the nobles, and returned loaded with presents and compliments to the duke, whom he left soon afterward, to return to Rome, and finish the commission he had given him to copy the works of the greatest masters there. Rubens's elder brother Philip accompanied him to "the eternal city," and studied its antiquities with him. Their conjoined labours appeared in a volume; the literary part being by the more learned Philip, but in which Peter Paul had a share, and he executed the designs which embellish it. We have before noted Rubens's connection with the press, which continued all his life; and when he left Rome and got back to Genoa, he busily sketched the ancient buildings of the noble old city; on his return to Antwerp they were published in a folio volume.†

This return to Antwerp was expedited by the melancholy news of his mother's last illness. How it affected him we have already noted; on his slow recovery from the mental blow, he thought of again going to Mantua. He visited Brussels, to take leave of his patrons, the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife the Infanta Isabella; they received him most graciously, and gladly welcomed him to his country; and he ultimately decided on staying there; but, anxious that the pompous nothings of a courtier's life should not distract him from his Art, he decided on making the quiet old city of Antwerp his home; and that it might be a home in its most perfect sense, he married the daughter of one of its magistrates, Elizabeth Brant, and built himself a house in the city of his adoption.

His marriage took place in November, 1609; the building of his house was not so quickly effected. The love of Italy and its home-life induced a desire on his part to construct his new home more in the Italian than the Flemish taste. He obtained a piece of ground of the guild of Arquebusiers, who then possessed it,‡ and upon it erected, from his own designs, a palatial house, such as fell to the lot of few artists to obtain. It still exists, but it is much shorn of its exuberant ornament; this, which was its great fault, was still characteristic of the mind of its master. He had a taste for the fanciful combination of forms which produce the sensation of splendour, and in his works he constantly shows a tendency to obtain this, even at the sacrifice of consistency. It was so in his house: and though its details were

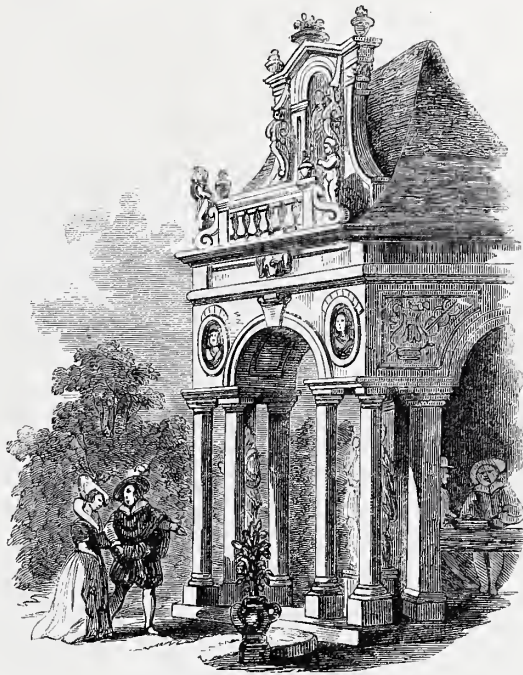
* These pictures passed into the collection of our King Charles I., and are still upon the walls of the palace at Hampton. Outline engravings from them were recently noticed in our pages.

† It comprises 139 views, and was published in 1622. A second series was published thirty years afterwards.

‡ The arrangement he made with them was, that he should, in return for the land, paint a picture for them representing their patron, St. Christopher. Rubens seems to have felt their arrangement as a liberal one, and was anxious to carry it out as liberally on his own part. He gave them in return the far-famed work, now the glory of Antwerp Cathedral, "The Descent from the Cross," considered as his master-piece. This great picture is the centre of a large triptych, or double-winged altar-piece, the wings acting as shutters to close over the picture. The back and front of each wing is painted in other subjects, the outer ones exhibiting the story of St. Christopher, which would always be seen when the whole was closed. The painter thus gave them five pictures instead of the promised one.

founded on the classic style of the ancients, it was overloaded with the debasements of the Italian Revivalists, upon which Rubens added his own fanciful displays, which no architect would probably countenance. He succeeded, however, in defiance of rule, in "composing" a very stately and highly-decorated mansion. It stands in a narrow street

leading from the principal thoroughfare, the Place de Mer, nearly opposite the Exchange, and in the best part of the city. The courtyard was connected with a large garden by a triumphal arch; on the right was the mansion, on the left the offices. We engrave this part of the building, as it affords the best idea of Rubens's general taste in sumptuous design.

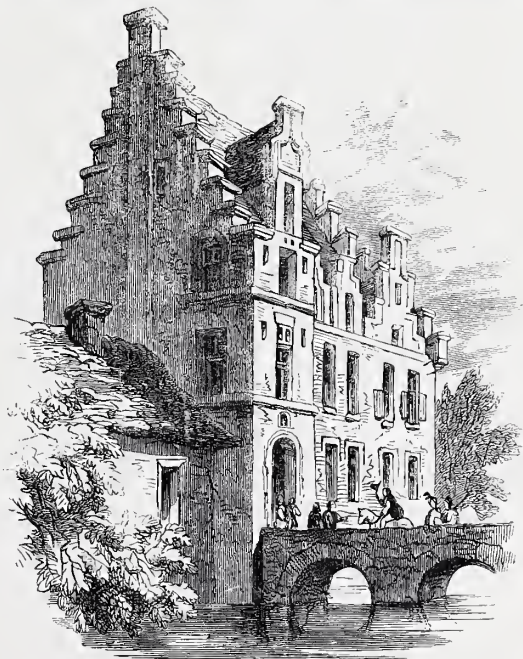


RUBENS'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

The garden of Rubens's house, though confined, as all town-gardens must be, was nevertheless large for its situation, and comprised green alleys, pleasant parterres, and a summer-house he has immortalized in many pictures. The situation of this summer-house, opposite the courtyard, may be noted in our view of that part of his establishment. Harrewyn published views, in 1692, of the house and grounds, and from that print we copy the enlarged represen-

tation of this building, where Rubens and his friends passed many happy hours. Like all other architectural designs of the painter, it is extremely fanciful—a style which may be termed "Rubenesque" pervades it; but it is a style that met with much favour in the Low Countries, and may be seen very frequently repeated in Belgium and Holland.

Rubens also possessed the château at Stein, on the road between Malines and Vilvorde, a country-house



RUBENS'S CHATEAU AT STEIN.

equally fitted for the residence of a noble. It is a characteristic building, now fast decaying, surrounded by a moat, which adds to its damp and gloom; but has been immortalized by its master, during its best days, in several good pictures; one of the best, embracing the rich view over the fertile country obtained from its windows, now graces our

National Gallery. It must be owned that Rubens has made the scene a little more poetic than it appears to an ordinary eye, but he certainly studied for his charming landscapes in the immediate vicinity of his own residence.*

* To be continued.

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, &c.

NOTHING has contributed so largely to the advancement of photography as the skill and industry that has been bestowed upon the *apparatus* required. Without the improved optical arrangements, and without the numerous mechanical appliances which have enabled the photographer to meet all the difficulties of his art, sun-pictures—notwithstanding the increased sensibility, and the facilities which chemical science has secured—could not have advanced much beyond those imperfect productions that were regarded with wonder in the infancy of the art, but which we now reject as unworthy places in our portfolio. In many of the numerous notices of the progress of photography which have, during the last eighteen years, appeared in the *Art-Journal*, we have constantly insisted upon the importance of avoiding the cost, too frequently bestowed on the ornamentation of instruments, and to expend liberally to secure the best possible appliances in the least possible space.

Many of those principles have been so admirably secured by Messrs. MURRAY and HEATH, of Piccadilly, whose establishment we have lately visited, that we feel bound to direct attention to them. Many of the old camera-obscuras, though very handsome, with polished Spanish mahogany and lacquered brass-work, were not fitted for every-day work. A few weeks of field-work, in the summer, even in this country, produced cracks and open joints, through which sunlight found its way, causing the artist much annoyance; while some cameras sent by us to the Cape of Good Hope and to India were yet more rapidly rendered useless. All this is obviated by a camera of plain Honduras mahogany, made by the above firm, which unites great strength with little weight. The best test of the value of this instrument is that afforded by its use in China during the important mission of Lord Elgin. The following extract of a letter from one of the staff from Tien-tsin will show the hard service to which the instruments supplied by Messrs. Murray and Heath to the mission have undergone, and how well they have endured their rough usage:—"I have not before had the opportunity of telling you how excellent in every respect I have found your apparatus to be. The camera has been subject to violent alternations of temperature, and to long exposure in the blazing sun (the thermometer is at this moment 96° in a shaded room), and a few days ago everything was not only damp but wet; and yet all is in most perfect condition."

The difficulties attending photography in the open air have led to many contrivances, each one more or less ingenious, for the purpose of overcoming them. We have not seen anything so complete in all its requirements as the photographic tent of Mr. Smartt, a gentleman connected with this establishment. In this tent an endeavour has been made to obviate many of the inconveniences complained of, especially as to working space, firmness, simplicity, and portability. Usually, in the various forms of tent now in use the upper part, where space is most required, is the most contracted, while at the lower part, where it is of little importance, a great amount of room is provided. The new tent is rectangular in form, is six feet high in the clear, and three feet square, affording table space equal to thirty-six inches by eighteen inches, and ample room for the operator to manipulate with perfect ease and convenience. The chief feature in its construction is the peculiarity of its frame-work, which constitutes, when erected, a system of triangles, so disposed as to strengthen and support each other. The table is so made that when not in use it will fold up; attached to it is a "sink," made of waterproof material, which obviates the necessity of carrying a dish for developing; a tube is connected to the sink, by which all waste liquid is conveyed outside the tent; and means of ventilation are provided. A water-bottle of a very convenient and portable form has been contrived, for use with the tent; and its entire weight is eighteen pounds, while it can be easily erected or taken down by one person. The object of the inventor has been to make a tent which shall be so efficient as to insure to the operator the means of

working the wet collodion process in the open air with ease and convenience.

Amongst other facilities for out-of-door photography, the manipulating box and apparatus of Mr. Lake Price are well known: these are manufactured by this firm, and will be found well worthy the attention of those who desire to excel in this beautiful art. From the unfortunate facilities afforded by the collodion process for the production of positive pictures by one operation, we are now deluged by photographs devoid alike of any manifestation of taste or skill: perhaps we should correct our expression, and say they manifest a degraded taste, and give evidence of entire absence of skill. Those lamentable productions we earnestly desire to escape from, and we trust our young photographic friends will discover that though the facilities of the improved processes are great, they cannot hope to produce pleasing pictures without the same exercise of thought which leads a true artist to study the position of a sitter for a portrait, or to meditate upon the best points of view, and the most favourable period of time, to secure those charms which light and shade impart to a landscape.

In the photographic collection of Messrs. Murray and Heath will be found pictures of the highest degree of excellence. Ferrier's scenes in the Pyrenees—Frith's wonderfully truthful views of Egypt—the Spanish scenes by Soullier and Clouzard—"the stately home of England," by Fenton—the dramatic productions, so beautifully artistic, of Lake Price—and numerous others by Thompson, Delamotte, &c.,—will each and all command admiration from their beauty, while they will instruct from the absolute truth of the picture. The stereoscope of Messrs. Murray and Heath is an admirable instrument; its peculiarities may be thus enumerated:—It is constructed of solid walnut wood (the parts being *screwed*, instead of *glued* together), and the most careful attention has been given to the two important qualities, efficiency and durability. It is provided with a rack-and-screw adjustment for the purpose of varying the length of the instrument; and this adjustment, having considerable range, enables all persons to view the pictures with ease and distinctness. The optical part of the instrument has received particular care, and we must remember that the true stereoscopic effect cannot be obtained if this is neglected. Lenses in this instrument are made expressly for it, their form being such as to produce the greatest defining power, without distortion or colouring at the edges. By a simple contrivance the lenses can readily be removed for the purpose of cleaning, an obvious and important advantage. The lower, or ground-glass, part of the stereoscope is hinged, which affords both the means for proper cleaning, and for using coloured cards, with which very pleasing effects can be produced when viewing transparent pictures. The reflector required for viewing opaque pictures, besides the advantage of allowing the stereoscope to be placed in the most convenient position when so used, is greatly improved. The ordinary reflector being flat, and generally less than the picture, the latter can be but partially illuminated; whereas Murray and Heath's new reflector is convex, a peculiarity of form which insures the reflected light being equally distributed.

In connection with the stereoscope may be mentioned Marriott's *stereoscopic camera-obscura*, containing twelve plates, in three double backs, and capable of being employed as a twin-lens camera, or for two single pictures.

There are few duties more pleasant to the editor of any periodical than those which arise out of the discovery of improvements and excellences in those departments which pass properly under his review. We know not why there should be a tendency, with some literary and Art critics, towards a delight in the detection of errors in a fellow-labourer's work, rather than in the discovery of beauties; but so it seems to be. We trust we have ever guided our pen with a desire to exalt merit, and to lift the worthy into notice. Such has been always our desire, and although Murray and Heath—seeing that they manufacture for all the government departments, and that they have furnished the Chinese mission, the Siamese embassy, and the Livingstone expedition with philosophical apparatus—can have but small necessity for our praise, yet it affords us real pleasure to add our testimony upon their photographic apparatus to that of the most distinguished photographers.

EMILY OF RYLSTONE.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY F. M. MILLER.

SCULPTORS very rarely refer to modern poetry for their subjects, and the reason is sufficiently obvious—sculpture engages but a small share, comparatively, of public attention, and what it has is given, generally, to works which possess, or assume to possess, a classical character. And yet there may be found in the writings of our poets a multitude of subjects which have in them a quality eminently adapted to this class of art—grandeur, beauty, pathos, or a combination of any two of these, or of the whole. Leaving the great masters of English poetry—Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—out of the question (for no one, it may be presumed, would express a doubt as to the sculptural materials to be found in their works), the writings of our minor minstrels—the stars, that is, of second magnitude, when compared with the others—are fertile in themes no less adapted to the chisel of the sculptor than we know them to be, from what constantly comes before us, to the pencil of the painter. If the art of the former should, happily, ever be raised—which may well be doubted, from its present position—to the point it ought to reach in public favour, the characters to which our poets have given birth may, perhaps, become as familiar to our eyes in stone and marble as they are on canvas.

Wordsworth's poems are not, in all probability, those which the sculptor would most frequently consult, even under a more favourable condition of his art than now exists; his characters are too simple or too ulheroic to be dignified and *statuesque*; even the painter finds little in Wordsworth that strikingly adapts itself to his art. It has been said of him as a poet, that "he is too intellectual and too *sensuous*, to use the phrase of Milton, ever to become generally popular, unless in some of his smaller pieces; his peculiar sensibilities cannot be relished by all;" and it is doubtless for these reasons that his writings are not popular with our artists as furnishing materials for their compositions. His descriptions of natural scenery are picturesque and beautiful, but his sketches of human character are too philosophical and profound for mere artistic purposes.

From one of his longest pieces, "The White Doe of Rylstone," a romantic narrative poem, yet coloured with the peculiar genius of the author, Mr. Miller has selected an incident from which he has modelled a very graceful bas-relief. The passage thus illustrated is found in the fourth canto:—

"Nor more regard doth she bestow
Upon the uncomplaining doe!
Yet the meek creature was not free
Erewhile, from some perplexity:
For thrice hath she approached, this day,
The thought-bewildered Emily;
Endeavouring, in her gentle way,
Some smile or look of love to gain
Encouragement to sport or play;
Attempts which, by the unhappy maid,
Have all been slighted or gainsaid."

The design of the sculptor has evidently been to represent that the affectionate playfulness of Emily's singular companion and friend is scarcely recognised by the maid, whose mind is too much absorbed in contemplating the broken key-stone and arms of her father's ruined mansion to appreciate the caresses of the gentle animal; and the incident of a thorn, which in its growth has rudely thrust aside a white lily that has found its way through a fissure in the stone, brings to her mind the sad associations connected with her own situation and defenceless condition. The ornamentation supporting the legend is composed of the union of the lily and nightshade, conventionally treated, and emblematical of purity and melancholy.

The subject is very poetically treated, and shows the sculptor as an artist of thought and feeling; the arrangement of the group is most picturesque; the modelling true, and careful in execution. Perhaps we can pay the bas-relief no higher compliment than to say it is in the possession of a gentleman eminently qualified to appreciate its merits—Mr. Foley, the Royal Academician, is its owner.



ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER, FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY F. M. MILLET.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE:

A TEACHER FROM ANCIENT AND EARLY ART.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A., &c.

PART I.

VERY remarkable are the conditions under which the English student of Art, now in this middle of the 19th century, enters upon his great work. No longer a casual accessory, Art has become in this country an essential element of general education. The influences and the teachings of Art, restricted no longer to a comparatively select and exclusive few, now are beginning to develop themselves with most happy effects, in direct connection with the community at large. The Artist-mind and the Art-sympathies of the people are awakening and gathering strength. Art collections are multiplying, and their contents are becoming more practically instructive in their character. At length the idea has taken root amongst us, that the study of Art requires facilities for instituting the very widest comparison between both the various works of different artists in the same style, and the varied productions of the styles of different countries and successive eras. As a necessary consequence of these things, the student of Art finds himself associated with warm sympathies, and surrounded with incentives to energetic exertion which contain within themselves very important means for at once facilitating and ensuring his success.

Many circumstances combine to render the Sydenham Crystal Palace capable of concentrating within itself every requisite for the most perfect School of Art. It has already assumed a commanding position in this capacity. When its diversified collections shall have been rendered more complete in themselves; when the components of each collection shall have been more systematically classified and arranged; and when a living voice shall have been given to them all, with which they may be made, through courses of brief but able and attractive Art-lectures, to address themselves no less to the ear than to the eye of students,—then will the full powers of this grand Institution begin to be thoroughly understood, and its full value to be duly felt and appreciated.

Many recent improvements, which are no less significant than satisfactory, lead to the assurance that all existing deficiencies in the Fine-Art Collections of the Crystal Palace will be eventually supplied; and that whatever errors in the condition, or position, or grouping, of particular examples may still remain, will in due time be rectified. Meanwhile, it may be well to sketch out before the student of Art, and, indeed, before the general public, some of the more prominent characteristics of the extensive, varied and most interesting assemblages of specimens which already occupy those courts of the Palace that have been specially devoted to the illustration of Ancient and Early Art. In carrying out this plan, I shall altogether reject any attempt at giving regular descriptions of the several Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, one by one, with their contents: my object, on the contrary, will be to select and group together such examples and such details as may generally assimilate in their teaching, or may, each in their own great excellence, stand forward as enduring lessons in the noble and the beautiful to every age. As I proceed, I shall introduce numerous engravings, which will have been drawn for the special purpose of conveying characteristic representations of the objects thus selected for particular illustration; and, while endeavouring to adduce all that is most worthy in these teachings which Art, in its manifold creations, has continually put forth as memorials of the past and as lessons for the future, I shall not hesitate to specify such short-comings as may be apparent, and also to suggest what appear to be essential requisites for enhancing the value and the utility of objects already both valuable and useful.

But, first it appears to be desirable to glance at the entire subject, which thus lies before us, awaiting our scrutiny. At the very outset of our inquiry, it must be plainly and distinctly stated that the collections in this ever-accessible School of Art are not, neither do they in any respect or degree pretend to consist of, original works: they are composed, almost exclusively, of facsimile casts, copies, or tracings, from original works in Architecture, Sculpture, and

Painting; and with these reproductions are associated the invaluable delineations of Photography—that faithful reflector, that echo-voice as well of Nature herself as of Art, together with engravings and other renderings of original productions. It is consequently true that here the student has before him—not the breathing stone or the burning bronze, as they left the hands of great masters in Art; not the glowing canvas (except in the case of modern schools of painting), nor the boldly-wrought stone, nor the ivory touched with exquisite delicacy into miniature life: but it is no less true that here are faithful copies of works, which it would be vain to hope ever to see brought together beneath a single roof; and here, accordingly, is accumulated a concentration of Art-Teaching otherwise impossible to obtain, and of which it is equally impossible to estimate too highly the beneficial capabilities.

In the Fine-Art Courts of the Crystal Palace, properly so called, Architecture, with its every accessory, and Sculpture, are the two great forms or expressions of Ancient and Early Art, which are most elaborately and profusely illustrated. The leading idea has been to produce actual specimens of the architectures of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, and also of the Spanish Moors; and with these specimens to associate certain compound structures, made up of various details, which might serve to sustain the continuity of the series, by exemplifying the Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic,

and Renaissance styles. Casts from original works have furnished models from which some of these courts have been designed and constructed; while, with similar casts others of the courts have been actually formed. The grave errors which, unhappily, have been permitted to detract from the value of these courts, as complete works, are the reckless restoration of the reproduced examples, and the introduction, in some instances, of much that is purely hypothetical in combination with facsimile reproductions of actual and existing realities. Where it would have been a matter of necessity to have left a court in an unfinished condition,—unless it might be conceded to have recourse to analogy and ingenious theories to supply what could be obtained from no more authoritative source,—it would have been desirable to have indicated distinctly and palpably the line of demarcation which divides the probable from the certain. And, in like manner, when the ravages of time or the still more destructive effects of wilful violence and ignorant indifference, have left original works mutilated and worn, restoration might have been admissible in the east destined to be built up into the walls or the arcades of a court; yet, assuredly, an untouched and genuine facsimile of the original in its existing condition, should have shown exactly how much had been added to the finished cast, for the sake of obtaining that very finish, and for effect.

Again: the architectures of both antiquity and



APPROACH TO THE GREEK COURT.

the middle ages, as they are represented in these courts, fail, in many essential points, to convey a completely truthful impression to the Art-student. The classic orders do not appear at all in any such forms as alone would be calculated to declare their correct character, and to impersonate their distinctive characteristics. It is the same with the mediæval Romanesque, which is fused into the

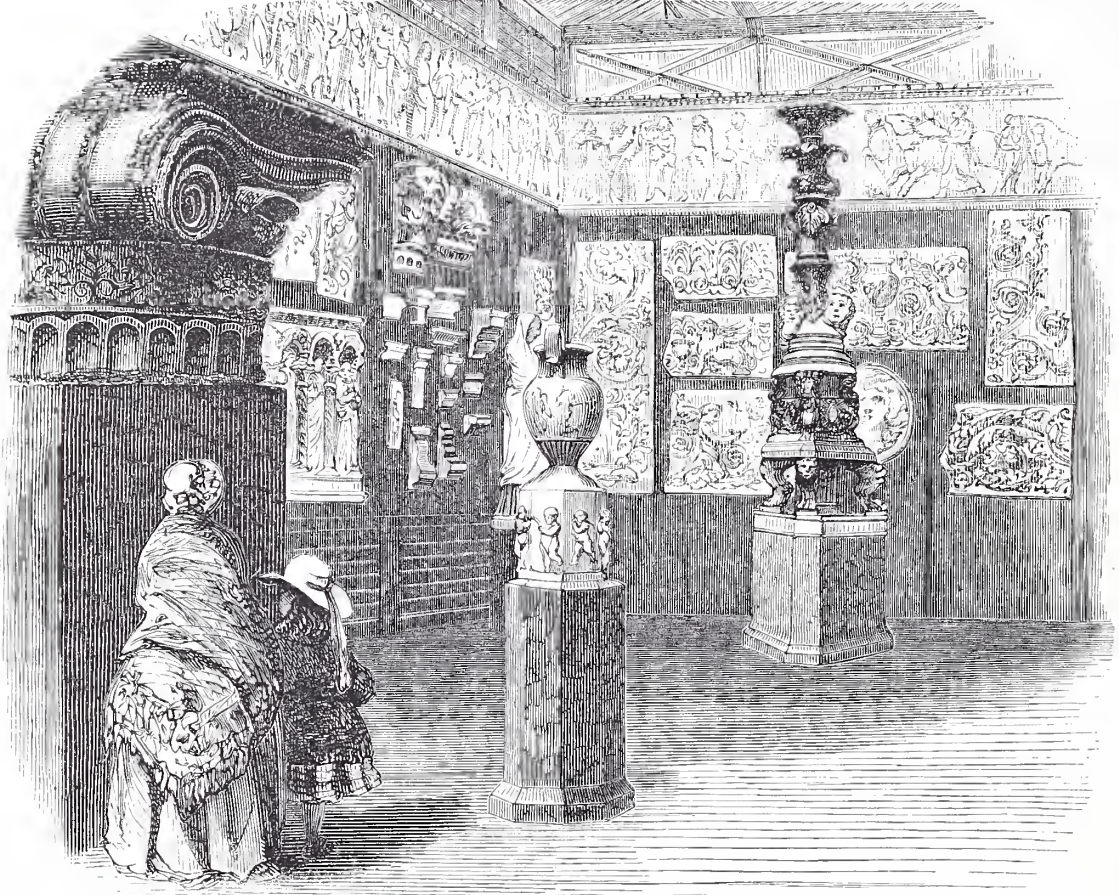
Byzantine; and with the Gothic, which loses altogether its three-fold aspect. In the case of the works of monumental art—hereafter to be fully described—the series of casts is historically incomplete, and the infinitely important results of historical classification have been, for the most part, altogether overlooked.

These all are imperfections which excite com-

mingled sentiments of surprise and regret—regret that they exist, and surprise that their existence should have been possible. It is not, however, by any means too much to anticipate that all palpable imperfections will be gradually removed from these courts, in order to admit in their stead more consistent substitutes. In treating of these same courts as they now are, we should fail to appreciate the

true value of all in them that is worthy of careful and confiding study, were we not led to discriminate between the pure and the excellent, and the imperfect and unauthorised. And much there is, very much, in these courts which demands from all who love Art and who would teach it with judicious carefulness, both admiration and gratitude. The very idea of forming these ranges of continuous

Art-museums, in itself possesses very strong claims upon both of these sentiments. It is a very great thing to be able to study in any one court the style and form of Art which therein is exemplified and illustrated; while a few steps on this side or on that will enable the student of one phase of Art to institute a comparison with those other aspects under which, in different regions of the earth, and



EXAMPLES OF MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUE RELIEF SCULPTURE AND CARVING, ETC.—GREEK COURT OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

amongst distinct races of men, the same great influence has given utterance to its conceptions. A multiplicity of details also will be found in every court which, either for their own special teaching, or from their leading to the study of the originals which they represent, deserve a very careful investigation, and can scarcely fail amply to repay any amount of attention and thought that may be bestowed upon them.

The casts from works in sculpture by ancient artists can only be spoken of in terms of the

highest commendation. They combine fidelity to the originals, with a really wonderful degree of excellence in themselves as reproductions. Here are no attempts at restoration—no speculations after effect through either unauthorised finishings or (what are equally injurious) incongruous combinations. If the Venus or the Meleager, the Theseus or the Hyllus, have suffered from whatever causes, we see them here precisely as the original marbles are. The arrangement of these casts is also admirable: each group or figure is a study in itself, and the

value of its own teaching is infinitely strengthened through the influence of association, and the opportunity for comparison. Nor may the busts be omitted from this general notice, since they constitute a noble feature in the ancient Fine-Art collections of the Crystal Palace, and are replete with teaching precious to both the historian and the artist. Their long ranges (continued, like the other productions of the sculptor, from ancient to modern times) recall illustrious memories, and their presence serves to give animation and reality to the scenes



EXAMPLE OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE IN RELIEF, FROM A SARCOPHAGUS IN THE LOUVRE.

around them. It is the same with the antique bas-reliefs, and other works of a kindred character: they are admirably rendered as well as judiciously selected, and they constitute parts of the ancient classical courts, which at once command attention and proclaim their own great value to those who study them.

The Crystal Palace collections of casts after

ancient sculpture possess peculiar attractions for the English Art-student, who is not able to extend very widely his researches amongst the treasures contained in foreign museums, from the circumstance of their comprising so many precious examples from Italy, France and Germany, which heretofore have been inaccessible without considerable cost and a prolonged travel. The fact also that these courts

remain, always easy of approach, for continued study and for repeated and sustained contemplation, is by no means devoid of interest to travelled artists and Art-students: they, too, may be glad here to confirm old associations, and to reanimate impressions formed long ago from a passing observation of the great originals themselves. Accordingly, when the visitor to the Sydenham Museum has passed

between the seated portrait-figures of Menander and of Posidippus, and gone on through the avenue of classic busts, each bearing a well-known name from the long roll of Greek worthies (one name is that of a woman, Aspasia; Pericles is near at hand, and the frieze of the Parthenon beyond), and he at once finds that he is surrounded by forms new to England, grouped with casts from familiar works, the effects thus produced may vary in accordance with the past associations of different individuals; but for every individual there must, from the very constitution of these collections, be much to impress upon the mind a conviction of their peculiar interest and their special value in the capacity of Art-teachers.

In remarking upon the general character of these collections of antique sculpture, it is necessary to direct attention to the fact that, with but a few grand exceptions, the most renowned productions of the sculptors of antiquity have been lost; and what now stand in the front rank as examples of the power of the chisel in Grecian hands, are themselves generally either reproductions or studies from the masterpieces of antiquity; or, in some instances, they are works of Roman times by Greek artists, who still retained at least some lingering traces of the former magnificent spirit of their fathers. The term "Greek Court" is, consequently, correctly applicable only under certain modifications to the collections assembled within and about it. The grandest remains of Greek genius and skill are indeed here; but here also are many works to which the reputation of being expressions of Greek Art can only be applied through analogy and by probable conjecture.

A somewhat similar remark is, in like manner, applicable to the sculpture which occupies the Roman Court, and which thus is broadly distinguished from the kindred works that are assembled within and around the Greek Court. Many of these

are, without doubt, casts from statues by Greek artists, or from statues copied from the productions of Greek artists, though probably executed at Rome, as well as formed either in the imperial city itself, or in parts of the Roman empire far distant from

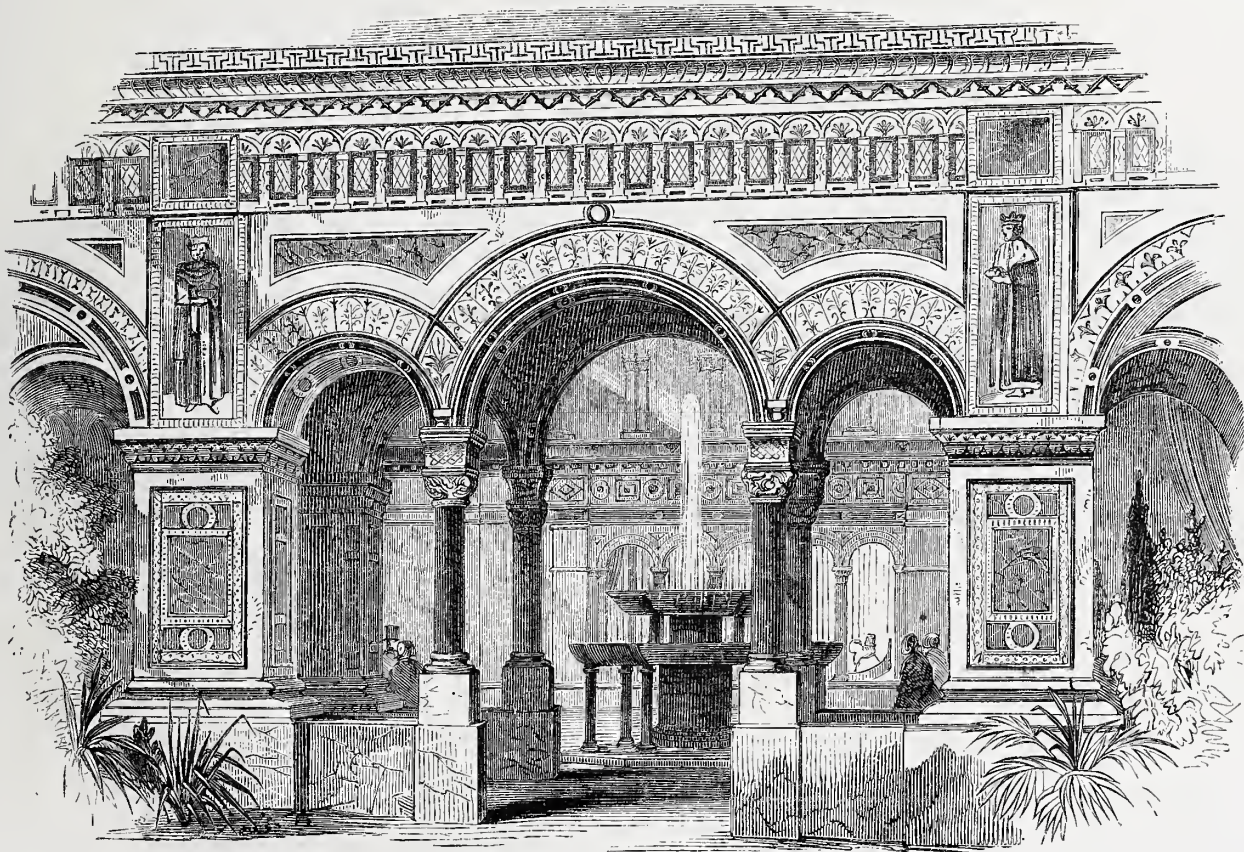


LARGE MEDALLION IN BOLD RELIEF, "SPAIN," FROM THE LOUVRE.

Greece. In themselves, both the Greek and the Roman Courts can be regarded as but little more than enclosures for the sculpture, with adjoining galleries. The architectural styles of Greece and Rome have, indeed, been consulted in producing

these courts, but the student will be careful not to regard them as authoritative examples of either Greek or Roman architecture. In this respect they differ altogether from the actual example of Roman domestic architecture which invites attention in the Pompeian Court, as also from the Egyptian and Assyrian Courts, which profess to be actual models or reproductions of the edifices of the Valley of the Nile and of Mesopotamia. These earliest remains of the arts of architecture and sculpture will be found to convey lessons peculiarly their own—lessons which bring with them from primeval times an impressive witness to man's inherent and instinctive desire to perpetuate, through the instrumentality of Art, the incidents and the truths of history, and, at the same time and by the same agency, to give expression to noble thoughts and sublime aspirations.

Detailed notices of particular works in the ancient courts will be given hereafter. All more direct and special consideration also of the Roman Court, as distinguished from the Greek, with its architectural relics, its statues, reliefs, and busts, it will be desirable to connect with the examples of the so-called revived classical style of after-times, or the Renaissance, which has its own courts on the opposite side of the Palace. By associating them after this manner with what the true arts of antiquity have left for us to study, the works of the Renaissance artists will be estimated correctly. Thus, it will be seen how far they may with justice be regarded as revivals of styles which for many ages had ceased to exist when they began to flourish; the modifications also under which the ancient types reappeared (supposing them to have reappeared), will be clearly distinguished; and the student will be enabled to understand the real character (and, as connected with the real character, the true worth) of that form and aspect of Art which has exerted in our own country an influence at once so powerful and so widely extended.



APPROACH TO THE BYZANTINE AND ROMANESQUE COURT.

And again, on the other hand, both the Classic and the Renaissance Courts will be brought up, side by side, with whatever the Crystal Palace contains of the most characteristic productions of the deep-thinking and energetic Art-workers of the middle ages. This is a comparison which will produce palpable effects in more than one direction; it will be easy, too, to discern its value, and to apply to our

own practical advantage the lessons which it will not fail to disclose.

The value of the Mediaeval Courts is greatly increased from the circumstance of their bringing together illustrative specimens of the varied works of the artists of the middle ages, as well from France and Germany as from different parts of our own country. These courts will be found to develop

their own teaching most effectively through their choicest examples. As they themselves will lead us on to the Renaissance, so to them we shall be led, from the classic regions of more remote antiquity, by that court which illustrates in union the styles that arose in the East and West upon the ruins of the arts and the empire of Rome—the Byzantine and Romanesque Court.

PROGRESS OF
BRITISH ART - INDUSTRY.

THE WORKS OF MESSRS. KERR AND BINNS,
OF WORCESTER, IN THE CERAMIC COURT
AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

As illustrating the progress of British manufacture, in connection with its most ancient and interesting branch of artistic industry, we have selected for engraving a group of the so-called "Worcester Enamels," as remarkable evidences of classic feeling, combined with a delicacy of executive expression and elaboration of detail, that mark them as the most successful features of modern ceramic art.

The costliness of these works, consequent upon the amount of labour and degree of risk involved in their execution, must somewhat restrict the demand; but we feel confident that only publicity is required to ensure for them, among the many patrons of high-Art products in this country, a prompt and cordial encouragement. The production of such works will necessarily be limited, from the peculiar talent necessary to their manipulation; and we are gratified to learn that commissions have lately been given to an extent beyond the immediate capabilities of the manufacturers to supply. We have before referred to the spirited exertions of the present proprietors of the Royal Worcester Works (formerly Chamberlains), to revive the *prestige* of this famous manufactory, and to the marked success which has

attended their efforts. Improvements in every branch attest the influence and value of the taste and judgment which direct its operations.

Referring specially to the "Worcester Enamels," these qualities are strikingly evident, and we earnestly recommend such beautiful examples of fictile art to careful examination. They are in the manner of the celebrated "Limoges Enamels," of varied designs, but executed upon porcelain instead of copper. The ground of the ware is a deep royal blue glaze, and the decoration is raised upon it by hand labour (and that of the highest class), with "white enamel," being a preparation of tin and arsenic.

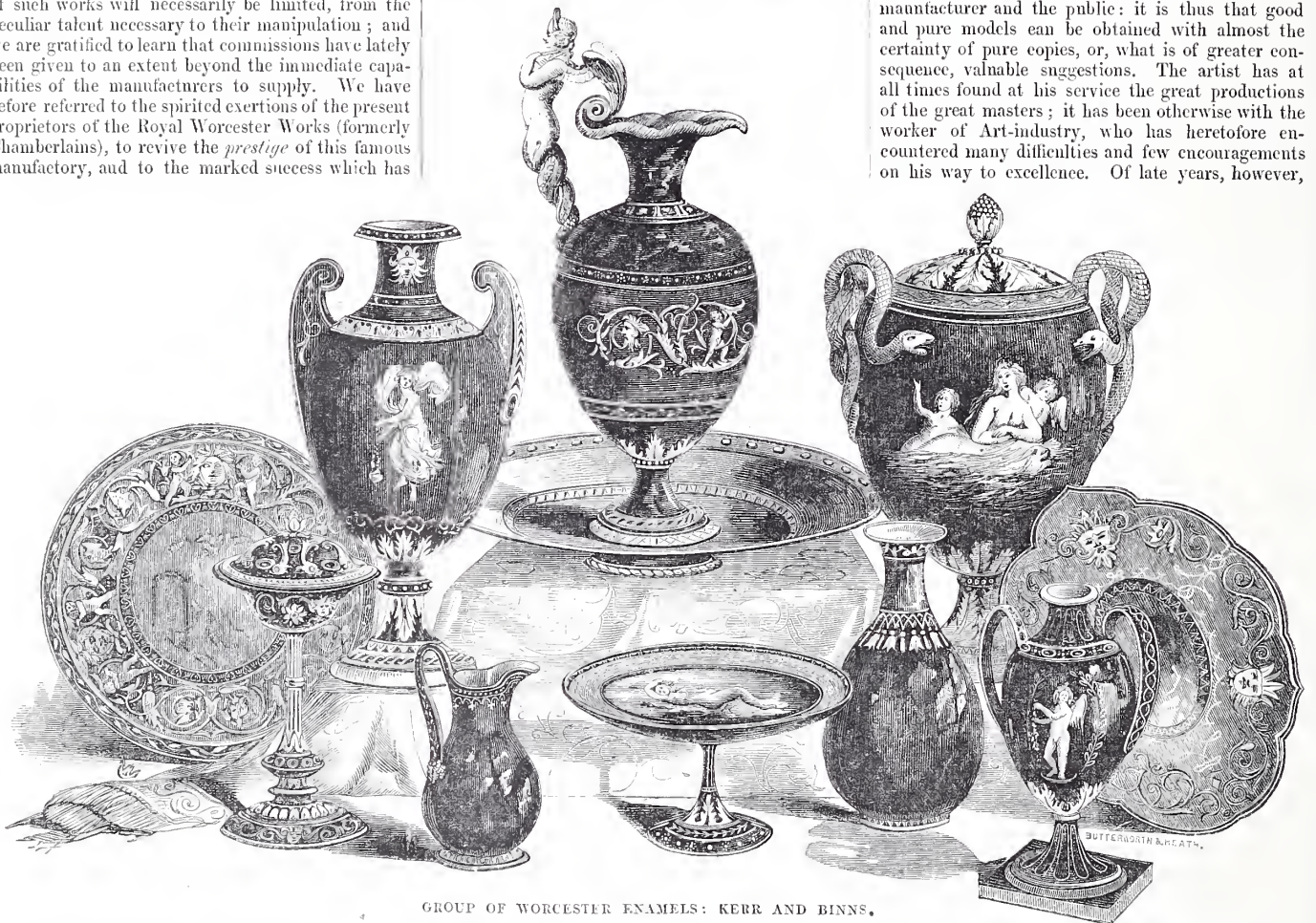
It would be impossible to convey to the uninitiated an idea of the difficulty of "working" this medium, from its peculiar nature; and, therefore, the full extent of merit in such successes as are here realised must, to the general observer, be necessarily unappreciated: but the great beauty of the works will be apparent to all. Several of Flaxman's designs have been adapted with considerable skill, and seem eminently suited to the peculiarity of this style.

We are glad to perceive that Her Majesty has

already conferred valuable and appreciative patronage upon these productions. A duplicate of a tazza executed for Her Majesty is exhibited at the Crystal Palace; the design being Raphaelesque, and admirably delineated, both in drawing and manipulation.

The studies for the earliest of these works were lent to Messrs. Kerr and Binns by Sir Edward Lechmere, who has been their constant and liberal patron—and who must, therefore, cordially rejoice to find them so universally appreciated. The famous collection of General the Hon. Edward Lygon was also placed, by the liberal feeling of its owner, at the service of the manufacturers, who have now also in progress copies of some of the celebrated "enamels" belonging to Henry Danby Seymour, Esq., M.P., kindly lent by that gentleman for the purpose.

We cannot pass, without a word of acknowledgment, the honourable and patriotic feeling which prompts collectors of works of such beauty and value to devote them to the improvement of our manufactures. It demonstrates strongly the advanced intelligence of the age, and is one of its most hopeful signs. We cannot, indeed, too strongly advocate a principle so pregnant with beneficial results to the manufacturer and the public: it is thus that good and pure models can be obtained with almost the certainty of pure copies, or, what is of greater consequence, valuable suggestions. The artist has at all times found at his service the great productions of the great masters; it has been otherwise with the worker of Art-industry, who has heretofore encountered many difficulties and few encouragements on his way to excellence. Of late years, however,



GROUP OF WORCESTER ENAMELS: KERR AND BINNS.

instructive books in abundance have been issued; the national stores have been augmented with a view especially to his service; and there has been a liberal desire on the part of collectors to assist his progress, by lending, or permitting access to, the choicest and costliest efforts of all countries and ages.

"The ancient city of Worcester" is deeply interested in the success that has attended the revival of its Porcelain Works: the fame they had acquired was little more than traditional until renewed by the efforts of Messrs. Kerr and Binns. The early productions of the establishment of Messrs. Chamberlain now realise almost fabulous prices; but, of late years, little or nothing had been done to sustain the reputation they obtained. Under the management of their enterprising and ingenious successors, however, the works are again famous, and the venerable city will be advantaged by their renown.

The objects delineated in the appended group require a few notes and comments.

The predominance of a cultivated taste in the

selection of such types as best adapt themselves to the purpose of this manufacture is evident in the forms of these examples. The flowing, unbroken outline, which is the characteristic of the early Greek pottery, is here freely rendered, affording a surface for the decoration on which the drawing of the details of figures and ornament can be accurately preserved.

The centre vase of the group presents a novelty in the finish of the handle, it being produced in oxidised silver upon porcelain; this process, as applied to porcelain, is the invention of Mr. Binns, and in effect is perfect, it being impossible—even upon the closest examination—to discover that it is merely a metallic surface. This process has also been applied to some of the statuettes made by this firm; and if the principle of imitation in this sense be admitted, the result is perfectly successful.

The figures and arabesques of Raphael, together with studies from Flaxman, form the leading features of the designs generally, combined with such access-

ories and such originality of treatment as impart a character of novelty as well as beauty.

The introduction of the "gilding" is in extremely good taste. It is delicately applied, and instead of being "burnished" in the ordinary manner, is merely relieved by "chasing." We cannot too strongly recommend these works to the inspection and patronage of all interested in the advancement of English Art-manufacture.

The Ceramic Court at the Crystal Palace is thus rendered attractive, in the highest degree, by the exhibition of truly fine works—produced by British manufacturers. We assert, without hesitation, that the productions here collected, are surpassed by no establishments in Europe,—if we except those which, under direct government aid, and by a lavish expenditure of government grants of money, issue works with which no private firm can compete. The formation of this "Court" has been of universal service, by inducing a general conviction that the means of achieving excellence are within our reach.

THE HAVELOCK COMPETITION.

BEFORE this article appears, the golden apple in this case will have been awarded—the 15th of December being the day appointed for the final judgment. Like the famous fruit of the ancient myth, all the apples of our Art-contests are labelled “to the fairest;” but, alas! in how many cases has the promise of the legend proved an illusion and a snare! Rarely have the best and fairest had even a spectral chance in certain of the late most partial elections. The models in this case are limited to two feet, and the whole are more advantageously shown in the great room of the Society of British Artists than any antecedent competitive works we have elsewhere seen; the visitor can walk round each figure, and consider it apart. The prescription of two feet as the stature of the figures was a wise provision; but the necessity of raising these small warriors to a level with the eye, or to an elevation above it, has in every case demanded a support so massive as to shrink the figures, inasmuch, as to deprive them of any degree of impressive character with which they may be endowed. A cursory glance tells the visitor that but few of the athletes of the art are in the arena—a result which we can only attribute to a want of faith in that strict justice which should be the only rule of all committees of judgment. We are again here exercised in a pleasant game of enigmas—the works being sent in under mottoes—which means that the sculptors are all as well known to the judges as if the names were attached to the works. This arrangement has been sufficiently tried to show it to be a failure—it is but a temptation to competitors and their friends to descend to unworthy means of advancing particular interests. For ourselves, we had rather the mottoes than the names, and so perform we our duty without knowledge of, or inquiry relative to, names. We have said that among the competitors there can be but few men of reputation; and there are some statuettes which we are surprised have been received, so utterly deficient are they of every plausible quality—being altogether without form, and void. We had vainly hoped that every sculptor who had entered on this competition had made himself acquainted with his subject; but very, very few seem to have any truthful conception of the person or character of Havelock. We have never seen him; yet we have him before us—a somewhat spare man, perhaps under the middle height, with features sharp and betokening suffering—plain at all times in dress, and simple and unassuming in manner;—and this is the man who is represented in every degree of corporeal volume, from the rotundity of a Malakoff, to the tenuity of a Paganini; and again, in style, from the hero of stage-craft to the drawing-room lounge, and thence again to an exaggeration of saintly characteristic. We had marked several for especial notice, but think it better to abstain from individual criticism. There are in all, upwards of thirty statuettes in which the chief errors arise from an entire misconception of the man, and the errors of the worst are of such a kind, that we are surprised that their authors should venture to compete for a public work. Among the whole we can see but two or three which evidence any inquiry and just conception.

[Since the above was written the committee have made their selection, which determines No. 4 as the model of the future statue of Havelock. It is by Behnes, and we are gratified to hear that it is considered a felicitous likeness of the late General.]

OBITUARY.

MR. W. EVANS.

THIS artist, an Associate member of the old Water-Colour Society, died, at his residence in the Marylebone Road, on the 7th of last month, at the age of forty-nine; we shall have some notice of his career in our next number. Intelligence of his death reached us too late in the month to admit of anything more than a simple announcement.

MR. A. B. JOHNS.

We are also preparing a memoir of Mr. Johns, a provincial artist of considerable celebrity, who died on the 10th of December, at Plymouth, at the advanced age of eighty-one.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The *Compiegne*, which has become a favourite residence of the court, is being repaired and ornamented. Ten statues, copied from antiques, have lately arrived there, executed at Rome and Paris; they are to be placed in niches on the façade of the palace. The origin of this fine *château* has its date in the reign of Charles the Bald: it was rebuilt by St. Louis, and made a royal residence; since which it has undergone numerous transformations under different reigns.—The “Society of the Friends of Art,” at Rouen, has purchased forty-one of the best pictures sent for exhibition.—A clever painter, of the “David” period, is just dead—René Cadeau, surnamed “Cadeau d’Angers,” aged seventy-six: he was a pupil of Guerin, and painted several clever portraits and *genre* subjects.—A rival to the Paris Bourse is about being erected at Marseilles: a splendid building, richly ornamented with statues and bassi-relievi.—An imperial decree opens a credit of ninety thousand francs for the restoration of the Church of St. Anne, at Jerusalem.—King Leopold has conferred the Order of Leopold on M. S. Jean, a painter of fruit and flowers.—The successful candidates for the *Prix de Rome* have just set off for the Villa Medici. M. de Coninck, who gained the second prize, has been allowed the privilege of two years’ residence in consequence of his age, thirty years, being an obstacle to his entering the lists next year.—A statue of Ary Scheffer is to be erected at Dordrecht by subscription.—A bust of the Minister Chaptal, by Duseigneur, has been placed in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*.—In the *Tour de l’Horloge*, at the Louvre, are two niches, in which are exhibited, during a certain period, the various statues intended for the ornamentation of public buildings; this is a useful plan, as their effect can thus be well appreciated. At the present time these niches are occupied by “Circe” and “Christian Art,” the latter a simple and a well-composed statue.—The King of Sardinia has offered to the city of Paris a statue of King Victor Emanuel, by Marochetti; it is shortly expected at the *Hôtel de Ville*.

MUNICH.—Letters have been lately received from Theodore Horschelt, a German artist, now in the Caucasus, whither he went, in company of the Russian troops, to study battle scenes “from the life.” Horschelt is still a young man, and it is only since a few years that he has adopted battle pictures as his favourite subjects. Stags, chamois, hunting scenes in the Alps, were the subjects of his earlier works. The illustrations to Charles Bouer’s “Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria” are from his pencil, and date from Horschelt’s early period. The first plate, which forms the frontispiece, is a fine study from nature—a group of chamois on a mountain-top. The communications from the scenes of his present life are full of interest; for of the principal battles he was not only an eyewitness, but a participator. General Baron Wzefsky was shot dead at his side; and at the capture of numerous “Auls” he advanced with the battalions to the storm. He is now at Tiflis, with a rich store of sketches all made on the spot. He intends to accompany the troops in the next campaign, in order to become still better acquainted with the people and their mountain fastnesses. Should he escape with his life, he will return next year to Munich, first passing through St. Petersburg. Horschelt is a most worthy, amiable, and industrious man; and it is gratifying to see genius succeeding as his has done. A few years since he travelled in the East, and on his return surprised his friends with a fine picture of “A Caravan resting in the Desert.”

ANTWERP.—The administration of the town of Antwerp has advertised for designs for a new Exchange, to be built in the place of that recently destroyed by fire, and on the same spot, avoiding, however, any encroachments on the neighbouring properties. The question if the court of this building be kept open or be covered in, is left to the discretion of the competing architects. There is to be only one story above the ground-floor, in which different apartments can be distributed. For the electric telegraph, on the upper story, two rooms are to be provided, one of which is to have one hundred metres superficially. The whole building must be fire-proof. Though the site has been resolved upon, at present nothing is to prevent the examination of plans for any other site that might offer extraordinary advantages. All plans are to be sent in, post-free, to the civic administration of Antwerp, before the 31st of January, 1859. Six thousand five hundred francs are to be divided among the first six successful candidates—four thousand for the first, and five hundred for each of the other five. The plans sent in are all to be the property of the town council.

THE COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS AT KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE engravings presented to the Museum at Kensington, as the nucleus of a collection hereafter to be made illustrative of the history of British engraving, are now hung upon temporary screens at the entrance to one of the upper galleries. On the part of Mr. Sheepshanks the gift is another noble instance of munificence, the more estimable that he presents during his lifetime his pictorial wealth to the public. The collection is limited, and contains, of course, many prints in which the donor was immediately interested, as being plates from his own pictures. Much, therefore, remains to be done; but this, by no means the least interesting of any Art-collections, may surely be comparatively the least expensive, as there are in the country stores of beautiful engravings shut up in portfolios, portions of which, it is hoped, may from time to time find their way to Kensington in the shape of presentations, made in a spirit similar to that of Mr. Sheepshanks. From some or other of these hidden stores may we not hope to see come forth an impression of Barlow’s Titian’s Venus (1656), or his illustrations of *Æsop*? Then there must be examples of Faithorn, White, and Smith—the two former lived in the 17th century, the last in the 17th and 18th—and George Vertue, the most celebrated engraver of his day. Examples of Hogarth’s works must be abundant in the country, for of some of them as many as twelve hundred copies were subscribed for. Of Woollett, Strange, and Sharp there are examples among the prints in question; but the works of these famous engravers must be multiplied. There are, we believe, none of Boydell, or Ryland, or Rooker. The first of these—engraver, publisher, alderman, Lord Mayor—is intimately connected with the advancement of engraving. His Shakspeare is an era in the history of English engraving; yet neither the qualities of the engraving nor the style of the paintings whence they were made would, in the present day, save an artist from want; and yet a hundred years ago they brought fame and fortune to Boydell—the only examples of Art, as he himself said, “that ever had the honour of making a Lord Mayor.” Book illustrations were at this time the most profitable resource of both painters and engravers. The usual fee for a design was a guinea; but Francis Hayman’s terms were two guineas. But after the enterprise of Hayman and Blakey, who executed a series of historical compositions, engraving became more independent of literature: their works, which are now very scarce, were the first series of historical prints after designs by Englishmen. Scarce, however, as they are, there ought to be at least one set at Kensington. The subjects were well selected, being “The Landing of Julius Cæsar,” “Caractacus before Claudius,” “Conversion of the Britons,” “The Settlement of the Saxons in Britain,” &c. &c., and many of the series have been engraved small for Smollett’s “History of England.” Dalton must not be forgotten, as he did much in the art himself, and employed Basire, Mason, and certain foreign artists in his work on Greece; and the Athenian Stuart assisted in the promotion of the art by his employment of Basire, Rooker, Strange, Walker, &c. The best works of some of the artists we mention will be most difficult to procure, yet they should be in the collection, and all, that is as many as possible, should be framed, and, above all, they must be exhibited under a light as nearly approaching open daylight as possible.

Thus it will be understood that the collection is limited, but, thanks to Mr. Sheepshanks, there is a nucleus for a history of British engraving, which a few years ought to render nearly perfect; for remnants of the labours of the best of our engravers of the last century must exist in the country, which, as solitary examples of Art are worthless, but which in chronological series acquire a certain value. The prints are hung in neat frames of varnished deal, a method that does not attract the eye from the engraving.

This “move” on the part of the Department of Science and Art is highly creditable to its directors; we accept it gratefully, as another proof of the active energy by which proceedings are directed. We cannot doubt it being followed up by other introductions of even greater moment.

BRITISH MUSEUM NOVELTIES.

IMPORTANT additions have been made to our great national collection, and alterations effected for their due display, which will open new apartments to the public with the new year. The series of vaulted chambers that support the Egyptian saloon have been converted into a Museum of Monumental Art, for which they are admirably adapted. The floor of these chambers is on the ground level; and though visitors to them descend, their subterranean character is merely the result of a general elevation of the principal floor of the Museum. By a judicious selection of such works of sculpture as belong to the mortuary series alone, space has been gained above-stairs for many additions there. This bringing together the monumental sculpture of all ages and nations is of much interest and value, as well for the display of variety of design as for its power of self-illustration by contrast, and a consequent increase of utility to the student. In these vaulted rooms he may commence with the Egyptian tablet and Assyrian slipper-tomb of earthenware; view the grim Etrurian sepulchre, shaped like the body it held, or surmounted by the resemblance of the deceased; and thus ascend to the most beautiful of all sepulchral memorials, the graceful *stèle* of the Greeks, with its elegant sculptured bassi-relievi, and its flowing foliations; ending with the severer forms which characterized the Roman funeral monuments. Many years ago, when the Museum purchased from Signor Campanari his collection of Etruscan relics, chiefly obtained from the vast necropolis at Corneto, the ancient Tarquinia, they obtained therewith his copies of the wall-paintings which covered these tombs of the ancient Italian race. They were correct copies in size and form of the originals, and were placed above the cases in the rooms devoted to Greek Art. They have now been brought together again, and two vaults are devoted to a re-construction, by their means, of an Etruscan tomb. The visitor will enter the small chamber—elaborately painted on wall and ceiling—and ponder on the ideas of the future state as depicted by these old artists.

In close contiguity to these vaults a noble hall is constructed, with a roof of glass, for the exhibition of the Assyrian sculpture recently consigned to us. The slabs will be arranged around the walls of this hall, and the delicacy of their execution, and marvellous minutiae of detail, cannot fail to strike the most unobservant. Photography could not have done more in bringing before us these ancient races in all their truthfulness of form and feature, than is done by these patient labours in sculpture.

The Townley Gallery is improved by niches, in which the Venus is enshrined: while other of its renowned works are more efficiently displayed.

The marbles from Halicarnassus (Bodrum) are arranged in the outer portico of the Museum—a position much to be regretted, but necessitated, we believe, from a want of space inside. Where, then, is to be the locality in which the large additions, recently sent from thence and from Carthage, are to be exhibited? We cannot conceal the fact that our Museum is too small for the proper exhibition of its present contents, and additions are continually being made. A glass shed has been erected under the portico, to shelter the marbles now arranged there, and they have been judiciously combined and partially restored by Mr. Westmacott. We say, judiciously, because these restorations have been seriously attacked, and, we think, unjustly, for they simply consist of bringing together and securing the various fragments, restoring such parts only as their proper study warrants; taking care that the restored parts do not deceive the eye. To effect this, the surface of the additions is slightly lower, and has less finish. By this means the noble statue of Mausolus appears in its integrity, and not with half a face and one leg, as it must have done but for this. Every gallery of sculpture abounds with such restorations, and the gallery *par excellence*—the Vatican—most of all; but there the restorations are difficult to detect, and are not so honestly done as at our British Museum.*

* Since the above was written we have seen a copy of a Memorial addressed to the First Lord of the Treasury, signed by a numerous body of our most distinguished artists, and lovers of Art, with reference to the inadequate accommodation provided for these ancient sculptures.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On the 10th of last month, being the nineteenth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, the academicians proceeded to award the annual medals, according to custom. There was no gold medal awarded this year, but the silver medals were given to the following students:—To Mr. W. Holyoake, for the best painting from the living draped model; to Mr. E. Crawford, for the best drawing from the life; to Mr. C. B. Birch, for the best model from the life; to Mr. F. Topham, for the best drawing from the antique; to Mr. S. G. Cameron, for the best model from the antique; and to Mr. H. M. Eytton, for a perspective drawing. There appears to have been no election, there being, we suppose, no "vacancy."

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—The exhibition of this society for 1859 will be held in the spacious gallery, No. 7, Haymarket, next door to the theatre, and the prospects of the institution promise an exhibition superior in attraction to that of the past season. The society proposes to open their gallery in February. Ladies desirous of contributing will receive a copy of regulations on application to the secretary, Mrs. Dundas Murray, 13, York Place, Portman Square.

THE NEW ART SOCIETY.—This society is, we presume, in course of formation; but although the excellent and accomplished Earl of Carlisle is at its head, we have serious doubts as to its ever becoming "ripe." It aims at far too much:—with its "award of prizes, medals of honour, and other testimonials;" its exhibitions, "ancient and modern;" its "conversations;" "library of reference;" "local committees in the provinces;" "lectures;" "discussions;" "classes;" "honorary corresponding members," &c. &c. The scheme has been in a great degree tried—in so far as relates to all its more attractive features—and failed. The REUNION DES ARTS had its splendid suite of apartments in Harley Street; the committee added to Art the attractions of music (the best music, vocal and instrumental, to be obtained in England); invited artists (free) generally; exhibited all the works of Art they could obtain, and, moreover, supplied refreshments. The plan did not answer, and was abandoned; yet in all respects there was wise and satisfactory management, a liberal spirit, much industry, and an earnest desire to do good, on the part of its conductors. Mr. Ottley may fancy that his "lectures" will be the "all in all" of the "New Art Society;" but he may be mistaken. He may imagine that "medals of honour" may be special baits; but they are not yet—and never may be—in existence. In short, if he thinks to make this society do the work of the Graphic, and other societies of the kind, of the British Institution, of the Royal Academy, of the department of Science and Art, and of the Nation—that is to say, what the Nation ought to do—and succeeds in *doing* it, he will be a public benefactor such as Great Britain has not seen since Vortigern wore a "painted vest."*

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Various changes have either been introduced or are in progress at the Crystal Palace. That which "leads" is the introduction of a series of lectures on the Fine-Arts Courts, illustrated by dissolving views of the actual courts (an unsuitable and useless association), by Mr. Pepper. Now Mr. Pepper is an excellent and popular lecturer on chemistry, but he would be himself the first to admit his ignorance of Art. He is here, therefore, a valuable person in the wrong place. Mr. Bowley, the general manager is also avowedly out of his sphere when he meddles with Art-matters. Consequently, Art is making a retrograde, and not a progressive, move at the Crystal Palace. The picture-gallery has, however, much improved. Mr. Wass is weeding it as freely and as frequently as he can; and there have been many

* The inaugural meeting was held at the Hanover Square Rooms on the evening of the 17th of December. In the absence of the Earl of Carlisle, the chair was occupied by Lord Ranelagh, who, in his address to the meeting, explained the objects of the society. Mr. Ottley spoke at length of the advantages of a cultivated taste for Art, and the Rev. Mr. Bellew followed on the same subject, after which the society was declared as constituted. The smaller rooms were hung with Mr. Flatow's collection of pictures, and the evening concluded with a concert. The results of the meeting were not such as to change our views of the affair.

recent additions of much importance; while the "sales" effected have been large, considering that the exhibition is not "in season."—The best object Mr. Bowley has recently achieved is the enlargement of the tropical enclosure at the northern end of the building, and the lighting it up with gas as the darkness closes in, during the short days of sunlight. The fountains, too, are played, and their jets gleam gaily among their sparkling brethren of the gas-pipes. The whole forms a lovely scene, unique in England, and one that alone will always more than repay a visit to Sydenham.

THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—It is announced that the museum will be open *free* during the Christmas holidays. We regret to learn that Mr. Henry Cole continues at Rome—the state of his health not justifying the hope of his early return to England.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE has delivered a lecture on "the Common Sense of Art" at the Kensington Museum. The subject chiefly, if not exclusively, treated under so comprehensive a title was, however, architecture. According to the *Critic*, "The lecturer, with a vigorous and clear logic, enforced the new views of the superiority of Gothic architecture over all other styles as the national architecture of England. He urged good reasons for its acceptance as a style capable of progression and development in an eclectic spirit, and, with a motive which it is just to say was free from bigotry or prejudice, recommended its adoption as the one style of architecture capable of growth and refined advancement."

PICTURE SALES.—At a recent sale, by auction, of another portion of the modern pictures belonging to Messrs. Hooper and Wass, the following were the principal works offered, and the prices they realized:—"Ariadne," D. Maclise, R.A., 118 gs.; "The Early Lesson," T. Faed, 127 gs.; "Fruit and Flowers," T. Gröenland, 81 gs.; "Ruins of Elgin Cathedral," D. Roberts, R.A., 106 gs.; "Hampton Court in the Time of Charles I.," F. Goodall, A.R.A., 310 gs.; "Loudon, from Greenwich Park," J. B. Pyne, 71 gs.; "Landscape, with Boar Huut," J. Linnell, 80 gs.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1861.—The Society of Arts has issued a circular concerning this project. It is therefore, we presume, to be carried out; and although our doubts as to its policy and ultimate advantage are neither removed nor lessened, it will be our duty—if it must take place—so to aid it as to render it as effective and useful as possible. It is, we believe, certain that the site will not be Battersea; the building will be erected on the public ground at South Kensington; possibly it will not be a temporary erection—for if "rumour" is to be credited, the Society of Arts must, ere long, quit their "holding" in the Adelphi, and contemplate as "a valuable chance," the possession of "a local habitation," created by "a surplus fund" arising out of an Exhibition in 1861. No one will regret it, if there be such a result, for the executive has worked well, is working well, and may work still better for the public good, if means and appliances be thus supplied. We trust, therefore, manufacturers throughout the kingdom will proceed forthwith to prepare for the new trial to which they, some two years hence, will be subjected. We know they are generally reluctant to take part in this movement—but *they must do so*; and it will be worse than unwise to defer to the eleventh hour arrangements that ought to be considered, if not commenced, forthwith. We shall bring this matter under the notice of our readers from time to time.

THE LIONS AT TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The *Builder* gives currency to a rumour that, although the Lions will be designed by Sir Edwin Landseer, they will be executed by Marochetti. We believe the idea to be without foundation—arising, perhaps, from the fact that the great painter is working in the *atelier* of the baron. The lions will be, we understand, in bronze—a material far better fitted for the purpose than any description of stone.

THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—Our excellent contemporary, the *Critic*, states that a plan has been devised for removing the pictures now at Marlborough House—destined ere long to be the residence of the Prince of Wales—to "the old riding-school of George IV. in Carlton Ride," a place with which we confess ourselves to be unacquainted. "It has been condemned as unsafe as the

repository of public records, principally because it was not fire-proof, and the records have been removed to the new building in Fetter Lane. It is now empty, and the stress of circumstances, it is said, has led Lord J. Manners to look upon it as a possible resting-place for the gifts of Vernon and Turner." We can scarcely credit a statement so opposed to every principle of reason and right.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The programme of this society will be issued, we believe, early in January. It cannot fail to be satisfactory. The council consists of noblemen and gentlemen whose names will sufficiently guarantee the good faith of all arrangements. Mr. Battam, the manager and superintendent, is eminently qualified for the important post; and several Art-objects have been already shown, of so great merit and beauty—combining pure taste with artistic skill—that we may safely assume a general eagerness for their possession. Indeed, it will excite no little surprise to find that valuable productions may be obtained by comparatively small payments. It is rumoured also, that Art, in its higher sense, will form a prominent element in the scheme.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—When the Royal Exchange was decorated by Sang, we foretold the total obfuscation of that thin and wiry ornament in a few years. This is now accomplished—Giulio Romano's naiads, with their vegetable continuations, are embalmed in city smoke. The authorities are embellishing the Mansion House with sculpture at great cost; they may perhaps extend their cares to the Exchange, and decorate it with bas-reliefs presenting a history of British commerce—the only kind of decoration that will resist the smoke-charged atmosphere of the city. This plan we proposed before Mr. Sang began his labours.

MEDIAEVAL ART.—The *Critic* has an article concerning Art objects and antiquities, the collection of the Marquis de Campagna, at Rome, which is likely to find its way to England for sale, consigned to Messrs. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, who will supply all requisite information on the subject, and show to any inquirer photographs of the principal subjects.

A NEW CRYSTAL PALACE.—A scheme has been issued for erecting a new Crystal Palace at "Muswell Hill," north-west of London. We can scarcely consider it as likely to be carried out, with the financial warning of Sydenham in full view; although there can be no doubt any plan would be based on an amount of prudence such as was entirely lost sight of when a dream of prosperity led so many astray after the eventful year 1851. At present there is no list of Directors, and we are at a loss to know under what auspices the project has been promulgated.

ART-EXHIBITION AT ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.—An Art-Association has been recently established in this part of our Canadian dominions, and in the month of November an exhibition of pictures, in number about one hundred and fifty, was opened, the productions of English and other painters, and of Canadian artists and amateurs. Among the former are works by David, Egley, G. A. Williams, J. C. Brown, R.S.A., F. W. Hulme, Vickers, J. Cairns, Soper, A. Perigal, A.R.S.A., Rose, and Dearman; and among the latter, those of J. Holman, Swift, Nash, Pendlebury, Munro, Ward, Miss E. Robertson. The majority of subjects are landscapes, as we gather from the catalogue, and there are several pieces of fruit, flowers, and a few portraits. A correspondent, to whose courtesy we are indebted for this information, says, "In spite of the dull times, the exhibition has been visited by a considerable number of persons, and the public taste is evidently improving here." We believe this association owes its success, if not its exhibition, to Mr. W. P. Dole, a resident of St. John, and a fervent lover of the Fine-Arts.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH, LANGHAM PLACE.—No clue has yet, so far as we can learn, been obtained towards the discovery of the person who contrived to gain access to the altar-piece of this church and destroy it, about the end of the month of November. The picture, representing "Christ crowned with Thorns," was by the late R. Westall, R.A., and was a good specimen of this artist's talents. Westall was a conscientious, pains-taking painter, but had not the genius adapted to works of an elevated character. The miscreant whose knife mutilated the

picture contrived also to cut out the monogram from the costly velvet communion-cloth. Mr. Farrer, the well-known picture dealer, has undertaken to get the painting repaired.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF MR. ROBINSON, which was opened about five years ago, in New Bond Street, for the sale of genuine works by modern British painters, continues to be supplied with pictures of a good class. We believe Mr. Robinson guarantees the authenticity of every picture he offers for sale. Moreover, he has been of essential service to many young deserving artists, no less than to those whose reputation is established; while the buyer may calculate with certainty that he does not purchase a copy instead of an original; or if he does, that he has his "remedy."

MR. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE.—Architects are at length called upon, by public advertisement, to send in plans or models for the new chapel to be erected, near the "Elephant and Castle," Newington, for the use of Mr. Spurgeon. The premiums offered for the three best designs offered in competition are respectively, £50, £30, and £20—sums absurdly insignificant in proportion to the magnitude of the intended structure, and the consequent labour entailed upon competitors in preparing the drawings. It is quite clear the "Spurgeon Tabernacle Committee" place but small value on the time and thought an architect must necessarily expend on a work of this extensive character; perhaps they think the honour of competing for a tabernacle is almost an equivalent for the labour it entails. A curious, and, we believe, an original feature in competition announcements, is one which occurs in that put forth by the committee who have taken this work in hand: they request that those who send in designs "will act as judges, to award the first and third premiums;" the committee themselves will award the second: this looks *suspicious*.

THE GRAVE OF STOTHARD.—Now, that the practice of intramural burial is discontinued within the metropolitan area, and the city churchyards are closed against the future dead, a practice is springing up of planting out and beautifying these often large spaces of ground, and throwing them open to that exercise of the people's leisure which may here be taken in conjunction with many ancient memories and many solemn morals. This new and popular reading of the records of mortality exposes here and there, as might have been expected, the fact that they have been negligently kept,—the muscic comes every now and then upon a blank that wants filling up in these illustrated books of the dead. It is now four-and-twenty years since Thomas Stothard, a Royal Academician in a day that the mightiness of subsequent events has thrown far back, was laid away to his last rest in the burial-ground of Bunhill Fields:—and suddenly his friends and admirers, among the visitors who wander over its solemn parterres, have become alive to the truth, that no memorial stone records that fact in the spot where the great painter lies buried. Among the other changes that separate that time from this, a change has come over the spirit and form of Art practice and patronage, that may, itself, have helped the growth of the weeds above this artist's grave. Stothard's chief employment consisted in the illustration of periodical and other works,—and in designing for silversmiths and for the products of the potter;—and what a wealth of fancy and of grace he lavished on these objects, from a mind in which the store was exhaustless, the men of this generation, that touches so nearly to his own, do not sufficiently know. No perfect collection of Stothard's works exists:—the largest is that in the British Museum, which amounts to nearly four thousand examples. The collection of his brother artist, the present Mr. Frost, and that of Miss Kearsley, are the next in amount. Stothard may be said to have been in the pastoral what Flaxman was in the classical.—However, be his qualities in life what they might, the spot where they lie sealed for eternity is, at last, it seems, to have a memorial. Reverent hearts have been stirring in the matter,—and the blank in Bunhill Fields is to be filled up. A meeting of the great artist's friends and admirers was somewhat recently held; and it was then determined, that steps should be taken for placing some simple and appropriate monument above his grave. Of course, the character of the memorial will to some extent depend on the amount of the subscriptions.

REVIEWS.

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF ART: MR. RUSKIN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS. Published by DEIGHTON, BELL, & Co., Cambridge; BELL AND DALDY, London.

The opening of the new School of Art in the town of Cambridge was deemed an event of sufficient importance to demand the presence of the "Graduate of Oxford," in order that he might deliver the inaugural address. It may well be asked, "Has Cambridge no graduate among her own sons, no learned professor well 'up' in Art-matters, that she is compelled to resort to the sister university for some one to speak to the assembly on these topics?" Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Ruskin was there by invitation, and delivered an address, which the committee desired to preserve in a permanent form, and have, by permission of Mr. Ruskin, had it printed for this purpose. Like very much which has proceeded from the pen of the author, here is a mixture of the really useful teaching and of its opposite—a blending of the practical and the poetical—words of true wisdom, and descriptions written as it were with a sunbeam, so dazzling and brilliant are they. Of these is the beautiful episode of a journey last summer among the northern vales of Switzerland, a magnificent descriptive picture, such as no other living writer could pen, but except to captivate his hearers with power of expression and graces of language, altogether useless to the purport of the meeting. The digression is, however, quite pardonable.

But what will the majority of our presumed Art-lovers and our actual Art-patrons say to the following?—"The fact is, we don't care for pictures—in very deed we don't! The Academy exhibition is a thing to talk of, and to amuse vacant hours; those who are rich amongst us buy a painting or two for mixed reasons: sometimes to fill the corner of a passage—sometimes to help the drawing-room talk before dinner—sometimes because the painter is fashionable—occasionally because he is poor—not unfrequently that we may have a collection of specimens of painting, as we have specimens of minerals or butterflies—and, in the best and rarest case of all, because we have really, as we call it, taken a fancy to the picture; meaning the same sort of fancy which one would take to a pretty arm-chair or a newly-shaped decanter; but as for real love of the picture, and joy of it when we have got it, I do not believe it is felt by one in a thousand." This is we believe a truth, unpalatable as it may be.

So also is this, although fancifully expressed:—"There's no way of getting good Art but one, at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it,—that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell."

Here is a fragment of good teaching:—"I appeal to all those who are to become the pupils of these schools to keep clear of the notion of following Art as dilettantism; it ought to delight you, as your studies of physical science delight you—but you don't call physical science dilettantism. If you are determined only to think of Art as a play or a pleasure, give it up at once; you will do no good to yourselves, and you will degrade the pursuit in the sight of others."

We could extract many more such sensible passages as these if our space permitted; indeed, there is so much of truth throughout the larger portion of the address, and so much of beauty in the remainder, that we hope it will find in its published form a ready entrance wherever there is a desire to know what are the principles which should govern and direct Art-patrons and Art-students.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE. By W. WORDSWORTH. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This we have to add to the illustrated volumes of the season that come under the denomination of "gift-books;" but as we propose to offer in our next number some specimens of the engravings, for which we could not find room this month, we content ourselves for the present with merely announcing its appearance as a worthy type of the class of books to which it belongs. It is profusely ornamented with exquisite woodcuts, designed by Mr. Birket Foster, and with several equally beautiful floral "head-pieces," by Mr. H. N. Humphreys.

GREECE: PICTORIAL, DESCRIPTIVE, AND HISTORICAL. By CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster, Head Master of Harrow School, &c. &c. A New Edition, carefully revised. With numerous Engravings. And A HISTORY OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREEK ART. By GEORGE SCHARF, F.S.A. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the first appearance of this work, when it was noticed at considerable length in the pages of the *Art-Journal*. During this period three editions have been called for by the public, and it has been translated into the French and Italian languages. Thus it has acquired not only an English, but a continental, reputation, and needs no commendation from our pen. The present edition has been entirely revised by the author, and the text, as well as the numerous engravings, illustrative of the scenery, architecture, costume, and Fine Arts of the country, are, in some respects, remodelled or rearranged, so as to bring the latter into more intimate connection with their descriptions.

But interesting and entertaining as was each previous edition of Dr. Wordsworth's volume, the student of ancient Greek Art always found that it was greatly wanting in the information essential to his requirements. This deficiency is now supplied in Mr. Scharf's introductory chapter on the "History of the Characteristics of Greek Art," which occupies, including a multitude of engravings, nearly ninety pages. These illustrations include examples of Greek architecture, sculpture, painting, and the ceramic arts, from the earliest period to the decadence of Greek Art in the time of Constantine. The history is not so complete as it might have been made, owing to the limited space to which Mr. Scharf was restricted. He has, nevertheless, compressed into the allotted compass a very large amount of æsthetic information, which the numerous engravings, selected with great judgment, and well executed, materially aid in elucidating. The book may now be regarded as a complete compendium of the history of this once glorious country, written by the light of its existing Art-monuments and topographical appearances. Both to the classical and artistic student it will be found invaluable.

THE HAMLET: AN ODE WRITTEN IN WHICHWOOD FOREST. By THOMAS WARTON. Illustrated with Fourteen Etchings by BIRKET FOSTER. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & Co., London.

The illustrated publications of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are this year unusually numerous, and all, so far as we have yet seen, very good. This, however, claims, in some respects, precedence over the others: first, Mr. Birket Foster appears herein in a new character; and secondly, because the poem illustrated is not among those which have almost become hackneyed themes. In Warton's "Hamlet" the artist has broken up fallow ground, though of that simple, pastoral kind in which other labourers of kindred spirit have, even with himself, long laboured. The poetry of Warton is but little known; he was one of those minor poets of the last century, whose writings have been almost lost amid the greater constellations that were his contemporaries, or have been his successors. The work with which his name is most closely associated in the mind of the literary public is his "History of English Poetry." His father and his brother were poets of no ordinary capacity, the latter, Joseph Warton, being considered by many critics the best of the three. Thomas Warton, who died towards the close of the last century, was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Camden Professor of History, and, in 1785, was appointed Poet Laureate. Hazlitt speaks of some of his sonnets as the finest in the language, and Coleridge and Bowles praise them highly. Certainly they show deep, earnest, but somewhat romantic thought, and vigorous, manly expression. His short poem on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted window at Oxford is fancifully descriptive. "The Hamlet" speaks for itself; it is a short poem, describing the peacefulness of rural life:—

"The hind how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit the hamlet's hawthorn wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain," &c. &c.

The whole of the poem refers to such scenes as Mr. Foster knows so well how to depict. Of his pictures, as compositions, it is unnecessary for us to say anything. Everybody knows what he is when he gets into the fields, walks by sparkling brooklets, rests on the primrose banks, or shades himself from the noonday heat under the covert of some giant oak. But in these illustrations he has laid down the pencil, put aside the block of boxwood, and taken up the etching-needle and the plate of copper, consequently there is here not only his thoughts,

but his own expression of those thoughts, not another's translation of them. And little gems these engravings are; not all, perhaps, of quite equal merit in point of execution, but still all very graceful—the term that seems most applicable to them. There are two or three which look rather heavy—a fault that, perhaps, rests with the printer.

GRAY'S POETICAL WORKS. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & Co., London.

A pretty little pocket edition this of the poems of one of the most popular English writers. The "Elegy" and the "Bard" must live as long as the language of the Saxon exists, and wherever it has penetrated. A few illustrations from the fertile and truthful pencil of Mr. Birket Foster, with a number of elegant ornamented head and tail-pieces, designed by Mr. W. Harry Rogers, enhance the interest of the *voce* volume: the former are delicately engraved by Messrs. Palmer and Whimperis, and the latter, with equal success, by Mr. E. Evans.

L'ALLEGRO. By JOHN MILTON. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & Co., London.

The illustrations which adorn this edition of the poem appeared in another form some years ago: they are reproductions on wood of the designs engraved and published by the "Etching Club." Mr. W. J. Linton has copied them with much fidelity, retaining the spirit of the etching-needle, with its free and graceful execution. The volume is well suited for the drawing-room table, and as it is produced at a far less cost than the original work, it will no doubt receive a corresponding amount of popular favour. The artists who etched the designs are among those whose names are well known—Messrs. Cope, Redgrave, Horsley, Creswick, F. Tayler, H. J. Townsend, and Stonhouse.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY. By J. P. DAVIS. Published by WARD AND LOCK, London.

The writer of this pamphlet is, we believe, an artist, but we do not find his name in any recent catalogue of any of the exhibitions—a circumstance easily accounted for, inasmuch as he abhors all academies, considering them only nurseries of mediocrity, invented to destroy and not to foster genius. Although his publication contains much—too much—truth, it is not calculated to be of service to the cause of Art, for the author is absolutely rabid, and entirely defeats his purpose by a total want of prudence, common reasoning, and common sense. Such assailants are the best friends of the Royal Academy; they turn away public attention from the real faults of the institution by mis-statements concerning matters in which it is strong, hitting not the exposed parts, but where it is defended by armour of proof.

That the Royal Academy needs reform is certain. Perhaps we may be equally sure that to such reform it will be ere long subjected; but such unthinking writers as Mr. Davis will not be aids to accomplish the object which every true lover of British Art earnestly desires to promote.

THE SEASONS. By JAMES THOMSON. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

Another beautiful edition of one of our favourite poets, whose pages we never open without finding in them something that refreshes and delights us. Thomson's descriptions of nature are veritable pictures, painted by the hand of one who loved, admired, and appreciated all her charms. The engravings in this edition are from the pencils of Messrs. Birket Foster, F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., J. Wolf, and G. Thomas: it is quite needless to say that whatever comes from those well-practised artists in the way of book illustrations are excellent. Mr. Foster and Mr. Wolf especially seem to have reached a point beyond which it would be impossible to go. The drawings on the wood have been placed in the hands of some of our best engravers—Messrs. Dalziel, Wimperis, Palmer, W. Thomas, Evans, and Green, who have signally succeeded in reproducing the works of the respective artists. Mr. Noel Humphreys has adorned each "Season" with a very elegant floral introductory vignette, that we would class with the most elegant of the illustrations.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER: a Portraiture from the Life. By FREDERICA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., London.

At the eleventh hour we received this tale from our old friend and favourite, Frederica Bremer. We have time for little more than to announce its arrival among us, with the advantage of translation by Mary Howitt. In old times, Amelia Opie published

a story called "The Father and Daughter," which may now be regarded as not only the foundation, but the crown, of her reputation, for she never wrote a better work. Miss Bremer, in her preface says she is wearied of the old story of lovers' sighs, hopes, torments, quarrels, reconciliations, fascinations, happiness, and despair; she says she is "tired writing about them, as if the romance of life had not something more beautiful—something higher." She goes on to say, she will now write about "one of those primary causes—one which existed before lovers' sighs ascended from earth, inasmuch as a father's love looked down upon its first child, and which will remain when they have all ceased. It is of this that I will now write." And with this determination, Miss Bremer commenced her story, and carried it on with the truest nature, and the deepest interest, until the charming heroine meets with a certain cousin, "Axel." From the moment we heard of him, we knew that Miss Bremer was floating rapidly onward, with Cupid at the helm; whether he will be thrown overboard or not we cannot determine, as we have only got through half the volume; but the masterly determination of the author to carry out her purpose becomes evident, and we tremble for poor Cupid. We can, judging from the "so far" as we have gone, imagine that this will be the most popular of all Miss Bremer's tales: instead of confining herself, as perhaps she originally intended, to the sole delineation of the love that exists between "Father and Daughter," she draws in the other feelings and passions incidental to our nature, and beuds them to her purpose; this increases the interest, and proves that as she advances in years she progresses in the knowledge of both the outer and inner life of the kind.

Our feelings and passions are so linked together by the Almighty power, who gave them to us for our own good, and the good of our fellow creatures, that we can hardly become the historian of one development, without bringing forward the action of another. When they are corrupted, or turned from their right course by the contamination of evil, we must not blame the passion—God-given—but the passion infused by sin. To say the translation is by Mary Howitt, is to say it is excellent.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA. Drawn on Stone from Life by HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AND PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND. Published by DROASTAN, ALLAN, & Co., London; C. D. LUDERITZ, Berlin.

A paragraph that appeared in some of the daily papers a short time since gave the information that Mr. Edward Corbould had been received during the autumn at the palace of his late royal pupil, the Princess Frederick William, and that Her Royal Highness had consulted him about divers matters connected with the practice of Art, and the building of a studio for her especial use, so that it would seem neither the cares of state, nor the duties of the new relationship which the royal lady has formed, are intended to withdraw her attention from a pursuit which, we know, was in her own country one that afforded her the highest gratification. But we have other and more tangible evidence of the fact in this large three-quarter length portrait of the Prince, her husband. It is executed in lithography, with a boldness and skill that would not discredit a long-practised professional artist. It may be accepted as a good likeness of the Prussian Prince, and a really good work of Art.

LIGHT FOR THE PATH OF LIFE. Designed by SAMUEL STANESBY. Published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

This is an illuminated volume, charmingly designed and very beautifully printed. It consists of a collection of Scripture texts, three or four on each page. The artist has followed no established rule in his designs, although he has borrowed hints from predecessors in the charming art, and has freely used the missals now so easy of access everywhere. The book is an appropriate gift-book for Christmas—a purpose for which, we presume, it is principally intended.

A SHORT HANDBOOK OF COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY. By HYDE CLARKE, D.C.L. Published by J. WEALE, London.

This is a reprint of the treatise on Comparative Philology, prefixed to Dr. Clarke's Grammar of the English language, which commences his English Dictionary. To students of our language, who desire to get at "the root of the matter," this extract from the larger work will prove of much service.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1859.

FLORENTINE PAINTERS OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

Our number for December last, we dwelt on the first period of the art of painting at Florence, prolonged beyond its natural date, and closed by Fra Angelico—the period in which the object was to express religious fancies and feelings, with little regard for truthfulness and completeness in rendering the bodily form. We will now continue the subject with some account of our impressions of the second period, in which the leading aim was to delineate the form well, for its own sake, rather than to express devout imaginations. In the main, these last were for a while somewhat subordinated in the arduous and most needful endeavour to advance the physical part of the art; but it must be added that the aim was in perfect harmony with the robust intellects of the active and prosperous citizens of Florence; and it was so especially with the classical and philosophical tastes of their leaders at the time, the first three Medici, with whom a veneration for the idealisms of the mediæval modification of Christianity, was, it is sufficiently notorious, anything but a prevalent feeling.

The sculptors led the advancement, as might have been expected; their art being simply and exclusively dedicated to form, with direct facilities in the very nature of the work for its projection and complete effect; whilst painting on the other hand, a more complex art, can only complete her effects by the aid of perspective, and light and shade, and colour, acquisitions of gradual and slow development. The painters, moreover, had not the same direct assistance from the remains of antiquity, and appear to have been far more than the sculptors in restrained subjection to the traditional types and dogmas of the church, whose object was to keep her flock in devotional bondage after the good old fashion, rather than to promote sound Art. Nevertheless, the admirable progress of Brunelleschi and Ghiberti could not but stimulate the sister art. Most of the principles they first exemplified were applicable to painting equally; and soon two apt and clear-sighted scholars of theirs, Masolino and Masaccio, appeared, to make that application.

Masolino is said to have been the most efficient assistant of Ghiberti in his Baptistry Gate, so far as concerned the finishing of the draperies and the roundness and softness of the human form. He began the famous series of frescos in the Carmine; but after painting two of them, and some figures on the ceiling, his feeble health gave way beneath the un-resting activity of his mind, and he died at an early age. His works, obscure as they now

are, still display the awakening of a truer and manlier style, and prove him an intelligent follower of Ghiberti, and also a worthy precursor of his own scholar, Masaccio, though much inferior to him. Masaccio, the second great genius in Italian painting, (as Giotto was the first,) brought to bear fully on his own art those principles of perspective in which Paolo Ucello had already made some advance, but which Masaccio applied to the foreshortening of the figure with far greater skill. Truth, strength, and beauty of form he learnt by the aid of Donatello and Ghiberti; and he was the first who clearly and fully saw that painting must embrace a close and direct imitation of the forms of Nature, with their modifications of distance, vesture of colour, and varying adornments of light and shade, in the representation of which last, especially, he made the first considerable advances. The sum of his endeavours is well marked by the common saying, that the works before him were *painted*, but his *living*. He early went to Rome, as Masolino had done before him; but the frescos there in S. Clemente, doubtfully ascribed to him, are overdaubed works in the old Giottoesque style, wholly unlike his authenticated productions. Hearing that Cosmo de' Medici, from whom he had received favours, was recalled from exile, he hastened back to Florence, where, Masolino being no more, he was appointed to finish the works in the Carmine. The frescos which then, in 1440, his thirty-eighth year, emanated from his pencil, are now, in that obscure and narrow recess of the Carmelite church, chilled and faded to an appearance so ghostlike and uninviting, that the mass of visitors scarcely vouchsafe them a second glance, and pass away in a manner that reminds one precisely of our own holiday sight-seers at Hampton Court, streaming along, with looks most determinedly straightforward, past the legitimate descendants of these very frescos—Raphael's Cartoons, one of the three noblest series of pictures in the world. But those who are so far advanced in intelligence as to look beyond mere complexion, and the minor prettinesses, will here—in these venerable filmy phantoms of Masaccio's work—as there, be struck with the simple manly apostolical majesty of the principal figures, and their noble, free, broad draperies; both which recall the Cartoons at once: nay, the resemblance in the heads themselves, as Mengs observes, is striking. Impressive, too, are the grave portrait-like figures of the numerous by-standers whom Masaccio introduces, in the plain attire of his own times, calmly observing the miracles; and especially striking the fine drawing, modelling, and foreshortening of the undraped figures, so different from the incapability of previous painters. Until now, the figures were, at best, a visionary unearthly class of beings: we cannot readily acknowledge them as Adam's descendants; but here, at last, we see a being endued with muscles, bone, and flesh, who can do something else than turn up the whites of his eyes in dreamy raptures, leaving the world to impious men more liberally trained, more capable than himself. Masaccio's works improve to the last. The constraint of form in the earliest fresco vanishes in the latest; and the light and shade, with no diminution of vigour, is produced with far more delicacy, and better judgment in every respect. And in expression, what can be more to the purpose than the action of Adam and Eve, in the Expulsion, which Raphael copied in the Loggia—the shame of the man burying his face in his hands, and the more vehement grief of the woman, raising her visage in unceasing despair, as they issue forth into the unknown wilderness of their punishment? The other figure here, which Raphael borrowed

for his St. Paul addressing the Athenians, represents that apostle exhorting the captive St. Peter: the adaptation, be it observed, is qualified by a difference of attitude, suitable to the different circumstances, which raises it above mere ordinary borrowing.*

Masaccio died suddenly, in his forty-first year, not without suspicion of poison. Destructive accidents and thoughtless demolition have dealt upon his works with unusual severity; so that these few mouldering darkening frescos nearly alone preserve the remembrance of a great genius from transpiring into a mere name—a consideration that leads one to gaze on them with the more veneration, and even with something of awe. As few are the remaining particulars of his short life. He is said to have been so absorbed in his pursuits, as to be utterly careless of appearances and worldly interests, never applying for what was due to him until reminded by necessity—so far evulvly wrapt young man!—but so careless, likewise, of dress and deportment, forgetful perhaps even of his very comb and washbasin, as to earn the uncomplimentary addition of *accio* to his familiar name of Maso; the compound hence resulting signifying nothing more flattering than loutish, helpless, stupid, or big awkward Tom, according to the arbitrary sense, more or less liberal and kindly, of the speaker. This sobriquet, however, we are carefully told by kind-hearted amiable Giorgio Vasari, by no means arose from an absence of moral worth; since, though negligent of himself, he was ever friendly to others, apt to yield services, disinterested, generous. There is in the Uffizii a drawing said, and with every appearance of probability, to be a portrait of him by his own hand. It is a most forcibly sketched head of a youth, rather rough and ill-favoured, but with a look full of energy and earnestness. We are told that, personally, he was little valued or thought of in his life; but his works in the church where his bones are laid were long objects of pilgrimage to the mightiest artists of Italy. None of his immediate followers, however, at all rivalled him in freedom or grandeur of style. The pencil that dropt from his hand was not found, till Raphael himself entered the Carmine, and searched for it.

Twenty years before Masaccio began those works, there was admitted into the school of the couvent attached to the church, a certain friendless orphan child, named Filippo Lippi—an idle little dunce, who did nothing but disfigure the books with caricatures, till the good prior, fancying he discovered talent dawning beneath these troublesome practices, gave him the means of learning to draw. Vasari next adds that he soon began to study Masaccio's frescos; and followed the manner of that master with such wonderful ability, that even before his

* Recently, German writers have ascribed these figures of our first parents and St. Paul to Filippo Lippi, who completed the series of frescos forty years after the death of Masaccio. But in the faded and otherwise obscure condition of these pictures, where, too, the later artist imitated the earlier one's style of conception, and, in one instance at least, is known to have completed his unfinished work, we, surely, may well hesitate to ascribe to each painter his precise share, upon surmises opposed to express traditions. The figures here transferred by German writers to Filippo, seem to us to be by no means decidedly in Filippo's mode of treatment, and very decidedly in Masaccio's mode of conception. According to the former accounts, they were the earliest of Masaccio's paintings here; consequently that comparative feebleness in the drawing which, we suppose, must be the cause of their attribution to Filippo, may be explained otherwise by Masaccio's inexperience. But even assuming them to be executed by Filippo, is it not probable that they were designed by his predecessor? In one instance, Filippo is known to have completed his designs. Indeed the manner of conception in Filippo's works here, generally, is so different to his productions elsewhere, and so much more like Masaccio, that we cannot but think it highly probable he was aided throughout by designs which the earlier painter had left behind him. The old account respecting the particular figures just alluded to, derives support from the celebrated tradition that, in copying them, Raphael copied Masaccio. So little of his remains, that we should, without irrefragable reasons, tenderly hesitate, surely, to deprive him of the honour of having produced by far the finest conceptions ever ascribed to him.

seventeenth year, many affirmed the spirit of the departed painter to have entered his body. But this account, though still often repeated, is shown on a reference to dates to be inaccurate, since in the year 1440, when Masaccio began these frescos, Filippo was already twenty-eight years old; and it may be added that his remaining works do not tend to confirm the story, since their style bears no resemblance to that of the other painter; Filippo's softer and more petty, feeble manner being indeed strikingly dissimilar to Masaccio's. In all probability, the circumstances apply rather to his son Filippo, whose known career harmonises with them in point of time, and in other particulars. The next circumstance recorded of Filippo is, however, not only uncontradicted by other events, but strongly characteristic of the roving propensities, and appetite for unrestrained pleasure, which marked all the after part of his life. He broke loose from his convent; and we next find him paddling about, with some youths as idle as himself, in a boat at sea, off Ancona; where they were suddenly sharked off by a Moorish rover, and carried away prisoners to Barbary. After eighteen months of captivity, he happened one day to take up a piece of charcoal, and amuse himself by drawing his master's portrait on the garden-wall; when the feat, exciting admiration and personal respect, led to his liberation. Having executed some pictures for this generous Moor, he was safely sent back by him to Italy. Fra Filippo now returned to his art, and to the society of friends who admired and liked him, but no inducements could long detain him within the staid limits of a reputable life. His personal wandering abroad, and captivity in the hands of the infidel, were but a type of his spiritual vagabondage at home, and slavery under sensual habits of his own, not half so liberal and generous as the Moor. So much addicted to them was he, that he would scatter away for their gratification whatever he had, recklessly; but if he could not compass his wishes, it is said that he would then address himself to paint the desired object, and so, by familiarising himself with its image, allay the perturbation of his feelings. His paintings, as usual significant of their author's character, furnish abundant traces of his conflicts and inconsistencies. We see in them handsome Madonnas, far indeed beneath sanctity, with angels in fantastical attire like oriental singing-girls, playing on musical instruments at their feet; and sometimes he introduces into sacred subjects, coarse and low characters bordering on the humorous; but anon the better part of his double nature asserts itself, and you are edified by some figure of such dignity, and religious purity and tenderness of expression, as would have done honour to the noblest painter of such subjects. His colour inclines to the warm and tender, his manner to the soft and *cloudy* (or *sfumato*, as it is called); and his main object was to follow Nature as he saw her, borrowing little from the antique, or other conventionalities.

Cosmo de' Medici, knowing his roving propensities, and wishing him to finish with promptitude a work on which he was employed in his own palace, once actually locked him up in the room in which he was painting. The Frate, however, not to be so outwitted, made ropes of his sheets, and letting himself down from the window, escaped. Cosmo, on the whole, delighted to find that he had not broken his neck, never again ventured to impose on him a similar restraint. "I see," said he, "beasts are proper for burdens, but men of genius as forms of light, not to be kept in durance." This reprobate Carmelite was much in favour with the Medici, and even with the Pope himself. They seem to have been more amused than angered by vices pranked up with cheerfulness, pleasant humour, and boon companionship. A letter

from Giovanni de' Medici is extant, in which he writes—"We laughed a good while at the error of Fra Filippo." He has been supposed to allude to the Frate's notorious abduction of the young damsel from the convent at Prato. Whilst employed there in painting a Madonna for the holy sisterhood, his roving eye chanced to settle itself on Lucrezia di Francesco Bati, a girl of exceeding beauty and gracefulness, we are told, who was there as a novice, or boarder; and he soon bethought him of asking permission to make a study of her, for the Beata Vergine in his picture, a request which was readily granted. Oh imprudent Lady Superior; for she can scarcely be supposed wholly ignorant of the Frate's ill reputation! The consequence was immediate—was a matter of course. He became violently enamoured of her. No doubt he complimented her artfully, not only on his canvas, but with his lips. No doubt he said everything to exalt her self-esteem for a few moments, and destroy it for ever after. And if they in whose maternal care she lived had been tyrannical, had surrounded her with vexatious restraints, had snubbed and thwarted her with trivial dulness, 'tis very likely that the memory of it was now the Frate's most powerful ally and advocate, securing a success, which otherwise might have been ever wanting. Whatever the ways and means, he gained her consent to clope with him, although no longer a youth of the primrose period, but an over-mellow reprobate of six-and-forty. The scholars of Santa Margherita, on a certain anniversary, were allowed to walk forth, to worship the Cintola, the very girdle of our Blessed Lady, presented by her to St. Thomas, and preserved at Prato; and on this pious opportunity, the pair succeeded in accomplishing their wicked purpose. The nuns gained an ill name in consequence; and the honest pride of Lucrezia's father received a death-blow. He endeavoured to recover his daughter, but whether from fear of him, or infatuated love of Filippo, his attempts were fruitless. In undue time she bore a son, Filippo, to whom we have already alluded, as a painter no less eminent than his father. The Pope, on this, influenced by the Medici, offered Filippo a dispensation to marry Lucrezia; but the Frate, preferring licentious liberty, evaded the offer, and so wearing out grace, brought on himself, according to the usual accounts, a tragical punishment. He was poisoned, it is thought by the relations of Lucrezia, or of some other woman similarly wrouged.

There is in the Louvre a certain dark picture canopied by three golden arches, the Madonna in which is said to be the portrait of Lucrezia, taken by him on the above occasion. The lightest parts of the work are a deep warm dun; and though the soft crimson and blues of the robes, the gold glories and embroideries, glance forth from it with something of an attractive splendour, we might scarcely look a second time at a production of so obscure and antiquated a complexion, but for something striking and noble in the air of that young girl, who stands with the child in her arms; though she is not at all like a Madonna, but resembles some Moorish princess rather. One might fancy her a reminiscence of the painter's Algerine captivity. He has here given the beauty a proud serious look, and clad her in a turban-like cap, whose outermost fold waves splendidly in golden lines down her shoulder, and above which is a circular nimbus, powdered within with gold, most glitteringly. All this makes her look so superb, that no wonder the girl's head was turned: *heart* perhaps she had not. At least one sees no trace of it in the somewhat haughty sullen look her admirer has given in the picture. Around her stand angels, like chorister-boys, (but that they are gloriously winged,) with round faces, and rather disorderly hair. They also have a serious

earnest look, a noble bearing. The eyes of one are even bright with a lofty and ardent enthusiasm; and another's express much gentle tenderness; but on the whole, the monk's restless and irregular character appears here also in a certain air of fretfulness and disorder in some of his figures. There are gleams of nobly impassioned feeling, but no evidences of that sustained calmness and tender serenity of nature, which distinguish the works of the best religious painters.*

The most gifted of Filippo's scholars, the link in art between him and his son, whose teacher he became, was Sandro Botticelli, a painter unequal, but of refined inventive powers. His numerous Madonna pictures, commonly round, are conspicuous for the somewhat sour and sickly melancholy of the Virgin, and for the thick, short, stumpy features, and redundant straggling brown locks of his figures, which proclaim him at once. His drawing is rude and weak for the scholar of Lippi and contemporary of Ghirlandajo; and as for modelling, the roundness of the limbs is indicated by gradations smooth and delicate indeed, but so faint and feeble that the form in most instances is made out by the thick brown outline to which he very rudely and clumsily has recourse. Yet in his works, elegance, and dignity, and tenderness of expression are often mingled with these ungainly eccentricities and almost ridiculous weaknesses in the rendering of form; so that we should be losers in passing him by contemptuously, or even carelessly. In composition, in the picturesque beauty and variety of his postures and groupings, in the constant endeavour to rise from the mere real into the poetical, he shines forth amongst his contemporaries; and the interest of his pictures is enhanced by his taste and feeling in the invention and arrangement of ideal costume, coils, and veils and scarves and robes, most diligently diapered with fine threads of gold; to all which he imparts a strange imaginative elegance. His colouring is sometimes brilliant, delicate, and harmonious to a rare degree. All these qualities are well exemplified in one of the two Botticellis recently added to our gallery. We mean, the picture in which the ugly and clumsy Bambino lies on his back in the arms of his splendidly coiled young mother. She has something of the grand excited *stare* of the Madonna di San Sisto, and is singularly dignified in her bearing, and fancifully elegant in her attire; and the angel who waits with linen for the babe, though marked by the thick short features and redundant locks so characteristic of Botticelli, has a true tenderness and sweetness of expression. And observe too, for it is worth while, the delicate pearly and grey tones of the harmonious colouring of this picture, which we consider on the whole the finest by the master we have ever seen. A wild fantastic vein, now and then breaking out into a strange animation, and a peculiarly lugubrious melancholy, alike characterize the paintings of Sandro. His freakish wildness some of our readers may have observed in his "Adoration of the Magi," now in England. A circle of angels, with straggling locks and vestments, career through the sky with the kind of impetuosity one would look for in a party of young witches on the Walpurgis night; and, below, a number of shepherds are embracing and rejoicing beneath the heavenly advent, with a quaint and grotesque energy. Botticelli's lugubriousness is signalized by several pictures in Florence. The Madonna, supporting her child amongst angels like uncombed, unclipped young acolytes, looks

* One of the most beautiful works by Lippi we have met with, in point of expression, is that semicircular picture exhibited last summer in our Institution, of the Baptist and other saints, seated together in a garden. Two of these figures are saints indeed, expressing religious cares and aspirations, with a depth and grace which would have honoured any pencil, and perfect beauty of drawing.

very sick and wan and sad, and seems quite tired of her eternal vocation of sitting in state, gorgeously attired, and holding celestial levées. The angels themselves also display a melancholy of hue and countenance like that resultant from rolling seas. Grace of posture and grouping, and tender gazings, however, frequently commend them; and sometimes the painter introduces a blooming rose-bush, or some beautiful rare object as an accessory, in a manner which discovers a deep and true romantic feeling. He was one of the first who treated with some degree of gracefulness, those antique mythological subjects which his patrons the Medici preferred before all others; and for their villa at Castello, he painted that picture of the Birth of Venus, which is now in the gallery of the Uffizii. Venus, with a melancholy look, and the most exuberant wildly-straggling hair, is standing on a shell, and being wafted along by the breath of two clumsy ill-favoured men hung in the air, whom we are called upon courteously to accept as zephyrs. Around her falls a shower of roses, as she glides towards a bank, where a disorderly woman, in a modern wind-fluttered dress, runs forward, to throw a robe over her. Much modest pensive grace, and delicate drawing and modelling—in the latter respects Sandro is improving here—appear in the Venus; but the picture is far too serious and heavy for so lightsome a theme. It appears as if monkish melancholy, the fashion of the age, pursued him even here. The grave prudery with which Rio alludes to this picture would do honour to Mrs. Hannah More. "Botticelli," he remarks, "notwithstanding the natural purity of his imagination, was obliged to paint a Venus for Cosmo di Medici, and to repeat the same subject more than once, with the various alterations suggested by his learned patron." Is it not dreadful to think of? To paint a Venus! What coercion of principles! What tyranny of taste! We cannot conceive how arbitrariness could assume a more harrowing form. Overwhelmed with horror by this incident, we naturally turn for relief and comfort to the pages of Rio himself, in the hope of finding in what particularly delightful and edifying manner the painter might meanwhile have been employed, according to that writer's taste and judgment. We soon find that his favourite theme is "the perfect and marvellous life of St. Francis."

"It would seem," he writes, "that a special blessing was attached to the localities sanctified by his presence, and that the perfume of his holiness preserved the Fine Arts from corruption. His sanctuary at Assisi was the centre of inspirations and pilgrimages during the whole of the fourteenth century. There all artists of renown have prostrated themselves in succession, and left the pious tribute of their pencil. The innumerable convents of the Franciscans have multiplied to an infinite extent the representations of the same subject, with which painters, monks, and people have at last become as familiar as with the passion of Jesus Christ himself."

A consummation devoutly to be wished, certainly! In this exquisitely naïve admission, we see the chief tendency and flower of the writer's teaching, which is indeed to obscure and overlay the idea of the Saviour with the mere phantoms of a sickly and superstitious fancy. We do not believe that it is in the power of any Venus to corrupt with so much subtlety and lasting power as this so much admired St. Francis.

Sandro, without being, so far as we know, immoral, in any liberal sense of the term, seems, in certain respects, to have resembled his teacher Filippo; inasmuch as he was a careless spendthrift, whimsical, eccentric, and apt to impoverish himself even to a miserable degree, by neglecting his proper vocation for pursuits in which he had no calling. Several instances of his jesting humour have come down to us. He once slyly gummed red paper caps, like those then worn at Florence, on the heads of the angels in one of his pupil's pictures, under

circumstances which rendered the act quite bewildering and appalling. A weaver next door, distracting him with the constant din of eight looms, whose vibrations almost shook his rickety little tenement about his ears, he remonstrated; but his neighbour's only reply was that he would do as he pleased in his own house. The painter then, resolving to be even with him, poised an enormous mass of stone on their party-wall, so lightly that the tread of the workmen, and the whirring of the shuttles, threatened every moment to bring it crashing down amongst them, through roof and rafter. It was now the weaver's turn to receive his own reply, till equitable terms were made between them. Sandro, in jest, once accusing a friend before the parish priest of the serious heresy of denying the immortality of the soul, received for answer, "I hold the opinion respecting my accuser, who justifies it by neglecting his proper business, to undertake a commentary on Dante, without one scrap of learning for the task."

Finally, the fanaticism of Savonarola, (aided perhaps, in the present instance, by the dull austerity of age, which so egotistically and ungratefully slanders the past pleasures it can no longer enjoy,) subdued the fine fancy and sensibility of Sandro; and he became one of those who publicly burnt their studies of the naked figure and of mythological subjects, in conformity with the exhortations of the severe reformer. Indeed, influenced still more lamentably, Sandro Botticelli entirely renounced his beautiful art, as something lewd and unholy, and became one of the party nicknamed *Piagnoni*, or mourners, from their melancholy complaints and murmurings. And thus sinking to age, and poverty, and crutches, he must, his biographer says, have died of hunger, but for the charity of the Medici and other admirers of his self-dishonoured talents.

The dignified realism and sober judgment in Ghirlandajo's works place him in strong contrast to his immediate contemporary Botticelli. He studied Masaccio, (but without attaining his freedom and grandeur of style,) following him especially in introducing into sacred subjects numerous portraits of his contemporaries, as bystanders. A manly plainness, a manner of conception in which the noblest of the persons and things around him are chosen to represent the holy histories, characterizes Ghirlandajo, with but little of Italian idealism. And as, from his diligent study of Van Eyck and other Flemish painters, he derived, with much of their depth and clearness of colour and finish, something also of their stiffness and formality, in his earlier works he resembles them remarkably; with just so much less homeliness and superior dignity of form and bearing, as his models, the noble citizens of Florence, may be supposed to display, compared with the burghers of Bruges and Ghent. His picture of St. Jerome, in the Ognissanti, is dry and minute enough for a very early Belgian; and his somewhat later picture of the Offering of the Wise Men, in a chapel near the Nunziata, reminds you of a Mabuse, or Matsys, in the extreme elaboration and clearness of every part, and even in the inharmonious plainness of the Madonna. In the background he has introduced the Massacre of the Innocents, contrasting, as Rio remarks, its horrors with a landscape of a river, mountains, and sky, imperceptibly, soothingly, serene and tranquil. In another picture of the Wise Men's Offering (in the Uffizii), he has introduced the Lagunes of Venice, with a truth of aerial perspective unexampled in Italian, though not in Flemish art.

But Ghirlandajo's finest works are his frescos, produced towards the close of his life, which ended in his fiftieth year. That noble series in Santa Maria Novella, which covers the lofty walls of the choir, interests exceedingly, and

attracted us to the church several times at an early hour, when alone there is light enough to make anything of them. The treatment of the subjects, (from the Lives of the Baptist and the Virgin,) is the most complete exemplification of the painter's strong tendency to portraiture, rather than to purely historical painting; for the most prominent parts of these compositions are the numbers of illustrious Florentines of his own times, whom he has introduced as bystanders. And their simple costume, their long gowns, dark red and black, their hoods and skull-caps, unite with their grave and manly countenances, to give them something of a solemn senatorial aspect, not unworthy of the high occasion on which they are brought together. It seems as if they were placed there, to testify by their presence their faith and religious reverence. There, in the dim light, you may contemplate the harsh-visaged Lorenzo de' Medici, the large-nosed Politiano, the spare and diminutive Picino, president of the Platonic Academy, and the Ghirlandai themselves, either observing the Angel and St. Zachary, or talking in separate knots to each other. Their image grows upon you, and kindles with life, as you gaze. There is something solemn in feeling yourself alone with them, in that dim and silent chapel. Or, in the indoor scenes, which have quite the air of domestic subjects taken from the painter's times, the Beauties of Florence—Ginevra de' Benci is there—appear, in their brocade dresses, tight bodices, and sleeves curiously slashed, and hair in little curls; or in their muslin nunlike coils of a demurer aspect. These ladies stand primly in processional order, (somewhat formal and antiquated in style and manner, it must be confessed), attending the lying-in levée of Santa Anna, or Santa Elisabetta; or they are fondling the new-born infant, with gentle and playful smiles, which prove that Ghirlandajo had a lively sense of female comeliness and amiable vivacity. Nay, some of the figures in the upper pictures seem highly graceful, elegant, and lovely; as if the artist were emergent into a freer and more easily-rounding style of beauty; but they are so high, that to look at them is a most neck-straining, opera-glass-requiring, and, after all, but partially successful endeavour. Besides, Time has carried off some of their charms piecemeal. Piteous it is, how much so, that Ghirlandajo should have lavished his finest talents on works fifty and sixty feet above the spectator, and almost in the dark!

He painted them at the cost of Giovanni Tornabuoni, an uncle of Lorenzo de' Medici. Giovanni promised, if the pictures pleased him, two hundred ducats more than the stipulated price. They delighted him—and yet—and yet—he "frankly confessed" he should be better pleased if the painter would content himself with the amount first named. Ghirlandajo, one of those so wrapped in their calling as to care little about its profits, merely protested that he had been solely bent on pleasing Giovanni, without a thought of additional recompence. He had already given his purse and household cares to his brother, that he might be left alone with his work; his love of which was such that he breathed ardently a certain ideal wish—namely, that they would employ him to paint the walls of Florence all round with histories.

These frescos at "New St. Mary" are, on the whole, his best works, but another series at Santa Trinita is full of high merit, including a Death of St. Francis, perhaps his finest single picture. It is most hours of the day in absolute darkness; but when the slanting morning light penetrates for a little while, you may dimly trace there one of the noblest works in Florence. The well-meaning fanatic is at length at rest on his bier, one gently thinks

happily so; and the monks are gathered about him, some kneeling in profound and affectionate grief. One kisses his feet, others his hands, a fourth is feeling anxiously for the pulsations of his heart. The rest of the solemn brotherhood stand by, reading the service of death, or holding up the coldly glimmering tapers, and the cross, to which his glazed eyes still seem lifted. It is an earnest imaginative representation, full of deep manly pathos.

Four other painters of this Pre Da Vinci, Pre Buonaroti period, Gozzoli, Rosselli, Signorelli, Filipino, we must glance at rapidly, warned by contracting space. Gozzoli, the pupil of Angelico, is the most cheerful, sercely sweet-spirited, and amiable of them. The childlike innocence of his teacher remaining in his heart, walked with him forth of the Cloister into the arcades of summer palaces, the pleasant gardens, and vineyards; where he watched the maidens culling the purple clusters, and saw the knights riding past the flower-inwoven trellises towards the far-off city; and the grass, and the birds in the blue sky, delighted him more than they seem ever to have delighted painter before; and in the simplicity of his heart he crowded together in his work the sweet and joyous objects of his rambles, even as a child heaps the spring-flowers before him. His mind was like an April day, in teeming, and also in the nature of the things it put forth. Yet were the holy Cloisters not out of view any of the time; and anon he would return to them, and lo, angelic wings sprang from the lineaments in his memory of the simple innocent lasses he had seen at the vintage, and they were not unworthy of them; and the spirit of Fra Beato Giovanni greeted him at the portal; and again he conversed with the Saints, in serene though solemn musings. The frescos in the Riccardi Palace still display one of the sweetest of these light free airings of his fancy; but on the walls of the Campo Santo, at Pisa, his summer roses have, alas! half shed their leaves. For his rendering of the more serious depth of expression, we would refer to the St. Francis, in the large picture in our own gallery—a most truly characteristic and worthy representation of the saint.

And near it you may see one of the best works of Rosselli, whom Vasari so much under-rates. Compare the biographer's disparagements with the beautiful head of St. Jerome, finely expressive of saintly sorrow, fine in every respect, the noble air and solemn feeling of some of the other figures, and the wildly fanciful angels, careering joyously in the heavens, to the sound of their own lutes and trumpets. Excepting the Botticelli, already alluded to, this picture is perhaps the best of our early Florentine acquisitions. In simple grandeur Filipino's other works sink much beneath his early frescos in the Carmine, painted when either Masaccio's designs fell into his hands, or his mantle on his shoulders. Rio says that his career was one continued development of faults; but a jealous severity against those who fall away in any degree from the old ascetic standard often leads that writer into exaggerations. It must be admitted that Filipino's Roman trophies were only an incumbrance to him. The *antiquities* which after returning from the Eternal City he introduced so abundantly into his later frescos in Santa Maria Novella, the vases, armour, grotesques and other clumsy and obtrusive decorations, undoubtedly give them a disagreeably quaint and fantastical general aspect; but the vigorous representations of violent and tragical emotions which distinguish them, deserve far more credit than that most cloistral of critics vouchsafes. For the life and spirit which he threw into the creations of his pencil, and his promotion of a lighter, freer, and more complete manner of representation, the son of Lucrezia Buti deserves an honourable rank amongst those

who pushed Art forward to that glorious period then about to ensue.

Michael Angelo did not at all resemble his early instructor, Ghirlandajo; but he was obviously in a certain degree indebted to the ideal grandeur and energy of Luca Signorelli of Cortona, who surpassed his contemporaries in drawing the human form, and whose frescos of the Last Judgment at Orvieto are distinguished by a daring invention not unworthy of the subject. Michael Angelo ever highly extolled his works, and in his Last Judgment, Vasari tells us, "courteously availed himself to a certain extent of his inventions." Luca's works in the Uffizii, two pictures of the Holy Family, truly show an advance of what we now call a Michael Angelesque largeness and grandeur of manner, dignity of composition, and power of drawing, together with a colouring more grave and subdued than characterizes the pictures of his contemporaries. Luca's noble preludes to Michael Angelo have perhaps more affinity to his true spirit than anything that came after him.

But, after all, the most nobly refined and sublime work of the second period of Florentine painting, is, so far as we know, a fragment, the name of whose author remains a subject of un-conclusive conjecture. We refer to the now celebrated unfinished picture belonging to Mr. Labouchere, of the Madonna, two children and angels, formerly ascribed to Ghirlandajo, in broad ignorance of the characteristics of that master, and now supposed to be a very early work of Michael Angelo's. Excellent as it is, it must, whoever painted it, be considered as belonging to the earlier period, since the style is essentially the old dry vernacular manner; albeit the forms and composition bear strong traces of a most refined classical influence: the result is a depth of feeling combined with a peculiar noble grace, unique, as we believe, in Art. The treatment is sculpturesque; the hair singularly so; and, besides the peculiarities alluded to by Dr. Waagen, the grace and beauty of the hands appear to us to plead for Michael Angelo as their author. And perhaps the circumstance of the work being left unfinished, may be taken as another reason for supposing it Michael Angelo's; for who else could have rested quietly before putting the last touches to such exquisiteness. But he, weak man, weak even in his strength, could, as we all know, leave Art's masterpieces more or less in embryo, either from their falling short of even higher conceptions, or from his fear of losing, in the completion, some subtle and mysterious power which graced the more vague and imperfect image. Those two spiritual youths, one reading a scroll, and the other with an utterly charming ease and grace leaning on his shoulder, make one, for the moment, fancy that the spirit of Praxiteles or Zeuxis had turned Christian, and descended to aid the hand of this mysterious Florentine. The seated Madonna, holding the book, which the little Saviour standing at her knee looks up to with animation, is cast in the same godlike mould; but the memory of the old serenity and power of Olympus is there still strong. Here is, not a true Mary the meek, but a true Juno, (the genius of women,) or Cybele, mother of deities. We know of no other painter capable of this; neither Botticelli (for mastery of form was wholly wanting), nor Signorelli, nor Verocchio. Michael Angelo alone is conceivable as the author; and even if his, the work manifests a pure and chastened feeling of a kind which was not developed, youthful powers of a heavenly order which do not appear in his known productions. Happy Mr. Labouchere! It is one of the most precious ornaments culled from the reliques of nations to decorate wealthy Britain; nor can Florence with all her fair bounty of hoarded treasures match it.

VISCOUNT HARDINGE.

FROM THE GROUP BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

WE have so frequently had occasion to speak of this noble specimen of sculpture, that few of our readers can be ignorant of the high opinion we have formed of it, in common with all who had an opportunity to judge of its merits from actual inspection. Such opportunity, unfortunately, no longer exists; the work has left the country, and, in all probability, has, by this time, reached its ultimate destination, Calcutta—where it will stand for ages to come, we hope, an enduring record of the genius of the sculptor, and a noble testimonial to the distinguished services of a gallant commander, erected by the inhabitants of the country where some of his greatest honours were won. It will reflect little credit upon—we ought, perhaps, to say it will prove an eternal disgrace to—us at home if the proposition that was made some months back by a very large body of British artists, to aid in procuring funds for a bronze cast from the model, to be placed in a conspicuous part of the metropolis, is not responded to as it ought to be. The late Viscount Hardinge was not a Wellington, but, with this single exception, we cannot call to mind one holding a commission in the armies of England who could show a higher claim to the gratitude of his countrymen than "Hardinge of Lahore." During half a century his life was devoted to the service of his sovereign and his country, either in a military or civil capacity: the Peninsula and India bear witness to his exertions against the enemies of England,—at Roleia and Vimiera, Corunna, and the passage of the Douro, Busaco, Torres Vedras, Albuera, the three sieges of Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pampeluna, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nievre, Orthes, Ligny; and, lastly, through the war of the Punjab, for which he gained his patent of nobility. Such a career as this is assuredly deserving of a memorial among us similar to that which India has decreed in his honour.

But if the veteran warrior's deserts were even far less important than his long services manifested,—if his name had been allied with only half the list of hard-fought battles at which he was present, and in the honours of which he shared prominently,—still this work ought to have a place somewhere in the highway of our metropolis; as one of the noblest sculptures of modern time it is worthy of such distinction. London is not so rich in public sculptures that we can afford to pass over this unheeded, nor is the art of the sculptor so generally recognised and so highly appreciated that one work, more or less, is of such small consequence as to be a matter of indifference to the artist or the public. But the group of Hardinge on his charger is no ordinary, no every-day work—it is a master-piece of Art, one that for grandeur of design, for truth of action, and for power and beauty of execution, has scarcely, if at all, a parallel in the world. "I look at that noble horse," was the remark made to us by one who has written much and well upon the art of sculpture, "I look—I turn my head aside for a moment, and expect to find that during this brief interval he has dashed forward;" so full of fiery action and of physical strength is the representation. View the work from whatever point you may, it offers everywhere something to excite admiration at the genius of the artist who could conceive and execute so grand and beautiful an example of sculpture. Again we say, London ought to possess a reproduction of this group, where thousands may daily gaze upon it.

The present time is favourable for directing the attention of the public, and especially of the companions in arms of the deceased Field-Marshal, to the subject. During the current month, London will be once more filling with the wealthy and influential; we trust, therefore, those who originated the movement to which we have already referred, will be on the alert to forward their views. We shall consider it our duty to aid them to the utmost of our power: two or three names have been mentioned to us who are willing to subscribe liberally towards the work, so that there seems no doubt of a satisfactory result when a subscription list is once opened. But, whether the end be attained or not, the sculptor of the "Ino and Bacchus," of "John Hampden," and of "Viscount Hardinge" has earned an immortality in the records of British art.



FOLEY, R.A. SCULPT.

HARDINGE

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT, FROM A DRAWING BY F. ROFFE

MONUMENTAL COMMEMORATIONS.

THE Book of Monuments progresses as a serial; and, since our last notice of the subject, a variety of chapters, previously announced as projected, have received more or less of execution,—while other projects of the kind, of greater or less interest to one class of readers or another, are before us, that have been since announced.—Amongst these varieties, the Crimean volume steadily advances, under the editing of the Sculpture Muse. The monument, at Carmarthen, to the officers and soldiers of the

ROYAL WELSH FUSILEERS who fell in that disastrous conflict, has been set up. Our readers will remember, that this record has, as one of its sources of interest, that touching incident which runs through so many of the episodes of this Crimean volume, and adds a sentiment both tender and noble to details which in themselves are very noble and very sad. The memorial is the tribute of those gallant soldiers who brought home their laurels from that far field, and took the prizes due to the living,—to their brothers of the corps whose laurels were rooted in graves, and whose only prize is this homage from the living soldier to the dead. The monument, which is the work of Mr. Edward Richardson, has been executed at the cost of the officers of the 23rd Fusiliers. It towers to a height of thirty feet; and on one of four panels it bears an inscription recording in general terms its memorial purpose. The other panels resolve the general record into its particulars. One panel hands down to posterity the names of those, belonging to the corps, who died at the Alma, Sept. 20, 1854:—one tells who fell at the storming of the Redan, on the 8th of September, 1855;—and the fourth, to those who died at Inkermann, on the 5th of November, 1854, adds the names of the Fusiliers who fell in the trenches before Sebastopol, during those two dreary years, and a summary of persons cut off by the more terrible instrument of disease in that memorable war.—The first stone of one of another class of Crimean monuments, in which the sentiment of brotherhood takes a different form, less tender, perhaps, but very pleasing nevertheless, has been laid since we reported last. The

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL CRIMEAN MONUMENT, commemorating the fate of distinguished officers educated at that institution, who fell in the Chersonese,—Lord Raglan and General Markham being amongst the number,—has had this species of inauguration, in the Broad Sanctuary, at Westminster, the place chosen for the purpose. The exact site fronts the western entrance to the Abbey; and here will arise a polished column of Peterhead granite, resting on a handsome square pedestal of Portland stone, and soaring to a height of some sixty-two feet. The pedestal will be enclosed within an ornamental railing, twenty feet square. This monument has been designed by the eminent architect, Mr. G. G. Scott,—and has the following sculpture incidents. The column will be surmounted by a representation, in stone, of St. George and the Dragon; and figures underneath will present King Henry III. and Edward I., in whose reigns the Abbey, as now existing, was rebuilt,—Queen Elizabeth, who founded the school,—and Queen Victoria, as the sovereign in whose reign the events commemorated occurred.—Scotland, too, continues her contributions to the marble annals of the same destructive campaigns. The officers and privates of—

HER MAJESTY'S 9TH REGIMENT OF LIGHT INFANTRY to whom it proved fatal are recorded on a handsome mural monument which has just been erected in the old Church of St. John, in the fair city of Perth. For the

MONUMENT TO COLONEL MORRIS, the subscriptions being not likely, as appears, much to exceed the sum of £500, it has been decided that that memorial, too, shall take the favourite, very manageable, and, as regards scale, very elastic, form of a column.—And while, all over the length and breadth of the islands in whose service they died, these memorials of our lost heroes are arising,—it is not inappropriate that we should allude to a—

GROUP OF BRITISH CRIMEAN MONUMENTS which Captain Brine, of the Royal Engineers, has executed, with great labour, and presented to the Queen. This group reproduces, in Inkermann stone, and (with one or two exceptions) on the scale of

half an inch to a foot, the principal monuments that have arisen in the Crimea and at Scutari over those of our officers or soldiers who died in battle or perished by disease. It is a most touching record,—and eloquent of the morals that reside in the theme. Even an engraving of it carries the mind irresistibly away to the sleepers by those melancholy shores, where the living themselves hear little more than the dull beat of the Bosphorus, or the sigh of the wind as it sweeps, with a voice more desolate than elsewhere, up the slopes of Cathcart's Hill.—Before passing from these memorials of war to more peaceful sculpture themes, we may as well mention here, as belonging to the same subject, though it carries us out of our national ranks, that the monument erected at Prague to the memory of the late Marshal Radetzky was uncovered during the recent visit of the Emperor to that city, amid a more than usual pomp, civil and military;—the professional feature of leading interest, being the presence of the generals who served with and under Radetzky in Italy, and of the veterans whom he led during the War of Liberation against Napoleon I. These stood together there as casual and fleeting indexes of the long soldier-career to be a permanent record of which to posterity the monument in question is reared. The work has been cast at Nuremberg, and is the gift of the Society of the Friends of Art to the city of Prague.

Passing from these memorials of the men to whom in life its sterner tasks were assigned,—

“Whose swords are rust,
Whose bodies dust,

And whose souls are with the Lord, we trust,”—

we come to chapters of the same monumental volume which present the sculpture muse engaged in the allotment of her civic crowns. Among her doings of this kind, we may record, first, that the men of Cromarty have been laying, in that town, the foundation stone of a—

MONUMENT TO THE LATE HUGH MILLER.—Here, we have again the pillar;—which, in some one or other of its forms, seems to be the favourite monumental mark, since the day when Jacob set a pillar upon Rachel's grave, where she left him for ever “in the way to Ephrath.” In the case of this Miller monument, the pillar is to be fifty feet high; and a statue of the deceased geologist, to be executed by Mr. Handyside Ritchie, is to stand, like Simon Stylites, on its top:—which is about as bad a use of a statue as can well be contrived. The monument, as designed, contains, however, a graceful reference to the history and labours of the dead. The base is to be of old red sandstone, taken from the shore quarry which was the first scene of Mr. Miller's geological researches. The remainder of the work will be wrought from a more durable stone.—Speaking of felicities of monumental allusion, we may mention that the *Builder* gives some account of a quaint gravestone lately set up, in Norwood Cemetery, over the remains of—

JOHN BRITTON, THE ARCHEOLOGIST.—The monument—for this mere gravestone rises to the dignity of a monument in virtue of its scheme—was, it seems, the design of Professor Hosking. It is an upright block of stone, similar to those at Stonehenge,—being at the base three feet, six inches, by two feet, four inches—in height, eleven feet,—and diminishing slightly on all sides. The block weighs five tons:—and stands just as it was rent out of the quarry, with no mark of the tool on it beyond that of the spalling-hammer which was employed to throw off some rougher irregularities. Besides the name, it bears no other inscription than what records the dates of the birth and the death, cut into the base of the wrought plinth.—The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the—

MONUMENT TO THE LATE EARL OF ELLESMERE has also taken place, in the neighbourhood of Worsley, in Lancashire. The exact site is a lofty eminence, westward from Worsley Hall, called Wren's Nest; and there, for many miles around, the monument will be a conspicuous object to the traveller, coming from whatever point of view. The octagonal shaft which forms its principal feature will rise to a height of 132 feet.—Travelling, once more, for a moment, abroad, we may record, that a—

STATUE OF PETER THE HERMIT has been inaugurated in the gardens of the old Monastery of Neumoustier, at Huy, in Belgium:—in which religious house the Hermit died.

The men of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are proceeding with their efforts to illustrate that town in the name of one of its greatest sons, by means of a—

STATUE OF THE LATE GEORGE STEPHENSON.—It is now a good many years since the great engineer received that form of tribute in the south:—where, in the metropolis of the empire itself, his full-length figure, by Baily, stands, in marble, in the great hall of the Terminus of the North Western Railway,—presiding, as it were, at the source of that network of iron with which he bound together the land,—and to be seen for ages to come by the living multitudes who shall pour their hurrying tides unceasingly along the lines that he laid down. On such a site, the idea of the mighty worker is at once generalized and localized; but it is, certainly, most fitting,—rather in the interest of others than of himself,—that his memory should receive the specific localization which attaches to his monumental presentment in the province of his birth. Probably, Mr. Baily's familiarity with the subject, as arising out of his previous dealings with it, will have pointed him out as the fittest sculptor for the execution of this northern work.—The design for rescuing—

THE GRAVE OF STOTHARD, in Bunhill-fields, from the neglect and obscurity to which it has been too long surrendered, progresses. At a meeting held in the rooms of the Society of British Artists, a committee was formed for giving effect to the object in view;—and many men of great influence, social and artistic, including the president and members of the academy to which the deceased belonged, have given in their names as promoters of the project. At that meeting, it was determined, that in case the subscriptions should reach, as was considered probable, a sufficient sum, the early idea of a memorial over the grave should expand itself into a statue, to be erected in the National Gallery, or elsewhere.—How far the monument in question may have awakened a kindred action in another case, we do not know; but, we see it stated, that Mr. Graves, the eminent print publisher, of Pall Mall, is about to erect a monument over the—

GRAVE OF SIR ROBERT STRANGE, the great engraver, where it lies unhonoured in the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden.—To this record of individual munificence, it will not be out of place to add, that, to the—

STATUE OF HANDEL, in his native town of Halle, the Crystal Palace Company, at Sydenham,—who are preparing their own grand illustration of the great composer, in another way,—have contributed a sum of fifty pounds.—Our readers will be glad to hear, too, that it is in contemplation to erect a—

STATUE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH in front of Trinity College, Dublin.

The last chapters of a very sad history are yet unwritten,—but the catastrophe is settled; and, in its painful sense, the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital has recently received, by order of parliament, a melancholy illustration. The artist is Mr. Richard Westmacott,—and the new addition to this chamber of our naval records is a—

MONUMENT TO SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS COMPANIONS.—There is a good deal of originality in the conception of this work,—and to a monument which is in form a tablet and inscription the sculptor has contrived to give an epic treatment. The story of the expedition is indicated from its opening to its close;—and the fate that fell on the gallant ships, and the gallant men who sailed them, is expressively shadowed forth. As we have said, the main field of the monument is a tablet, occupying a large space—for the entire work is about eighteen feet in height by nearly ten in width,—on which are inscribed, under the several headings of *Erebus* and *Terror*, the names of all the officers of the lost ships, and a memorial reference to all their working hands. To the left of this tablet, as the spectator fronts the monument, the sculpture represents the youth of the expedition. A standing figure of a naval officer, compasses in hand, and a globe, &c., by his side, is engaged in earnestly studying a chart of the seas into which he is about to sail; and, thrown into background by the flag of England that floats between him and them, tower the tall masts of the brave ships, with their canvas wings spread for the voyage from whence they were never to return. Towering up, to match these, on

the opposite side of the monument, are the iceberg peaks of an Arctic sea, shattered and tossed into forms of hopeless wildness; and over them, a solitary star tells of the pole and its sentinel in the sky. The cleft of an iceberg holds a broken spar; and at the foot of the monument, balancing the figure on the left, sits a sailor, with drooping head and wounded foot,—and in his air and attitude that which hints the close of the sad tale, as yet unrevealed, but known too well. Of the long dark years that lie between these two figures, when shall the story be told? As yet, we know of it nothing certainly save the tomb which the broad intervening tablet pictures; but we know, too, that the laurel grows even amid the Arctic darkness and out of the thick-ribbed ice,—and the sculptor has twined it into crowns above the names here committed to the keeping of the countrymen of these honoured dead for ever.

Though happily not a "Monumental Commemoration," we may here refer to a—

STATUE OF MR. CROSSLEY.—The men of Halifax are engaged in the payment of one of those civic debts, the growing frequency of which amongst us is one of the noblest and most hopeful symptoms of the times in which we live. Mr. Crossley is a manufacturer in that thriving Yorkshire town,—employing four thousand hands for his own immediate objects, and extending his sympathies to all the population of the great community in the midst of which he dwells. For the social diseases more or less inseparable from great gatherings of men, but curable in a degree far beyond what our fathers imagined, and by methods of which they never thought, Mr. Crossley is one of those who adopt the new system of moral therapeutics. With them, the old practice of "bleeding and cold water" is ethically and politically gone out. The great truth that lies at the basis of their system—the best discovery of this age, and which the "fine old English gentleman" missed,—is, that, in whatever degree of life, a man, besides being a machine, *is* a man. With this simple divining rod, how many wells have these men opened up in the social desert!—Happily, the subject is growing familiar amongst us, and it is sufficient here to say, that to all which can elevate the stature and alleviate the lot of the labouring population over whom it is his high mission—since he understands it,—in a sense, to preside, Mr. Crossley has lent himself with a zeal which the people pay with a free people's love. The love of the fine old English labourer for the fine old English gentleman had a touch of the slave in it:—but these men stand up, to love. They offer an intellectual homage:—and some day, it will be thoroughly understood how near the intellect and the heart lie to each other. Mr. Crossley's last gift to the men of Halifax was a free park; and into that park, amongst other sources of recreation at which he proposes that hard mechanic minds shall drink, he has actually introduced works of Art. Statues,—and statues from the antique,—for labouring men, their wives and children! In that park the ghost of Sir Roger de Coverley will never walk.—What will be the great and final amount of response to these acts of Mr. Crossley, will probably be known only by means of the recording angel's book; but one immediate, particular, and appropriate form of response has been, a subscription set on foot amongst the workmen themselves for a statue of Mr. Crossley, to stand amongst the statues in his own park,—filled up with a rapidity that shows where the response came from. For this statue, in marble, Mr. Durham is to receive £1000;—and he has just made a model,—hardly completed yet, but which we have seen,—which shows that he has caught the spirit of his occasion, and looked rather to his work than to its price. The original model on which he obtained the commission presented Mr. Crossley as a standing figure; and this, for the sake of the greater variety to be obtained, the sculptor has exchanged for a sitting form, at an increase of working cost which will of course be his own. The statue, being marble, will occupy an interior,—a temple, or something of the kind, to be erected in the grounds. It represents a full-length figure that would stand somewhat short of eight feet high, seated, with great freedom of action, in a large arm-chair. Something of the mental and moral activity of the man is indicated even in the attitude of rest into which the figure is thrown. That solution of

the long-mooted question of modern costume for portrait sculpture which treats a portrait as a document, and holds that a Halifax manufacturer in a Roman toga would lead an archaeologist of New Zealand, or British Columbia, a thousand years hence, into a maze of error,—Mr. Durham has treated with great felicity. Mr. Crossley wears, in this work, the coat, waistcoat, and breeches of his time,—but they are fashioned by an artist, not by a tailor. The loose frock is made to yield lines as free as need be desired, while testifying faithfully of the man and his age. This is the true Greek solution of an Art-difficulty. The difficulty, with the Greek, was made to bend to the art,—not the art to evade the difficulty. The men of Halifax no doubt desired to have Mr. Crossley shown to their children "in his armour as he lived,"—not shown as a masquerader.—A profusion of hair which Mr. Crossley wears on his chin lends the sculptor an incident of the picturesque, and adds something to the effect of his composition, while it is another means of identification. Altogether, the men of Halifax will, we think, have good reason to be satisfied with their Art-commemoration of Mr. Crossley.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 2.—STAINED GLASS.

ARCHITECTURE may be said to be a social art. That is, it refuses to monopolize a solitary greatness. It is then greatest indeed when its confederate Arts are also great with it. Hence we now should be disposed to seek for the strongest argument in support of a favourable opinion of the present condition and prospects of our own architecture, from the fact that we see so great and so gratifying an advance in the condition of the more important architectural accessories taking place before our eyes. So long as our revived architecture had no higher aim than to reproduce, or in more correct language to copy, certain works of certain past ages, so long the greatest of the Arts itself was languishing amongst us; and, consequently, at such a time it was utterly hopeless to seek for anything of real excellence in the productions of those Arts which are intimately associated with architecture. It was not to be expected that the secondaries should commence, in taking a decided step in advance. The initiative in the great movement must be taken by the primary; then the secondaries, in due course, might be expected to follow. And such, accordingly, is the order in which the actual facts have been realized. Our architecture having at length demonstrated its own healthful vitality, we now are aware that really admirable productions in architectural sculpture and carving, in metal work, and in stained glass, with other kindred Arts, await our welcome. A ready and a hearty welcome we have for every such work, and we hope to give it expression in special notices of them all. That we may render to them the more full justice, we propose to consider them individually; and on the present occasion, it is our intention to devote our remarks exclusively to STAINED GLASS.

The peculiar beauty and attractiveness of stained glass would ensure for it a large measure of attention, from the very first moment that the Arts of the Middle Ages began to exercise a revived influence upon the public mind. And yet, at the same time, there were circumstances connected with the production of this beautiful material, which would inevitably render its revival a matter by no means easy to be accomplished. The remains of the old glass of the best periods which yet survived would be found very difficult to study, with the view to a practical application of their teaching. On a searching investigation also they would appear to be in a peculiar manner mediæval in their associations, and their very excellences would seem to be inseparably allied with what a modern student might be disposed involuntarily to regard as inherent imperfections. And again, so much of the effect of the old glazing would prove to have resulted from the treatment of the iron and lead work, as also from the use of coloured glass untouched by the pencil, that the production of stained glass might after all be regarded as rather a manufacture than an Art. Thus, the revived stained glass would, in the first instance at least, consist, either of studiously care-

ful imitations of old examples by ardent archaeologists, or of cold and formal manufactures estimated and produced at so much for the square foot. The result of this would be, on the one hand, that artists truly deserving of that name, would regard stained glass as unworthy of their attention, while on the other hand the stained glass itself would acquire the reputation of being only applicable to a condition of things no longer in existence.

It has been most truthfully said of the old painters upon glass, that the "secret of their success lies in the material" which they used, "and in its arrangement" by them. Here our attention is directed to two qualities in early glass, which would escape the notice alike of the modern manufacturer and of the archaeologist who was not also an artist. The one quality lies in the character of the glass itself, the other in a thorough mastery of the principles of colour when employed upon a translucent medium. The old glass was in itself perfect for its purpose: and so also the old painters on glass understood both how to use it, and how to enhance the full development of its capabilities by the consistent application of their own powers. It would require artists, archaeologist artists certainly, but most certainly genuine artists to bring out in our own stained glass such qualities as these, which still gleam harmoniously resplendent in the lustrous relics of the olden time. It is our present highly agreeable duty to record the fact, that such artists are at length at work amongst us in earnest upon this beautiful material.

The first introduction of the revived use of stained glass was attended with a twofold result, which was eminently satisfactory because so decidedly hopeful. There was, that is to say, a great demand for the best stained glass which could be had, twenty and fifteen years ago: but there was also an unreserved hesitation with regard to putting stained glass into windows of the first importance, *until a better style* of glass should be obtainable. Here was apparent a cordial reception for stained glass, as the production of a revived art; but it was coupled with the conviction, that the time was not then come in which the new glass could be considered as worthy to take rank with the old. The coming of that time, however, was both confidently expected and patiently waited for. Meanwhile, the study and practice of architecture continued to make a sure, though perhaps a slow, advance. And then the attention of architects was directed to the stained glass which should fill, not only old windows that they might be called upon to restore, but also the new ones of their own new edifices. There is one of our greatest and most admirable early edifices also, which has been throughout the revival at once a school and a museum of the productions of modern painters on glass. Without doubt the windows of Ely Cathedral have done much to lead the revival onward; and it may be added, that had Ely Cathedral happened to have stood in Westminster, instead of Ely, there cannot be a question that its teaching would have been by far more impressive, and more effectual. And yet the Ely windows have quietly and gradually accomplished their mission. They showed, from year to year, how much there yet remained for our workers in glass to accomplish. When an artist did chance to produce a window and it found its way to Ely, the fresh lesson gathered to itself an influence even greater than its own, through the potent agency of association. Thus the windows in the transept, by the Gerentes of Paris (and particularly those of the elder brother, now unhappily no longer spared to do further honour to his profession), are infinitely more valuable in that position—though for full justice to themselves placed too high above the spectator's eyes—than they could have been elsewhere, where such an extended comparison with other works would be impossible.

In glancing at the progress of the stained glass revival, Mr. Winston's part in it is by far too important not to be distinctly noticed. At once an amateur, an artist, an archaeologist, and a man of science, this gentleman, having published a masterly handbook of the stained glass of past times, led the way in a searching investigation into the *composition* of the old glass, and into the method by which it obtained its colours. In connection with Mr. Powell, of London, and also with Messrs. Ward and Nixou, Mr. Winston succeeded in removing one

obstacle, hitherto fatal to the onward progress of the art to which he had devoted himself. He discovered, after repeated analyses, the principles upon which the glorious rubies and blues of the old glass might be reproduced,—“the rubies,” in the happily expressive words more recently used by Mr. Powell, of Birmingham, “streaky, and brilliant, with the colour generally mixed throughout the mass, and not only flashed upon the surface,” after the prevailing usage in modern glass. Mr. Winston also (again to quote from Mr. Powell), observed how “the fine, thick, uneven pot-metal” (old glass, that is, coloured in the melting-pot, and entirely translucent,) “caught the rays of light and held them fast, struggling and flashing, in its gemmy substance, until the whole became a translucent picture, but without hurting the eye of the spectator, as no ray of light could pass directly through it.” And the result of such observation has been the production of pot-metal capable of accomplishing equally noble results, when placed in the hands of artists equally skillful and experienced. In his more important efforts to work with his own admirable glass, Mr. Winston has not been successful, witness the truly unfortunate medallion-glazing which now fills the grand east window of Lincoln Cathedral. Mr. Winston's present views, we believe, incline to the style known as “Cinque-cento,” and he is also understood to be favourably disposed to the naturalistic treatment of the Munich school.

The possession of a material capable of producing windows of a high order, together with the increasing influence of architecture upon all the associated Arts, has gradually induced artists to study the peculiar conditions under which painting upon glass requires to be practised. Being neither producers of mere transparencies, nor painters on canvas which is to fill windows, “artists in glass” must feel, and they must show that they feel, themselves to have an art, and a truly noble art, of their own. Like their brother artists, the architects, they have much to learn from what the past has treasured up for them of the works of those who, in the thirteenth century, were indeed masters in their art. At the same time, again like the architect's, theirs is not, by any means, the vocation of expert copyists, who have to do once more what once was done, and to do it as well, because executing it in a faithful fac-simile. The rich glories of the early glass, our artists in the same material have to emulate. We ask from them stained glass that shall be as true to the material and to its proper use, as true also as works of Art, as the very finest remains that yet linger in York, or triumph in the Clerestory of Cologne. Still we must have stained glass of our own,—the work of our own times,—the expression, too, of the Art-feeling and the Art-capacity of our own times. In a word, we seek for *artists' works*,—deep thoughts, that is, and ardent affections, conveyed by hands at once trained in the school of ennobling discipline and free to expatiate in the glorious liberty of Art. And we verily believe that such men have ceased to be only objects of earnest and anxious desire amongst us. The veterans of the stained glass revival may now be said to have honourably accomplished the duties allotted to them, and to have left the onward path open to their more youthful successors. Mr. Wailes and Mr. Warrington have each secured a reputation of their own, not without the satisfactory accompaniment of substantial honours. The same may be said of Mr. Williment, with the addition of a special tribute of admiration for his heraldic windows, as they are exemplified at Hampton Court, in the Great Hall, and in the new Hall of Lincoln's Inn. Even in heraldry, however, it was possible to be too strictly mediæval; and, consequently, while we consider the glass, to which we have just referred, to be exactly adapted to Wolsey's windows and to the Tudor edifice in Lincoln's-inn-Fields, we desire to see heraldic glass in the edifices of the present era in exact harmony with the architectural freshness of such edifices themselves. Mr. Oliphant has retired: we wish that he had still persevered, since he could scarcely have failed to have realized his abundant promise of future excellence. Messrs. Ward and Nixon still continue such works as those with which we are familiar in the north transept of Westminster Abbey. Mr. Hedgeland, a friend of Mr. Winston's, labours in the naturalistic style, having unfortunately been led away by the delusion that stained glass is to be regarded as a kind of trans-

parent canvas, and to be dealt with accordingly. The great western window of Norwich Cathedral, the memorial of the late amiable Bishop Stanley, is this gentleman's most ambitious work: we may specify other specimens of his system of treatment, as existing at Halifax and at Upper Tooting, near London. Passing over several glass producers, and producers on a large scale, but who would not themselves expect from us a salutation as artists in any school whatever, we come to the small group who in very deed are both artists and “artists in glass.” Of these gentlemen, if we regard them in the order of seniority in their profession, Messrs. Hardmar and Powell, of Birmingham, may claim to be first mentioned. Mr. Powell is the glass artist of this distinguished firm; who, as our readers are doubtless aware, are workers in the precious metals, and in iron and brass, in embroidery also, and various textile fabrics, as well as in glass. Mr. Powell, nearly connected with the late Augustus Welby Pugin, shares in the enthusiasm and in the Art-feeling of his late accomplished father-in-law: like him also, a member of the Church of Rome, Mr. Powell inclines more ardently to the mediæval sentiment and habit of expression identified with the grand old works that he knows so well how to appreciate, than we can regard to be consistent with the aim of an English artist in glass of the present day. Yet Mr. Powell's is a very noble and a thoroughly gentlemanly mediævalism. As an artist, too, he has the true feeling for all Art, and for his own art first of all. He can command, also, a most happy facility in the treatment of his subjects; he has a firm yet an easy and elastic touch; he is a judicious and a vigorous colourist; and he thoroughly understands glass and its capabilities—what it can do, and what it cannot, and what ought never to be attempted with it. Still, there is always an evident leaning towards even the weaknesses of old masters of his art, and a deep sympathy with them in *their view* of the practical treatment of it, which to us form subjects for regret, and in their degree detract from the high excellence of his works. Were the intrusive new glass to be removed from Cologne, in order to make way for what might harmonize with the nobler glazing above, Mr. Powell is the very man to deal with those grand windows, and to fill them worthily with stained glass. And yet we do not desire to see him commissioned to fill the restored windows in Worcester Cathedral, or the eastern triplet at Ely.

Two other almost rival establishments in London complete the group of artists in glass, who have already fairly established themselves in that most honourable position. These are Messrs. Bell and Clayton, and Lavers and Barraud,—we place them in that order, upon the same principle of seniority, Messrs. Bell and Clayton having been first established as a firm, while Mr. Lavers has himself been practising his profession longer than those gentlemen, although until very recently without an alliance with Mr. Barraud. These gentlemen are all labouring upon the same principle, and it is but justice to them all for us to assert that they have all achieved an equal measure of success. We are aware that circumstances have placed Messrs. Bell and Clayton in a higher position than their competitors, in the opinion of many judges of the most eminent ability: but at the same time we also know that Messrs. Lavers and Barraud have produced, and are continually producing, works of the very highest excellence; and we are convinced that when once these gentlemen have had some important cathedral windows entrusted to them, their claims to stand in the front of our artists in glass will be universally recognised. They have already executed a very considerable number of important windows, and in almost every instance with this most satisfactory and gratifying result, that one of their windows has led to commissions for other windows in the same church and in its neighbourhood.

The success which has attended these artists may be deduced from precisely the causes which alone could have been expected to have led to it. We speak now equally of both the establishments of Mr. Bell and Mr. Lavers. Glass has been studied and its qualities mastered. The works of the old artists have also been studied—studied with archaeological zeal coupled with artistic intelligence. The Art-element also exists in strength in either establish-

ment; and with it in each is coupled a complete practical familiarity with the manufacturing department of glass-producing. This is most important; and it is one of Mr. Hardman's strong points: like the London firms, he has most happily adjusted the artistic and manufacturing departments of the profession,—those two departments which in union are essential for professional success. And then again, for the exercise of another quality of commanding importance, all these establishments are alike distinguished: we now refer to their careful study of architecture, as a great art which ought to exert a powerful influence upon their art, and from which they consequently ought to derive much of most valuable teaching. Mr. Hardman and Mr. Powell, as we should expect, regard architecture through a Pugin medium; and, therefore, architecture for them can be expected to do no more than lead them back to its greatest mediæval achievements. It is not thus with their London contemporaries. With them, Gothic architecture is a revived art, that is looking for its own full development and noblest expression from the present and in the future: and they, consequently, see in the revived Gothic an architecture which must lead them onwards, in harmonious fellowship with its own advancing steps. It is from a reciprocal action upon one another on the part of architecture and its great accessories, that all may derive advantages not otherwise obtainable: the architecture thus alone can be complete; the accessory arts thus alone can be at once consistent with the architecture and most perfect in themselves. We cannot too earnestly impress upon the gentlemen, whose works in stained glass are now under our consideration, the importance of a devotion to the study of Gothic art. First, as it expresses itself in architecture, let them study it with all the devotedness of artists: and next, as through its architecture it conveys lessons of its own upon the art of painting upon glass, let them study it in the very same spirit. They will find that thus they acquire a strong impulse which will carry them triumphantly onward. They may even hope that their works, being deeply imbued with the Gothic spirit, may beneficially affect the great architecture itself through the working of the deep sympathies of Art.

Much as has already been accomplished by both Mr. Lavers and Mr. Bell in composition, drawing, and colour, we feel that those gentlemen will accept, in the same candid spirit that we offer, our earnest advice to them to aim at still higher perfection in each and all of these great qualities of their art. The old glass will teach them much; in colour, perhaps, it will teach them all that can be taught in brilliancy of tone, harmony of combination, and felicitous impressiveness of effect. In both composition and drawing, the same venerable authorities will show them by what means excellence once was attained, and thus they will learn how they may consistently seek after a still more perfect excellence of their own. We do not write thus, as if we considered that our best artists in glass had failed to consult and to study the early authorities upon such matters,—but because we feel that upon these matters they cannot be too perseveringly studied by men, who take the lead in the glass-art of our day. Then, indeed, is the study of old glass best calculated to exercise the most beneficial influences, when the student is an artist who is conscious of the possession of independent powers of his own, and can feel that he is strong in the strength of his own freedom. Such artists Mr. Lavers and Mr. Bell have proved themselves to be: they, consequently, are the very men to persevere in studying old glass, because they know how to search out and to appreciate its deepest teachings.

The assiduity with which architectural sculpture was destroyed in the evil days through which the middle ages have transmitted to us their noble Arts, renders it peculiarly important for our artists in glass to study what yet has been spared to them of the works of a sister art that, in so many points, is closely associated in treatment with the art more decidedly their own. Every good niched and canopied statue must be a lesson of great value to the glass-painter. Even a good niched canopy cannot fail to possess teaching worthy of his thoughtful regard. This is particularly true of the finest and earliest (they are the finest) remains of monumental sculpture and niche-work. The statuette, or

"weepers," as they are termed, which encompass many of our noblest raised tombs, contain whole volumes of precious teaching, such as we now refer to. It is the same with the canopied niches, in which these figures are generally placed. We would instance, as examples, the monuments of De Valence, and Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, of Edward III. and his brother John of Eltham, in Westminster Abbey, and the monuments in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, and the Presbytery at Lincoln; other most valuable examples are to be found, and particularly in the northern counties. Monumental brasses also sometimes might be studied with somewhat similar advantage, as in the instance of the fine relic at Ely, in Norfolk. There is much also for our artists in glass to study, in their treatment of the human figures in the remains of the great sculptors of antiquity. A certain sculptural rather than a pictorial feeling is unquestionably a quality proper to painting on glass: and, accordingly, from the greatest of authorities this feeling, in some degree, is to be acquired. Without the slightest idea of imitation from it, without any apparent community of sentiment with it, our artists in glass will be ready to admit that they can find in the Parthenaic frieze of Phidias, a treasury of precious teaching in their figure composition.

What has been already said upon the value of monumental works to artists in glass, with reference to both figure and canopy-work, naturally leads us to add a few words upon the advantages to be derived from a study of the heraldry with which these works so generally abound. We are anxious to see our stained glass no less excellent when applied to civil, and occasionally even to domestic, uses, than when associated with ecclesiastical edifices. And heraldry is an art, at once so graphically and expressively historical and also biographical, and so peculiarly adapted to the conditions and capabilities of painting upon glass, that it contains within itself the elements of complete success in the production of stained glass for both civil and domestic architecture. It must be remembered, however, that heraldry has to be studied before it is understood, and also that it has to be studied as well as an art as a science. Heraldry, too, like architecture, and like stained glass, requires to be studied by men, who do not look into the past until they lose the faculty of looking around and before them. Our heraldry has to be made our own, as our architecture and our stained glass have. The early practice of this art and science has its own teachings ready for us,—and then with ourselves it rests to develop from them the heraldry of the present and the future. We hope to see much accomplished in this matter, in the new national buildings that have lately been so wisely entrusted by our Government to Mr. G. G. Scott. Here architecture ought powerfully to exercise its influence, under a new aspect, upon stained glass; and heraldry must certainly be the agency through which the architecture should most powerfully act, with the view to affect the stained glass in the most salutary manner. Of course we do not imply that the stained glass in civil buildings ought to be so far heraldic, that it should be restricted to armorial bearings and insignia; figures may be as consistently introduced here as into ecclesiastical glass, and yet here the entire subjects may derive an appropriateness and also a value essentially their own, through the exercise of an heraldic feeling over them in their every part.

If we were to be desired to form an additional establishment of painters in glass, we should bind together in a firm brotherhood an architect, an archaeologist, an artist, and a glazier. Four such men of equal ability, of the same devotedness, and of the same faculty of command each in his own department, would constitute formidable rivals even to the existing establishments. Such an assertion does but urge upon the heads of the existing establishments, the necessity of continually strengthening themselves in each and in all of these several departments of their profession. None may be neglected. From the harmonious working of all a continually advancing success may be anticipated with the most animating confidence.

In the foregoing columns, we have designedly restricted the direct application of our remarks within the narrow range of a small number of distinguished artists. We by no means ignore, in so doing, the

valuable services in the cause of the revived art of painting on glass, of many other gentlemen, who have been and still are zealously working in the same path in various parts of the country. In conclusion, we will embody our grateful acknowledgment of their efforts in a brief but hearty expression of our sympathy with one earnest and thoughtful member of the noble fraternity of "artists in glass," Mr. Pready, of Worcester, a gentleman whom we should be truly glad to see taking an active part in a metropolitan establishment connected with his profession.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

THE HARTSHILL WORKING MEN'S INSTITUTE.—There are few of our readers who have not accorded honour to the memory of the late Herbert Minton, a gentleman to whom the Ceramic Arts of this country were very greatly indebted, and by whose large benevolence many useful institutions in England were aided and promoted. We rejoice to know that his nephew and successor, Colin Minton Campbell, Esq., is following the good example, and carrying out his admirable uncle's plan for the benefit more especially of the district with which he was immediately associated. He has recently erected in the neighbourhood of Stoke-upon-Trent, where the famous manufactory is situated, a building, the purpose of which is to afford enjoyment and instruction to working men. We extract the following particulars from a local paper:—"The village of Hartshill has for some years past been well known to a large section of the general public on account of containing several rare Gothic buildings, from the designs of the chief of the Gothic architects of the day, Mr. G. Gilbert Scott. These buildings owe their existence to the princely munificence of the late Mr. Herbert Minton—a name ever to be mentioned with honour and reverence. In a somewhat more limited degree this village has also been favourably known as the seat of one of those institutions happily becoming every year more numerous, which have for their direct object the elevation—intellectual, social, and moral—of the working classes, using the term in the limited sense in which it is generally applied. Favoured beyond many of its contemporaries, this institution was under the immediate patronage, and enjoyed the benefit of the advice and assistance of Mr. Minton—a fact which contributed largely to its becoming in some respects a model institution. We have to discharge the grateful duty of recording an act of generosity on the part of one of the worthy successors of Mr. Minton—Mr. Colin Minton Campbell—in which have been combined the two chief characteristics of the benevolent efforts of that gentleman's uncle—a devotion to the highest forms of Art, and a desire to promote the happiness of his humbler neighbours. With these views, Mr. Campbell has erected and presented to the Hartshill Working Men's Institution a building in which beauty and utility are admirably combined, and which will, we trust, be found a means of increasing the efficiency of the association. The designs were furnished by Mr. Edgar, architect of Stoke, who has shown himself to be largely imbued with the spirit, and to be an enthusiastic disciple, of the great master whose works stand in close contiguity to the new building. The block of building which has been erected for the purposes of the association comprises a reading-room or lecture-hall, of comparatively large dimensions, about 46 feet by 23 feet, and a keeper's house in immediate connection." During the past month the building has been inaugurated, and it is now in the occupancy of the working men. There is no locality in the kingdom where such an institute is more likely to be productive of good results. The name of "Minton" will thus be honoured for generations yet to come, in a district for which the great man who bore it has done so much and so well.

The day after the opening, a first "conversation" was held within its walls. The exhibition room was filled with a great variety of choice works of Art and Art-manufacture, which were evidently the sources of much gratification and delight to a very crowded assembly. Intimately associated as the best interests of the Staffordshire Potteries are with the knowledge and practice of Art, still, from their isolated position, the workmen there have few opportunities for profiting by access to either pictures or models that would serve to stimulate and assist their exertions. Doubtless this fact may account for the very great interest taken in this exhibition, which contained examples such as rarely are brought together in this neighbourhood.

Hartshill was formerly the residence of the late Herbert Minton, Esq., who built and endowed a church there—a beautiful and elaborate specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, together with parsonage-house, schools, &c. The example set by this estimable gentleman is being worthily followed by his nephew, Mr. Campbell. It may not be out of place to note, while alluding to this family, that another nephew, Mr. Hollins, also of Stoke-upon-Trent, has recently offered the munificent sum of £1000 towards the purchase of a plot of land to be laid out as a people's park.

DUBLIN.—We hear that it is in contemplation to open an Exhibition of Sketches from *Nature only*, both in oil and water-colours, on the 22nd of the present month, in connection with the Dublin Art-Union, with a view to encourage a branch of the Fine Arts not sufficiently cultivated—yet one of the utmost importance and interest; and this exhibition (the first of the kind) will undoubtedly prove very attractive. All sketches must be forwarded on or before the 10th, after which date no sketch can be received.

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual meeting for the distribution of prizes among the subscribers to the Birmingham Art-Union, took place on the 13th of January, Sir John Ratcliff, the Mayor, presiding. The receipts of the subscription list amounted to £342, of which £310 were available for expenditure in works of Art. This is a comparatively insignificant sum, but it is an increase of that of the preceding year.

LIVERPOOL.—The Hertz collection of antiquities, which formed one prominent feature in the Manchester Art-treasures Exhibition, having been sent by its proprietor, J. Mayer, F.S.A., of Liverpool, is to be disposed of by auction, early in February. Some idea of its extent may be formed from the fact of its comprising more than three thousand lots, consisting of Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman antiquities, with many others from Peruvia, Mexico, and China. The collection of gems and cameos is particularly fine, and the sale catalogue is prefaced by an excellent and learned disquisition on their peculiarities, by Edward Gerhard, one of the directors of the Archaeological Institute of Rome. The statuettes in bronze and silver are generally fine, as are the ancient fictile vases and the personal decorations, necklaces, rings, &c. The collector was always remarkable for his taste and correct judgment.

SUNDERLAND.—A subscription amounting to nearly two thousand pounds has been raised with a view to the erection of a statue in memory of Havelock, in Sunderland, his native place. The models which have been sent in competition, will be judged by the committee on, we believe, the 8th instant.

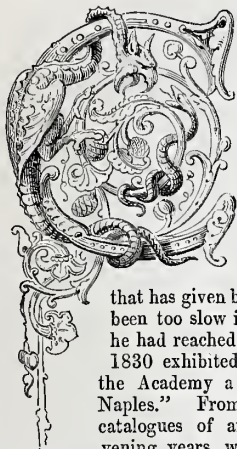
BRIGHTON.—A school of Practical Art, under the title of the "Brighton and Sussex School," and in connection with the government department at Kensington, was opened here on the 17th of the last month, under auspices that leave but little doubt of the issue. Mr. J. White is appointed head-master, and Mr. F. Merrifield, son of Mrs. Merrifield, the well-known writer upon Art, has consented to act as honorary secretary, *pro tem*.

BRISTOL.—Prior to the closing of the exhibition that has recently taken place in this city, a lecture was delivered in the principal room of the gallery, on the evening of the 11th of last month, by Mr. G. Parry, of Higham Court, on the subject of "The Fine Arts, their Nature, Unity, and Value." The local papers speak favourably of the lecturer's address, and of the marked attention with which it was received by a numerous audience. We rejoice to find that a willingness to listen to such teachings is greatly on the increase with the public; but we would venture to give a hint to those who undertake to lecture upon Art, that they should by all means avoid so much of "learning" as tends to make their addresses dry and uninteresting—a common fault, so far as our experience goes: a lecture upon any subject, to win the attention of a mixed assembly, should be agreeably and popularly treated.

TENBY.—Whatever neglect may have attended men of distinguished ability during their lifetime in ages long past, the present generation seems desirous of paying their memory all due honour. It is proposed to erect a monument, in the parish church of Tenby, to Dr. Robert Recorde, physician to Queen Mary, who died in 1538. Recorde was a native of Tenby, and is spoken of by Halliwell as "the first original writer on arithmetic, the first on geometry, the first who introduced the knowledge of algebra into England; the first writer in English on astronomy; the first person in this country who adopted the Copernicum system; the inventor of the sign of equality, and the inventor of the present method of extracting the square root."

**BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.**

No. XLII.—PAUL FALCONER POOLE, A.R.A.



CONSIDERING the position which this painter occupies in the world of Art, his exhibited pictures have never been so numerous as his many admirers would be pleased to see: from the outset of his career he seems to have made up his mind that the public should not become too familiar with his works—that these should be “rare,” if not “rich;” and, as a consequence, we have seldom seen more than one picture as his contribution to our annual exhibitions, while this one has only increased the desire for more, for he is an artist possessing no ordinary gifts. Paul Falconer Poole was born in 1810 at Bristol, a city

that has given birth to several most excellent painters, though it has been too slow in recognising and appreciating their merits. Ere he had reached his twentieth year, he came up to London, and in 1830 exhibited for the first time in the metropolis, sending to the Academy a little picture, entitled, “The Well—a Scene at Naples.” From 1830 to 1838 his name did not appear in the catalogues of any of our metropolitan exhibitions; the intervening years were passed in diligent study, and in qualifying himself for the arduous encounter which a young artist has always to endure ere he wins a name in public estimation. The first-fruits of this protracted withdrawal from observation were seen in two pictures exhibited at the Academy in the latter of the above-mentioned years: one entitled, “The

Emigrant's Departure;” the other, “A Market-Girl,” a class of subject which has always been a favourite with Poole, though he has rarely exhibited pictures of this character, of which “CROSSING THE STREAM,” and “THE MOUNTAIN SPRING,” engraved on the two following pages, respectively, are examples. We remember to have seen about this time a considerable number of water-colour drawings of rustic figures, executed with much grace and expression. In 1840 he sent to the British Institution, “The Gipsies' Toilet,” a picture rather weak in tone and timid in execution, but still one of good promise. The same year he contributed to the Academy two pictures—“Hermon and Dorothea,” and “The Recruit;” the latter, especially, a composition of great merit, though, like that just mentioned, weak in colour.

In 1841 Mr. Poole attempted a sacred subject—“By the Waters of Babylon.” The picture is pleasing, but it is quite clear from all the artist's subsequent works that he feels his strength lies in another direction. “The Mountain Rivulet,” a charming little rustic composition, was exhibited at the British Institution in 1842. To the Academy Exhibition of the same year he sent three pictures—“Tired Pilgrims,” another rustic composition, which shows artistic powers considerably in advance of all his preceding efforts; a “Market Girl;” and “Margaret alone at the Spinning-Wheel,” a small painting, the subject expressed with deep tenderness and pathos.

The year 1843 was a great epoch in the career of this painter, for he produced a picture at the Academy which at once gave him enviable notoriety,—his “SOLOMON EAGLE” struck every visitor to the gallery with astonishment: those who had never heard of the painter wondered who he could be, and they to whom he was known by his previous productions,—his little rustic groups, and others of a similar nature,—were surprised at this sudden display of powers for which they had not given him credit; the peculiarity, no less than the originality, of the subject, the magnitude of the canvas, the variety of character placed upon it, and the intense dramatic effect—the expression is used in its highest meaning—thrown into the terrible scene, instantly arrested the attention of the spectator, and left an impression on the mind not soon or easily effaced. From this time forth the works of Mr. Poole were sought after.

It was undoubtedly attributable to the success achieved by the “Solomon



Engraved by]

SOLOMON EAGLE'S EXHORTATION TO REPENTANCE DURING THE GREAT PLAGUE OF LONDON.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Eagle,” that the artist painted and exhibited in the following year another somewhat kindred subject, “The Moors beleaguered by the Spaniards in the City of Valencia,” a scene in which the horrors of war, with its attendants, famine, sickness, and suffering, are eloquently and most painfully represented. Had not the preceding work made its appearance, this would have caused as great a sensation as that; but while every one acknowledged the genius of the painter, and while it fully sustained his eminent position, there were few who would not gladly have seen his talent turned into a more elevated and agreeable channel; a succession of miseries, whether real or pictorial, saddens and appals the heart.

Poole did not exhibit again till 1846, when he sent to the Academy, “The

Visitation and Surrender of Syon House (at Isleworth, Middlesex) to the Commissioners appointed by Thomas Cromwell in the reign of Henry VIII.,” a subject differing from the plague and famine scenes just referred to, but not less abounding in impressive character of a wide range. The dispositions of the various figures are most skilfully managed, and the work is altogether one of a very high order. In December of this year he was elected Associate of the Academy, an honour to which his merits fully entitled him. In 1847 the name of this artist did not appear in the catalogue of the Royal Academy, but it was in the list of the competitors at Westminster Hall, under the auspices of the Royal Commissioners, when he received one of the premiums of £300 for his picture of “Edward's generosity to the Burgesses of Calais,” a composition full

of passages of great power and beauty; but, as a whole, deficient in unity. "Arlète, a peasant girl of Falaise, in Normandy, first discovered by Duke Robert le Diable," was the subject of a picture exhibited at the Academy in 1848. A large portion of the composition is landscape, painted with as much truth and masterly execution as the figure-subjects by this artist. In the following year he exhibited "The Blackberry Gatherers," and three episodes,

in one frame, drawn from "The Tempest,"—"Ferdinand declaring his love for Miranda," "The Conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio," and "Ferdinand and Miranda playing Chess;" each of these forms a small but beautiful picture in itself, and shows many points of great artistic merit.

One of the most remarkable pictures which Poole has painted is that he exhibited in 1850, "The Messenger announcing to Job the Irruption of the



Engraved by]

CROSSING THE STREAM.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls

Sabæans and the Slaughter of the Servants." It was engraved and published, as most of our readers will, doubtless, remember, in the *Art-Journal* for 1854. "The Goths in Italy," painted in 1851, is another composition that manifests the original genius of the artist. Groups of brawny, stalwart Scythians, with young Roman maidens as their attendants, are luxuriating amid the verdant banks and fountains of an Italian garden, in the produce of the vineyards and orchards of

the country. Though a subject admitting of much license, it is treated with all the delicacy that such a scene would allow, consistent with truth; there is, in fact, an entire absence of everything that might offend; in drawing and colour, the picture is very masterly. "The May Queen preparing for the Dance," and "Marina singing to her father Pericles," were exhibited in 1852. The former is one of the most elegant single figures the artist ever painted; the latter,

especially in the wan and sorrowful portrait of the Prince of Tyre, shows with what force character and feeling may be, and are, portrayed. Another year elapsed without any work appearing publicly from the pencil of this painter; but in 1854 he sent to the Academy, "The Song of the Troubadours—Bertrand de Boru, Lord of the Castle of Haute-Fort, in Provence, the Warrior Poet of the Twelfth Century;" a moonlight scene, in which several figures are represented, on the ramparts of a castle by the sea-side, listening to the lay of the minstrel. The picture is unquestionably a production of genius, but it does not bear that stamp of originality nor the skilful manipulation seen in many preceding works. His contribution to the Academy in the following year, "The

Seventh Day of the Decameron—Philomena's Song by the side of the beautiful Lake in the Ladies' Valley," is another picture of the same class, and, like the former, has both merits and demerits; the last are found chiefly in the colouring, a green and yellow haze pervades the whole composition, while the figures are painted in a low and monotonous tone. "The Conspirators—the Midnight Meeting" was exhibited in 1856. It represents an incident in the history of Switzerland, where Arnold, Werner, and Walter (the latter the father-in-law of Tell), are described as having met by appointment at a solitary spot on the lake of Waldstätten, called Rutli, for the purpose of maturing their plans for liberating the country from the tyranny of Gessler; the three patriots are seen in conference



Engraved by]

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

in a cave lighted by torches; the picture scarcely sustained the reputation achieved by Mr. Poole, and was generally regarded as a failure—from his hand. A similar verdict may almost be pronounced against his next exhibited picture, "A Field Conventicle," an oft-repeated subject, illustrating the open-air preaching of the Scottish Covenanters; it is powerful in colour, but lacks originality of treatment, and is devoid of interest and feeling. The old worshippers in glen and mountain-defile were not such men as Mr. Poole has here put on the canvas. One other picture only remains to be noticed; it is that exhibited last year, "The Last Scene in King Lear;" the old king is holding a feather to the

lips of his dead daughter Cordelia, to ascertain if life be totally extinct. Edgar, Kent, Albany, and others stand round to watch the result. The picture presents features of greater excellence than those of the periods immediately preceding, but it by no means equals some of earlier date—those by which the reputation of this artist was made. We participate in the regrets, so frequently made in our hearing, when the matter of Mr. Poole's works has been under discussion, that he should have departed from the bold, vigorous, manly, and original style in which his "Job," "Solomon Eagle," "Goths in Italy," &c., are painted, and has adopted in its stead a style like that of his later works.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 12.—WILLIAM COLLINS, R.A.

ALL Englishmen who feel honest pride in their own beautiful country and its best class of peasantry, must have a veneration for the painter who has delineated both so well. Its leafy lanes, filled with little merry rustics, sometimes swinging on the gates, each one "happy as a king," or crowded round the cottage door, with kindly welcome to the timid "stray kitten" that creeps doubtfully toward the pan of milk so hospitably placed for its refection; or the life of the sea-beach, with its young "shrimpers" and fisher-boys, with their thickset forms and ruddy faces,—all delineate the best features of the great Anglo-Saxon race to which it is an honour to belong. Never was the sea-side, or the country-life of England better painted than by William Collins; and it is a pleasure to look upon his pictures in the foggy winter days of a London December, and dream of visiting some such pleasant spots, and chat with such rosy villagers when June comes round again.

It is a noble thing to have wealth to spare,—but only so when it is put to noble uses. The men who spend their superfluity on fine pictures lay up a pleasure for all time—a refining "joy for ever" to all who look on them. It has but one drawback—its exclusiveness; for fine works are sometimes little seen but by their possessors, and often are buried in galleries all but unvisited. But when men who love Art, and buy wisely, make a free gift of their tasteful gatherings for the good of their fellow-countrymen, ennobling the humblest by teaching them to contemplate works kings might covet, how great a debt of gratitude do we owe to them! Such men are the late Mr. Vernon and the living Mr. Sheepshanks,—men who must ever be regarded as national benefactors; they have aided in enlightening, through the medium of the Arts, a large body of their countrymen, and the good work will be continued long after their contemporaries have passed away. They have also given English Art a public station it had not before, for we had no special galleries devoted to our native school of painting, until their munificence gave us one, to which we might take a foreigner, and show him what our artists have done. If the British people have reason to be grateful for such gifts, the British artists owe a deeper debt of gratitude to these two gentlemen.

Some of Collins's best cabinet pictures may be seen in the collections at Marlborough House and Kensington,—pictures redolent of happy country life, or of breezy glowing sea-beaches. Collins never painted "storms in harvest," or "storms at sea,"—his nature was essentially happy. As you feel the calm sunny influence of his pictures on the mind, you are impressed with the certainty of the pleasure he must have felt in painting them. Had he been an author instead of an artist, you feel he would never depict village life after the fashion of Crabbe, but rather rival Miss Mitford.

There is a pleasant life of Collins, written by his son (who by his talent adds another proof of the fallacy of the idea that a clever father seldom has a clever son), and to that memoir we must refer our reader, who may require fuller details of the artist's life than we can give; it is a well-told narrative of an honourable career, a true picture of the early struggles and ultimate triumphs of an artist of whom England may be proud. It must have been an agreeable task for such a son to write of such a father. A short memoir of Collins, as our readers will remember, appeared in the volume of the *Art-Journal* for 1853, in our series of "British Artists."

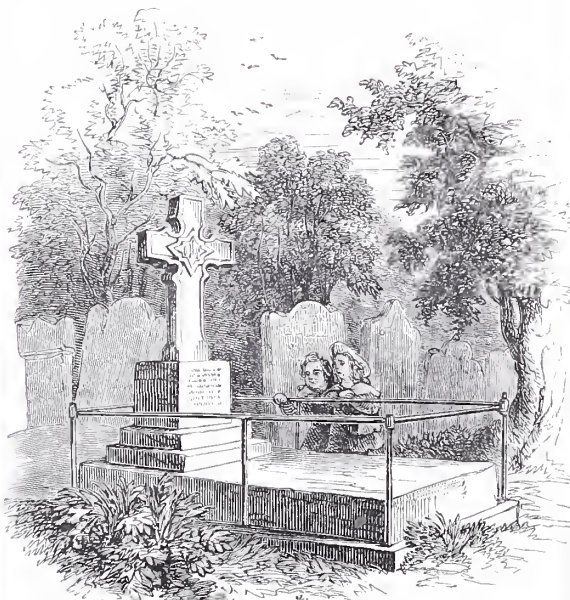
Collins was born in London,—and it is somewhat remarkable that our best delineators of country boys, Collins and Hunt, were both born not far asunder, and in localities not apparently propitious; the first in Great Titchfield Street, the second in Bolton Street (now called Endell Street), Long Acre. Collins is an example of the mixed marriages which produce "true-born Englishmen." His father was an Irishman, a native of Wicklow, his mother a Scottish lady from the vicinity of Edinburgh. Collins senior laboured unceasingly as a man of letters and a picture-dealer; his



RESIDENCE OF COLLINS.

best literary works were "Memoirs of a Picture," in which he detailed the tricks of the trade in picture-dealing and picture-stealing, and a "Life of Morland," with whom he was intimate, and whose advice and assistance he sought for the early instruction of young William, who in after life was of opinion that he gained more from his father's advice and guidance than from that of the dissolute, but more highly-gifted Morland.

Drawing was the boy's delight from earliest youth, "whatever natural object he perceived he endeavoured to imitate upon paper;



TOMB OF COLLINS.

even a group of old blacking-bottles, picturesquely arranged by his friend Linnell, supplied him with a fund of material too precious to be disdained." By all the means which a clever and earnest boy will make use of, he carried on his studies. He sketched from nature in the fields round London. In 1807 he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and the first views he contributed to the walls of their exhibition were sketched at Millbank, then a

Dutch-looking suburb of London. His industry was untiring, and ultimately led to attention,—his works, when better known, had excellences which riveted it. He succeeded in making a position for himself, but his career was an arduous one; the poor son of a poor father, at whose death he had only the bequest of his family's warts. Yet through all he kept a brave heart and a steady hand, and years of perseverance brought ultimate reward.

Late in life Collins went to Bayswater to reside; the locality had been recommended by his physician as the drier and healthiest in London. He took the house No. 85, Oxford Terrace, in 1840; but, finding it too small for his requirements, he removed, in 1843, to another adjacent and larger abode at No. 1, Devonport Street. Of its external aspect our cut will furnish an idea; it is one of the thousand houses builders run up in the suburbs; but to the painter it had "the unusual attraction of containing a room capable of being converted into a spacious and convenient studio;" these are the words of his son, who adds—"It is not one of the least curious passages in his life, that he had never possessed a comfortable painting-room up to this period of his career. In all his changes of abode he had been contented with taking any apartment in the house that afforded a tolerable light, resigning every other advantage of high roofs and fine skylights. His first sea-coast scenes were painted in a garret of his house in New Cavendish Street. The 'Fisherman's Departure,' Sir Robert Peel's 'Frost Scene,' and a long series of other remarkable pictures, were produced in a little bedroom of his first abode at Hampstead." His son records the pleasure he felt in his studio. "Once established in the new locality of his labours, with more of his sketches, his designs, his relics of Art about him than he had ever been able to range in any former studio—with his painting-table, that had belonged to Gainsborough, with his little model of an old woman, dressed by the same great painter's hand, with the favourite palettes of Lawrence and Wilkie, hung up before him; with all the other curiosities, experiments, and studies in Art that he had collected, now for the first time conveniently disposed around him—his enjoyment of his new painting-room was complete." But "like Wilkie, he laboured only a brief space in the first painting-room that he had ever completely prepared for his own occupation, before the hand of death arrested his pencil for ever!"

A long and wearying illness, denoting a break up of the system, at last conquered his healthy nature; and the artist died on the 17th of February, 1847. He is buried in the cemetery of the Church of St. Mary, Paddington. The grave is marked by a marble cross, on the base of which these words are inscribed:—"In testimony of their affection for his memory, their remembrance of his virtues, and their respect for his genius as the painter of the coast scenery and cottage life of his native land, his widow and his two sons have raised this monument on the site of one which he erected to his mother and brother, with whom he is now buried." The spot possesses more of the elements of the picturesque than we find in suburban graveyards; and the tomb itself is characterised by its pure and simple taste. It is no melancholy pilgrimage to the painter's grave: trees wave near it in the green summer-time, and it speaks only of hopeful, happy rest.

In Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Life of his Father* is a list of the pictures painted by the latter, arranged chronologically from the earliest exhibited work, bearing date, 1807, to the latest, 1846, with the names of the purchasers and the prices paid for them.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

OBITUARY.

MR. BENJAMIN WYON.

AMONG the losses with which we have to debit the year so recently closed, we must not omit some record of one who was himself an eminent member of a family long eminent in the branch of Art which they professed. Benjamin Wyon, who died on the 21st of November last, was the son of Thomas Wyon, the well-known chief engraver of seals to Kings George III. and George IV.—and was born, in London, on the 9th of January, 1802. He began his Art career, of course, under the eye of his father; and, along with his cousin, the late William Wyon, he studied under his distinguished brother Thomas, the chief engraver to the royal mint;—whose short career, as is well remembered, though it ended at the untimely age of twenty-five, yet sufficed to raise the medallist's art in this country to a height of excellence which before his day it had not at any time attained. If the prize of pre-eminence be due to the early dead, Benjamin Wyon had yet his ample share of the family gift. At an early age, he carried off several prizes for medals from the Society of Arts: and the silver medal of the Royal Academy was conferred on him for a head of Apollo, which afterwards the Royal Academy of Music adopted as the design for their prize medal. At the age of nineteen, young Wyon was employed, with much credit to himself, on the great seal of George IV. He also attracted considerable notice to himself, while still young, by a head which he executed of Dr. Hutton. In 1830, as a natural consequence of such antecedents, he was appointed to fill the vacancy which his father left in the office of chief engraver of his Majesty's seals,—and he executed the seal then required for the new sovereign, William IV. The works, however, which earned for the late Mr. Benjamin Wyon his highest reputation were the seals which he executed for the present Queen.—Out of a vast number of other medals, regal and corporate, public and private, which during his successful career Mr. Wyon produced, we may select the following for separate mention:—The Shakspeare Medal of the City of London School, presented to that institution by the late Mr. Beaufoy. The medal of the Royal Scottish Academy, at Edinburgh. Medals, for the Art-Union of London, in commemoration of the architects, Wren, Chambers, and Vanbrugh. The medal awarded by the Board of Trade for gallantry in saving life at sea. The medal for the Humane Society at Plymouth. A medal commemorative of her Majesty's marriage,—and one commemorative of the baptism of the Prince of Wales, and the King of Prussia's visit to this country as sponsor on the occasion. A medal commemorating the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to the city of London,—and another on occasion of a similar visit from the King of Sardinia. These two latter medals were executed at the cost of the Corporation of London,—and are splendid specimens of the medallist's art.—By a large circle of friends, to whom the qualities that do not belong to a record like this had endeared him, Mr. Benjamin Wyon will long be missed. He leaves a widow and many children to mourn his loss;—but it is pleasant to know, that if the long-accustomed pitcher be broken at this old family fount of Art, death has not dried the well. Mr. Joseph S. Wyon, whom his deceased father trained in his own profession, and who was the assistant of his later labours, inherits the family gift,—and has, in virtue of it, been permitted to put on his father's fallen mantle as chief engraver of seals to the Queen.

M. LEON FLEURY.

The Paris papers announce the recent death of this artist, one of the most distinguished landscape painters of the French school. M. Fleury, the son of a clever historical painter, was born at Paris in 1804; after receiving the rudiments of an Art-education under his father, he became successively a pupil of Victor Bertin and of Hersent. On quitting the studio of the latter, he set out on a lengthened sketching tour, and between the years 1827 and 1830, travelled over Italy, Belgium, and a large part of his native country. Returning to Paris, he prepared for exhibition at the *Salon*, to which he sent, in 1831, four pictures, "A View of the Ponte

Ratto, Rome, taken from the banks of the Tiber;" a "View in the Environs of Rome;" and two views of "Watten, in the Environs of St. Omer." From that time his name was rarely absent from any of the public exhibitions of the French Academy; his last appearance was at the Universal Exposition in 1855, to which he contributed two pictures. Though M. Fleury is known chiefly as a landscape painter, yet he occasionally employed his pencil on other subjects: in the Church of St. Marguerite is a "Baptism of Christ" by him, and in that of St. Etienne-du-Mont, a St. Genevieve. Several of his works have been purchased at different times by the French government for presentation to provincial museums; among these we may especially point out a "Wood in Normandy," presented to the Museum of Bar-le-Due, and a "View on the road to Genoa, near Nice," given to the Museum of Amiens.

In 1834, M. Fleury was awarded by the Council of the Fine Arts in Paris a medal of the third class; in 1837, one of the second class; and in 1845, one of the first class. In 1851 the decoration of the Legion of Honour was bestowed on him. His works have always been held in high esteem by his countrymen for their truth, picturesque character, and careful treatment.

MR. A. B. JOHNS.

Although, as a general rule, talent of a high order rarely fails to establish a wide-spread reputation, yet instances sometimes occur, especially in remote localities, where, in the well-known words of the poet, it is almost

"born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

An example of this nature is supplied by the career of the late Mr. Ambrose Bowden Johns, whose death we briefly noticed last month. He was born in Plymouth, in the year 1776-7, and served his apprenticeship to Haydon, the bookseller, father of the artist. Early in life he withdrew from business and adopted landscape-painting as a profession, to which he devoted himself with the utmost enthusiasm, and with very considerable success, yet his fame was almost entirely limited to his own county.

In his practice he was little influenced by the works of contemporary artists, though he had sketched with Turner, and was well acquainted with some of the leading metropolitan painters. His view of nature was sometimes modified or influenced by ideas drawn from the works of the older landscape-painters, Claude, Gaspar Poussin, &c., and by our own Wilson; still his pictures were never deficient in originality. They were commonly the offspring of his own mind, and are remarkable for novelty of arrangement and a natural character entirely his own. Few excelled him in the representation of foliage, and the valleys and cottages of his native county were never more truthfully and agreeably delineated than by his pencil. His colouring is mellow, yet not devoid of freshness, his execution broad, but free from mannerism—simple, yet varied and effective.

On the few occasions when Mr. Johns exhibited at the Royal Academy, his pictures seemed to want brilliancy: this resulted, perhaps, partly from a dislike to all forced effects, and partly from his painting with reference to another standard, as in galleries where the old masters predominate his landscapes hold their ground admirably. At Cobham Hall, the mansion of Earl Darnley, is a picture, a view of Okehampton Castle, on which Dr. Waagen has passed high eulogium, a verdict that Sir C. L. Eastlake has confirmed. Another work of very superior character, though of a widely different subject, a "Boy blowing Bubbles," is in possession of Sir M. Lopez.

His life, protracted far beyond the ordinary allotted term, was distinguished by every Christian virtue, but his gentleness, courtesy, and hospitality were most conspicuous; while on more than one trying occasion his integrity was exalted into magnanimity. Courtied as his society was by individuals of all ranks, yet that of his brother artists, by whom he was much beloved, was generally preferred by him; and in the town of Plymouth, the scene of his birth, his labours, and his death, his influence was felt as ennobling his profession. It has been re-

marked, by one who knew well Mr. Johns, that "the contentment which characterised his life was drawn from that hope which comforts those whose hearts condemn them not."

MR. THOMAS BELSHAW.

The name of Mr. Belshaw, the announcement of whose death appeared recently in some of the daily journals, must be perfectly familiar to all who were connected with the various exhibitions of industrial Art which have taken place in the country within the last few years. He was among the originators of, and materially aided in carrying out, the exhibitions at Manchester, Liverpool, Derby, Sheffield, Macclesfield, &c.: he organized the first great Art-manufacture exhibition at Birmingham, and no small measure of the success which attended the universal Exhibition in 1851 was due to his admirable management and unwearying labours in the arrangement of the vast mass of contributions. Subsequently, at Cork and Dublin, he was similarly engaged; and, lastly, at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, at the commencement of that vast undertaking.

During the Russian war, Mr. Belshaw, from his well-known activity and experience in matters of such a nature, was appointed deputy storekeeper to the Army Works Corps, and sailed to the Crimea in charge of the third division of this contingent. On his passage out, in the *Berwick* transport, he met with an accident, which, combined with anxiety, disappointment, and neglect—as it has been alleged—led to his death in the prime of life. We are concerned to know his widow and children are left in so destitute a state that a subscription for their benefit has been set on foot. There can be little doubt of the appeal being liberally answered when these facts are made public; and, especially, by those who benefited by the services of the late Mr. Belshaw.*

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

THIS sixth year of exhibition by the Photographic Society tends to convince us that it is absolutely necessary to effect a change somewhere. A good collection of photographs—many of them very charming as pictures, and exhibiting much manipulative skill—is hung on the walls of the Suffolk Street Gallery, and the impression we receive on entering the rooms is, that they exhibit a stereotype-like sameness—a repetition in character, with slight variations, of the last and previous exhibitions. This impression is strengthened by the admission of pictures which every one has seen, who, during the last six months, has walked along the Strand, the Haymarket, Regent Street, or Piccadilly.

We take it that the Photographic Society has two well marked lines of operation. One (upon which its popularity will depend, and therefore of much importance), the advancement of photography as an art, which of course will be shown by the exhibition of such pictures in which the numerous difficulties, as it respects the lenticular image and the want of agreement between the chromatic character and the chemical activity, have been most effectually overcome. The other, bearing strongly on the first, the investigation of the physical and chemical phenomena which are involved in the production of a photographic picture. ART in the first place, and SCIENCE in the second.

The exhibitions of the Society should show us the results which had been obtained—with new lenses, or new arrangements of lenses—by means of new processes, or modifications of processes already known, and display any novel

* We understand that subscriptions will be received at the Unity Bank, Cannon Street, City; Mr. Alderman Mechi's Establishment, Leadenhall Street; Messrs. Elkington & Co., 22, Regent Street, St. James's; W. Donald, Esq., St. James's Hall, Regent Street; Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, 11, Bouverie Street; George Grove, Esq., Secretary to the Crystal Palace Company; and by Mr. Joseph White, Hon. Secretary to the Fund, 22, Richmond Street, St. George's Road, Southwark, S.E.

applications of the art it cultivates. Beyond this, whenever possible, the refinements of scientific experiments should be illustrated.

It is beneath the dignity of the Society to exhibit photographs which have been produced for sale, and consequently displayed in the dealers' shop windows, before they are hung in the Society's exhibition room.

We have heard the exhibition of the Royal Academy quoted as an excuse for the exhibition of the Photographic Society. There is no parallel between them. The efforts of mind displayed in the production of a picture have nothing in common with the mechanical process of obtaining a photograph. The artist exhibits an original production, which requires much skilled labour before it can be multiplied: the photographer obtains his negative, and the multiplication of his picture is a very simple affair; and, in the majority of instances, original pictures are not exhibited in the Society's rooms.

The trading character is, too, most offensively obtruded in the catalogue—the prices, varying from 1s. and 2s. to 63s., being a curious feature on every page.

Our remarks are dictated by the most friendly feeling; we admire photography, and we desire to see the Photographic Society taking and maintaining its proper place amidst the societies established for the advancement of Science and Art in this country. It has allowed itself to be overriden by the commercial element; and unless, ere yet it be too late, the council resolves to return to and maintain a far more independent position, the fate of the Society is sealed.

It is time to return to the exhibition as it stands, and, having expressed our grievance, we can do so with great pleasure.

In every way the most remarkable pictures are the copies of the cartoons at Hampton Court, by Caldesi and Montecchi. The fidelity of these reproductions of one of man's greatest works is nothing less than marvellous. The wonderful drawing, the intensity of expression in every line produced by the pencil of Raphael, are preserved, as no other process of copying could preserve them. The very work of Time, with his effacing fingers, is shown by the searching chemistry of light in a striking manner. Other copies, no less excellent, of these cartoons, by C. Thurston Thompson, must also be referred to. Mr. O. G. Reilander exhibits many of his fine studies from the life—a branch of the art in which he has been peculiarly successful; witness his remarkable picture, the "Two Ways of Life," exhibited at the Manchester Fine Art exhibition. We have no picture in the present exhibition of such pretensions as that one; but there are numerous detached studies of the highest merit, and one most charming group, The Scripture Reader, in which there is less of "stage effect," and more nature than in any picture we remember to have seen. We learn that the strange misconception prevails regarding these "subject" pictures, that the groups—such a group, indeed, as that of the "Two Ways of Life"—have been copied by one operation, from living figures grouped as we see them in the picture; and hence some very strong objections have been raised against this very picture. The photographic artist does no more than the Royal Academician does: he makes each figure an individual study, and he groups those separate "negatives" together, to form a complete positive picture. Messrs. De Ferrier and Beer have contributed several of these "subject" pictures; the quiet humour of the pair, "Forty Winks," and "One Wink," pleases us greatly.

The pictures by Mr. Roger Fenton are too well known to require any special notice from us. His views of Tintern Abbey and of Raglan Castle are among some of his most successful

productions. The play of light through the beautiful windows of the abbey ruin shows that the artist has watched, with all an artist's care, the ever-changing effects produced by the movement of the shadows, and seized upon that moment when the blending of light and shade developed that peculiar beauty which "subdues, yet elevates, the gazer's soul." We do not so much admire Mr. Fenton's Egyptian figures. His Nubian Water-carrier is stately and beautiful. One of his Dancing Girls has a strange quiet—an oriental dreamy air; but valuable as all of these pictures are, as truly representing some phases in the life of this interesting people, we cannot regard them as a success.

Mr. F. Frith's views of the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and his Panorama of Cairo, are amongst the very best examples of the perfection to which photography has arrived. The latter picture conveys an idea of the peculiarities of an Eastern city, which it would be exceedingly difficult to convey by any other means.

Mr. Hamilton Crake has contributed some very interesting pictures of the Rock Temples of India, with their mysterious sculptures. Photography has here a province peculiarly its own, and one which we desire to see more extended than it is, although our travellers are now frequently availing themselves of the camera to tell its truthful story. The Stereographs of Brittany are other examples of the value of the art in this direction.

There are a few illustrations of the uses of photography to the geologist, a few photographs from the microscope, and some three or four pictures intended to illustrate the rapidity with which an impression can now be made on the sensitive tablets. Why have we not a series of those very remarkable pictures of the sun, with the solar spots, taken at Kew? Why has not the society secured examples of Mr. Warren de la Rue's stereoscopic moons?—views taken at the two extreme points of the moon's libration, which resolve themselves in the stereoscope into a most perfect representation of our satellite. Why, indeed—with the exception of a picture by Mr. Charles Heiseh, of a small set by Mr. Sykes Ward, and a few, we believe only two, carbon pictures by Mr. Poncey, and it may be one or two others—have we no examples of attempts to overcome defects which still beset photography? We believe it is, that the Society is too exclusively worked to commercial ends.

There are many Photographic exhibitors whose pictures deserve much praise, but we avoid entering more generally than we have done into the merits of productions of which every one has now an opportunity of judging for themselves. In conclusion, we desire to impress upon the council of the Photographic Society the imperative necessity of their attention to the means of improving the art which they profess to encourage, and of avoiding, through all future time, at any cost, the very suspicion of allowing the Society to become the medium of advertising the productions of any photographic trader.

PHOTOGLYPHIC ENGRAVING.

This is the name given by Mr. Fox Talbot to a new process, which he has patented, for producing engravings directly from photographic pictures, upon plates of steel, copper, or zinc.

The manipulatory details for the production of a photoglyphic engraving, are as follows:—

A steel, copper, or zinc plate is to be well cleaned, it should then be rubbed with a linen cloth dipped in a mixture of caustic soda and whiting, in order to remove any traces of greasiness; the plate is then to be rubbed dry with another cloth.

The composition employed to cover the plate is

prepared as follows:—About a quarter of an ounce of gelatine is dissolved in eight or ten ounces of water, by the aid of heat. To this solution is added about one ounce, by measure, of a saturated solution of bichromate of potash, in water, and the mixture is strained through a linen cloth. The best sort of gelatine for the purpose is that used by cooks and confectioners, and commonly sold under the name of gelatine. The above mixture will, if kept in the dark, owing to the antiseptic and preserving power of the bichromate of potash, keep good for several months. When required, if it should be too thick, as in cold weather, the solution is slightly warmed before using; it is then, in a dark room, poured over the plate to be engraved, which is afterwards held in a vertical position, that the superfluous liquid may drain off at one of the corners. It is next placed in a horizontal position over a spirit-lamp, and the gelatine carefully dried, which is left as a thin film, of a pale yellow colour, covering the metallic surface.

The object to be engraved is laid on the metal plate and screwed down upon it in a photographic copying frame—such objects may be either the leaves of plants, lace, or engravings, writings, or photographs. Thus arranged the whole is to be exposed to the sunshine, until a faint image, produced by the contrast between the changed brown colour of the bichromate and its original yellow, makes its appearance.

When the plate bearing the photographic image is removed from the copying frame, the surface is to be carefully and very evenly spread with a little finely-powdered gum-copal, care being taken that the quantity is very small, and the layer uniform. When the plate has been thus powdered with copal, it is held horizontally over a spirit-lamp in order to melt the copal: this requires considerable heat, and its melting is known by the change of colour; the plate must then be withdrawn from the lamp and allowed to cool. The gelatine being thus covered with a layer of copal uniformly disseminated, the etching liquid is to be poured on. This is thus prepared:—Muriatic acid is saturated with the peroxide of iron, by the aid of heat. After straining the solution, to remove impurities, it is evaporated until it is considerably reduced in volume, and is then poured into bottles, in which, as it cools, it solidifies into a brown semi-crystalline mass. The bottles are then well corked up and kept for use.

It is found convenient to have solutions of this perchloride of iron of different strengths. Some liquid of a medium strength is poured over the plate; the liquid penetrates the gelatine wherever the light has not acted upon it, but it refuses to penetrate those parts upon which the light has acted sufficiently. It is upon this remarkable fact that the art of photoglyphic engraving is founded. In about a minute the etching is seen to begin, which is known by the parts etched turning brown or black, and then it spreads over the whole plate, the details of the picture appearing with great rapidity in every part of it. If the etching spreads too rapidly, the etching fluid must be diluted, so that the process may go on slowly. If the etching fluid is slightly moved with a camel-hair pencil, a good effect is produced. When the etching will improve no further, the process must be stopped: this is done by wiping off the liquid with cotton wool, and then rapidly pouring a stream of cold water over the plate, which carries off all that remains of the acid. The plate is then wiped with a clean linen cloth, and rubbed with soft whiting and water to remove the gelatine, and the etching is completed.

We have examined some of the impressions produced by this process of Mr. Fox Talbot's, and they appear to promise a better result than any of the processes which have yet been introduced to engrave the photographic picture. There is a more delicate, and, at the same time, a more decided definition on all the lines of the engraving, and the gradation of tone from the deep shadows, through the middle tints, to the high lights, are well preserved in most cases, care and experience alone being necessary to ensure this in all.

Mr. Fox Talbot has patented this process, but we are assured by his friends that this is only done for the purpose of securing his claim as the inventor of photoglyphic engraving, and that it is his intention, by and by, to make a free gift to the country of this valuable process.

R. H.

RAFFAELLE, AND HIS FATHER,
GIOVANNI SANTI.*

NINETEEN years ago curiosity was intensely excited by the announcement of a work under the above title by a certain J. D. Passavant, who for ten years before had proceeded so noiselessly with his inquiry that his name was known but within a limited area. Such was the amount of labour evidenced in the first volume, that we despaired of witnessing the fulfilment of the promise of a second: but a second did appear, and now a third comes forth—results of thought, labour, and travel extending over a period of thirty years; and there is yet work to be done before the subject can be said to be exhausted. In the prosecution of his enterprise—all glorious and honourable, but we fear but little profitable—the author has visited all the collections in France, England, and Germany, known as containing works of Raffaele. To Stockholm and Madrid he has also extended his researches; the collections only of Turin and St. Petersburg remain to be seen by him: and when we know of the wide diffusion of the works of Raffaele—for every known collection in Europe professes to show something by him, either as picture, cartouche, or drawing—it is matter of especial wonder that a man who died as yet so youthful should have designed all, and seen executed so many, of the works which bear his name. A reputation so transcendent has been a great temptation, during upwards of three centuries, to that large and ever-increasing population of falsifiers, whose felon trade exalts them to opulence, while the meritorious artist is upheld by the bare staff of life,—and they have fully availed themselves of the occasion. Thus, the forgeries on Raffaele are innumerable, and we had thought that a true estimate of his labours had been impossible; but in this part of his work Passavant gives a catalogue of all his authentic works, and truly marvellous are their number and variety. The enumeration extends over twenty-two closely printed pages, wherein are registered some eight hundred works in almost every department of Art. It is to us most interesting to consider the influences to which Raffaele yielded in the course of his practice—interesting more than ever now that there is arisen among us a sect who profess to drink at the same fountains as those which to the “divine” master were the sources of his emotions. But the results have been widely different. There is no evidence, direct or presumptive, that Raffaele during his earlier studies had seen the ancient sculptures in the collection of the Dukes of Urbino. It is not, however, probable that he was ignorant of their existence; but if his father did not receive from them any new inspiration, he certainly would not countenance a classic bent in his son. His picture, however, of “The Three Graces” has in itself sufficient evidence that the idea was borrowed from the antique at Siena. Beyond this, there is not in his earlier time any indication of a leaning towards Greek Art; on the contrary, his study of Masaccio and Da Vinci, and his intercourse with Fra Bartolomeo, seemed to confirm him in what is called Christian Art. And afterwards in Rome, the designs for the “Disputa,” and even for the “Parnassus,” afford no indication of a systematic study of the antique. But it is impossible that genius like that of Raffaele, surrounded as he was in Rome by the choicest remains of Greek Art, should long continue to resist its influence. Different from these is the “School of Athens;” his desire for accurate character and costume threw him at once deep into the study of the antique: and not only was the new element pronounced in that grand composition, but also in the “Judgment of Paris,” “Quos Ego,” “Lucretia,” &c., all of which he designed about the year 1510. And, further, he was confirmed in his new manner by commissions for subjects to which he felt it due to consult the ancients, inasmuch as he could avail himself of their counsel and assistance—as his “Galatea,” the “Story of Cupid and Psyche,” for Agostino Chigi, the mythological works for the bath-room of Cardinal Bibiena—the Constantine and Attila compositions also necessitated an earnest inquiry into Roman costume; and at length the

ornamental art of the then recently discovered Baths of Titus suggested the decorations of the Loggia of the Vatican, in which scope was given to his rich and various fancy, and exercise to his fine apprehension of the beautiful. In Art, perhaps, more than in all else, are ingenuous natures open to incidental impressions: and Raffaele was no exception to this rule. In his earlier works his models seem to have been of the somewhat slight mould of the natives of Urbino, Umbria, and Tuscany, but latterly his figures have larger proportions, like a certain type of the inhabitants of Rome. In his earliest female heads the foreheads are high, and the eyebrows arched, as were those features of the ladies of the court of Urbino in his time, but in Rome he adopted a more severe character, like that also of the Romans; and this is sufficiently shown by comparison of his earlier Madonnas with the famous “Madonna del Pesce,” in Spain, and the “St. Sixtus,” at Dresden.

The particular subjects treated of in the book before us are supplementary to the first and second parts, as—Pinturicchio's works at Siena, the Stanza della Segnatura, the school of Athens, Raffaele's mistress, his letter to his uncle Ciaria, at Urbino, in 1514, his death and last will and testament, &c. But the knowledge of the existence of such a work must necessarily check all attempts in this direction at the attribution of spurious works; for here is a catalogue of all the known works of the master, with their whereabouts, or such indication of their abiding places as will render it easy to trace them; and on this account will the name of Passavant be as intimately associated with that of Raffaele as that of Giulio Romano, or any of that school who called themselves pupils of the famous Urhinian.

THE NEW INDIAN OFFICE AND
ITS ARCHITECTS.

THE days of the India House in Leadenhall Street in the east are numbered, and in its stead a new Indian Office is to occupy a suitable position amongst the other public buildings of the Imperial Government in the city of Westminster. This is as it should be. The old India House was identified, both in use and association, with a condition of Indian rule, now happily transferred from present existence to the history of the past. To have retained this edifice, so essentially a Company's house, for the occupation and use of the official personages attached to the Indian department of her Majesty's government would consequently have been something worse than a very serious mistake. The new Indian government must not inaugurate its operation through the agency of obsolete traditions. Despatches from India no longer could consistently be addressed to the old centre of the Company's authority; and so, also, despatches from home would require to bear date from the Indian Office of the Secretary of State, and not from Leadenhall Street, as of old. Something more than a mere transfer of the ruling power has been effected; and it is well to record this fact at once significantly and permanently, by establishing the Secretary of State for India, his council, and official staff in a new government office of their own. We can feel the importance, as well as the propriety, of such a measure here at home; and in India we may be sure that it will be regarded with far deeper sentiments of approving satisfaction.

Lord Stanley has acted in this matter in a manner calculated to secure for himself the approbation of those, whose approbation he would be likely to regard as of real value. He has been prompt, but without haste,—he has taken time for careful reflection, and yet without yielding to the enervating influences of needless delays. The public buildings of Westminster will thus acquire a fresh accession to their confederacy, which may rely upon the sympathising approbation of the entire community. An Indian Office at Westminster cannot fail to be in itself, in its title and use, a popular, as well as a public building; and it is with the utmost satisfaction that we add the expression of our firm conviction, that the Indian Office which will forthwith be erected, will prove to be intrinsically worthy both of its object and of the approval of the nation.

The honourable task of arranging, designing, and erecting the new edifice has been entrusted to Mr. G. Gilbert Scott, A.R.A., and to Mr. M. Digby Wyatt, C.B., conjointly,—the exterior architecture of the structure being specially placed under the direction of the former distinguished architect, while the latter is instructed to direct his particular attention to the arrangements and fittings of the interior.

At first sight, possibly, it may appear to many persons that two architects of real eminence would not be disposed to accept such a conjoint charge; and, further, that, even if they did accept it, they would not work together, either cordially or for the best advantage of their common trust. In the present instance the two gentlemen whom we have named have formally accepted Lord Stanley's proposal; and we are disposed to consider that the future Indian Office will derive infinite benefit from their having thus been brought to act together. In a competition we rarely see two thoroughly good designs for the same building, which could not derive mutual advantage from one another. Here, without any competition, we have two able men engaged to devote their time and their talents, not the one to excel the other, but the two to render more excellent a single design. And there is to us a peculiar hopefulness in the individuals thus selected, and thus brought together. Each already possesses a reputation sufficiently high to treat the other with respectful consideration; and, at the same time, the reputation of each is based upon such decided individuality of view, that neither of them can be subjected to any suspicion of exercising an undue influence over his colleague. Mr. Scott is the avowed champion of the Gothic—the Gothic, as we require an architecture for practical use, *in* and *for* this Victorian age, in England. With no little experience of the Gothic also, as it once expressed itself in the middle ages, both in our own country and in the various countries of mediæval Europe, Mr. Digby Wyatt has, in practice, attached himself more heartily to the classic Renaissance of Italy. Mr. Wyatt has also of late been actively employed upon works in the architecture of Europe, adapted to Indian associations and uses, and erected upon Indian soil: he is also more particularly a secular architect. Mr. Scott has acquired his greatness chiefly from ecclesiastical works, with which must be coupled his famous Hotel de Ville, at Hamburgh. At Westminster the Gothic is quite safe with Mr. Scott; and Mr. Wyatt will there find how well the true development of the Gothic will adapt itself, while retaining its true purity as a style, to all that the Renaissance can accomplish for the usages and requirements of modern life. Such a combination as this may be expected to solve the long pending difficulty about a style of architecture for our day: the Renaissance may suggest much that, in practice, may be most valuable to the Gothic, and the Gothic will not fail to invest every such practical suggestion with its own architectural excellence and dignity.

We shall watch the progress of the new Indian Office with even unusual interest, and also with peculiar care: and great indeed will be our disappointment should we not find our warmest hopes realized, and, indeed, more than realized by Mr. Scott and Mr. Wyatt,—whom, meanwhile, we cordially congratulate on their having received this commission, as we feel it to be a matter of congratulation to the cause of Art amongst us that the new Indian Office should have been placed in their hands.

THE
PICTURES IN MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

THE various conflicting decisions at which the House of Commons has arrived on the subject of the National Gallery are yielding their natural fruit, in that uncertainty of action which has so often impeded the healthy development of our great national institutions. The practice of separation follows, as of course, on a policy which abrogates the law of cohesion,—and the parts of a great whole, released from the principle of inter-relation, naturally seek to take up their independent places each on principles of its own. In November next, as our readers pretty

* “Rafael von Urbino und Sein Vater Giovanni Santi,” Von J. D. Passavant; Dritter Theil. Leipzig, F. A. Brockhaus; London, Trübner.

generally know, Marlborough House, which has for some time past, under our accustomed law of the fragmentary and provisional, furnished one of our many exhibition rooms, will be wanted for the establishment of the Prince of Wales; and, with a view to the previous measures necessary for adapting this palace to its new purpose, the pictures at present housed there have notice to quit in March. By the providence of Lord Elcho and his disciples, and by some other happy contrivances, which work together with their labours to the familiar end of confusion, these pictures, with constitutions that demand careful nurture, find themselves suddenly in the streets. In the first pressure of the emergency, the Commissioner of Works seems to have fallen back on a Refuge for the Destitute,—and for one desperate moment, the notion had been entertained of lodging these houseless children of Art in the old house in Carlton Ride, whence some of the national records were so recently rescued in various stages of decline. But the rats and the river-damp, which were troublesome joint-tenants for the records, were not likely to agree better with pictures; and the Chief Commissioner has landed in a scheme which we would frankly accept as a choice of evils, if we could not see our own way to a plan by which the evil of the position may be altogether avoided. A gallery to contain the Vernon pictures is in process of erection near the present museum at Kensington Gore,—and the works are proceeding with the rapidity supposed to be demanded by the necessities of the case.

Now, candidly admitting, as we do, that it is really very difficult for any one having responsibility to know how to act, in the midst of dilemmas created by the multitude of counsellors who do not produce wisdom,—we, yet, must protest, with all the earnestness which they have left us, against the arrangement in question. It is by every means desirable, so far as may be possible, to keep together the national pictures, in view of the better counsel that may yet finally prevail. Against this splitting up of an important whole into its constituent portions—this lopping off the limbs of a great institution—we must remonstrate, in the very spirit of all the remarks that we have ever had to make on the subject. What our voice can do towards redeeming errors that are past, and arresting rash consequences, we are bound to contribute. The fitting destination for these pictures, on their removal from Marlborough House, is, to re-attach them to the great body, in Trafalgar Square, to which they belong. The true ultimate solution of the National Gallery question depends on, at any rate, keeping the national pictures in company. To this obvious course, there is only one objection—the nation has not room in Trafalgar Square for the pictures which are already there.

Well, then, the remedy for this state of things meets us face to face,—and we cannot evade it. The time has come for plain speaking, when the logic of a great national interest is at stake. *The Royal Academy is in the way.* The country is actually turned aside from a course that becomes it by the figure of this anomalous body standing right in its path. The sufferance on which the Academy has so long sat in Trafalgar Square has expired, by the conditions of the ease.—And since plain speaking is demanded by the occasion, let it be said, that the Royal Academy has not established such a claim for itself with the country,—it has not taken such a firm grasp of the high mission which it had before it,—as should entitle it to interfere in any way with the due development of our national institutions. The space which the Academy now occupies given up to the wants of the National Gallery,—to which it belongs,—will enable the latter not only to re-affiliate to itself its detached members, but to meet all demands on it for some few years to come:—thus, leaving the question of its great final future to be determined with greater leisure, and in a calmer mood. As for the Royal Academy, its future fortunes are to a great extent in its own hands:—and, for the sake of much that it has done, and in spite of much that it has left undone, we earnestly desire that it may see the true direction in which its interests lie. But, in more ways than one, it must at length, and at any rate, cease to be an obstructive body,—and first of all, *here.* The nation *must* re-enter on its rights in Trafalgar Square.

COLOUR, AND THE DIFFUSION OF TASTE.*

It is not easy to do justice to a work of this comprehensive nature within the limited space at our command this month. The author has included within the compass of his volume so many topics bearing immediately on his two principal subjects, and has entered so fully into each and all, that we can hope to do little more than give our readers such an outline of the contents as will induce them to look into the book for themselves; but we tell them at the outset it is a book for earnest, patient study, not one for mere amusement. It is the result of research, thought, and labour—a book of practical and experimental knowledge, not of fanciful theories; one in which popular æsthetic errors, and popular ignorance of, or indifference to, the true and the beautiful are fearlessly denounced. Sir Gardner Wilkinson is an authority upon certain classes of artistic works, whose opinion ought not to be lightly esteemed. His long residence in the East, and the study which he gave to the ancient arts of the people among whom he dwelt, as his previous publications show, well qualify him to become an instructor at home on the matters which have again induced him to appear as an author.

Nearly one half of the volume is devoted to the question of "Colour," concerning which he remarks at the outset that "it is not by forming a theory on some fanciful basis that a perception of the harmony of colours is to be acquired; like a correct ear for music, it is a natural gift. Theory will not form it, as theory will not enable any one to detect a false note. The power depends on the perceptive faculty; and unless any one possess this, he will vainly attempt to lay down rules for the guidance of others." We have before now heard this proposition discussed, but most certainly it cannot be controverted. There are people who cannot see, as there are those who cannot hear. We have met with both; with men passionately fond of pictures or music, but who have not the faculty of perceiving the harmony of colours or of sounds. He then proceeds to show, from the general arrangement of an English flower-garden and borders, how universally defective is this faculty as regards colour, and he follows these remarks with several pages treating of coloured glass windows and glass mosaics, and points out the mistakes which many artists in stained glass of our own day make, when they copy, as they are apt to do, the faulty drawing or the inelegance of the figures of an early period, for the sake of giving an antique character to their work. Had the designers of those days been able to draw well and correctly, they would have done so; incapacity, not choice, compelled them to make their figures faulty and rude, and we are not, therefore, compelled to copy them in this particular. A large portion of the remainder of this division of the book is occupied by a tabular list of the names of the principal colours and their varieties, in English, Arabic, French, German, Greek, Latin, and Italian, and by a most curious and patient analytical list of colours and tints, of every conceivable hue, that will, or will not, harmonize. We have never seen such an elaborate enumeration as is here set down.

But it is the second division of the book—that which discusses the question of the "Necessity for a General Diffusion of Taste among all Classes"—which most concerns the public. It is a question that has once and again been opened up by us; and on many points Sir Gardner Wilkinson reiterates our opinions. "What hope," he asks, "can there be of general improvement in the 'arts of production,' if those who create them are ignorant of the simplest notions of taste, and cannot even comprehend the beauty of a design if presented to them? It is not by the education of the higher classes alone, nor by the patronage of the great, that taste is to be spread through a country. They *contribute* as far as lies in their power towards this object—and the efforts now making by some men of rank and wealth are both creditable and useful; but for the community to have a feeling for Art of any kind, the study must be *general*, and the minds of those who make, as well as of those who require, works of taste, must be imbued with a true appreciation of the beautiful. I do not, however, by this remark, wish to imply that men of rank and wealth, in England or any other country, are distinguished above all the rest of the community by correct taste: the few who possess it are the exception; and the exhibition of objects of their choice too frequently demonstrates an admiration for meretricious ornament and faulty design."

* "On Colour, and On the Necessity for a General Diffusion of Taste among all Classes: with Remarks on Laying out Dressed or Ornamental Gardens. By Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. &c." Published by J. Murray, London.

In enlarging upon this topic the author reviews a vast variety of matters, directly or indirectly, bearing upon it—the mistakes into which manufacturers and designers fall; the inability of good designers to get their designs executed—both from the ignorance or perverseness of the manufacturer, and the absence of taste and judgment in the public; the style of Greek ceramic art; schools of design, and other places of Art-instruction; a comparison of English and foreign designs; decorative design; natural objects; sculptures, plain and coloured; monuments to the dead; the decoration of houses; ecclesiastical and domestic architecture; ancient Italian pictures; flower-gardens, with a long list of flowering plants adapted for the beds.

Here are, unquestionably, materials affording a wide scope for amplification and discussion. They are worked out at considerable length, and in a true and right spirit. We have no doubt there are many quite disposed to deny the conclusions at which, on many points, the author arrives. We can find nothing in them contrary to what our experience has taught us. They may not be, and are not, very very flattering to our national vanity, but they are not the less true; and in the pride of our hearts we could only bring our minds to believe that they are so, we should be in a fair way to improve ourselves.

The book contains a considerable number of woodcuts and coloured plates, illustrative of examples of good taste and had taste placed in contrast.

CORNISH ANTIQUITIES.*

CORNWALL has long been celebrated for the largeness and variety of its early antiquities. It is, however, but rarely visited, and we owe our knowledge of its relics chiefly to somewhat meagre accounts in topographical works deficient of engravings. Mr. Blight is a resident artist in Penzance; and he has with great industry gathered sketches, and engraved views, of the principal early monuments in Cornwall: for in a companion volume to the present, published in 1856, he has preserved a series of ancient crosses and other antiquities in the west of Cornwall. The books are specimens, therefore, of the local Art of the county; and our cuts, borrowed from the volume, will best speak of their quality. The series is of considerable curiosity, though it must be confessed there is a sameness in many, inseparable from the principles which appear to have guided the style of the designers. The antiquities are arranged in periods by the author, and consist of nearly seventy examples. The earliest are mere rude stone shafts, with circular heads sculptured into a Maltese cross. This form seems to have undergone enrichment in process of time; and our first cut of one in the churchyard of St. Columb is of considerable elegance; both sides are similarly ornamented. That at Lanherne exhibits the whole of the shaft (of which the previous specimen has been deprived), and is remarkable for the figure of the Saviour rudely sculptured upon it, as well as for the interlaced ornament below, and the inscriptions, which appear to be Saxon, and are on both sides. They probably referred to the person to whose memory the pillar was erected, or requested a prayer for his soul, in the style of the older Danish specimens seen in the Isle of Man, and identical with those described by Herr Worsaae, of Copenhagen. The more enriched character of the Gothic crosses is exhibited in that at St. Mawgan, which the author states to be the most elaborate specimen of the kind in Cornwall: its summit is a four-sided tabernacle containing figures of saints, a representation of the Crucifixion, and a saintly legend, whose explication is yet to be sought among the local tales of the monkish chroniclers. A somewhat similar cross stands in the churchyard of Criclade, on the banks of the Thames, and has been engraved in our volume for 1857 (p. 50); that, however, has the shaft perfect at the base, while the Cornwall specimen has evidently been inserted rudely into another stone. Bearing the same general character, but showing somewhat of decadence, is our fourth specimen from Lanteglos, near Fowey, which was found about twenty years ago, deeply buried in a trench that ran round the walls of the church, and which is now erected near the church porch. It consists of a hexagonal shaft, diminishing upwards

* ANCIENT CROSSES AND OTHER ANTIQUITIES IN THE EAST OF CORNWALL. By J. T. Blight. Published by Vibert, Penzance; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

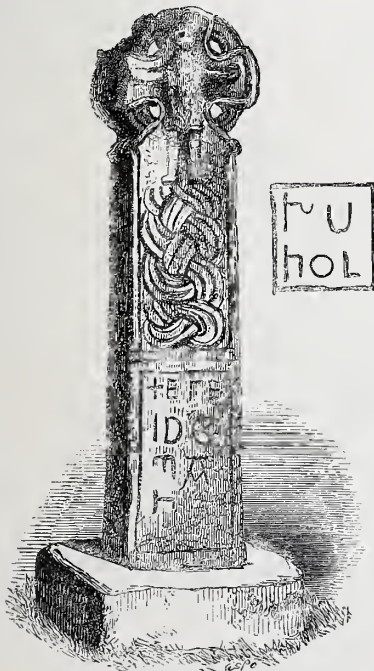
to where, at the height of eight feet, it is surmounted by an oblong head rising two feet above it. On the two broadest sides of the head, in doubly arched niches, are the Crucifixion, and the Virgin and Child; on the opposite sides SS. Peter and Paul.

A curious section of the present volume is devoted to an account of the various holy wells to which sanctity is still attached, and a somewhat superstitious belief in their physical powers, as well as the peculiar benefits to be derived, as at St. Keyne, of which Southey has made such good use in the



ST. COLUMB.

legendary ballad whose quiet humour has given it a great popularity. Of this, and others having a local celebrity, our author has preserved many agreeable views, which must have occupied much time in collecting, and patient labour in the execution. The ancient chapels, whose pictured ruins succeed these, are very primitive structures; they are to be found in some of the wildest and most unfrequented parts of Cornwall—on desolate moors, in sequestered valleys, on rocky eminences, and on the edges of lofty and rugged cliffs, where they must have been exposed to the severest storms,



LANHERNE.

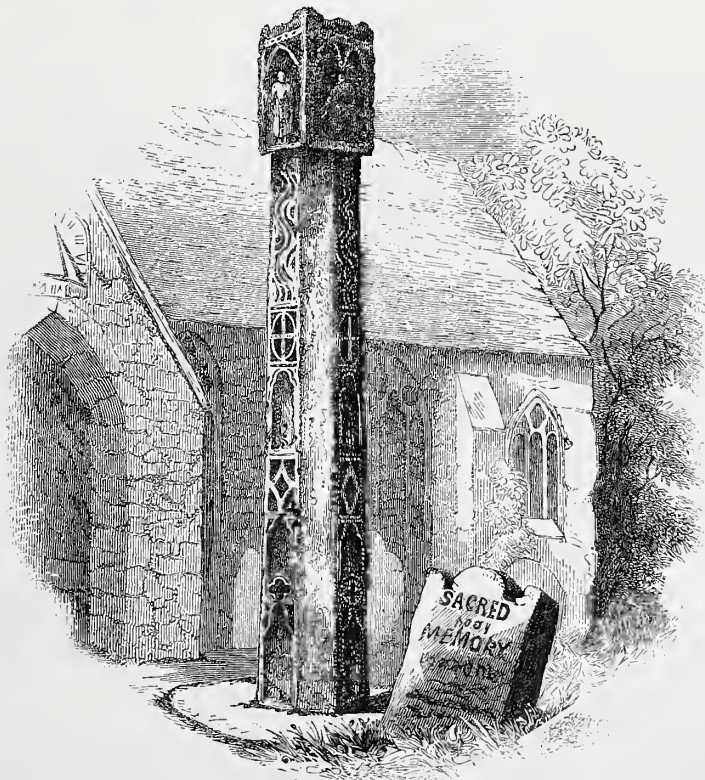
and at times dashed by the spray of the ocean. That on Roche Rock is a veritable eagle's nest, perched on a ledge of a bare peak, to which ascent is difficult. These little cells were evidently the home of recluses, who lived there for that total retirement that makes them so uninviting to others. They may have served also as refuges for shipwrecked mariners. The earliest Christian edifices still remain as fragments of walls on different parts of the Cornish coast, beaten down by time and the storms of centuries, or buried in sands, as at Perranzabuloe or St. Enodoc. The student of these

and other monuments of antiquity scattered through these pleasing volumes by Mr. Blight, will find much to carry his mind back to the early days of Christianity in a remote part of our island, where



ST. MAWGAN.

still is preserved so many and such curious records of the faith and the simple arts of its ancient inhabitants. The labour of Mr. Blight must have been considerable, and we hope it may be rewarded



LANTEGLOS.

as it deserves: a real love of his subject has evidently influenced him in his task, and he has faithfully rendered what he has industriously gathered. The volume is highly creditable to Cornwall.

HELIOGRAPHIC RESEARCHES, BY M. NIEPCE DE SAINT-VICTOR.

M. NIEPCE DE SAINT-VICTOR has been pursuing with great diligence, and with corresponding success, his researches into those heliographic phenomena which appear to prove the actual absorption of light in all photographic results, and under all circumstances of exposure to the solar influences. The results obtained are so remarkable that we are induced to make an abstract of a communication from M. Niepce, which was read by M. Chevreul before the *Académie des Sciences*.

When papers which have been prepared with starch and soda, or potash, or cyanide of potassium, are exposed to sunshine, and then washed with the tincture of turmeric, a yellow image is produced over all the exposed parts—if washed with the blue solution of turnsole, it becomes red over those divisions.

If the ozonometric paper of M. Honzeau, composed of reddened turnsole and iodide of potassium, is exposed to light behind a negative photograph on glass, and if after exposure it is passed into water, the exposed parts become blue, the covered parts remaining red.

If a paper prepared with the nitrate and oxide of uranium and nitrate of copper is exposed to the sunshine under the same circumstances, the exposed parts become of an ashen gray. If a design is traced with a solution of those salts, and the paper be then exposed to sunshine, the image speedily appears. It is extraordinary that this image disappears in the dark, and it is revived again in the light.

M. Niepce has shown that under all circumstances papers covered with starch will, when exposed to solarization, acquire the power of decomposing the iodide of potassium, and of becoming coloured by a solution of indigo or of logwood, the unexposed portions remaining without these properties.

If two pieces of cotton, one wet and the other dry, be exposed to sunshine, and then in the dark, a solution of nitrate of silver be poured upon them, the silver will be quickly reduced on the moistened tissue, while the reduction takes place very slowly upon the dry cloth.

Vegetable earths are susceptible in a very great degree of acquiring this heliographic activity. If soil is taken from a depth in the earth, and kept in darkness, it produces no effect upon papers spread with chloride of silver, and extended above it. If this mould is spread on a plate of metal, and, after drying, it is exposed to the sun, one part being covered with a screen, it appears in the exposed parts to have undergone a very remarkable change—for if now a sheet of paper spread with chloride of silver is stretched over it *in the dark*, all that portion of the paper which is *opposite the soil which has been solarized will receive a strong impression*, none whatever being made by the unsolarized portion.

It is found by M. Niepce that all kinds of earth and clay are susceptible of acquiring very great activity, which is exerted in darkness, as in the above experiment. He proposes to continue during the approaching season his researches upon vegetation, and on the maturing of fruits under the influence of this absorbed power, which acts in all respects similarly to the chemical power of the solar rays.

It will be in the memory of many of our readers that M. Niepce found that a long cardboard tube, presented directly opposite to the sun, absorbed and retained a chemical power which could be employed in the production of photographic pictures. He has now demonstrated that, if, after exposure to brilliant sunshine, the tube is carefully closed with a cover, and then placed in a tin case—it will at the expiration of six months exhibit so much activity that photographic paper placed at the mouth of the tube is blackened, or, if it is placed with a negative on thin paper over it, that it will produce a photographic picture. The bottling of sunshine is here seen to be an established fact.

By the investigations of M. Niepce we learn many of the conditions under which the fading of colours, either of dyes or pigments, takes place. These appear to have an especial interest to M. Chevreul, whose papers on dyeing, and whose work on colours, are well known to our readers.

THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.*

We intimated, in the brief notice of this volume given last month, our intention to recur to it again, chiefly for the purpose of introducing a few examples

of the illustrations into our pages, which we have now the opportunity of doing. The poem does not afford so great a variety of pictorial subject as other writings of a somewhat analogous character, but Mr. Foster has made the best use of the materials placed in his hands. The principal portion of the



scenery connected with the poem lies in one of the most picturesque localities in England—the Valley of the Wharf, in Yorkshire, in which stand the fine ruins of Bolton Abbey; but there are also several other interesting places mentioned incidentally, such

as Durham Cathedral, Raby Hall, "lurking Dernbrook's pathless side," Rylstone Church, Norton Tower, Brancepeth Towers, Bardeu Tower,—these, with many beautiful "bits" of the Wharf scenery, and a few ideal views suggested by the poem, consti-



tute the landscape illustrations. The figure-subjects, strictly so called, are less numerous, but there are

enough of them to give variety to the illustrations, while Mr. Foster's pencil is quite as felicitous in rendering these as the landscapes.

* THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE; OR, THE FATE OF THE NORTONS. By W. Wordsworth. With Illustrations by Birket Foster and H. N. Humphreys. Published by Longman & Co., London.

Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone" is, perhaps, far less extensively known than his "Excursion," and some of his short poems; yet it contains many passages of exquisite beauty and of graceful

simplicity: moreover the story is affectingly told, and ought to win its way among those who love romance when it bears, as does this, the appearance of truth, both in the plot and the language in which the tale is expressed. It is founded on a tradition

long prevalent in the locality, that, soon after the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. a white doe long continued to make a weekly pilgrimage from Rylstone over the fells, or hills, of Bolton, and was constantly found in the abbey



churchyard during divine service; after the close of which she returned home as regularly as the rest of the congregation. The animal had been the constant companion of Emily Norton, whose father and brothers fell in the insurrection of the Earls of

Northumberland and Westmoreland, in the reign of Elizabeth. The little chapel of St. Mary, attached to the priory, escaped the ravages of the spoiler, and was used for public worship: in the enclosure whereon it stood, Emily's favourite brother, Francis,



was buried; thither the maiden used to repair, and, after her death, the doe.

We have selected four examples of the illustrations contained in this elegant edition of the poem: there is a certain amount of similarity in three out

of the four, but we could scarcely avoid this,—nor should we have been careful to have done otherwise, if practicable, because they at once identify themselves with the story. The book is certainly among the most elegant the season has produced.

ART-DOINGS IN GERMANY.

STRANGELY enough, the movement which, during some time, has been going on in England for opening galleries and museums to the public on Sunday, has now spread to the Continent. In Protestant Prussia the wish has been expressed that the public collections may be visited on holidays as well as on workdays.

The authoress, Fanny Lewald, has given expression to this desire of all who are confined to their bureau six days out of the seven; and she has begged that the favour may be granted, and the boon be given, as a Christmas gift to the working-classes of the capital. Students at the university, and those who attend public classes, as well as tradesmen and workers in factories, are occupied at the very hours that these galleries are open, and consequently have never an opportunity of relaxing their minds or forming their judgment by the contemplation of these collections. We shall await with no little curiosity the result of these endeavours. But if such a measure be found advisable on the Continent, where Sunday is not made so tiring and dull a day as some here would fain have it to be, how much more desirable must it be for England, where every place of recreation is closed by law, and the tap-room only lawfully left open?*

The King of Bavaria has conferred on several of the artists who contributed to uphold the fame of German Art at the late Great Exhibition, the first and second classes of the Order of St. Michael (equivalent to Knight-Commander and Companion of our English orders). The court painter, Feodor Dietz, and the illustrator of Faust, Engelbert Seibertz, received the Knight's Cross, whilst the rank of Commander was conferred on six or eight others—Austrians, Wurttembergers, and Prussians. According to English observance, all these men would have been debarred from receiving this mark of appreciation without the assent of their own sovereign; and King Maximilian would also have been prevented from his recognition of their services to Art in general, and to the Munich Exhibition in particular. However much to be respected such rule may be in diplomatic relations, it is surely very out of place when an artist, or author, or scientific man is the person it is intended to honour.

We are happy to learn that the opposition which a certain Jesuitical party raised against the subject of the sixth great picture of Kaulbach in the new Museum, is not likely to have much effect. All the subjects chosen form epochs in the world's history; and, as one of the most eventful of modern times, "The Reformation" had been very naturally selected. The influence, moral and political, which is mixed up with that one word is so obvious, that every one feels there are few events recorded in the annals of any country which, in importance, can be compared to it. In a Protestant country it seems strange that the choice of such a subject should have found opponents. But it has so; and in men, too, who, from their influential position, had a fair chance of carrying out their plans. Happily they have been frustrated.

The reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar—the purchaser at the Great Munich Exhibition of Maurice Von Schwind's picture of "The Ravens," for the sum of eight thousand florins, has allowed the work to be exhibited, and the receipts of the *entrée*, which are optional, is destined for the sufferers from a conflagration in two neighbouring villages. The stream of visitors to see this pleasing composition is uninterrupted, and but one feeling is expressed by all who come to see it—that of delight and admiration.

That the reigning duke not only takes an interest in Art, but is resolved to promote it in his land, is proved by the fact that Genelli, the illustrator of Homer, has received an invitation to settle in

* Since the above was written, the anxiously expected decision has been pronounced. From January 1st the galleries of the Museum are to be opened on Sundays to the public from eleven to two o'clock. Another admirable reform has been also effected. The new Museum is to be opened *gratis* daily from ten to three o'clock. Formerly a small sum was paid for admission: the hours, moreover, were inconvenient for many, being from twelve to two o'clock.—[Our correspondent at Munich, though an Englishman, has so long resided abroad as, it would seem, to be ignorant of the feeling which exists in England on this subject.—Ed. A. J.]

Weimar. He has accepted the honourable offer, and accordingly will soon leave Munich to establish himself in his new sphere of action.

In a former paper, when speaking of the Munich Exhibition, we made use of the expression, "It formed an epoch in Art." And we did so advisedly. It was not a mere phrase that slipped from our pen at random, but it was well weighed beforehand, and found to be justified by what that Exhibition had shown.

In the different states of Germany no one was prepared for so prominent a result as was obtained. In foreign countries, in England, France, &c.,—especially in the latter—little or no notice was given to the occurrence; and, to say truth, the projectors of the undertaking themselves, though they anticipated a worthy collection, had not the slightest notion that their efforts would bring together such great and such varied excellence. It was only later when those returned who, with their own eyes, had seen the works which covered the endless walls of the vast building, or when some letter or criticism on the subject in the papers appeared, that the truth, and the whole truth, began to be known. Many then came to see who before had not intended to do so: but still, despite the extra thousands who for weeks filled Munich, they were not so many as they would have been, had the real state of things been fully known. One report did, indeed, appear in a French journal; but it was so excessively absurd, and displayed such utter ignorance, and made such ridiculous blunders, that it bore about the same resemblance to a critical report, as the grimaces of a clown to the dramatic representations of a Kemble or a Siddons. One did not know at which to wonder most—at the folly of the writer, or the want of sagacity of an editor who could accept such trash.

It is greatly to be regretted that more English artists were not among the visitors to the Exhibition, and that the Royal Academy of London did not think it worth while to depute some of its members to go there, and report on what they saw. There would have been an advantage in this—an advantage to both parties. In another country, however, this has been done; and the Belgian Government, by sending two painters of eminence to study German Art in the Crystal Palace of Munich, has shown how justly it appreciated what Germany has produced, and how desirous it was to further the improvement of its own school.

The choice of the Belgian Government fell on MM. Guffens and Swerts, and a better could not have been made; for not only are both eminent in their profession—they are the fresco painters of Belgium—but their personal qualities fit them admirably for the office to which they were appointed. That modesty which is almost always to be found with men of pre-eminent ability, distinguishes each. Both are of kindly disposition; and in their judgments appreciating and just. We often had an opportunity of seeing them in society at Munich, where they were received with a cordiality which showed the estimation in which they were both held; and even then, in listening to their observations on what they saw, and remarking the deference they always showed to the opinions of others, we were struck by the largeness of their views, by the extent of their knowledge, and by their unobtrusiveness and retiring manner. The report which they furnished has been laid before their Government, and is allowed by competent judges to display an admirable knowledge of the task they had to perform.

It may be well to mention here that MM. Guffens and Swerts were the painters who decorated the walls of the Exchange at Antwerp with frescoes; and hardly was the work completed, when the whole building was destroyed by fire—the drawings, sketches, &c., of both artists being consumed with the rest. These frescoes were highly spoken of; but as the same men have been commissioned to ornament the new building, when completed, with their work, we do not doubt that the new productions will surpass the old; for when such men travel and see the works of others, observation brings its fruit. Men who have set themselves a high aim, and zealously strive to reach it, disdain no legitimate aids; nor do they slight instruction even from the most humble, if it only teach them something whereby the end may be attained.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

A SEA-PORT.

Claude, Painter. W. Floyd, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 2 in. by 2 ft. 5½ in.

Of the great landscape-painters whom we accustomed to designate "old masters," no one has been, or is, held in higher estimation than Claude, as he is always called, but whose real name was Claude Gellée; some writers speak of him as Claude Lorraine, from the locality of his birth; Bryan, for example, in his "Dictionary of Painters," places his name under the letter L, though he calls him Claude throughout the biographical notice.

This artist was born, in 1600, in the small town of Chamagne, in the diocese of Toul, in Lorraine; his father is said to have been a pastrycook, but the statement has never been authenticated, and, latterly, has been disputed; nor is it a matter of any moment. There is, however, no doubt that his parents were in very humble circumstances, and that he lost them at an early age; he was in his twelfth year when this occurrence happened, and, as a consequence of it, he was compelled to exert himself for his own support.

With this view he set off on foot for Fribourg, where his eldest brother resided, following the occupation of a wood-carver. Here he found employment in making designs for his brother, and while thus employed, the latent seeds of genius began to germinate, and he soon evinced the most decided proofs of taste for a pursuit which he afterwards carried to such high perfection. Claude had not been many months at Fribourg, when a relative, a travelling dealer in lace, passed through the town on his way to Rome; and being struck with the talent evidenced by the lad, undertook the charge of him as far as the imperial city, intending to place him with some artist for instruction. It so happened, however, that this relative was obliged to quit Rome very soon after his arrival there; and, most unintentionally, it is presumed, without making any provision for him; so his protégé was once again thrown on his own resources. Nothing daunted by his forlorn situation, a stranger in a strange city, he applied himself diligently to study and copy pictures wherever he could, and, it is supposed, maintained himself by the sale of his copies. While thus engaged he accidentally saw, at one of the periodical fairs, some pictures of architectural views by Godfrey Waal, or Waiss, an artist residing at Naples. Waal must have been a comparatively obscure painter, for we do not find his name in any biographical work to which we have access; still his pictures so won the admiration of young Claude that he sought him out at Naples, and prevailed on Waal to receive him into his studio; there he remained two years, gaining a proficiency in the knowledge of perspective, and applying it successfully in architectural paintings; moreover, by his kind and obliging disposition, he gained the respect and friendship of his master. But he soon began to discover that what he was thus learning was of limited application; his mind required a wider field of action, and hearing that Agostino Tassi had arrived in Rome, he took leave, with much regret, of his kind friend Waal, who furnished him with letters of introduction to Tassi, and departed for Rome; the latter most willingly received him, not only into his studio, but into his home, which Claude shared. "Under such a master, combined with other advantages, the zeal and assiduity of the scholar were proportionately incited to exertion; the result was, that he successfully imbibed the style and principles inculcated, and therefore his early productions, both in composition, execution, and effect, bear a close affinity to those by Tassi." But we must break off our biographical remarks, which will be resumed at another opportunity—on the publication of our next print after this painter—to say a few words about the picture here engraved.

The "Sea-port" is evidently a composition, one of those imaginative works which Claude so frequently painted; it is extremely simple in arrangement, a pile of architecture—that of Italy—on the right, is balanced on the left by some vessels; two round towers, in ruinous condition, and more ships, are seen in the middle distance, and behind these what appears to be part of a town; the whole is represented under the effect of a warm early sunrise.

The picture is at Windsor Castle.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE DRAWING MASTER.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "the Drawing Master," is, I understand by his letter, a teacher in a public school, and he appears to have written when about "done up" by the work of the Midsummer term. Like most public-school men, he seems to sneer at the private schools, yet wishes they were upon the same model as the public schools at which he grumbles! Perhaps he will permit me to assure him that many private schools are a long distance ahead of the public ones, at least in the very matter which most nearly concerns him. I know that it is now becoming very usual for young people to commence learning to draw and to write simultaneously; and that in many private middle-class schools drawing is considered as much a part of the curriculum of education as classics and mathematics. *Drawing should be taught to ALL pupils without extra charge.* When this plan is adopted in both public and private schools, Art-education will have its proper status, and the drawing master will cease to grumble.

It is evident, I think, that your correspondent has never attempted to teach children to draw, or he would not have said that "models, casts, and objects of nature or still life, should be used, and nothing else tolerated." It is certain that many months must sometimes be consumed in teaching to draw right lines, and the outlines of the simplest forms. The pencil only should be used both for writing and drawing; and it would be as absurd to place the simplest model before a child till he had learned to hold and guide the pencil, and acquired some confidence and dexterity, as to expect him to read fluently before he had mastered the A B C.

I am not ashamed to acknowledge my deep obligations to Mr. J. D. Harding for his valuable, or invaluable, "Lessons on Art," a work which was first brought under my notice by your Journal, and which I have faithfully used for several years. Children of six years of age will intelligibly use its progressive lessons, and rapidly become acquainted with the first principles of Art. By the aid of that work I have had the pleasure of instructing many scores of young persons in drawing, and have, I believe, given them such a fair and early start in the delightful art, as that they will feel themselves for life, and increasingly, indebted to an egotistical

BRIGHTON SCHOOLMASTER.

BENTLEY'S PORCELAIN VARNISH.

SIR,—Your Journal of December last contains a letter from Mr. Pyne respecting "Bentley's Porcelain Lustre Varnish," about which I can offer some information, and have only to regret that it is not more satisfactory.

The article in question was the discovery of the late Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, aided by his friend, Sir Humphrey Davy; but being a literary, as well as a scientific man, he did not wish his name brought before the public in this matter.

Having had the appointment for the sale of this Varnish, I can speak to the great pains that were taken, not only in the perfecting its manufacture, but in endeavouring to introduce it into use among Artists,—the advertising columns of your own Journal having been one medium. Sample bottles were also forwarded to many members of the Royal Academy, and other patrons of the art; but notwithstanding these means, the subsequent demand was so very trifling as not to make the sale worth any one's attention, and about six years ago the residue was sold for little more than the value of the bottles.

Strict search has been made among the late Mr. Cottle's papers, but at present without success.

I enclose some of the testimonials received by Mr. Cottle, which agree with Mr. Pyne's as to the value of this Varnish, and it is to be regretted that an earlier recognition by the public of its merits has not been the means of preserving it to those for whose advantage it was mainly designed.

Should the receipt be found, it will be without delay brought again into public notice.

DANIEL GREEN.

11, Finsbury Circus.

[These Testimonials bear the respective signatures of Sir M. A. Shee, P. R. A., A. Cooper, R. A., W. Eitty, R. A., C. R. Leslie, R. A., J. D. Harding, R. R. Reinagle, &c., &c.; all of whom speak most favourably of the Varnish in question. We hope Mr. Green's letter may be the means of finding some clue to the lost receipt of this Varnish, which seems to be so valuable.—Ed. A. J.]



W. FLOYD, SCULPT.

CLAUDE, PINX.

THE SEA-PORT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE

RUBENS AND HIS SCHOLARS.*

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

The Illustrations from Original Sketches by the Author.

THE great Fleming, now well established in his picturesque home in the old city of Antwerp, gave scope to the tastes which governed his mind. His house and its appurtenances had that sumptuous and fanciful style which characterized his pictures; † its interior was further enriched by masterpieces of Art, selected with judgment wherever he could obtain them; and in collecting he was guided by the advice of the best men, who were constantly aiding him to increase his store.

Rubens' home-life has thus been narrated by his biographers: He rose very early, and made a point of commencing his day by religious devotion. After breakfasting, he went to his painting-room, and while at work received visitors, and talked with them freely; or, in their absence, listened to some one who read to him from the pages of the finest writers, his love for the classics inducing him to give preference to the best Roman authors, he himself being a thoroughly good Latin scholar. At midday he took a frugal dinner; for he had taught himself to think that loading the stomach clogged the fancy. By this custom he was enabled to go to work again after his meal, and continue till the evening; and but for this rule he could never have executed one tithe of his commissions. At the close of the day he rode for several miles, and on his return passed the evening in agreeable converse with the friends who visited his house: they comprised the best society of the day, and in their company he would examine and descant on his fine collection of coins, prints, and antiques, or take steps to increase it by any means they could point out,—for Rubens was an ardent "collector" and a liberal purchaser, esteeming money, not for itself, but for the intellectual pleasures it procured him. Thus the artist of princely mind lived like a prince, except that his courtiers were not the self-seeking parasites of courts in general, but the friends who loved him for his own sake, and for the pleasure his society gave them, binding them by his countenance into one brotherhood.

The print published by Harewvyns, in 1684, exhibits the studio of Rubens, at that time converted into a bed-chamber, and which we here copy. It is lighted from the roof. Disraeli thus speaks of it: ‡ "This princely artist perhaps first contrived for his studio the apartment with a dome, like the rotunda of the Pantheon, where the light, descending from an aperture or window at top, sent down a single equal light—that perfection of light which distributes its magical effect on the objects beneath. This was his precious museum, where he had collected a vast number of books, which were intermixed with his marbles, statues, cameos, intaglios, and all that variety of the riches of Art which he had drawn from Rome. § But the walls did not yield in value, for they were covered by pictures of his own composition, or copies by his own hand, made at Venice and Madrid, of Titian and Paul Veronese. No foreigners, men of letters, lovers of the Arts, or even princes, would pass through Antwerp without visiting the house of Rubens, to witness the animated residence of genius, and the great man who had conceived the idea. Yet great as was his mind, and splendid as were the habits of his life, he could not resist the entreaties of the 100,000 florins of our Duke of Buckingham to dispose of his studio. The great artist could not, however, abandon for ever the delightful contemplations he was depriving himself of, and as substitutes for the miracles of Art he had lost, he solicited and obtained leave to replace them by casts, which were scrupulously deposited in the places where the originals had been." There can be no higher compliment paid from man to man than

* Concluded from p. 23.

† Houbraken tells us that upon the construction of this mansion Rubens spent 60,000 florins.

‡ "Curiosities of Literature," vol. iii.

§ In the appendix to Carpenter's "Pictorial Notices of Vandyke" is printed the correspondence between himself and Sir D. Carleton, offering to exchange some of his own pictures for antiques in possession of the latter, who was ambassador from England to Holland, and who collected also for the Earl of Arundel.

was paid by Sir Dudley Carleton, after the amicable exchange he made with Rubens of his own antiques for some of the artist's pictures:—"I cannot subscribe to your denial of being a prince, because I esteem you the prince of painters, and of gentlemen, and to that end I kiss your hands." Such language from an ambassador to an artist, on the conclusion of a bargain, sheds honour on both.

Rubens always felt the true dignity of his own character; he never forfeited it by any unworthy act, nor would he ever allow it to be lowered by any

false estimate from any source. When John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, desired him, during his stay at Madrid, to pay him a visit, at his famed hunting-seat, the Villa Viciosa, the artist accepted the invitation; and set out with so large a number of servants, that the noble duke took fright at the expenses so large a retinue might impose on him; and dispatched a messenger to meet Rubens half-way, with an apology of "sudden and unavoidable absence," on the part of the duke, and an offer of a purse of fifty pistoles to indemnify the artist

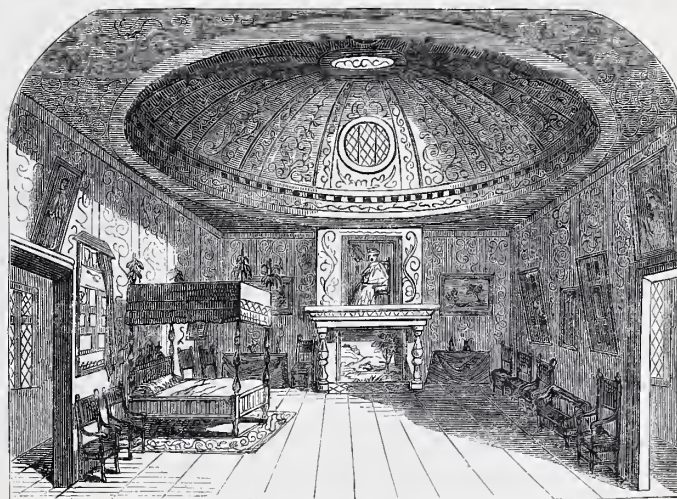


RUBENS'S CHAIR.

for the expenses of his journey. Rubens met the meanness with a dignity that reversed the position of the artist and the prince. "Give the duke my most dutiful regards," said he, "and assure him of my great regret at not personally paying those respects his invitation led me to hope to do. It was to assure his highness of my best services that I set out, and so far was I from expecting fifty pistoles toward paying my expenses, that I have already with me one thousand such pieces, which will more than serve my need."

It was this princely mind, and clear honesty of conduct, combined with the style of an educated

gentleman, that made Rubens the companion of princes, and ultimately an ambassador of state. He had met our Duke of Buckingham in Paris, in April, 1625, and afterwards at Antwerp, in the September of the same year; and the intimacy led to the employ of Rubens, in state affairs, by the Infanta Isabella, who had often found his advice useful, and felt that the painter could negotiate best in her affairs, and endanger their issue less than any other person, as his ostensible mission was Art, not politics. He conducted his business with remarkable tact. In our own State Paper Office his letters are still preserved, and have recently been edited by Mr. Sains-



ROOM IN RUBENS'S HOUSE.

bury, who says of them, that they possess "a high and noble tone, dignity, firmness, and cautiousness, exquisitely united to the most polite courtesy, elegant composition, and elevated sentiment, and at once show the education of the gentleman, and the mind of the man." In 1628 the Earl of Carlisle met Rubens in the house of Vandyke, at Antwerp, and he has written a very graphic account of the interview to the Duke of Buckingham, which

gives a good idea of the painter's earnest diplomacy in aid of a peace between England and Spain. The Abbé de Scaglia writes to the Earl of Carlisle:—"The King of Spain, the more to qualify the Sieur Rubens, and to give the greater reputation to his negotiation, has declared him secretary of his privy council, a reason why his Majesty should esteem him the more and yourself also." All this led to a journey to Spain, after the assassination, in the

same year, of the Duke of Buckingham, its implacable enemy, and the ultimate happy settlement of a peace. Rubens, on his return, immediately started for England, which he reached in May, 1629, in a ship expressly sent to Dunkirk, by King Charles I., for his use. In England he was most honourably received, lodged in the house of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, and all his expenses paid by Charles, who knighted him on the 21st of February, 1630, allowing him to add to his coat of arms a canton containing the lion of England: the University of Cambridge also conferred on him the honorary degree of master of arts.

His political career ceased with the life of the Infanta Isabella in 1633, and he henceforward gave his undivided attention to Art, although Charles had offered him a pension if he would remove to Brussels, and act there as political agent to the English Government—an offer he at once refused, as it would depose, or interfere with, his respected friend Gerbier. Of his industry in his art we have already spoken; but it took a more discursive range than among most artists. He did not paint only, but furnished an abundance of designs for varied purposes. One of Gerbier's letters tells of "certain drawings of the said Sir P. Rubens for carving of cups," intended for the use of the celebrated collector of Art and *verte*, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. He also furnished numerous designs for books; and the productions of the world-renowned press of Plantyn, of Antwerp, were frequently decorated with emblematic title-pages, full of originality and power. Like Raphael, he employed the best engravers to copy his works under his own superintendence, and he drew upon wood many good designs, fully aware of the large renown that Albert Durer had achieved by the same process.* We also find him working on missals, and never avoiding anything that could promote the general love of Art among all classes of society. Of his architectural tastes we have already spoken. He furnished the design for the façade of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, at Antwerp, one of the most striking relics of the past grandeur of the old city preserved for our time: it was constructed by the Jesuits, and enriched with costly marbles, taken by the Spaniards from an Algerine corsair which was conveying them to Constantinople for the erection of a mosque, brought to Cadiz, and sold to an Antwerp merchant. Rubens enriched this structure with many fine paintings; of these, thirty-nine upon the vaulting, the subjects taken from sacred history, afford extraordinary proof of his talent at foreshortening. They were fortunately copied by De Witt, and afterwards engraved by Jean Punt, and published at Amsterdam in 1751, for the church was almost destroyed by fire, occasioned by lightning, in the year 1718—the façade in part, and the chapel of the Virgin adjoining, are all that remain as Rubens designed them. The latter is exceedingly picturesque in its arrangement, covered with paintings, decorated with statuary, and enriched with costly marbles.† Though the architect may justly consider the works of Rubens meretricious, they hit the popular taste of the day; and his love of display, and fondness for mythological embodiment, led to his employ by the town-council of Antwerp, when Ferdinand and Isabella made their triumphal entry into that city in 1642, to design the triumphal arches, and other pageants with which the senate of Antwerp greeted its imperial rulers; and they all exhibit, in a striking manner, the painter's love for scenic effects. Unlike Raffaele, who studied the frescoes of the Baths of Titus, and founded on them a style of ornament refined by his own gentle graces; the Antwerp artist saw only as much in the

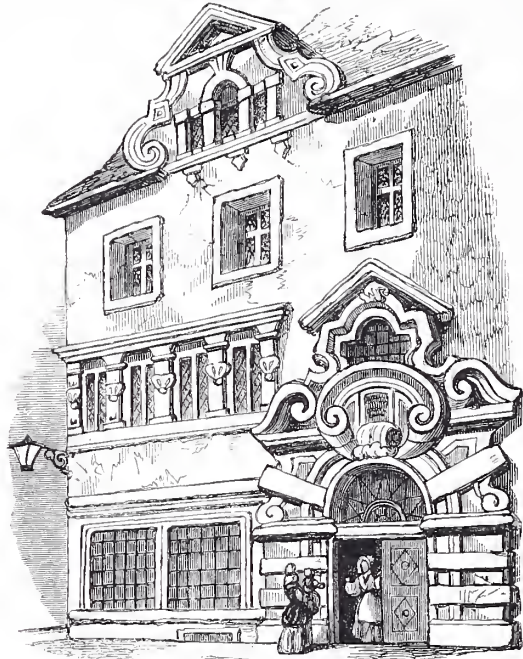
* These woodcuts are generally much larger than Durer's, but do not possess that cleanness of line and knowledge of pen-drawing which Durer's evince. They have more solid shadow, and their painter-like style has been sometimes aided by tint-blocks printed over them, after the manner of the Italian, Ugo da Carpi. The largest of his cuts is the somewhat offensive subject, Susannah and the Elders; it measures 22½ inches in breadth by 17 in height. The next in size, and the best in treatment, is a Repose of the Holy Family, remarkable for the freedom and beauty of the trees and landscape; it is a copy of one of his best known pictures. But perhaps the most characteristic is a group of Fauns supporting Silenus; it is admirably rendered. All were engraved by Christopher Jegher, whose chief ability lay in the preservation of Rubens's powerful *chiaroscuro*.

† This church was used as an hospital for the wounded English soldiers after the Battle of Waterloo.

grand remains of ancient architecture as would allow him to indulge in a bold and bizarre combination of its most striking features with his own powerful imaginings.* Though now we test these works by a purer standard of taste, there is little doubt that it was necessary, in the first instance, to popularize the style, and prune it of redundancies

afterwards. Rubens aided the general movement, and, by gaining attention to the picturesque, paved the way for a chaster study of ancient architecture.

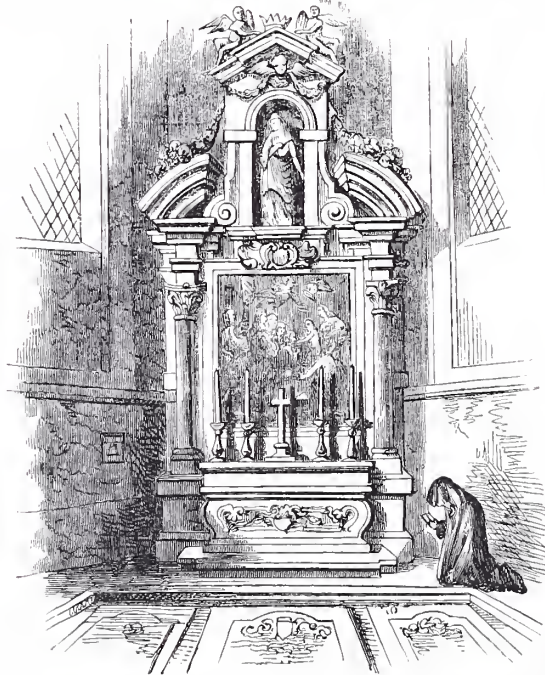
In all these labours he was aided by many assistants, and his school embraced the best men of his age and country, who, after his death, nobly upheld Flemish art. Rubens never disowned their



VANDYCKE'S HOUSE.

assistance, or concealed its true character. Thus, in the list of pictures sent to Carleton, he notes "Prometheus bound on Mount Caucasus, with an eagle, which pecks his liver. Original by my hand, and the eagle done by Snyder's.—Leopards, taken from life, with satyrs and nymphs. Original by my hand, except a most beautiful landscape, by

the hand of a master skilful in that department." When not his own, he notes, "by one of my scholars, the whole, however, retouched by my hand." His pictures have been trebly classified by Dr. Waagen, as—painted by himself; by his pupils after his sketches, and retouched by him; or copies of well-known pictures by him, similarly corrected.



RUBENS'S MONUMENT.

Vandycke and Jordaeus were his greatest assistants; the former stood alone after Rubens's death, and the latter enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest

* His friend Gevartius has published a noble folio volume descriptive of the great doings on this occasion, with admirably executed plates by Sandrart and Bolswert, under Rubens's superintendence. In the public picture gallery of Antwerp are still preserved the original designs for some of these gorgeous pageants, boldly painted by the hand of Rubens himself.

successor in the master's peculiar style; Snyders took his independent course as a vigorous painter of hunting-scenes; and his other pupil, David Teniers, the elder, struck out a new path—the delineation of the manners of the peasants of the Low Countries. They again had their followers, and thus the genius of Rubens, like a fruitful tree, branched forth and blossomed over the land, when its root laid low in the ground.

In the picture gallery of Antwerp is still preserved the chair in which the painter usually sat. It is mounted on a pedestal within a glass case, and appears to have been subjected to daily wear, with all that constancy with which an artist uses a piece of furniture to which he is habituated: the leathern seat has been broken through in many places, and has been carefully drawn together by strong threads. The leathern back is ornamented with gilding stamped upon it, and in the centre are the arms of Rubens, above which appears his name, thus:—Pet. Paul. Rubens; below is the date 1623.

Rubens was twice married; * his second wife was a beautiful girl of sixteen, his niece, Helena Fourment, whose features are well known by their endless multiplication in his works; for he was not only fond of painting her portrait, but adopting her features for the beauties of his fancy subjects. The painter, at the period of his second marriage, had reached the somewhat advanced age of fifty-four, but he had manners which concealed his years, and in the paintings where he is represented with his young wife we are never struck by the discrepancy of their ages. Rubens had a somewhat *soldatesque* style, and his wife had a comeliness beyond her years; the picture at Blenheim, in which she is depicted in all the glory of her beauty, attended by a page, sufficiently attests this; as another picture in the same collection, and which was presented by the city of Brussels to the great Duke of Marlborough, tells of the painter's happy home. The scene is the garden of his house at Antwerp; Rubens is proudly and lovingly walking beside his wife, who conducts their child in leading strings. The painter wisely made his home his world; he gathered there, with no niggard hand, all that could make life pleasant, and few passed life so happily.

There is a good anecdote told of him, which well illustrates the felicitous common sense of the man. An English student of alchemy made the painter magnificent promises of fortune by aid of the science, if he would furnish the necessary funds for his laboratory. Princes were found at this time to seriously entertain hopes of thus enriching themselves. The painter merely replied, "You are here too late, by full twenty years; for since that time I have found the art of making gold by aid of this palette and pencils."

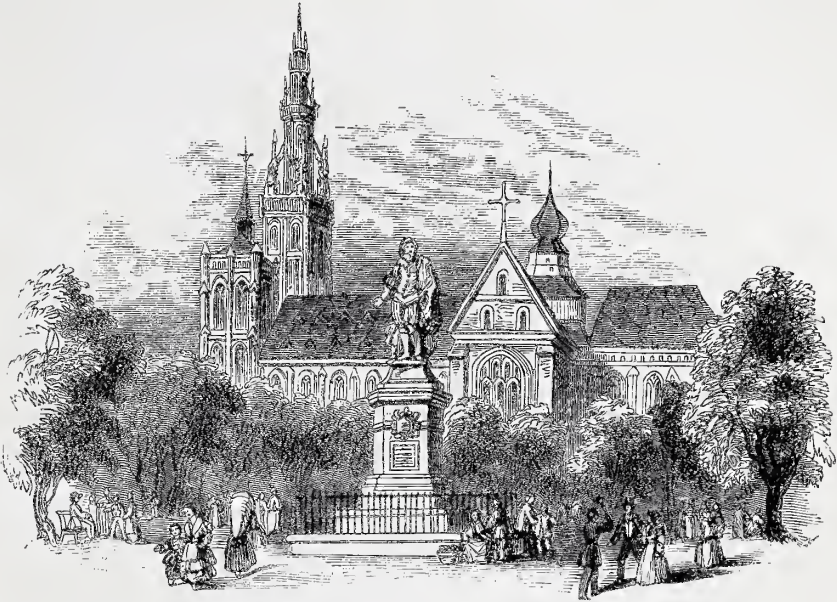
In 1640 Rubens died. A letter from his old friend, Sir B. Gerbier, dated Brussels, May 21, 1640, notes, "Sir Peter Rubens is deadly sick; the physicians of this town being sent unto him for to try their best skill on him." In another letter, written to King Charles I. on the same day, he adds a postscript—"Since I finished this letter news is come of Sir Peter Rubens' death." He had died on the 20th of May, 1640, † aged sixty years, "of a deflection which fell on his heart, after some days of indisposition and gout. He is much regretted and commended: hath left a rich widow and rich children." He was buried on the 23rd of May, in the vault belonging to his wife's family, in the Church of St. James, at Antwerp. His funeral was conducted with much pomp, attended by the chief personages in Antwerp, the officers of the city, and the members of the Academy of Painting. Sixty boys of the Orphan Asylum walked beside the bier, each carrying a lighted taper. The church was hung throughout with black velvet, the service being performed in the sumptuous manner usually adopted for the nobility. His widow afterwards endowed the chapel given in our view, and erected in it the altar there represented. The picture above the altar-table is from the painter's own hand. It represents the Virgin with the Infant Saviour in her lap, surrounded by saints, among whom stands

* His first wife died in the summer of 1626. He remained a widower until December, 1630, when he again married. His political travels occupied much of his time while single, and calmed his mind by a change of scene. It was during this time that he visited France, Spain, and England.

† Mr. Sainsbury, in a note to his book, adds,—"It has always been said that Rubens died on May 30, 1640; but the ten days' difference between the old and the new style, from the year 1582 to 1699, must always be taken into account when fixing the date of an event which occurs in a Roman Catholic country. The Gregorian, or reformed calendar, was not used in England until September, 1752. An act was then passed, ordering the day following, the 2nd of September, to be reckoned the 14th, which allowed eleven days for the discrepancies of the old and new styles during the eighteenth century."

St. George in full armour, which is a portrait of Rubens, the female saints beside him being portraits of his wives, and St. Jerome that of his father. It is a family group as well as a sacred picture. Above it is a marble statue of the Virgin, which is attri-

buted to Du Quesnoy, better known as Fiamingo. The small crucifix standing upon the altar-table is said to be that which was used by Rubens himself in his private devotions. The central slab in front of the altar covers the grave of the master; it has

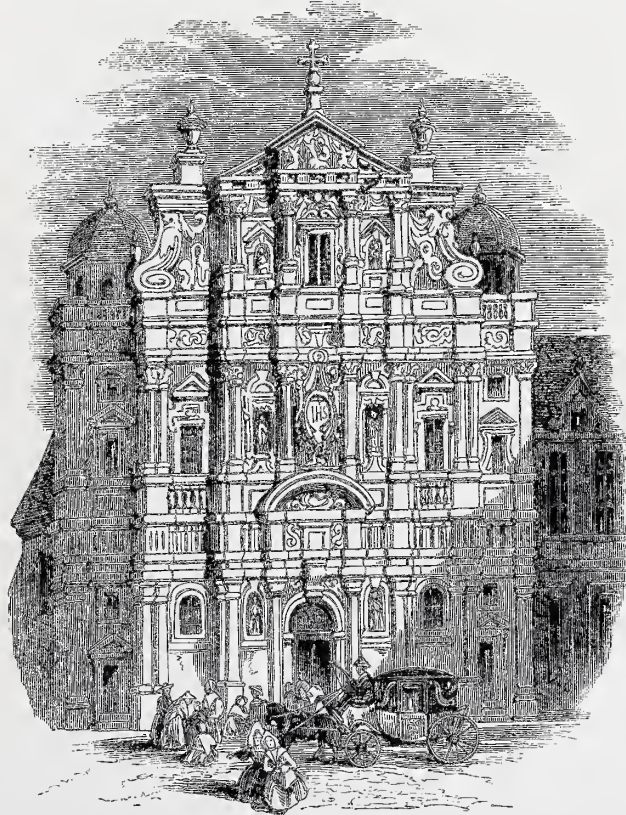


RUBENS'S CHAPEL.

a very long inscription from the pen of the learned Gevartius, the intimate friend of the painter, celebrating his ability as a painter, and his knowledge as a man "of all the arts and elegancies of every age," and that he "happily laid the foundation of the peace" between England and Spain. Beneath are a few lines to record the restoration of this

monument in 1755 by Jacques de Parys, a canon of this church, "a descendant of Rubens through his mother and grandmother—descendants of Rubens in the male line having become extinct."

An inventory of the pictures in his house at his death was sent by Gerbier to Charles I. The late Dawson Turner published a limited number of copies



CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO.

for private distribution, and Mr. Sainsbury has recently reprinted it; * he says, "the number and value of these works of Art are strikingly illustrative of the character and position of the man: they

* In his recently published volume of papers illustrating the life of Rubens as an artist and a diplomatist.

equally show his attachment to his profession, and the extent of his pecuniary resources. They are said to have produced the sum of £25,000. It was the intention of the family to have sold them by auction, but they were sold separately by private contract, having been valued by Snyders, Wildens, and Moermans. The King of Spain secured the gems, medals,

and carvings, as well as some of the best pictures; the Emperor of Germany, the King of Poland, the Elector of Bavaria, and Cardinal Richelieu were the next most important purchasers. The collection was particularly rich in pictures by Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, and a very many copies—"made in Spain, Italy, and other places, as well after Titian as other good masters." There were ninety-four pictures by his own hand, among them that which his widow presented to adorn the chapel of the tomb of her husband—the famous "*Chapeau de Paille*;"* many landscapes, portraits, and other subjects, probably kept as studies by the painter, or from some interesting association—for he had more demands for his work than he could satisfy. His collection of pictures by the old masters comprise specimens by John Van Eyck, Albert Durer, Lucas Van Leyden, Holbein, Quiutyn Matsys, &c., proving the catholicity of his tastes. Of the masters of his own era, he had many fine Vandyses, † Snyder, Jordaens, De Vos, Breughel, &c. In short, it was the gallery of a noble of refined taste.

The solemn old city of Antwerp feels still honourable pride in its great painter, of whom it has been well said, "there was the same breadth and magnificence in his character as in the colour of his compositions, and his mind was as free from littleness as his works." In 1840, at the great fête in honour of Rubens, his statue, of colossal proportions, by Geefs, was uncovered. It stands in the centre of the Place Verte, the great public square immediately beside the old cathedral, whose picturesque towers form an admirable background to the scene. England may learn a useful lesson here, and not practically deny her own intellectually great sons, by refusing them that public recognition which she so willingly accords to statesmen and warriors. While they are often forgotten or uncared for by another generation,

"The artist never dies."

His works reflect greatness and glory on his country for ever; his victory is one of peace and goodwill, appealing to, and conquering by, the best feelings of our nature; and when presented to our view in the manly type of Rubens, commands honour and esteem from all.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—We have at length seen the so-called famous pictures purchased, for the Louvre, of the Soult family, for £12,000: they consist of "The Nativity of the Virgin," by Murillo, bought in at the sale for 95,000*f.*, for which the Government has paid 150,000*f.*; "The Miracle of Saint Diego," named the "Angel's Kitchen," by Zurbaran, bought in for 89,775*f.*, sold to the Government for 80,000*f.*; "Saint Peter Nolasque and Saint Raymond Penafort," by Zurbaran, 19,500*f.*, sold for 25,000*f.*; "A Bishop lying in State," by Zurbaran, bought in for 5,000*f.*, sold for 25,000*f.*; "Saint Bazile describing his Doctrine," by the elder Herrera, 20,000*f.* These paintings have been painted, repainted, cleaned, varnished—in short, got up, and are in a most deplorable state of *retouch*. The best is the "Nativity," in which the remains of some very fine painting are visible, although it is so much repaired: the others are totally unworthy of the Louvre. The "San Diego" looked much better at the Soult sale than at present: a cleaning mania possesses unfortunately the directors of the Louvre, and if continued, many fine works will be ruined.—The Salon is to open on the 15th of April next: the paintings and other works of Art are to be sent in from the 15th of February to the 15th of March.—The French painters who died during the past year, are Ary Scheffer, Roche Latila, Correard, Léon Fleury, René Cadeau,

* Described in the catalogue as "The picture of a woman with her hands one upon another." Rubens would never part with this picture, which he had painted from a Mademoiselle Lundens, to whose family it passed after the death of his widow, and remained with their descendants until the year 1822, when it was purchased by M. Nievenhuys for 36,000 florins, and brought to England. After being offered in vain to George IV., it was bought by the late Sir Robert Peel for 3,500 guineas.

† Among them was the "Betrayal of Christ," which the painter had presented to Rubens as a love-gift before he went to Italy. It is still in Antwerp. Rubens had found young Vandyske poor; he had made him rich by purchasing his unsold pictures, taking him into his own studio, and ultimately enabling him to start for study in Italy, giving him a horse for the journey. Rubens hung his parting gift in the best position in his house, and took constant pleasure in pointing out its merits to his visitors.

Gamen du Pasquier, P. Thuillier, and Jules Geoffroy: the sculptors whose decesses has been recorded during the same period, E. Seurre and R. Gayraud.—The fountain of the *Place du Châtelet* is now uncovered: it has received a new, richly ornamented base.—The Government has purchased the "Souper Libre" by M. Levy, and the "Lydia," a marble statue, by M. Lépère, students at Rome.—The fine painting of "Jupiter precipitating Crime," by Paul Veronese, which was formerly in the Louvre, and injudiciously taken thence, to be placed on a ceiling, is about to be brought back to the Louvre.—An interesting discovery has been made in Hungary of 48 paintings, said to be by Michel Wohlgemuth, Albert Durer's master, 12 of which represent scenes in the life of "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary."—Rumour says an exhibition of the works of Ary Scheffer will shortly be opened: the Government has bought his fine work, "Saint Augustin and Saint Monica."

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THIS Portrait Gallery, in the third year of its administration, has at length taken the bolt from its door, in Great George Street, and let in the public. Not that the door stands open, as in other of the national collections, and the public may walk in, whoever will, and on most days when they will. Two days only in the week are conceded to the public impatience for a view of that reflected galaxy of British worthies which the trustees have been preparing, with a leisure that might seem designed to whet the eagerness now sought to be restrained. To the same end of restraint, other measures of precaution have been devised; and as, in moments of popular excitement, the authorities erect barriers at a distance from the centre of interest, in order to check the rush of the human tides, it is contrived here that the public pressure towards Westminster shall break first against certain printsellers' shops sufficiently removed from the neighbourhood of the abbey. From whatever point of the great metropolis—the way to 29, Great George Street is made to be round by Pall Mall or Bond Street. In a word, since the 15th of last month, the pictures constituting the National Portrait Gallery are to be seen, at stated hours, on Wednesdays and Saturdays only, by virtue of tickets to be delivered by Messrs. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, Messrs. Graves, Pall Mall, or Mr. John Smith, New Bond Street.—The reason of this round-about way into George Street does certainly not at first sight seem very obvious. Whether it is, that the trustees, having somewhat neglected the principle of selection in the getting together of their examples, are desirous to recover themselves by enforcing selectness in the audience,—or whether a real fastidiousness, arising out of the nature of their charge, suggests to them, that they must be particular as to the company from without whom they introduce to the company within, is, at any rate, not expressed. We can well understand, how a courtly master of the ceremonies in attendance on the British worthies should think that some of the rough aprons and paper caps which make their way into the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square and the British Museum are scarcely the fit persons to bring into the presence of La Belle Hamilton, Duchess de Grammont;—but then, we should question, in turn,—and as we have before done,—whether La Belle Hamilton, Duchess de Grammont, though a perfectly respectable individual in her way, is exactly the sort of person whom Parliament intended that the trustees should offer to the working public as one of the first and most illustrious examples of British worth?—We see, at any rate, that the restrictions instituted will have the effects supposed. The barrier of the printseller will thin the numbers seeking admission at the gallery doors, even amongst the wearers of broad-cloth:—whilst it may well be doubted if the man in the apron will often enter Mr. Colnaghi's shop to solicit a ticket for George Street. We question if Lord Stanhope has any objection to aprons:—and we are certain, that the arguments used in Parliament when this new establishment was applied for were expressly of the kind that do not exclude the paper cap.—The moral of the whole matter is unsatisfactory. It seems to us, that the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have not a perfectly clear idea either of what a national institution, in general, is, or what a collection of British worthies, in particular, should be.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

Guercino, Painter. B. Meunier, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 9½ in. by 2 ft. 9½ in.

GIOVANNI FRANCESCO BARBIERI, surnamed Guercino du Cento, was born at Cento, in 1592; he received the name of Guercino, by which he is now generally known, from a defect in his eye. Guercino belongs to the Bolognese school of painters; he was a follower, but not a disciple, of the Caracci,—in fact, was a self-taught artist. His father used to carry wood to the neighbouring towns, and took his son with him; in these visits the lad found opportunities for acquiring the rudiments of Art. After studying for some time at Bologna and Venice, he went to Rome, where he remained several years, with many of the most eminent followers of Carraci, and contracted an intimate acquaintance with Caravaggio. "His taste," says Vasari, "is mainly founded in the style of this last master, displaying strong contrast of light and shade, both exceedingly bold, yet mingled with much sweetness and harmony, and with powerful art of relief,—a branch so greatly admired by professors." In 1623 he returned to Cento, and lived there during twenty years, till the death of Guido induced him to remove to Bologna. Guercino died in 1666, leaving considerable wealth.

The works of this painter exhibit three distinct styles; the first, formed on that of his friend Caravaggio, is characterised by extreme depth of shadow, so that he became one of the most decided of the so-called *Tenebrosi*, a term given to those who followed this practice. His second manner is by far the more pleasing and valuable, and appears to have been the result of his visits to Venice and to Bologna; it is distinguished by less violent contrasts, more delicacy of colouring, and greater correctness of design. In his third manner he endeavoured to imitate the style of Guido, but his early training had left too strong an impress on his mind to allow of a successful transition from either of his preceding styles to the elegance of Guido; and in the attempt he lost his own original vigour, and became feeble and insipid.

The numerous commissions given to Guercino is generally supposed, to quote the words of Vasari, "to put him upon a more easy method, no less than his own incredible genius for execution and despatch." It is recorded that he painted one hundred and six altar-pieces for churches, one hundred and forty-four large historical pictures for princely patrons, besides numerous frescoes, and very many Madonnas, portraits, and landscapes. His principal works are—"St. William of Aquitaine, kneeling before St. Bernard," and "The Virgin appearing to St. Bruno," both in the Academy of Bologna; "The Last Moments of Dido," in the Spada Gallery, Rome; "St. Pedronella," his *chef-d'œuvre*, in the Capitol; "Aurora," in the Palazzo Ludovisi; "The Incrudulity of St. Thomas," in the Vatican. In the Pitti Palace, Florence, is "St. Peter raising Tabitha;" in the Palazzo Brignole Sale, at Genoa, is "Cleopatra," "The Virgin Euthroned," and others. The Cathedral of Ferrara possesses "St. Lawrence;" the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, a "Madonna and Child," and "Christ and his Disciples;" the Royal Palace at Turin, "The Prodigal Son," and others; in the Brera, at Milan, is "The Dismissal of Hagar," reckoned among the best of Guercino's later works. The churches in Cento contain some excellent pictures, among which "The Resurrection" is entitled to especial notice.

His finest frescoes ornament the cupola of the cathedral at Piacenza; these works were executed when the artist's powers were in full vigour. The cupola is divided into eight compartments, in the upper part of which he has represented the Prophets accompanied by Angels; and in the lower, the Sibyls, and subjects from the New Testament. These paintings certainly place Guercino among the greatest artists of his time.

The "Woman of Samaria" is a repetition of a figure frequently painted by Guercino, sometimes in conjunction with that of Christ, and sometimes as we see it here; it is a carefully painted picture, executed, it is presumed, in his best time; the face of the figure is highly pleasing, and the colouring throughout rich but not extravagant.

It is in the Collection at Windsor Castle.



GUERCINO PINXT

B. MEUNIER. SCULPT

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART II.—THE WYE: FROM ROSS TO MONMOUTH.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME.



IMMEDIATELY after passing under Wilton Bridge, we make acquaintance with the peculiarities of the River Wye. Its "winding bounds" are so remarkable that frequently after the boat has floated four or five miles we find ourselves within gunshot of the place from which we started,—a tree-clad hill, or a church spire, seen directly in front, presently appearing at the side, or, in another moment, behind the spectator; while, perhaps in a few minutes, it is immediately again in his onward path: forming alternately a foreground or a background to the picture, and that so suddenly as to seem incomprehensible. On quitting the level land, the varied and broken scenery on either side suggests a vague, though irresistible impression, that the craggy precipices, rocky ascents, and isolated plateaux, between which the stream takes its tortuous way—now reposing in deep and glassy pools, then hurrying down a gushing rapid, as if behind time, and again stopping to take up at intervals the winding streamlets poured from receding elevations over the little greensward vales they encircle—were the boundaries of a river always,—in a word, that the Wye is a river designed by Nature itself.*

The Wye has been well described as a "capricious and headlong current," its sudden rises and falls rendering it but



IN GOODRICH CASTLE.

little available to commerce. During or after rains, it rushes along at immense speed, overflowing adjacent banks, and, in some instances, washing its rock boundaries. In fine

* The Severn estuary seems, in the earliest times, to have formed the boundary between the Silurian Gwyddel, or Gael, and the tribe of the *Wiccias*, or watermen—or, as the monkish chroniclers called them, *Wiccii*—inhabiting the dates of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire; though the *Wiccii*, the more mercantile race, eventually occupied the peninsula between the Severn and Wye, constituting the Forest of Dean; this tract being of importance from its abundance of timber and iron ore, with which, as appears by a passage in "Caesar's Commentaries," they traded with the opposite coast of Brittany, before his invasion of England. The iron ore crosses the Wye a few miles below Ross, near a detached and rugged eminence called the Doward (in Gaelic, the Black Height), but in some Welsh records, *Garth Einion* (the Smith's Hill). On the summit is a sloping plateau, depressed into two equal parts; that nearest the river crowned by an embankment of dry stones, and the farthest joined to it by one of earth, tripled at the summit, as if occupied a second time by some larger force. The smaller camp, lying immediately above a mineral excavation and near the river, seems the earliest, and is probably the *Garth Einion* of the *Wiccian* occupants; for until the junction of the upper plateau, the lower fastness was within arrow-shot of the summit, and thus must have been constructed by a people as yet ill practised in the employment of such missiles.

weather, although a quick current even then, it becomes very shallow in parts. There are no "falls," nor is there any weir or lock, during the whole of the voyage we are describing; breaks are, however, numerous, the water sometimes "dropping" a foot or more, and bubbling into foam. Through nearly the whole of its course from Ross to Chepstow, where it joins the Severn, the Wye is, as Wordsworth describes it, "a wanderer through the woods," the trees generally descending so low from overhanging steepes as to border the stream; and indeed, during its lower portion, the foliage and rocks are so closely intermixed as to afford no passage—not even a footpath—from the banks. These trees are for the most part oak and beech, the dark shades of the yew frequently giving force and character to the grouping. There is seldom much variety in the foliage, if we except that which arises from frequent orchards, for which Herefordshire and Gloucestershire are famous. As in all such cases, the adjacent meadows are ever green, and supply excellent pasturage to cattle. The great attraction of the Wye, however, consists in the singularly picturesque limestone rocks, which continually, as it were, look down upon and guard the river: from every hole and crevice creeps the ivy and other parasitic plants, covering them with various shades of green, except on jutting crags where the wind has power—these are left bare, or clothed only by lichens. They are "simple and grand,



GOODRICH CASTLE, FROM THE FERRY.

rarely formal and fantastic."* It is this combination which renders the scenery so peculiarly picturesque, although it produces little variety: indeed, a mile of the Wye, in any part of it, affords a complete idea of the whole; while its contracted character—closed in, as it is, by woods and rocks, never a stone's-throw apart—much impairs its beauty, when contrasted with rivers broader, and opening more expansive views. Moreover, the Wye is a lonely river; for miles together along its banks there are no habitations; the traffic on its waters is very limited; few are its factories of any kind; the extensive and gloomy forest of Dean encloses it during a large portion of its lower course; and the only peasantry who live along its sides are the boatmen and the charcoal-burners, who are seldom seen at their daily work—the one labouring only when the tide serves, and the other toiling among trees that hide him from sight:—

—"Wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees;
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods."

To its natural gifts of beauty, and they are many, may be added those which are derived from pretty villages, generally scattered on hill-sides, the spires of near or distant churches, secluded farm-houses, cultivated demesnes, and mansions, populous towns and venerable bridges, and more especially the ruins of ancient castles and "holy abbeys;" some of the grandest "remains" in the kingdom, adding their attractions to the lovely river-scenery of the Wye, recalling, and with impressive effect, the lines of the poet:—

"Time
Hath moulded into beauty many a tower
Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."

Such is the River Wye, to the leading charms of which we design to introduce the tourist.

* "The rock, bleak, naked, and unadorned, cannot be considered beautiful. Tint it with mosses and lichens of various hues, and you give it a degree of beauty; adorn it with shrubs and hanging herbage, and you make it still more picturesque; connect it with wood and water, and you make it in the highest degree interesting."—FOSBROKE.

Under Peneraig House, the grounds of which are charmingly wooded to the water, we obtain a combined view of Goodrich Court and Goodrich Castle—the former a modern residence, the latter one of the most interesting and picturesque of the ancient remains which abound throughout the district we are visiting.* Perhaps nowhere in the kingdom will the traveller be more strongly impressed by the lines of the poet,—

“There is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,
To which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.”

The “Court” is nearest; we visit that first: it occupies a hill summit; the site is fine; nature gave it this advantage; and also the trees that grow luxuriantly in the copse, orchards, and plantations, through which we ascend by a rugged footway from the river-side. The building, however, is a blot on the landscape; unmeaning towers, and turrets, and pinnacles, in “styles” outrageously “mixed,” are utterly “out of keeping” with surrounding objects, and sadly disturb the tranquillizing thought induced before we reach, and after we leave, it. The structure was a “whim” of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick; and, we imagine, the architect, Mr. Blore, acted in obedience to “order”—the only “Order” he appears to have taken into account. Goodrich Court, however, contains that remarkable collection of ancient armour which Meyrick expended (and not unprofitably) a fortune and a life's labour to bring together: its value is here comparatively lost; few can see, and very few be advantaged by it. We believe it to be an heirloom that may not be removed from its place. Tourists on the Wye should certainly examine this singular and interesting assemblage, although to do so involves a troublesome walk, and the payment of a shilling, which we respectfully think might be dispensed with by the inheritor of so rich a store of instructive wealth. To our friend, Mr. Fairholt, we are indebted for information we append in a note.†

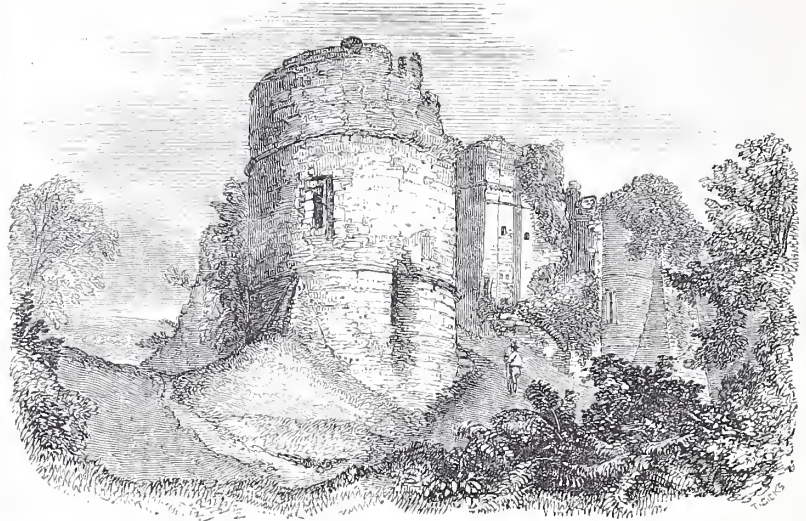
The boat is to meet us a few yards from the landing-place under Goodrich Court,—at Goodrich Ferry,—but there is a bend in the road, and we have a walk of a mile or more before we reach it. That walk is, however, through the village, where there is an old “Cage” converted into a comfortable cottage; and a church, with which are associated some memorable incidents. The spire of this church is, like that of Ross, seen from many points of view, and is always an effective adjunct to the landscape: it has other attractions; here were long located the ancestors of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's; one of whom, the Rev. Thomas Swift, was its vicar in 1628, and, taking zealous part with the sovereign, was, it is said, plundered more than thirty times by the army of the parliament, ejected from his living, his estate sequestered, and himself imprisoned. A chalice, used by him, found its way into Ireland, and was, in 1726, “Presented by Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of the Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, grandson of the aforesaid Thomas, to Goodridge Church, to be for its use ‘for ever.’” It is still in the keeping of the vicar, and is regarded as a relic of high value.‡

* The ancient road to Goodrich lay through a parish called Walford, where was the family seat of the Kyrles, of whom “the Man of Ross” was a junior member. It has been surmised that Walford lay on the line of Offa's Dyke, and thus derived its name; but this dyke, unfortunately, cannot be traced here, except by such as are predetermined to find it. The name is derived from Walth (Welsh) Ford, a road—viz. the Welsh road. It is crossed by a very dangerous ford over the Wye, but there is now a good though more circuitous turnpike-road over Kern Bridge.

† The armoury is the largest and most complete private collection ever formed in England, and comprises many suits of a rare and valuable kind. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick was indefatigable as a collector, and his knowledge led him to publish the best English book on the subject, his “Critical Inquiry into Antient Armour,” in three vols. folio, 1824; and some years afterwards the descriptive text to Skelton's engraved illustrations “of the Collection at Goodrich Court.” He also arranged the collection in the Tower of London; and was, throughout life, the great authority on all matters connected with armour. The Goodrich collection embraces a history of weapons of defence commencing with the rude implements, flint, stone, or wood, of the savage tribes; they bear some analogy to those used by our primitive forefathers, of which many examples are also preserved. The early Greek, Etruscan, and Celtic relics are especially interesting; the mediæval armour is of great rarity; and in one instance has been admirably mounted under the direction of Sir Samuel, and in accordance with the old customs of the tourney. Thus on one side is the tree set up for supporting the emblazoned shields of the combatants, who are seated on armed and caparisoned horses tilting at each other; while their fellow-knights wait their turn on foot. Many of the noble suits of armour in this collection are remarkable for the artistic finish and beauty of their decorations; some are covered with engravings; and all indicate the large amount of cost bestowed on defensive weapons and body-armour. In the reign of the Emperor Charles V. Milan and Nuremberg were the principal factories from which knights were supplied, whose suits sometimes cost very large sums of money, being covered with embossed ornament and engraving, and often enriched with inlaid scroll-work of gold or silver. The collection has specimens of such costly works, only to be rivalled by the sumptuous jewelled armour of the East, of which it also contains many valuable specimens.

‡ Something of the quaint and humorous character of “the famous Dean” must have been inherited from his loyal grandfather.

But we may not delay, for we have to pace the steep ascent that leads to Goodrich Castle. It is the relic of a noble fortalice, and would seem—seated on the topmost height of a hill that overlooks the rapid river, and aided by its broad moat, which time has not yet filled up—to have been impregnable: it was not so. Whatever its ancient glory may have been, it was doomed to fall before the persevering energy of the troops of the Commonwealth, and “the eighty barrels of powder” which “the Commons voted” as auxiliaries to their officer, Colonel Birch. He found the work, however, notwithstanding the added succours of “battering



GOODRICH CASTLE: THE NORTH TOWER.

cannon,” “two monster pieces,” and “six granadoes,” by no means easy; for the garrison, under brave Sir Richard Lingens, kept him “without,” from the 22nd June to the 3rd of August, 1646, which so exasperated the assailants that they refused to recognise a “white flag for parley,” insisted upon “unconditional surrender,” and made prisoners of war the governor and all his troops, with their “arms, ammunitions, and provisions.”



ROSEMARY TOPPING.

It is not known who founded this grand fortress; but “the near affinity of its name to that of ‘Godriens Dux,’ which occurs in witness of two charters granted by King Canute to the Abbey of Hulm,” has led to a conjecture that he was its first lord; * it is certain, however,

The following anecdote is related of the “malignant” vicar:—“Having mortgaged his estate at Goodrich for 300 broad pieces, and quitted them into his waistcoat, he set out for Raglan Castle, near Monmouth, whither the king had retired after the battle of Naseby, in 1645. The Earl of Worcester, who knew him well, asked what his errand was? ‘I am come,’ said Swift, ‘to give his majesty my coat,’ at the same time pulling it off, and presenting it. The earl told him pleasantly, that his coat was worth little. ‘Why, then,’ said Swift, ‘take my waistcoat.’ This was soon proved by its weight to be a more valuable garment; and it is remembered by Clarendon that the king received no supply more seasonable or acceptable during the whole war than these 300 broad pieces; his distress being at that time very great, and his resources altogether cut off.”

* The foundation of this fortress, at least of that part which now appears most ancient, the square Keep, or Donjon, dates as far back as the reign of Edward the Confessor, and its erection was mingled with the strange and wretched medley of political confusion and intrigues which led to the Norman invasion. This feeble and vacillating monarch, at one time yielding to the ambitious Earl Godwin and his warlike sons, at another seeking a countering support from his Norman kindred, was, in the middle of the eleventh century, sorely pressed by the rebellion of Godwin and his son Harold, strengthened by their coalition with the King of South Wales. This had previously been repeated, and, in consequence, the Confessor had placed his own nephew Ralph in command of the border castle of Hereford, where he was killed by

that for a long period it was the baronial residence of the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, its earliest authenticated record bearing the date 1204, when it was given by King John to William Strigul, Earl Marshal, to hold "by the service of two knights' fees," his son Walter, Earl of Pembroke, dying here in 1246. To the Talbots it passed by marriage. Subsequently, by marriage also, to the De Greys, Earls, and afterwards Dukes, of Kent; and it was to the Countess of Kent the parliament, in 1646, conveyed intimation that there was "a necessity for its demolition," when it was demolished accordingly. The Keep is said to be of a date anterior to the Conquest. Its windows, arches, columns, and zigzag ornaments, still in good preservation, are described by some early writers as "the most truly Saxon that can be;" and so are the dungeons underneath, into which, when the castle was in its glory, light never entered, and air only through a few crevices. It is very doubtful, however, whether any other portion of the castle is older than the twelfth century.* One of the most graceful, and, at the same time, the most perfect of its architectural beauties, is that we have pictured. It is a charming "bit," and through the opening is a lovely view of the river and the wooded slopes opposite. Yet it stands nearest to that tower which suffered most from the cannon of the Commonwealth; on these slopes, now so tranquil, their artillery was planted, and their soldiery encamped, while the siege lasted.

No doubt subsequent additions, under several lords, gave to the structure its imposing character. There are distinct traces of such augmentations from an early to a comparatively late period. Its long and narrow galleries, sally-ports, batteries, vaulted gateways, semicircular towers, fosses, rock-bewn pits, huge buttresses, loop-holes and machicolations, decorated chapel, ladies' tower, watch towers, enormous fire-hearths, warder's seat, once gorgeous hall, huge fire-places, great chambers of state, dormitories, garrison towers, and spacious stables,—these, and many other objects, now broken either by time or war, and mantled with venerable ivy, attest its grandeur and its strength, when, for six centuries at least, it held sway over surrounding districts, and looked down in its magnificence, as it does now in its decay, upon the waters of the beautiful Wye.

All honour to the lady who now owns the interesting ruin,† for the care and cost she expends to prevent the further encroachments of "the destroyer." A venerable chatelain—one Titus Morgan—who makes shoes in the village, and who has had the place in charge during forty-nine years, succeeding his father in the office, is an excellent and very communicative usher to its attractions; or his aide-de-camp, two agreeable daughters, are as ready and as skilful as himself in greeting and in guiding visitors.

Even if it were not so happily situated as it is, on the high-road to the beauties of the Wye, these remarkable ruins would amply repay a long *détour*; for although sufficiently large to convey an idea of immense capacity and power, they are singularly "condensed," and may be inspected with but small sacrifice of time and trouble. There are more extensive and far grander remains in many parts of this and the adjacent county, but none more interesting, more picturesque, or more entirely characteristic of an age when the stern realities of life supplied the staple of romance. Mr. HULME was on the opposite side of the river when he made

the Welsh, and the castle burnt. The king himself residing much in the vicinity of Gloucester, where his naval and military reserves were collected, his staunch friend and counsellor, Bishop Aldred of Worcester, at that time erected a stately church at Gloucester "to the honour of St. Peter," and, as *de facto* a sort of "secretary-at-war," endeavoured to regulate in a somewhat orderly manner the defence of the frontier. A portion of this church yet remains, forming the chapter-room of Gloucester Cathedral, and the close similarity of style refers the chapter-room of Gloucester and the keep at Goodrich to the same architect. The latter was styled "Castrum Godrici," the name of Godricus, designated as a king's thane, appearing in Domesday Book as the owner of estates of some magnitude in the neighbourhood of Dean Forest on the right, and of other royal demesnes on the left, bank of Severn. It was probably a command subordinated to the Castle of Hereford. The cost of its repair at one time devolved by tenure on the Abbot of Winchcombe, near Cheltenham, a royal residence in the reign of Kenulphus; and at the erection of Goodrich Castle, Bishop Aldred had the revenues of this abbey, and endeavoured, with little success, to hold the king's party together, in opposition to the rebellious earls. There is a curious inscription in one of the lower windows relating to the family of Aylmer de Valence, in the time of Edward II. Those who are anxious for further details may either consult Lappenberg's "History of the Anglo-Saxons," or Sir Bulwer Lytton's novel of "Harold," as their taste may incline in favour of the authentic or the fanciful.

* It is expressly mentioned in record that Goodrich Castle was the fortress of the tract called Archenfield or Irchenfield, from the Roman station at Ariconium. This tract was formerly forest, for in the *Charta Antiqua*, in the Tower of London, is the order for its disafforestation.—FOSBROKE. Irchenfield is Saxon, and means the Field of Hedgehogs. Urchin is still a common local name for the hedgehog.

† Mrs. Marriott. Elizabeth, the second daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, seventh Earl of Shrewsbury, conveyed the castle in marriage to Henry De Grey, Earl of Kent, in whose family it continued till the year 1740, when, on the death of Henry, Duke of Kent, it was sold to Admiral Griffin. Mrs. Marriott is his grand-daughter.

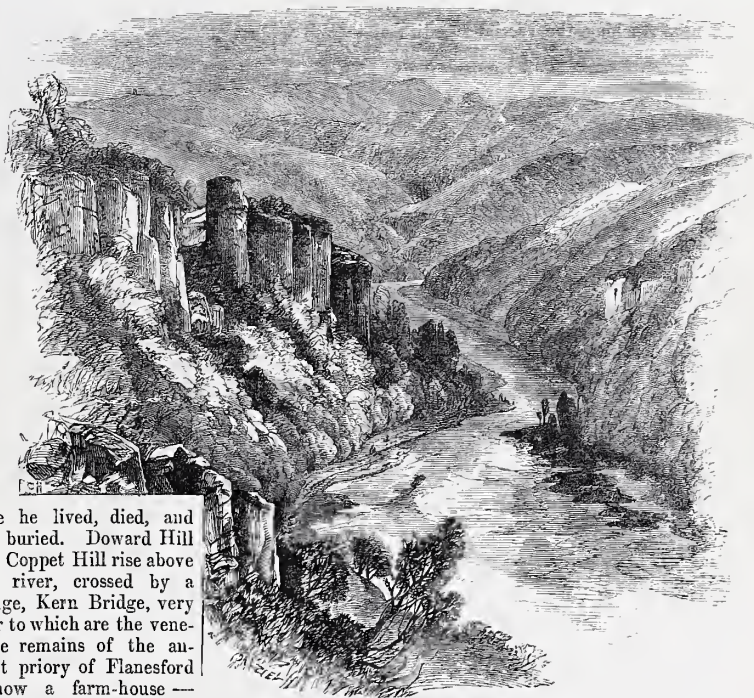
his drawing: as he quaintly says, "he sat down before it, not as did its assailants of old, with a view to reduce the place to a ruin, but the ruin to a view;" in the hope of giving to others some portion of the intense enjoyment he himself derived from the glorious old pile—so fertile of thought to the antiquary, of pleasure to the tourist, and of instruction as well as delight to the artist.

But they who visit Goodrich Castle will lose a rich treat if they fail to ascend the Keep—an easy task—because of the magnificent and very beautiful view commanded from its summit.



THE COLDWELL ROCKS.

What a view—north, south, east, and west! Hills, enclosing fertile vales; dense woods surrounding pasture-fields, dotted with sheep; low meadow lands, on which luxuriate the famous Herefordshire cows, known here and everywhere by their red coats and white faces.* On one side are the distant Malvern Hills; on another, the bills that look down upon Hereford city; Further off are the Welsh mountains; while, moving southwards, we see the Coldwell rocks, Symond's Yat, and the tall Kymin, that hangs over Monmouth. In the immediate foreground is the small Church of Walford, of which the historian of the district, Fosbroke, was rector.



SYMOND'S YAT.

here he lived, died, and was buried. Doward Hill and Coppet Hill rise above the river, crossed by a bridge, Kern Bridge, very near to which are the venerable remains of the ancient priory of Flanesford—now a farm-house— which yet retains some relics of its former beauty.

From this spot we best note the singular windings of the Wye: from Goodrich Ferry underneath us to Huntsbam's Ferry† is a distance of only one mile, while by water there is a space of eight miles to be traversed between the one ferry and the other.

We re-enter our boat, leave to the right the old priory, pass under Kern Bridge, and are

* The breed is peculiar to Herefordshire, and is preserved pure with exceeding care. If a calf with a red face or particoloured coat enters the world, his sure destiny is the stall of the butcher. The cows, however, are not famous for milk—they grow and fatten too much for that. As a farmer we met at Monmouth expressed it, "They give none of it away; they keep it all to thirsels!"

† It is stated by Mr. Cliffe—we know not on what authority—that "in 1387, Henry IV. was hastening across Huntsbam Ferry, on his way to Monmouth, in deep anxiety about his royal consort, whose confinement was near at hand, when he was met by a messenger who announced the birth of a prince—Henry V.—and the safety of the queen. The king bestowed the ferry on this man as a guerdon. The grant still exists."

voyaging down the rapid current of the Wye. The object that first attracts our notice is the distant spire of Ruarden, or Ruer-dean, Church, crowning the summit of a lofty hill. We soon approach Courtfield, famous in history, or rather in tradition, as the place in which the fifth Harry was nursed. We do not find, however, any safe authority for the fact, although it may be true that "being, when young, of a sickly habit, he was placed here under the care of the Countess of Salisbury;" and it is further said, that the countess lies buried in the little church of Welsh Bicknor,* close at hand, and which we pass on our voyage down the stream.† Obviously, the monument referred to is of later date. Such was the opinion of Sir Samuel Meyrick (a safe and sure authority). Welsh Bicknor is a pretty church, among the smallest in England, and is now in process of "restoration"—we trust, under wise guardianship. The simple and graceful parsonage-house beside it is happy in suggestions of the tranquil life which a country clergyman, above all other men, may enjoy.

The old mansion of Courtfield is altogether gone—a "stately house" supplies its place; but, until within a comparatively recent period, a few walls of the ancient structure were standing; now, we believe, not a vestige of it remains.‡

The estate of Courtfield is held by the Vaughans, descendants of the family who are said to have possessed it in the time of Henry V.§ They continue Roman Catholics. The demesne is charmingly situated; the foliage of the wooded slopes spreads to the river-brink; but for a distance of, perhaps, two miles before the dwelling is reached, there is a border of tall and finely grown elm-trees—the elm and the witch-elm planted alternately; and although time has destroyed some of them, the greater number endure in green old age.

"How nobly does this venerable wood,
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,
Embosom you fair mansion!"

At a turn of the river, before the mansion is seen, we pass the village of Lidbrook. Iron and tin are both manufactured here, the neighbouring Forest of Dean supplying charcoal in abundance.¶ The village borders the river, and presents a busy and bustling scene; the smoke from tall chimneys rising above the foliage, and the boats and barges at the quay forming a picture somewhat singular and striking in this peculiarly rural district.

We are now reaching the special beauties of the Wye. Directly fronting us is one of the most charming of its views from the source to the mouth, a tree-clad hill—nothing more. The hill is called Rosemary Topping, a pleasant name affixed to a scene of surpassing grace and beauty. Trees of various shades and character rise from the base to its topmost height, ending, apparently, in a point covered with a mass of rich foliage.¶ Our engraving will convey a sufficiently accurate idea of the scene.

But we are now reaching "the lion" of the district—the famous Coldwell Rocks.

* The name in Doomsday Book is Bicanofre, viz. Vychan (little), Ovre (a passage or crossing over a river), as the same thing at Gloucester Bridge is called "over," *par excellence*.

† Welsh Bicknor is so called to distinguish it from English Bicknor, in Gloucestershire, two miles below it, on the opposite side of the river; the river being the ancient boundary between England and Wales—

"Inde vagos vaga Cambrenses, hinc respicit Anglos,"

according to the monk, Neckham, a writer of Latin poetry, who died in the year 1217. It is said his name was Nequam, and that he changed it to Neckham, "because, when he desired to be re-admitted to St. Alban's Priory, the abbot replied to him, "Si bonus sis, venias—si nequam, nequam."

‡ It is said to have been the abode of Ion Vychan, or Little Jack, a Welsh freebooter.

§ The Vaughans, according to Cox (Hist. Monmouthshire) have no records of their residence here earlier than the time of Elizabeth; the family, however, trace their pedigree much further back.

¶ An historical and descriptive account of the Forest of Dean has been recently published by the Rev. H. G. Nicholls—a clergyman long resident in the immediate neighbourhood. To that volume we must refer the reader who may desire information on the subject, for to give it proper consideration in our pages is out of the question. Mr. Nicholls has made a useful, though a "dry" book. We may regret the absence of legends, traditions, and characteristic anecdotes, which no doubt might be found in abundance in this singularly primitive and wild district. The people there are still but partially civilized, although very different from what they were when Camden describes them as "so given to robbing and spoiling that there were laws made by the authority of Parliament to restrain them."

¶ "At Coldwell the front screen appears as a woody hill [the hill is Rosemary Topping], swelling to a point. In a few minutes it changes its shape, and the woody hill becomes a lofty side screen on the right; while the front unfolds itself into a majestic piece of rock scenery."—GILPIN. "This is the most perfect specimen of a dressed hillock, which should always have low and bushy plants, because large trees, if few, look meagre and scattered; if numerous, heavy and uniform. No mixture of exotics could produce the beautiful tints, and no skill the exquisite grouping and disposition of this admirable exemplar of a thicket laid out by nature."—F. SIBCOKE.

These rocks derive their name from a singularly cold well in the neighbourhood; so, at least, it is said in "the books," but our inquiries failed to discover it. There are springs enough—and no doubt they are sufficiently frigid; but none of the "authorities" point to any one in particular. Mr. Hulme's sketch will convey an idea of this very beautiful scene. It is impossible, however, to describe it accurately—either by pen or pencil. A succession of rocks—bare in parts, and in others clad in green—hanging almost perpendicularly over the river, are separated by deep and narrow clefts, in which grow a variety of trees, some of them rising so high as to be on a level with the hill-top; others apparently a mass of evergreen shrubs, light and dark, harmoniously mingled by the master-hand of nature. The peculiar character of the Wye here adds materially to the beauty of the landscape. As we approach it we see Raven Cliff right before us; presently, a pretty peaked rock, called after the poet Bloomfield (some time a resident in the neighbourhood), comes in sight; then Symond's Yat; then Vansittart's Rock; then Adare's Rock, with others which, if they be named, have, as the guide informed us, "names of no account."* These rocks are all on the left bank; on the right bank is a sweep of low-lying meadow land, not unfrequently covered with water. The reader is called upon to imagine a series of steep cliffs, covered with verdure to the river's brink—the tops bare, but picturesquely bare, for the lichens and creeping plants preserve them from unseemly nakedness. Such are the Coldwell Rocks; but to be appreciated, they must be seen; our written description, as compared with the scene, is as cold as the coldest spring that gave a name to so much of natural grace and delicious beauty.

We land here, to walk up and down hill for about a mile; the boat meanwhile makes its voyage of five miles, and rejoins us, giving us time to ascend "Symond's Yat,"† and enjoy a view immeasurably superior even to that we have already described. We shall first rest at the cottage of the guide; if it be spring, we may see the blossoms of an abundant orchard; and if autumn, we can taste its fruit; at any season, a draught of home-made cider is sure to be



SYMOND'S YAT, FROM GREAT DOWARD.

offered to the tourist by the civil and obliging woman who keeps the house, and who will presently walk with us through the close underwood that may confuse our path, if unattended. She will draw attention to a little bubbling rivulet, that here divides Herefordshire from Gloucestershire; point out a pretty infant-school, founded and still endowed by the good Bishop of Newfoundland, formerly the rector of English Bicknor—a parish he does not forget, although many thousand miles of sea are now between him and that pleasant vale beside the sylvan Wye! She will show you other objects that greet the eye as you ascend; and will soon place you—and leave you—on a broad platform, which is the summit of the Yat, that seemed a pointed peak when you gazed upon it from the river below. You are six hundred feet above the stream; and hence you have in view seven counties—Herefordshire, in which you note "the Beacon;" Worcestershire, which displays to you the Malvern Hills; Shropshire, where the Cleve Hills invite your gaze; Brecknockshire, where the Black Mountain courts your ken; Radnorshire, where "the Welsh Mountains" rise above the mist; Monmouthshire, where the Coppet Hill comes between you, and the spire of Ross, on the one side, while Great Doward on the other, keeps Monmouth town from your sight; and Gloucestershire, on which you stand!

"— Mountains stern and desolate;
But in the majesty of distance now
Set off, and to our ken appearing fair
Of aspect, with aerial softness clad,
And beautified with morning's purple beam."

Symond's Yat is, therefore, rightly classed among the most beautiful objects of this beautiful locality: below and above—at its base and on its height—the scene is very lovely!

* Some sixty years ago the barristers in going to the assizes went down the Wye, and gave their names to the different rocks; Vansittart was one of them. There is unhappily no more dignified or poetical origin for these names. Just before we approach Coldwell Rocks, a singular but not very picturesque object will attract the eye; it is a monument erected by bereaved parents to the memory of a son who was drowned here about sixty years ago.

† "Yat," is simply "gate;" in some books we find this beautiful spot called "Cyron's Yat." It probably meant the "Seaman's Yate," or road, in reference to the Danish foray, of which it was the chief scene.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE COMING ART SEASON.—The first exhibition of the season has always been that of the British Institution, and it still continues to be so, —opening its doors in the first week of February. It will be immediately succeeded by another, that of the Society of French Artists, which, during the second week of the same month, will solicit its share of public patronage. But so unprecedentedly dark has been the whole of the month of December, that to artists it has been a *mensis non*—one long and dimly vexatious holiday, insomuch that many pictures that were intended for early exhibitions have been necessarily postponed. After the two exhibitions above named, the National and the British Artists follow in March and April; and in May, the Royal Academy and the two Water Colour Institutions, and these, succeeded by the French Collection and the Winter Gallery, bring us again to the beginning of another year.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—A series of six lectures on matters relating to Art, was commenced last month in the lecture theatre of this institution; two of the course, on Hindoo Art and Mohammedan Art respectively, were delivered by Dr. G. Kinkel, one of the professors at the University of Bonn; the next, which will be on the 7th of this month, is to be delivered by Mr. Westmacott, R.A., the subject "Sculptures in Relief;" and the remaining three, on the 14th, 21st, and 28th, by Mr. J. C. Robinson, F.S.A., keeper of the Art collections, on "Ancient Greek Painted Pottery," "Italian Majolica Wares," and "Porcelain Wares in general."

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY is now arranging its gallery of pictures in the building allotted to them at Edinburgh; the edifice being one of the two classic temples constructed on the mound between the old and the new town. The collection comprises some good specimens of the old masters (described by Dr. Waageu), and many of the "moderns;" in addition to which are some fine pictures by living artists of eminence, purchased by the funds at the Society's disposal. In this way the Academy has secured some excellent examples of native genius which do honour to Scotland, and to the liberality and discrimination of the purchasers. This encouragement of Art by artists is an honourable trait of the Scottish Academy, worthy of imitation in the south. The collection will be opened in the spring. In the adjoining building, the Scottish Society of Antiquaries Museum is to be placed; it comprises many historic relics of great interest, and will be publicly opened with some *éclat* about May next.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The council has issued its programme, and it promises well. If this project be carried out with integrity, there can be no doubt of its success, not only as a useful auxiliary to the Crystal Palace, but as a valuable accession to the public; for its manager, Mr. Battam, will be sure to multiply only such works as are pure and good in design, and, therefore, calculated to become public instructors. Many of the objects for circulation among subscribers may now be seen at Sydenham: we have not yet been enabled to examine them, but a very full descriptive account in the *Times* conveys assurance of the satisfactory condition of this society at starting, and of the certainty that beneficial results may be expected from its procedure. We shall ere long bring under detailed notice the several Art productions prepared, or preparing, for its members.

THE BURNS CENTENARY.—Before this number of our journal goes to press, but too late for its record, the variety of celebrations in honour of the centenary return of the birthday of the poet, Robert Burns, will have taken place in the localities named. Besides the acts of commemoration by "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," over which the near grave will have been apt to throw an interest and a solemnity of their own,—a public banquet was to be held in the Music Hall in Edinburgh, which, with "some great man" in the chair, and such probable speakers besides as the list of stewards suggests, could scarcely fail to yield something on which our readers will find occasion to dwell.—Amongst ourselves, the Crystal Palace Company, at Sydenham, had announced a Burns festival; and their programme had

a feature, which, besides giving great interest of its own to the memorial day, should have borne some worthy fruit to the future. A prize of fifty guineas was offered for the best poem on the subject of Burns, ranging between the extremes of one hundred and two hundred lines,—and this poem was to become the property of the company, and be read in the palace as a constituent portion of the centenary entertainments. The name of the victor was to be ascertained only at the time of reading, and proclaimed from the rostrum. The Burns laureate was to be crowned in the capitol. In answer to this invitation, no less than six hundred poems are said to have been sent in. Now, unless the muse who found Burns on the hill-side, and makes the river musical that murmurs by his grave, have indeed deserted the land, the best of six hundred should be something worth hearing. However, of the elements of this contest our readers may reckon on bearing a good deal. The prize poem, it is understood, the Crystal Palace Company will publish; but they need not expect to have the press on this occasion all to themselves. The judges need scarcely count on a quiet time of it, for the rest of their lives. There will be the usual appeals from their decision to posterity, no doubt. Our readers, too, may be pretty sure that we shall have something to tell them on the subject of this contest in our next number.—A pleasant incident, and one that will be bought by no heart-burnings, has been introduced into their Burns celebration by the men of Ayr. At a public meeting held in that town, it was resolved to open a subscription for the purpose of presenting the nieces of Robert Burns, daughters of the late Mrs. Begg, with a gift in commemoration of this centenary occasion. Should the sum collected for the purpose exceed £1000, the committee are to have power to invest any portion of the surplus for the benefit of any one or more other surviving relatives of Burns whom they may think entitled to receive it. The admirers of the poet throughout the world are invited to co-operate in the promotion of this fund, and the ordinary subscriptions are limited to a pound on one side, and a shilling on the other. *Special donations*, it seems, are unrestricted; and, not meaning any objection to the scheme or its terms, but, on the contrary, wishing them all success,—we cannot help observing, that this seems to us a shrewd Scotch device for getting at once the benefit of a limit and the benefit of none.

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY has just been applied, by Messrs. Caldesi and Montecchi, to a marvellous drawing, by Turner, in the possession of John Dillon, Esq.; the subject is "Westminster Abbey Chapel, North of the Choir," and the drawing bears, on one of the stone slabs of the pavement, the inscription "William Turner, *Natus*, 1775." It is an early work, and doubtless was executed towards the close of the last century, when the practice of this great painter was almost exclusively confined to architectural subjects, which, to judge from this example, as well as from others we have seen, were represented with the truth, accuracy, and artistic expression that cannot be surpassed. We have characterised this drawing as "marvellous," and feel perfectly justified in applying the term to it, for if the photograph had been taken from the edifice itself, and under the most favourable circumstances for producing a picturesque effect, the result could not have been truer or more beautiful: all the detail of the architecture is most delicately rendered; the stains and the injuries which time and man have singly or together left on columns and sculptured screens and carved monument, are all here to testify to the genius of the artist, and to his fidelity of delineation. The photograph has, we believe, been executed privately for Mr. Dillon, who purchased the drawing at the sale of the late Earl Harewood's collection last year.

THE CAMPANA COLLECTION, so long celebrated for its interest and value, has recently been catalogued in a quarto volume, excellently arranged and classified. The Etruscan and early Greek vases are without a rival for interest, beauty, and quantity; they number nearly two thousand specimens, and were obtained in the course of extensive excavations in the ancient cities and cemeteries of Italy. The Greek and Roman bronzes are equally rare and fine; while the Etruscan and Græco-Italian arms and armour, are unrivalled in interest and beauty.

Among them is a unique helmet of silver, found in a tomb at Bolsena (the Vulturnum of ancient Etruria); it is enriched with sculptured ornament, the apex formed by winged horses, and the name *Anisum*, inscribed in Etruscan characters, in front: so sumptuous a specimen of ancient warlike Art has never been elsewhere found. Diadems, garlands of precious ornament, pins, rings, brooches of all kinds, form more than three hundred items. The series of coins in gold of the Roman emperors, down to the latest of the Byzantine series, is very extensive and complete. The plastic art of early Italy is also well represented; and has the advantage of being well classed, according to the places wherein the several objects were discovered. The catalogue concludes with a curious series of early pictures, illustrative of the rise of Art in Italy from the early Byzantine period to the era of Raphael. Altogether, this extensive and complete collection is a museum to rival the finest of its kind. It is rumoured that the Emperor Napoleon is in treaty to secure it for France, where it would certainly be placed to advantage.

TRANSPARENT ENAMEL PHOTOGRAPHS.—One of the latest novelties in photographic art that has come under our notice, is some specimens of transparent photographs from the establishment of Messrs. H. Squire and Co.: they are the invention of Mr. Glover, who has taken out a patent to protect it. The substance on which the pictures are taken is glass covered with a pure white enamel, the surface of which is slightly granulated by acid. One of the great peculiarities of these enamels is that they are positives either by transmitted or reflected light. As transparencies for a window or the stereoscope they are very beautiful: they are susceptible of taking transparent colours which increase their richness, and will bear washing like a piece of porcelain. A portrait of a lady, among other specimens submitted to us, is remarkable for its delicacy and purity of tone, as well as for its life-like character, approaching most closely to a miniature on ivory. We understand that the process of manipulating these photographs is both simple and easy.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Our readers will remember that the appeal made, in summer last, in the name of the Bishop of London, and of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, for funds applicable to the purpose of fitting up the great metropolitan cathedral for special church services, contemplated, in the first place, that what was temporary and incidental in this arrangement should be executed in such manner as would not impoverish the effect of the magnificent structure,—and comprehended, in the next place, the larger object of permanently embellishing the cathedral in harmony with the original views of its great architect, Sir Christopher Wren. Whether regarded as a Christian temple or as a Christian tomb, this is one of the most interesting, as it is assuredly one of the grandest, edifices in the world,—and in any country but ours it would stand in an area a quarter of a mile square, and have lavished on its interior all the resources of money and of Art. In England, we shut it up in a brick-and-mortar case—through which if accident makes a hole and gives a glimpse of its glorious proportions, we patch up the hole again, and leave the curious to take its features seriatim;—and internally we surrender it to that "cold, dull, and unedifying" nakedness which may suit its character as a tomb, but derogates certainly from its character as a temple. This is our idiosyncrasy: but, under proper treatment, idiosyncracies, individual and national, wear themselves out; and in the progress of the changes that time brings, we are not without hope of one day seeing the cathedral receive the full benefit of the eminence on which it stands, and show its broadside to the river as boldly and uninterruptedly as it lifts its dome to the sky. For this, however, the time is not yet. As regards some redemption of the majestic interior from its utterly neglected look, the dean and chapter are doing what they can, and the bishop is backing them. A sum of £11,000 or £12,000, our readers will remember, was the amount originally asked:—a very small sum, indeed, it would seem, to have any difficulty in raising for such a purpose in a metropolis like ours. The public should clearly understand, that for none of the objects contemplated are there any caputal revenues available. The dean and chapter, as the

bishop points out, are all endowed on the reduced and limited scale determined by recent acts of parliament. What they have themselves contributed to that which has been already done, has been from their own private resources. The bishop, therefore, again comes forward now to state the case of the great cathedral:—and we gladly give the aid of our columns to his appeal.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—The great president appears to lose, with the lapse of time, and in the new and shifting lights of Art, no part of the *prestige* which so naturally belongs to him in the body which his name, more than any other single one, makes illustrious. A life of the great painter has been a favourite exercise of such powers and leisure as succeeding academicians have had to spare from their own immediate art; and it is said now, that one of the most distinguished of the present body, Mr. Leslie, whose ability to wield the pen does not remain to be proved by its present occupation, is engaged in writing a new life of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

FACSIMILE "HAMLET."—We told our readers some months since, that the Duke of Devonshire had rendered an important service to English literature, by means of an interesting application of photography:—that process having been employed in the reproduction in facsimile, and to the extent of forty copies,—liberally distributed by him,—of the margin copy of the first edition, quarto, of Shakspeare's "Hamlet." We see it stated now, that the duke is following up this good work by a facsimile of the 1604, quarto, edition of the same play; and has engaged the services of Mr. J. Payne Collier in its superintendence. The business of collation will, of course, be greatly assisted by this useful application of an art whose uses are developing themselves with a rapidity that takes men by surprise. The second edition of the tragedy, now in process of being reproduced, is a great enlargement on its predecessor of 1603,—and contains, also, much that is omitted from the folio of 1623. The folio, however, contains passages which are not in this quarto of 1604:—and a facsimile of the folio would seem, therefore, to be a necessary complement to this good work. Everything that helps us to throw light on this great, though somewhat perplexed, masterpiece of the world's master mind, is a boon to literature,—and a most worthy employment of the resources at the command of men like the Duke of Devonshire.

LATIMER PREACHING AT ST. PAUL'S CROSS.—A picture thus entitled is now exhibited at Messrs. Jennings, in Cheapside. It is by Sir George Hayter, and is certainly, we think, the best of his works; he appears to have had his composition much better in hand than that of his "Martyrdom," painted some years ago. A single glance at the picture suffices to show the careful research which has been exercised with a view to perfect accuracy of impersonation, costume, and incident. Latimer is in the act of exhorting a numerous audience against the worship of the Virgin Mary. Immediately before him are the city authorities—the Lord Mayor, Treasurer, &c., behind whom are the Captain of the Royal Body Guard, and his attendants; and near these, as forming simple units of the congregation, Crammer, and Ridley. John Foxe, the author of "The Acts and Monuments of the Church," and John Russell, the first Earl of Bedford, are sitting in the chamber of the pulpit celebrated as St. Paul's Cross, and which stood at the northern side towards the east end of Old St. Paul's Church, the entrance gate to the Cheap; it is alluded to in public documents during the reigns of Henry III., the Edwards, Richard II., &c. The picture has much merit as a work of Art, and is extremely interesting as an epitome of the religious feeling of the time.

FRANCES BROWNE, OF STRANORLANE.—We have seen a very eloquent letter in the *Daily News*, pleading the cause of the blind poetess, Frances Browne. Hers is certainly a case which calls for sympathy, and the help which it is one of the happiest privileges of wealth to be able to extend to those who are afflicted either by bodily suffering or by circumstances over which they have no control. Frances Browne was born at Stranorlane, in the county of Donegal; her father was the village postmaster; she lost her sight by the small-pox at the age of eighteen months. As she grew up, her little brothers and sisters used to read to the blind book-loving child. Burns was the first idol of her admi-

ration; but she gathered up knowledge, and treasured it as only the blind can. Literature, to those who have all their faculties, and who are well-placed in society, is a hard struggle, but what must it have been to the poor blind girl, in a remote Irish village! After many trials, and much doubting of her own powers, her poems made their way, and excited considerable interest and astonishment. A small volume, published in 1844, was seen by the benevolent statesman Sir Robert Peel, and he granted the poetess a pension of £20 a-year. She was then comparatively young, and hoped to win her way to independence; but literature has failed her—not altogether, but it is totally insufficient to the support of her and her mother: to that beloved parent she allows £18 a-year, and is now struggling in London, with great difficulty, to maintain herself; but the struggle is beyond her strength. Her character, her industry, her talent, are without a spot: the few who know her respect her thoroughly; and a little more than what she makes would save her from the cruel want and anxiety that have eaten out the life of many a gifted child of song. Were her pension increased to £50 a-year, she would consider it "riches:" but while this is hoped for, surely there will be some who will "distribute of their wealth" to her who has never seen the face of that "Nature" which, nevertheless, inspires her song. Mr. Fulcher, of 22, Montpellier Square, Brompton, will answer any questions concerning Miss Browne, and receive any contributions that may be offered for her benefit.

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE may be cited as a most successful example of a convenient and elegant place of amusement, second only to the new Italian Opera in the convenience of its arrangements. The act drop has been painted from a design by C. Stanfield, R.A., and represents the elegant Greek building known as the Monument of Lycistrates, in the midst of a lovely landscape enlivened by groups of dancers. This picture is surrounded by a deep enriched frame. The ceiling of the house is very chaste and elegant; the lunettes, apparently open to the sky, are very happy in idea. It is matter of surprise, where all is so good, how such a tasteless and unmeaning mass of confusion as the front of the upper boxes presents, could have originated: the ornament is without character or meaning, and contrasts singularly with the good taste apparent everywhere else.

MR. FOLEY, R.A., has been honoured with a commission from the Queen to execute, in marble, a life-size bust of the late Viscount Hardinge, to be placed in the corridor of Windsor Castle. The present viscount has ordered a bronze statuette, of the *large model* size, from Mr. Foley's equestrian group engraved in our Journal this month. We rejoice to find that, so far as a reduced copy of this noble work will supply such a deficiency, the country will not be without an opportunity of seeing and obtaining it, for there is little doubt that when the statuette is procurable there will be a demand for it: still, we desire to have it in all its grandeur in our highway, and hope there will be no relaxation of effort to secure such a result. We presume the casting of the bronze statuette will be entrusted to Messrs. Elkington, who so well executed the larger work.

PORTRAIT OF HANDEL.—The Sacred Harmonic Society, already fortunate in the possession of the statue of Handel, by Roubillac, one of his earliest and best works, has recently received a gift, from Lady Rivers, of an early portrait of the great master of sacred melody, by Denner. It is of much interest; being the identical portrait presented by Handel to his amanuensis Smith, as a testimony of regard, and has never passed out of his family, Lady Rivers being Smith's grand-daughter.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS.—These réunions are appointed to be held at the Langham School upon the same principle as those of last year, the series terminating with the sketching evenings. It is hoped these meetings will become attractive from the number and interest of the works exhibited.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE: MR. SCOTT AND MR. J. H. PARKER.—In his capacity of "President of the Oxford Architectural Society," Mr. J. H. Parker has addressed to himself, as the present impersonation of the venerable "Mr. Urban," of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a very clever and sensible letter upon the subject of the *style of architecture* best suited for the new Foreign Office to be erected by Mr. Scott. Mr. Parker has not repented of his

Gothic antecedents like Mr. Petit, and consequently his letter is by no means an attempt to divert the great Gothic architect from his own architecture by a lecture *ex cathedra* upon something else. On the contrary, strongly approving the decision of the government, that the new edifice should be Gothic, and should be erected by Mr. Scott, Mr. Parker still submits that the existing condition of the circumstances connected with the new Foreign Office, leaves the architect free to recast his competition design to any extent; and he urges on Mr. Scott, that as his original design had so much in it that at once was foreign and was not English, he ought to modify it very considerably before he determines on its actual adoption. Mr. Parker adds, that he by no means desires to exclude foreign Gothic from exercising an important influence upon the revived and renewed Gothic of England; very far from this, he demonstrates with much ability, though, perhaps, with somewhat over-strained zeal (Mr. Parker has been studying amongst the Gothic buildings of France of late, and writing very nice papers about them in the *Archæologia*), that it is from the Gothic of the continent that our own revived style must seek its most perfect aspirations. Still Mr. Parker urges, with equal justice and force, that we ought to select for our authorities and guides *such* foreign examples as will harmonize the most happily with the peculiarly English characteristics and expressions of the style. In the case of the new Foreign Office, accordingly, he earnestly invites the attention of Mr. Scott to what were once the "English Provinces of France," and particularly to the public hospital at Augers, from which he believes our own early English Gothic to have been directly derived. We accept with much satisfaction Mr. Parker's opinion, that the Gothic of France, of *English France* more especially, ought to be thoroughly studied by our architects, while with him, we also desire that the Gothic of Italy may exercise the least possible degree of practical influence upon the rising architecture of our day. The Venetian Gothic may be all that Mr. Ruskin says of it—for Venice: it is not what we want in England; but in France we may find much that may be most valuable to us, when wrought up after being fused in the English crucible.—We have much pleasure in adding, that Mr. Parker's letter has been printed *in extenso* by our able contemporaries, the *Builder*, and the *Building News*.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.—Tardy justice is at length to be rendered to one of the greatest men who rendered memorable "for all time" the eighteenth century in England. A public meeting, at which the accomplished Earl of Carlisle presided, has been held at Burslem to promote the great national purpose of recording national gratitude. The occasion was at too late a period to enable us to treat the subject,—which, assuredly, it will be our high privilege to do next month.

MR. T. J. HILL'S DRAWING CLASSES FOR CIVIL ENGINEERS, ARCHITECTS, &c.—These classes are held at Mr. Hill's establishment, 15, Old Street, City Road, for conveying instruction in architectural and mechanical drawing to all persons to whom some experience in such departments of practical art may be useful and valuable. The system pursued appears to be generally sound, though we should be disposed to suggest both a wider range of subjects and a freer use of models. Mr. Hill has a yearly exhibition of the works of his pupils, and the exhibition which has just closed we visited with great satisfaction. Bearing in mind that *design* was not to be sought in these drawings, their merit consisting exclusively in accuracy and good manipulative treatment, there were many examples that were worthy of high commendation.

AT THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, on the 19th of January, M. Silvestre, a French writer upon Art, read an interesting paper, in his own language, on the English School of Painting.

MR. S. C. HALL.—Our readers will perceive that this gentleman is about to deliver two lectures on "The Authors of the Age;" he terms them "WRITTEN PORTRAITS," and they will consist exclusively of the "great men and women of the epoch" with whom he has been personally acquainted. It will suffice for us to direct attention to the programme, and to say that these memories extend over a period of more than thirty-five years.

REVIEWS.

ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED PAPERS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS, AS AN ARTIST AND A DIPLOMATIST. Edited by W. NOEL SAINSBURY. Published by BRADBURY & EVANS, London.

This volume is the result of researches in the State Paper Office of England, by one of the officials; and may be received as a fair sample of the stores that are still awaiting the exploration of the historic student in that abundant and scantily used mine. Mr. Sainsbury, in his preface, notes the discouraging doubts of persons who knew the pursuit he was engaged in, and who kindly asked "what there could be new to say about Rubens." A patient research and a volume of 400 pages afford an answer. The series of documents, now for the first time printed, abounds in interest, and the interest is not confined to Rubens. We are furnished with a living picture of the age in which he lived, and the intellectual pursuits of the higher classes: for the Appendix contains a very interesting correspondence relative to the famous Arundelian collection,—“the father of *virtu* in England,”—the Earl of Somerset's collection, the great Mantuan collection, &c.; while the notices of Art and artists of the era, incidentally narrated, abound in details of much interest and value. Throughout they give a pleasant impression of the artists and their patrons. We find these men, in times of singular civil and religious dissension, consoling themselves in their innocent and elevating pursuits: arduous on the part of the noble, open-handed honour on the part of the artist. Art seems to have been the refuge for the overtaxed mind of the statesman, and the artist the man whose friendship he could repose on safely. While one agent speaks of Rubens's prices, as “demands, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which may not be altered,” the English ambassador speaks of him as “the prince of painters and gentlemen:” thus, though never wanting in courtesy and liberality he still knew how to be true to his own position and value. This book sheds a new and clearer light on one great feature of Rubens's character, his power as a diplomatist; and to it we owe the peace with Spain, effected by his earnest agent after Buckingham was assassinated by Felton. His ability was rewarded by King Uthood, by Charles I., and by honours from the University of Cambridge. The account of his sojourn in England is very minute and curious; but we think Mr. Sainsbury is quite mistaken in his new fact—that Rubens was nearly drowned by his boat upsetting “in shooting London Bridge.” The letter from which this is inferred warrants no such interpretation; Rubens was evidently not of the party. A very full account of the pictures painted by Rubens for the Banqueting House at Whitehall contains details entirely new; and the volume throughout is a valuable addition to our Art-literature.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. Part the Second. With Illustrations designed and etched by W. B. SCOTT, R.S.A. Published by A. FULLARTON and Co., Edinburgh and London.

The late David Scott, an artist of original but rather eccentric genius, produced some few years ago a series of outline sketches illustrating the first part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." They were published, and found many admirers among a class of individuals who can appreciate talent in Art even when exhibited in a style which modern taste, generally, is disposed to decry. The volume before us is intended as a sequel to the former, the illustrations being by Mr. W. B. Scott, a brother, we believe, of the deceased artist, whose mantle, however, has not altogether descended upon the living man, so far, at least, as it may have reference to these designs. One fact may, perhaps, be advanced in extenuation: Mr. W. B. Scott has, evidently, not been left quite a free agent in the matter, to follow his own imagination, the object of the publishers being, as announced in the preface, to have the two series "similarly treated, both in thought and execution;" and although this object is attained to some extent, it would be almost an impossibility to find two artists whose thoughts upon any given subject are identical, especially if either of the two happened to be one with a mind so singularly endowed as was that of David Scott. With such a disadvantage his successor has had to contend; and if his designs cannot take a foremost place, they are certainly entitled to come at no very great distance after their predecessors. They consist of twenty-five illustrations, conceived and executed with considerable imagination and spirit, but with a feeling akin to the modern German school, of which Overbeck was the founder. We occasionally meet with some anachronisms as regards costume;

the dresses of the figures do not always belong to the same period; for example, in the plate of "Mr. Brisk's Courtship ended," the gentleman wears an Elizabethan ruff and doublet; Prudence, when she catechizes the boys, is habited in a robe something like that which the maidens of ancient Rome are supposed to have worn, and she is seated in a chair such as Cato, or any other Roman senator, may have occupied; Greatheart has a helmet of the old Norman period, and a crusader's shield; and among the *Rubbish* Muckraike scrapes together is a copy of the *Times* newspaper, a cruel satire on the "leading journal of Europe," enough to call down its wrath on the unlucky artist who had the audacity to perpetrate such a deed. These errors of date and costume should have been avoided, because they serve to destroy the unity of idea and of time that runs through the narrative.

PASSAGES FROM THE POEMS OF THOMAS HOOD. Illustrated by the Junior Etching Club, in Thirty-four Plates. Published by E. GAMBART and Co., London.

With a well-meant desire to do honour to the memory of Hood—the poet whose writings have equal power to move his readers to laughter and to wring tears from their eyelids—the members of the Junior Etching Club have undertaken the task of illustrating some of the most striking passages in his poems. The intention is laudable;—we wish it were in our power to add that the result of their labours is commensurate with their desires; and this it certainly is not. Apart from the designs, which are of varied merit and excellence, the general character of the prints is that of heaviness and "woolliness." Some are over-elaborated, and, therefore, dark and ineffective; others, again, mere patches of black and white, without harmony; and others weak and unfinished. We are speaking of them as a whole, but there are exceptions to these critical remarks. For example, Lord G. Fitzgerald's "Bridge of Sighs" is excellent, both in design and execution (it would have been better if the rays from the policeman's lantern, falling on the dead woman, had been less harsh at the edges); Mr. Millais's subject, from the same poem, is most poetically conceived and admirably rendered; Mr. Luard's "Lay of the Labourer" is also excellent as a composition,—painfully true, but not effective as an engraving, from monotony of tone; Mr. Keene's "Lee Shore" is open to the same observation; "A Retrospective Review," by Mr. Clark, is capital, perfectly *Hoodish* in character, and very delicately etched; "Sigh on, Sad Heart," by Mr. Smallfield, is a real picture, powerful as a composition, and as powerfully executed; "In nights far gone," also by Mr. Smallfield, is another that must be placed among the very best of the series. The names that appear as contributors to this work, besides those already indicated, are Messrs. Ros-siter, Tenniel, Carrick, H. Moore, Oakes, Solomon, F. Powell, Gale, Barwell, Halliday, Severn, A. J. Lewis, H. C. Whaite, J. Sleigh, H. S. Marks, and Viscount Bury: most of these artists are known to have a strong Pre-Raphaelitish bias, which is seen in these designs. We may just add, that a more careful and lengthened examination of the etchings than we were able to give them when exhibited in the autumn of last year at the French Gallery, forces an opinion upon us less favourable than that we then formed, and expressed in the *Art-Journal*. Most of the etchings were then marked "unfinished;" we think they would have been better had they remained so: many promising works of Art are spoiled by having a "little more" done to them: we suspect this to be the case with the series from Hood's poems.

HOLBEIN'S DANCE OF DEATH. By FRANCIS DOUCE, Esq., F.A.S.: also HOLBEIN'S BIBLE CUTS. With Introduction by THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

Few, it may be supposed, who have not a love for the antiquities of Art, no less than its curiosities, are acquainted with Holbein's singular designs known as the "Dance of Death," which were brought before the public many years ago by the late Francis Douce, a learned antiquarian, who wrote a dissertation on the several representations of the subject. Mr. Bohn has considered Douce's work of sufficient interest to republish it in his "Illustrated Library" series, and has included in the volume the ninety illustrations bearing the title of "Holbein's Bible Cuts," admirably copied on wood by Mr. John Byfield and his sister, Miss Mary Byfield. These illustrations have not been circulated in England in a complete form since the year 1549, when an English version was published at Lyons, by Johan Frellon; a few appeared in the

"Bibliographical Decameron," in 1821, which were selected for that work by Mr. Dibdin, who appends a few introductory remarks to the designs in the volume before us. There has always been some doubt as to the authorship of the drawings, though they are, by almost universal opinion, ascribed to Holbein. Mr. Dibdin considers the originals were executed in distemper, as no well-authenticated water-colour drawing is known to have been executed by Holbein when abroad, and that they were produced before he quitted Basle for England, in 1526: "I am willing to believe," the writer adds, "that the original blocks themselves, like those for the triumphs of the Emperor Maximilian, are yet in existence." Mr. Dibdin ascribes the earliest engravings from the "Bible Cuts" to Lützelberger, a native of Basle, and contemporary with Holbein, who is also supposed to have engraved the blocks of the "Dance of Death:" these matters must, however, continue to be speculative to a certain extent. The "Bible Cuts" seem to us to show a more general refined character as to composition and drawing than those in the "Dance of Death;" some of them are truly beautiful, and though in all there is unmistakable evidence of the peculiar condition of Art at the period assigned to them, we can see so much to admire in them as to welcome the volume which Mr. Bohn's taste and enterprise have induced him to publish.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE. By ISAAC DISRAELI. A New Edition. Edited, with Memoir and Notes, by the Right Hon. B. DISRAELI, Chancellor of Her Majesty's Exchequer. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

We should fear to say how many editions this well-known work of Isaac Disraeli has gone through since its first appearance. We believe this to be at least the nineteenth, and to possess more of the requisites for modern readers than any of its predecessors. In one great feature—portability and cheapness—it far outstrips them; in careful editing and additional notes it certainly has the advantage over all. It was at the conclusion of the last century that the preliminary portions of these literary curiosities were given to the world, and since then many of their hints might be worked out more clearly. The history of the studious life of the elder Disraeli, contributed by his son, the present Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer, is such a record of the calm career of a man of letters as few could have the opportunity of studying, and fewer still be enabled to describe so feelingly and so well. Amid the fever of politics, we cannot help thinking that the Chancellor may look back to his own days of literary labour with a pleasant regret, which has been more than once expressed by politicians who were born scholars. That his father's tastes are his, may be evidenced in the labour he has given to this edition of his works, and the number of curious facts picked up in out-of-the-way hooks which occur in the notes so abundantly spread through these volumes. They tell of extensive reading, and that not restricted to an ordinary library, but gathered from volumes that repose in "black letter" originality, and are only to be found in the libraries of curious collectors. In so discursive a series of essays as these volumes consist of, it required an equally wide range over the field of literature, and that our editor has taken. Such labours cannot be always judged by the ordinary standard; it is a far more troublesome task than it seems. A day's research in a library to establish a fact or date may only contribute a line to a volume, and, though of vital importance, makes but a small show. These notes frequently display this kind of labour, but they add much to the value of the book. We may note in particular those on "the hero of Hudibras," and "the biographers of Heylin." We cannot do more than point to these and many others scattered through the volumes as evidences of the value of this edition, which is to be followed by the works that were the matured labour of the elder Disraeli's profound and peculiar scholarship, and which have never hitherto appeared in an uniform series.

OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY ILLUSTRATED:—A Series of Designs by an English Artist about A.D. 1310. Drawn from a Manuscript now in the Old Royal Collection, British Museum, by A. H. I. WESTLAKE. Published by MASTERS, London; PARKER, Oxford.

The brief title above given is all the history appended to a series of lithographic copies in outline of drawings to be found in a remarkable manuscript now in the British Museum, and generally known as Queen Mary's Psalter, from the circumstance of its having been presented to her in October, 1553, by one Baldwin Smith, who obtained it from some persons about to carry it abroad. The cover of the book is

supposed to have been embroidered by that Queen's own hand. The volume is abundantly illustrated by delicately-executed pen drawings, slightly washed with shadows and tints. The first sixty-five leaves are occupied by drawings illustrative of the Old Testament, which Mr. Westlake has copied, and a few he has now published. He should most certainly have prefaced his labours with an account of the manuscript; and he has not even given the press-mark, to enable any one to identify the book at all. His copies are minutely and truthfully rendered, and there may be a sufficient number of antiquaries who may care to have them, but they must necessarily be restricted to a few, for the larger number of persons will strongly object to the *outré* and indelicate rendering of early scripture history, which might be tolerated in the fourteenth, but will not be in the nineteenth century. The scenes depicting the actions of the First Person of the Trinity, the Fall, and the Expulsion of Adam and Eve, few persons in the present day can contemplate with agreeable feeling.

PAINTING POPULARLY EXPLAINED: with Historical Sketches of the Progress of the Art. By T. J. GULLICK, Painter, and J. TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

There is a very large mass of historic and practical information compressed into this little volume, the joint production of two writers, one of whom has made himself well-known by several excellent works of a popular and instructive character. Of Mr. Gullick, who writes "painter" after his name, we as yet knew little; but that is no reason why he should not have at least a theoretical knowledge of Art, and it is just as probable he has a thorough practical acquaintance with it, though the world is ignorant of his doings. What share each writer respectively has had in the authorship of this book it is impossible to say, but the result of their labours is a work that may be advantageously consulted. It treats of the various methods of painting in fresco, oil, water-colour, and all other vehicles used by the ancients and moderns; of painting in pottery, porcelain, enamel, glass, &c. It is a book of practical teaching, compiled from the best authorities, and brought down to our own day, explaining in concise and intelligible language the processes and materials employed in the art of painting. Much may be learned, even by those who fancy they do not require to be taught, from the careful perusal of this unpretending but comprehensive treatise.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. By LORD BYRON. Illustrated with original sketches. Published by JOHN MURRAY, London.

We may class this edition of what we consider Byron's finest and most beautiful poem among the gift-books of the season. It is richly arrayed in a covering of green and gold, and is profusely ornamented internally with an infinity of woodcuts, drawn by Mr. Skelton, and engraved by Mr. J. W. Whymper and Mr. J. Cooper. Very many of the subjects have, if we remember rightly, appeared as engravings on steel or copper, in former editions of the poet's works, but they bear repeating in another form, and with the new additions they constitute a very elegant volume.

A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA. By E. H. NOLAN, Ph. D. With Illustrations on Steel. Parts XVIII and XIX. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

This well-written and comprehensive history, which is published in monthly numbers, continues to be issued with undeviating regularity. The former of the two parts now on our table brings down the annals of the once-powerful Mogul Empire to the death of Aurungzebe, at the commencement of the last century, an event which terminated the most brilliant epoch of its history. Dr. Nolan continues his labours by a review of the Mohammedan period. This work, when completed, will form a valuable addition to the library. It is a narrative of more than especial interest to every Englishman at this particular period, now that the country to which it refers has become an integral part of the British Empire, under the immediate sovereignty of our gracious Queen.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

"Tom Browne" is already the parent of many children; but while in the full strength of animal life, he is still "head of the family." The "Foster Brothers" has a higher nature than its progeni-

tors. We congratulate the publishers and the public on the appearance of this vigorous and honest volume; the sketches of school and college life are but too faithful; and though the "tag" of the story is as old as can well be, and has been "used up" by nearly every novelist, yet here it develops character in a new manner—and in a way we hardly think the author intended. His leaning is evidently *democratic*; yet the tide of bravery and honour sets full in for the aristocracy! We cannot, however, agree with the young noble that he was right in palming a living lie upon the public—one whose weakness and folly rendered him "not sufficiently strong for the place;" for if riches bestow luxury, they also have their responsibility, and our hero sacrifices his duty to his inclination; but we repeat he had no *right* to do this. The righteously rich are God's selected almoners.

The conclusion is worked up "gloriously;" we could ourselves have cheered, and thrown up our cap, for the senior wrangler of St. Boniface.

PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS. Engraved by W. HOLL, from a Drawing by A. SKIRVING. Published by BLACKIE & SON, Glasgow; E. GAMBART & Co., London.

This print appears very opportunely—just at the time when it is proposed to do especial honour to the memory of the Scottish poet: and a very admirable portrait it is, beaming with manly beauty, intelligence, and vivacity, the impersonation of a man endowed by nature with no ordinary gifts. Skirving, the artist, lived in Edinburgh towards the close of the last century, and was intimate with Burns: his portraits were always executed in crayons; this one of his friend and companion is in red crayons on tinted paper, and was so favourite a work of the artist's that he would never consent to part with it, nor with another, that of the late John Rennie, the eminent engineer. On the death of Skirving both portraits were purchased by Mr. Rennie, and are now in the possession of his son, Mr. George Rennie, who has allowed the "Burns" drawing to be engraved. Mr. Holl seems as if he had worked at it *con amore*, so delicate, yet firm, is the manipulation, so refined, yet vigorous and artistic, is its general expression. Skirving's picture shows only the head and a small portion of the shoulders. In order to give the subject a more complete form, Mr. Holl has copied into his work the remainder of the bust as given in Nasmyth's well-known portrait.

VISIT OF A LONDON EXQUISITE TO HIS MAIDEN AUNTS IN THE COUNTRY. Illustrated by THEO. Published by W. KENT & Co., London.

With every desire to aid a neophyte in Art, we can scarcely congratulate Theo on his first appearance in public. His design is an ambitious one, but as yet his wings are not sufficiently strong for the flight, nor his mind so trained as to be able to distinguish between real wit and comic feeling on the one part, and vulgarity, or, at least, common-place idea, on the other. The "Exquisite's Visit" cannot for an instant rank with similar works from the pencils of Seymour, Doyle, Phiz, and John Parry. The idea is good, and is susceptible of much more than the artist has carried out. He has talent which, by careful study of drawing, and humour which, under the influence of greater refinement of feeling and better taste than he shows here, may be turned to a profitable and agreeable account. At present his success is by no means commensurate with the labour he has expended on his work.

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES. By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Part I. Published by KENT & Co., London.

A reissue of the inimitable humorous sketches which many years ago made the name of George Cruikshank so popular with those who find amusement in fun and laughter. His prolific etching-needle is lovingly at home with the droll side of nature, and we all know what abundant material a kindred spirit will see, or fancy it sees, as he journeys through life. The first part of the re-issue is filled with the "Illustrations of Time;" it has come very opportunely to wile away, very agreeably, half an hour of our present long winter evenings by the family fireside, or in the midst of a good round circle of young visitors.

TRAVELS IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA. By MUNGO PARK.—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO.—BARON MUNCHAUSEN. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

We have put these works under a general heading, because they all are issued by one publishing firm; but surely, with the exception of the first-named,

Messrs. Black have made a mistake in resuscitating them from what we had thought was their final sleep. This is not the kind of literature which children of the present day are accustomed to have placed in their hands, nor is it desirable that they should have it, though we are far from wishing that the young mind should be always perplexing itself with the mysteries of Nature and Science—the numerous *ologies* of all kinds. A little fancy and a little romance, if of a healthy sort, may profitably be added to the more solid intellectual food provided for our boys and girls, who will thrive the better for a change of diet. Park's travels are interesting; but so much more is now known of the country he traversed than is to be found in his adventures, that the geographical information he gives is of comparatively little value concerning the present state and condition of the interior of Africa.

STUDIES FROM THE GREAT MASTERS. Engraved and Printed in Colours by W. DICKES. With Prose Illustrations. Parts 1 to 4. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS & Co., London.

We cordially welcome this attempt to render popular the pictures of the great masters of Art, although there is ample room for improvement in the manner in which some of the copies are produced,—so far, that is, as relates to the drawing of the figures, which, in several instances we could point out, is unexceptionably bad: Correggio's "Holy Family" is a notable example. Now if Art is to instruct as well as to please, such errors as this ought to be most carefully avoided, otherwise the main object which should guide those who assist in making Art popular is defeated. The selection of subjects in this serial, so far as it has yet extended, is marked by judgment and sound discrimination: the first four parts—each contains two engravings—include Guido's "Ecce Homo," Reynolds's "Infant Samuel," Hess' "Christ Blessing Little Children," Stothard's "Schoolmistress," Guercino's "Christ Entombed," Murillo's "Spanish Flower Girl," Spada's "Prodigal Son," and the "Holy Family" by Correggio. They are well printed in colours, from metal plates, we believe. The remarks which accompany each picture combine biography and description, and are written carefully and in a spirit of wholesome teachableness.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS. By EDWARD JESSE, Esq. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

Mr. Jesse has published another edition of his justly popular "Anecdotes of Dogs"—considerably enlarged. He has adopted a severe line of Pope's as his motto—"Histories are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs—than of friends." We wish our race would *prove* this to be a libel. No matter how ugly, how curish, how ferocious a dog is, he is always faithful. Fidelity is his peculiar attribute; he cannot be enticed from his master—he will starve with him, die with him, but he will *never* leave him. Cruelty may force him to keep out of his way, but it will not compel him to forsake his tyrant. The only human quality that approaches the fidelity of the dog to man, is the love of woman.

Mr. Jesse treats this subject *con amore*. He gathered these anecdotes together, not so much to please the public as to please himself. He desired that the world should know and esteem his four-footed friends as he knew and esteemed them; his subject grew upon him, and the longer he was engaged upon it the better he liked it: his earnestness wins where a colder biographer would fail to interest. The illustrations are numerous, but very unequal in merit. Some of the dogs are faithfully drawn and superbly engraved—other prints have been already worn out in the service, and ought to have been re-touched before they were suffered to appear again before the public.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TEACHER. By G. WHARTON SIMPSON. Second Edition. Published by H. SQUIRE & Co., London.

The demand for a second edition of this little manual, which we noticed on its first appearance a short time since, has given the author an opportunity of making some important additions to it: these consist of a description of the method of transferring collodion film from glass to leather; some remarks on negatives by positive process, followed by others on vignette photographs and chromo-photographs; and an explanation of the method of producing transparent enamel photographs. The great value of this "Teacher" is that it embodies all which, as it seems to us, is necessary to be known upon the practice of the art, and expresses its teachings in the most simple language.

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GAINSBOROUGH IN GREEN LANES.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.



NE July day, when the bee was asleep on the purple cushion of the thistle-flower, and the yellowing corn was in a wandering, drowsy, yet restless stir, I rambled out to see if any fragment of Gainsborough's landscape-world still remained unwashed away by the fell deluge of time. I looked in vain for the frail, liquorice-coloured trees and the frequent market cart, the contemplative peasant, with his eyes all white, and the playful children; so I pierce deeper into the fields, where the silken barley is in a coquettish flutter, and the wind goes ploughing (with a shadowy plough) through the frightened and bending ranks of the elastic corn. I push through a hedge, shaking the hoarded teardrops from the wild-rose lachrymatories: see, the wind rises, and patches of blue break out like forget-me-nots amid the great snow-drifts of white eastern cloud. The lark is silent now, and gone to sleep deep in the corn.

Sorry that our search has been in vain, we return to our country garden; there, too, we find him not: but there I enter again, though a fallen man, into Paradise, and joy, music, perfume, weave for me a triple cord of pleasure. I watch with all the delight of a poet-naturalist—dim and feeble as my eyes are now becoming, dried up over books, my face bleaching with the reflection of white pages—the wild robber humble-bee flying bullet-swift to the rose's bleeding heart, or loading himself with a rich booty of gold-dust from the lily's deep-mouthed silver chalice. As for the lime now in flower, it is a fountain of music—the foster-nurse of black swarms of singing bees, who drone all day with an angry love. The roses are pouring in crimson cata-racts from gable to basement, and even the stray leaves flood the lawn with vagrant sweetness. Torrents, red with the light of dawn, pour the roses, and I sing in irrepressible jollity—

A spangle dew is on the web,
The pearl drop's in the rose,
O never a morn like this was born
For the lily-bud to unclose.

The purple pansy's velvet soft,
The swan's egg golden sweet,
The high cherry is ripe for the birds who pipe,
And the strawberry's red at our feet.

But this will never do: so determining to work out that special secret of the beautiful that the Suffolk painter discovered, I set to work at some old notes of mine upon his landscapes, and sit down under my hawthorn-tree tent to write the following.

Gainsborough, our first English painter of

English landscape, was the son of a dissenting clothier in Suffolk, and the grandson of a schoolmaster, who looked upon the truant, thoughtful boy, scornful of his Dilectus, as decidedly born to be hung. How often the tree of knowledge that the boy-genius is seen climbing—looking for fruit—is mistaken by blind friends for the gallows tree!—that choicest tree in the devil's nursery garden, growing so near the suicide's tree, and the old hollow tree the miser hides his gold pieces in.

It was a happy day for Art when the old cautious father—who was looked upon with a sort of dread by the Suffolk people, supposed to be in the habit of carrying a pistol and a dagger about him, and who was certainly known to be able to use the small-sword with both hands—followed the truant son, and found him, not robbing orchards or snaring rabbits with Hogarth's idle apprentices, but quietly seated on a bank, drawing a eluster of flapping dock leaves, dull green above and woolly white beneath, copying them, rib and stem, and purple thorny flower, as if obeying some irresistible command to do so. Yesterday, the good old crape merchant and smuggler of Coventry shrouds said,—when he found those letters to the schoolmaster, "Give Tom a holiday," forged for future truant use, and hidden in the cavity of a warming-pan,—shaking his old grey head, "Tom will be hanged;" but now, when he steals home, not disturbing the patient little unconscious fellow in the old-fashioned Tommy and Harry coat, and finds in nooks and chinks of his bedroom all sorts of sketches of stumps of trees, stiles, sheep, shepherd-boys cutting sticks, and bird-boys plying their clappers, he rubs his old hands and chuckles,—"I was wrong; Tom will be a genius." Tom presently wanders in with his satchel, secretly triumphant, with such sly landscape notes in the pocket of his little sky-blue Sandford and Merton coat; he is met full butt by father (*O criminal!*) with the warming-pan, and fifty "give Tom a holiday" forgeries are emptied at his feet. He is, with downcast head, in all the panic and colic of excuses, trying to appear like truth, when the old Sudbury clothier makes a swoop at his son, drops the pan, and kisses him till he is as red as a coal. Henceforward the instinct to reproduce nature, though no longer a delicious forbidden desire, to be followed with a half-guilty stealth, is a glory and a pride to him. Then, after all, he was not a dunce, and he will be a painter, as all in Sepulchre Street, in the parish of St. Gregory, Sudbury, Suffolk, acknowledge; and as the clergyman uncle (mother's side) and father's dissenting kinsmen confess, this bright May day, in the good year 1739. Now his uncle, who keeps the grammar-school, will no more flog him for scratching figures on the benches, so off he goes to eut a caricature of the worthy man on the school wall, where it still remains. So it is, *ita vita*, we go, but the shadows remain. This very night, after a short but bitter dose of Caesar,—sentences that seem to be words of command, such quick, strong pistol-shots they are,—the little painter will be taken upon the knee of that fine old man, his father—a great man in the Sudbury wool halls—and will, as a treat, after being seriously warned never to forge other men's names, be told the stories of how he (*pater*) went to Holland, and saw the canals, and the gardens, and the tulips, and the palace in the wood near the Hague, and the great picture of the Bull, by Paul Potter (he has to tell the last part twice). Was the bull chestnut, or black, or chocolate? All the nine children sit round him. Jack the sehemer, a mechanical genius; Robert the scapegrace, who will elope with a poor beauty; Mathias, who is shortly to die by an accident with a dinner-fork; and Humphrey, the scientific

Dissenting minister at Henley-upon-Thames of a few years hence: and there, clasped round the waist, or leaning over their sturdy brothers' shoulders, are the four girls (forming a pretty family picture), if one could keep out of view the black hands clawing round the circle, longing to snatch away some one of the happy band. Mary has forget-me-not eyes, not a doubt of it; Susannah, the loving, anxious look of the future mother; Sarah is comely and kiudly; and Elizabeth.—Well, to all this circle of eighteen bright eager eyes the old, neat-dressed father, with the trim white ruffle frills round his fine-made hands, tells the old favourite story—the more relished because every turn and contrast is expected—how, one night driving his cart, with a keg of smuggled brandy in it, hidden under samples of Coventry shrouds (then his monopoly in Sudbury, the old town of the Flemish weavers), dark against the full moonlight rode up a revenue officer, and asked with a threatening voice, as if exulting in a capture, what he had in that cart? "I'll show you," said *pater*: and slipping on a long white shroud, stood, tall and erect, in the vehicle, much to the consternation of the officer, who, thinking he had met a party of resurrection men and a resuscitated corpse, rode off as if a highwayman were behind him.

Now come in faster and faster—no longer to be hid in warming-pans or under bed-valances—drawings of hedge-rows, beside the river Stour, that curves like a glittering sabre-blade among the Suffolk meadows and gently swelling uplands; of willowed fields, where the wild duck squatters and the heron booms; of patient, suffering donkeys, whose passion is to pitch the octave perfectly correct; of dogs and children—brown children, on whose cheeks the red and shadow mingle as in a Catherine pear, "the side that's next the sun;" of Damons and sleeping Musidoras.

It was about this time that the handsome young Suffolk genius, hid in a rustic summer-house at the leafy end of his father's Sudbury orchard, took the flying likeness of a rogue whom he saw climb a Jargonel tree, and who ran away at sight of the painter in ambuscade. The man afterwards, as Mr. Fulcher records, denied the offence, till the boy, laughingly, flashed out the portrait of "Tom Pear-tree," and proved the offence beyond denial. It was as if the eighth commandment had suddenly appeared rubricked over the four walls. Long afterwards, when the painter, in embroidered suit, was reproducing on his canvas the dazzling loveliness of Mrs. Graham, who still queens it in his unfading colours, that quaint first portrait of the rogue, in whose features, longing and fear, insolence and temerity, were pleasantly mingled, hung over the fire-place, bringing back breezes from the orchard violet-bank, and sifting gales of summer air through the gay Pall Mall House.

We who know how an old yellow letter sometimes serves as a raft to float us back quick over the sea of past time, can understand why Gainsborough hung up that crab-tree, knotty head, and kept it as carefully as if it had been a talisman. The lives of most men divide into a dioramic series of pictures, and now, leaving the old resolute merchant-father, scheming Jack, the corbelled and gabled houses of Sudbury, with all the well-known cowslip meadows, where grave kine philosophise in Bramlin quiet, and where the Stour flows on past wood and tower, farm, river, church, and mill, the promising boy goes up to the great brick Babel, to lodge at a silversmith's house, to practise etching with Gravelot the engraver; to visit St. Martin's Academy, where Hogarth had studied; and finally, to enter the studio of Hogarth's friend, Hayman, the rival of Cipriani and Laroon, a riotous fellow, who liked the clash of swords at a tavern, and who

patronised Figg, and the Duke of Cumberland's protégé, Broughton, whom Hogarth drew wrestling with death. Hayman decorated Vauxhall, where Walpole used to be seen, and was a sworn bottle companion of Quin, who could find no stronger epithet of praise with which to express his delight at Richmond Hill, than that it was a "perfect haunch, by heaven!" A gross, fat-eyed actor was Quin, but still a good actor, and a witty man. While Gainsborough wallowed in the mire of Covent Garden vice-pools, in company with cheating picture makers, picture destroyers, frame sellers, and such Art changelings, Wilson, red-nosed Wilson, was in London, founding English landscapes on his garret window views, and Reynolds re-discovering the art of portrait painting in the studio of Hudson, that ingenious creature who had been known to paint a man with one cocked hat on his head and another under his arm. Hogarth at this time (1742), a few years before Culloden drank so deep of brave blood, was founding the English *genre* school, and painting those great moral satires, in which his age lies embalmed for us. But none of these wise builders knew on what foundations they were working; and it was with them as with those great men of history who plant acorns, not thinking of the future oak-trees that from those small germs will arise to shelter nations under their outstretched leafy wings.

Bright eighteen comes: the young painter of man's face and nature's face, takes rooms in Hatton Garden, and, in that murky, tepid air, models clay figures of animals, paints five-guinea portraits, and gives away landscapes to dealers, indignant and grumbly at the present. But this will never do: forests of red chimney-pots instead of mossy Suffolk beech trunks and slender birches, striped and zoned with festoons of silver; grinning "slavys" instead of rose-blooded Sudbury maidens! Where shall I learn the warm sketchy colour, the playful happy handling; where see the tranquil peasant children, the market carts, the meditative cows? Not here—not here in the garden of the dancing chancellor, now disenchanted and turned to stone. Not here; but far elsewhere—out in Suffolk, where the poppies burn in lines of fire through the corn, that for miles round is in a golden boil; where the trees drip with liquid pearl o' mornings, and the lark soars up to dwell alone in rejoicing prayer, the rapt hermit of the autumn-sky, thanking God all day for the gracious lavish blessing of his yellow harvest.

So out comes the rusty valise; we cork up the sticky, dusty varnish bottles; ruse the sheaf of coloured brushes in turpentine; slap canvases together, first looking, like a bewitched man, at our last portrait; slice off the wet crimson, and the brother indigos and chromes, from our dark mahogany palette; throw down some silver ransom to the sable landlady, who thinks we are doing a foolish thing; mount the Suffolk highflyer, and, defying highwaymen, bowl off to our old Suffolk nest. The unlucky portrait Alderman Chitterling would not pay for, and that we ran our sword through, wishing it were the said alderman, who is a globular man, we leave, with a noseless Venus cast and a Miss Biffin torso, as keepsakes for Mrs. Griper, the landlady—bless her!

After all, landscape is our *forte*, and we tell anxious friends we shall do the trick yet. It is now easy sketching gentlemen—gentry in powdered wigs and strawberry velvets; romantic sportsmen, with guns and dogs, as much like Actæons as possible; gipsies, brown-faced Hindoo people, under hundred-armed trees; wood pickers' children—girl's faces that make rose-leaves fade, withering with envy—and boys chasing Turquoise-winged but-

terflies, that seem to have broken loose from the shop of some magician jeweller.

One of these days—over a world of the said waggons, white horses, children, and other sketching landscape furniture—the real sun rises as it can only rise once in any man's life. A Miss Burns, sister to one of his father's commercial travellers, wishes, or is wished (who can find out which?), to sit to the genius. Genius's eyes kindle, and her likeness appears suddenly in three places at once—outside on his canvas, and inside in his brain and heart. He marries the pretty Scotch girl, the natural daughter of the Duke of Bedford, who the old servant declares to be handsomer than Madam Keddington, the belle of Sndbry, and sets up, humble and happy, in a little house in Ipswich, Wolsey's city, which is washed by the Orwell, the stately river that Chaucer and Drayton took a note of.

A slight unpleasantness with a rich squire, who sends for us and bores us with long enumerations of broken windows, mistaking us for painters and glaziers, brings us pupils, and especially a son of that Mr. Kirby, whose book on perspective Hogarth playfully illustrated.

More village spires now to paint, pointing silently and unswervingly to heaven; more sheep and dogs; more red-jacketed men riding sideways on grey chargers; more sunbrowned girls and boys, warming themselves by cheery cottage fires. Instead now of the Stour's antlered pollards and suicidal willows, its fair green pastures and red cows, always in a ruminating doze, G. has the broad Orwell, black with colliers, and bright with boats, beaming along between dimpling hills, woods, and English homes.

It is only for the panoramic effect we hint at the patronage thrust upon Gainsborough by that insolent, wrong-headed man, Governor Thicknesse, of Landguard Fort, who, amused by the wooden figure of a man leaning over the painter's garden wall, commissioned him to paint King George in the royal yacht, being saluted by the river fort.

But we, who want to sketch Gainsborough's landscape genius, and what he did and did not do for English nature—its Paradise hedges of flowers, its crumbling gravel-lane banks, and its hair-brush stubbles, &c.—must bear him away from his Ipswich music clubs and country gentlemen's houses, where, from living beauties, he studies the grace of motion and the poetry of common life, to Bath, where Beau Nash, old and feeble, still potters about, the ghost of the once regal master of ceremonies and emperor of the Pump Room—the butterfly monarch, whose winking bust there stood between those of Pope and Newton.

Gainsborough takes a house in the Circus, and raises his prices to a hundred for a whole length. Quin he paints, and Lord Clare, and Mr. Medicott, a gay cousin of Miss Edgeworth; and he begins to send to the Academy generals riding in scarlet grandeur through oak woods; Garrick's portrait, "the best ever painted" of the mercurial Staffordshire man; and that of the Duke of Argyle and Lord Vernon's son. Gainsborough must have been a blunt, proud, independent, trusty, warm, and thoroughly lovable man. The Suffolk labourers had always stories to tell of his kind deeds when he took a fancy to their cottages, thatched with green sponges of moss, or to their little Ganymedes of sons. Honest Wiltshire, the Bath carrier, was as true to him as Hobson to Milton; he never would receive payment for taking his pictures to the London Exhibition; he even sent him as a present, saddled and bridled, a favourite horse the painter had requested as a model. The Suffolk man was not to be outdone by the Bath man: he painted the generous carrier's waggon and horse—idealised it in the Thomson and Shenstone

manner—introduced the portraits of his two daughters; called it "The Return from Har-vest;" threw in a quiet sunset effect, and sent it Wiltshire as a present, believing it "the best thing he had executed." All kindnesses shown him—theatre tickets, or musical treats—he repaid with pictures. All this time when he is bunning to get out of "the face way"—"the simple portrait way"—that delights that lean, witty, fickle Horace Walpole, who goes about, jotting his Academy catalogue, G. is raving about music, and trying to paint a full-length of Shakspeare, with a queer notion "of showing where that imitable poet had his ideas from, by an immediate ray darting down upon his eye, turned up for the purpose," as the painter says in a letter to Garrick, who wanted it for the 1769 jubilee. Luckily, he rubbed out "the silly smiling thing," or we should have had a poet apparently caught in his eye by the hook of some angel fly-fishing from an upper cloud.

We delight in all the stories of this impulsive and versatile man; of his buying Giardini's violin, which he never could stretch, and Abel's viol de gamba, which he could not finger. We can see him begging the Welsh harper to sell him his harp, and purchasing a hautboy to rival that blackbird, Fischer. We have seen him (in our mind's eye, Horatio) sketch the "Blue Boy"—afterwards a distinguished ironmonger,—and then rush up to try the Vandyke theorbo he has just bought of the bearded German professor he found dining in a garret on a pipe and some roasted apples. No wonder he breathed a divine light into the eye of Fischer's portrait. No wonder his delighted brush dwelt on the chestnut glow of an old Stradivarius, and knew how to fleck the bright light on the mellow rim of a hautboy. No wonder the painter, usually so sketchy, engraved with careful dark letters the maker's name on the painted piano. No wonder he gave Colonel Hamilton a picture for playing to him witchingly on the violin, and Mr. Nollekins Smith "a pinch" of a dog's head, because he seemed, as a boy, to like fiddling. We need no print to show him us bowing away with reversed wig at a violin-cello, or blowing his brains out through a blunderbuss-mouthed hautboy.

We recall him—as in a statue, so firm and sharp is the outline—in a room, the sides heaped with canvases, the corners stacked with flutes and violins, standing, with his brushes, two yards long, painting for hours a day, or in the evening at Hampstead, refreshing his eye at the twilight window, or by lamp-light near his wife, sitting drawing leafy lanes, up to the knees in sketches, thrown under the table as waste.

Or shall we take him later, gay in a rich suit of drab, gold-laced, painting Sterne, Chatterton, Richardson, or Johnson, and snatching moments to hug his violin under his chin; or with a bit of clay from the beer-barrel, or a lump of wax from the candle, to model the head of that beautiful singer, Miss Linley, who has just charmed him at a concert, and who Sheridan is shortly to crack bottles and shed blood for?

But not regarding the quarrels between the independent painter and his exacting, and selfish, and insolent patron, who, not content with selling the artist a viol de gamba for one hundred guineas, worries Gainsborough about a gratuitous portrait—or how the painter sent the governor his future wife's likeness wrapped up in a landscape—we will just have one more glimpse or two of the painter just as he leaves Bath, and, to avoid the incubus of a patron, hurries to London, to rival Reynolds, and hob and nob with flutulent West, grimacing Fuseli, and that wild London hermit, Barry. No more grimy Hatton Garden and Mrs. Griper, but a three-hundred-pound-a-year

house, once Duke Schomberg's, in Pall Mall, with long lines of windows, and a knocker that, in proper hands, goes off like a cannon-shot. John Astley has part of the house. John is a portrait-painter, who once used to line his waistcoats with his own failures. The King and Queen sit to the Suffolk man; and now, peers and pensioners flow in in a frothy torrent. He pines for green fields; is laughed at by Peter Pindar for stealing from Snyders; goes to the Lakes, stimulated by Gray; quarrels with the Academy; paints Mrs. Siddons in buff and blue; meets Sheridan often at Sir George Beaumont's; catches cold at the trial of Warren Hastings; makes it up solemnly with Reynolds on his death-bed; exclaims faintly, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company;" dies; and is quietly buried by the side of his friend, Mr. Kirby, at Kew.

It is difficult to see the proud quick-tempered man—who quarrelled with Reynolds, because Sir Joshua had the insolence to be taken ill just as he was going to paint him—in the painter of our idealized cottage life; of woodmen's children cowering under hedges from the golden lashes of the sun; of the mushroom girl asleep on the bank: can the man who limned these gentle rose-hid children be the same man who, when the prosy lord called out, "Now, sir, I desire you not to overlook this dimple in my chin," shouted, "D—the dimple, I won't paint you or your chin!" and who, when another outrageous nobleman swore at the painter's delay, drew his brush across the girlish face, saying, "Where is my fellow now?"

But it is in the quiet enthusiast about Louthborough's panorama, and the hypochondriac, who hopes Sheridan will attend his funeral, that we see the quiet pastoral painter of milkmaids' wooings and chaffering fishermen, of crying children and of maidens tending the farmyard pigs.

We love the gentle tenderness and contentment, as of the golden age, that pervades the Suffolk painter's pictures. We regard them with gratitude, as proof of the love of landscape—then but a small bush, now so good and honoured a tree; but we still must regard him in painting with much of that modified love we feel for Thomson in poetry, taking both rather for what they set men to do than for what they did. It is true that Gainsborough, with a fine enthusiasm for his art, was always in his walks watching the cobweb grey of London distances, the faces of children, the ripple of dock-leaves, the grim bluntness of chance stumps. But how did he work? Not often in the open air, though he painted the open air; not often in the country, though he painted the country. It is also true that he took his men from clay dolls; his cows from pinched wax; his rocks from knobs of coal; his trees from firewood; his water and grass from dry moss and flakes of looking-glass. Artificial systems of course produce artificial Art; good recipes produce good cooks, but not good painters. Such tricks, like the angry ton of coals thrown down for the Last Judgment scene in Martin's studio, may give hints, but even to a genius must be dangerous aids. It, however, in a false and periwig age, showed the London painter's solicitude to realize, and the activity and energy of his mind, that rejected no allies of the imagination, just as caricaturists draw outrageous heads from disturbed pillows and even creased paper. Better for Gainsborough, one breezy day, treading the crisp aromatic thyme on the upper Downs, or lying on his back, watching the progress of the lazy silver-loaded clouds, and listening to the lark an angel has summoned to Heaven's gate.

Well might Reynolds praise the honest

man's plan of working by night, as a proof of his zeal, and of his forming all parts of his picture at the same time, though he did half lament his neglect of the old masters and his ignorance of Italy. G.'s eye turned to the living world, and his objects of study were everywhere around him. He was the first to show us that there was poetry in English rustic life, and that barley-sugar temples were not essential as a garnish to English oak woods. He applied the manner of the Flemish and Dutch schools to English nature, and prepared the way for English Art. What Reynolds called "a portrait-like representation of nature," we have since found is the most poetical, for we have learned that what we once called "heightening," is only varying, and too often debasing, nature. If he could not idealize, he could at least give the grace and beauty he saw; and what after all is the ideal compared with the best nature, of which it is but a stiff patchwork copy? He stuffed no Apollos into his clouds, like Wilson, whose brain the recurrent porter-pot fired with dreams of schoolboy mythology. People sneered, as Reynolds did, at Gainsborough's manner, because it was original and daring; yet he confessed, with the regret of forced honesty, that all those odd scratches and marks, that looked mere negligence, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumed forms, and dropped into their places. Gainsborough liked to surprise by this odd, hatching, slight brown manner; it was the result of a handling learnt by a self-taught man, who, ignorant of rules, studies only effect, disregards finish, and shapes out a road for himself. All his pictures were sketches; his thin sky had a fermenting lightness, effervescence, and general effect—that greater finish without knowledge would only have made leaden, heavy, and waxen. Colour and facility were his great gifts: precision, drawing, and finish, were not his; there is always a dreamy vapour about his landscape, which gives it a fire-screen poetry, and the look of fan-painting, were it not redeemed by genius. He may give us his daylight owl, and his cattle feeding on the waves, but still we are bewitched. The foreground may run back, and the background forward—it is all one to us. He may even break the Ruskin decalogue, and put the fork of a tree where no fork ought to be, still we love his art, and prefer him often to the mustard-and-cress school, and the society of microscopic botanists. We know he studied Wynants and Ruysdael, and had not courage to break from their conventions. His brown transparent flimsy woods were not always shadows. He began by painting ferns, and grasses, and oak-trees, leaf by leaf—young chestnut leaves, olive tips and all. But he grew impatient of a labour that the age was not ripe for. He expressed the young and timid national poetry of his time. If sometimes he threw in a Musidora, or some such classic nonentity, bathing, that was the age's fault, not his and Thomsou's. At all events he gave us no Chelsea-china shepherds, piping in cherry-coloured brocades, high-quartered shoes and diamond buckles. In this way—away from nature—Gainsborough worked like a dragon, with chalks, lead pencils, bistre, sepia, Indian ink, or black and white, the shadows mopped in with a sponge, the high lights struck out by means of a small lump of whiting, held by a pair of sugar-tongs. The fine sentiment of Gainsborough's scrimmaged landscapes used to fill Constable's eyes with tears. They show the artist's moods; they do not show an artist dominated over by nature. Gainsborough's landscape was the text for the artist's sermon and poem. Modern landscape shows us nature herself preaching to us in her great dumb staid way. Leslie says of Gainsborough, "Love, and be silent." The beauty

is like that of the bloom in a check—look for it in dissection, and it is gone.

We seldom go up and down an English lane without thinking of Gainsborough's picture-children; his barefoot child, with the little pet dog on her arm, on her way to the well—"the fountain," the old artificial age would have called it. Shall we, in turning this corner, where the honey-suckles are sounding their long fairy trumpets, come upon "the cottage door," with the girl and pigs, that Wolcott railed at. Where is "the market cart" to overtake us? Is that snarl and wrangle we hear over the fallows "the dogs fighting?" No wonder that Garrick and Sheridan, Quin and Foote, did not stop very long in the corridors as they went to the great fashionable portrait-painter's studio, to see the woodman, with his prayerful eyeballs turned up, and the cowering dog. They did not sell. People did not care for quiet waggons, girls supping milk, boys playing with cats, hedgers smoking, a thatcher's village and its wild ducks. No; what they came to see—they or their subsequent train of visitors—was the fashionable portraits, with landscape backgrounds, pillars, and brown skirmishes of trees; General Wolf, in a silver-laced coat; the Countess of Buckingham, in white satin, and yellow gauze sash; William Pitt, lean and ascetic, with the jerky snub nose; George III., foolishly prosy, on a white horse; Mrs. Sheridan, in blue drapery; and Dr. Schomberg, fat and grand, in pink velvet. Talking of Gainsborough's portraits, we must not forget the *Blue Boy*, and Mrs. Graham, the loss of whom sent Lord Lyndoch to Barossa: the first, the most firm, spirited, and manly portrait of youth ever painted; the last, the most bewitching fairy queen of womanhood.

And now, having in some degree worked through my task, I break out like a bird, rejoicing, and sing some scrap verses, jotted down in my yesterday's walk on the back of an old letter, which, if they are bad, are certainly almost as joyous as that blackbird's song out there in the laurel bush, whose glossy leaves are now glittering like little oval mirrors in the afternoon sun.

The larks, a sweet, unceasing quire,
Keep watch in summer skies;
And ev'ry hour fresh singers soar
With sweeter harmonies.

The bee above the corn-flowers moves
With hesitating choice;
The blackbird, by the shepherd's cot,
Rivals the maiden's voice.

The sunshine, flickering in the wheat,
Is in a golden boil;
The bee, deep in the thistle flower,
Gathers the honey oil.

And now, as I go out—half sorry that my task is done—nature seems a little sorry and reflective too—just as I feel at present. The great music mountain of the flowering lime still hangs its sugared tassels; but the milliou bees it fosters suck and suck moodily, with a low sullen hum, like fretted children sinking half angrily to sleep. The long grass in the shady spots under my thorn-tree (white with flowers in May as a well-powdered perriwig), I see answers to my mind with a low creeping sigh of wind wavering through it in a purposeless weak way, that means sadness, if that great, manufacturing, passive, abstract thing nature can feel sadness; and when I look over my garden palings, which are tufted white with lichen, I see the wind is beating up for rain, and the masses of corn are pressing round the fold hurdles, every springy stalk at play, as if it was practising fly-fishing. The great elm-trees, close twisted and dark, wring their hands and lower their heads round me, and the standard roses, in gushes of crimson, shed their flowers at my feet with a fretful sorrow.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ABUNDANCE.

J. Van Eycken, Painter. T. Vernon, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 3 ft. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. by 2 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

THIS picture is by the same artist as that entitled "Charity," from which an engraving appeared in a former number of our Journal; both subjects have an allegorical character, and are treated in a manner altogether opposed to everything like nature. Here, for example, is a young mother lovingly contemplating her twin babes, who, totally uncovered, are lying in a basket in the open air, placed, as it seems, in the corner of a wheat-field adjoining the cottage of the peasant matron. Nature has been bountiful to the mother, who has literally been "blessed in her basket and her store," for the living group is surrounded with other indications of *Abundance*; the full ears of corn, the rich purple grapes, the brilliant and sweet-scented flowers, are typical of the liberal hand that has showered such a profusion of good things upon her. The painter has allowed his imagination to riot among luxuries; the wife is, indeed, "a fruitful field" herself, while the vineyard, the corn-field, and the garden, have brought forth abundantly for her gratification. We must, however, look at the picture without any consideration of its being a reality, an incident of actual life; but as a composition which has enabled the painter to group together masses of colour that enrich each other by arrangement, juxtaposition, and contrast, it is very successful. As a work of Art, its chief merit lies, undoubtedly, in the colouring, though the composition is pleasing. The light falls with full force on the figures, which are *relieved* against a sky of intense blue; the only dark passages are the hair of the mother and the portion of the dress which is in shadow; the former, being the darker of the two, unfortunately weakens everything else, and even imparts a certain degree of poverty to the flesh-tints, which the bright red of the roses does not tend to lessen; at the same time these defects considerably increase the delicacy of tone apparent in the flesh. Thus, while there is throughout great general richness of colour, there is also an absence of harmony; this quality is destroyed by the obtrusive passages we have pointed out, but which, happily, are unnoticeable in the engraving, for the engraver has so translated them as to render them valuable aids to the harmony and brilliancy of his work. It is evident the painter's object in his treatment of the subject was light, but in his desire to gain this he has sacrificed another quality, which it was not well to dispense with.

M. Van Eycken was, as we have previously said, one of the most popular and pleasing artists of the modern Belgian school; enthusiastically attached to his art, it was to him a labour of love, and in almost all his productions we see an earnest attempt to give them an elevating direction. Had he been born in Italy three or four centuries ago, his tendencies might have classed him with those painters of the Umbrian school of which Kugler says:—"Purity of soul, fervent unearthly longings, and an abandonment of the whole being to a pleasing, sad, enthusiastic tenderness, are its prevailing characteristics. The elevation and character of this school is not so much owing to any decided and formal principle, as to a particular mode of thought; and where this is first seen, there, whatever may have been the education of the individual artist, we recognise the commencement of the school of Umbria. Thus it was that this tendency of thought, extending by degrees to external forms, developed in them that idealizing habit which naturally accompanies an exclusive attention to the expression of spiritual and devotional sentiment." Van Eycken belongs to the spiritual school of the nineteenth century; and there is little doubt that if he had not been almost suddenly arrested by death while yet in the prime of life, he would have made himself a European reputation, for he was a studious, painstaking, and intelligent artist, with a mind deeply imbued with poetical feeling, as the two pictures in the Royal possession amply prove.

Though somewhat similar in subject, they are not "companion" works; the "Abundance" is much larger than the "Charity;" both, when we last saw them, being in the same apartment at Oshorue.

THE CAXTON MEMORIAL.

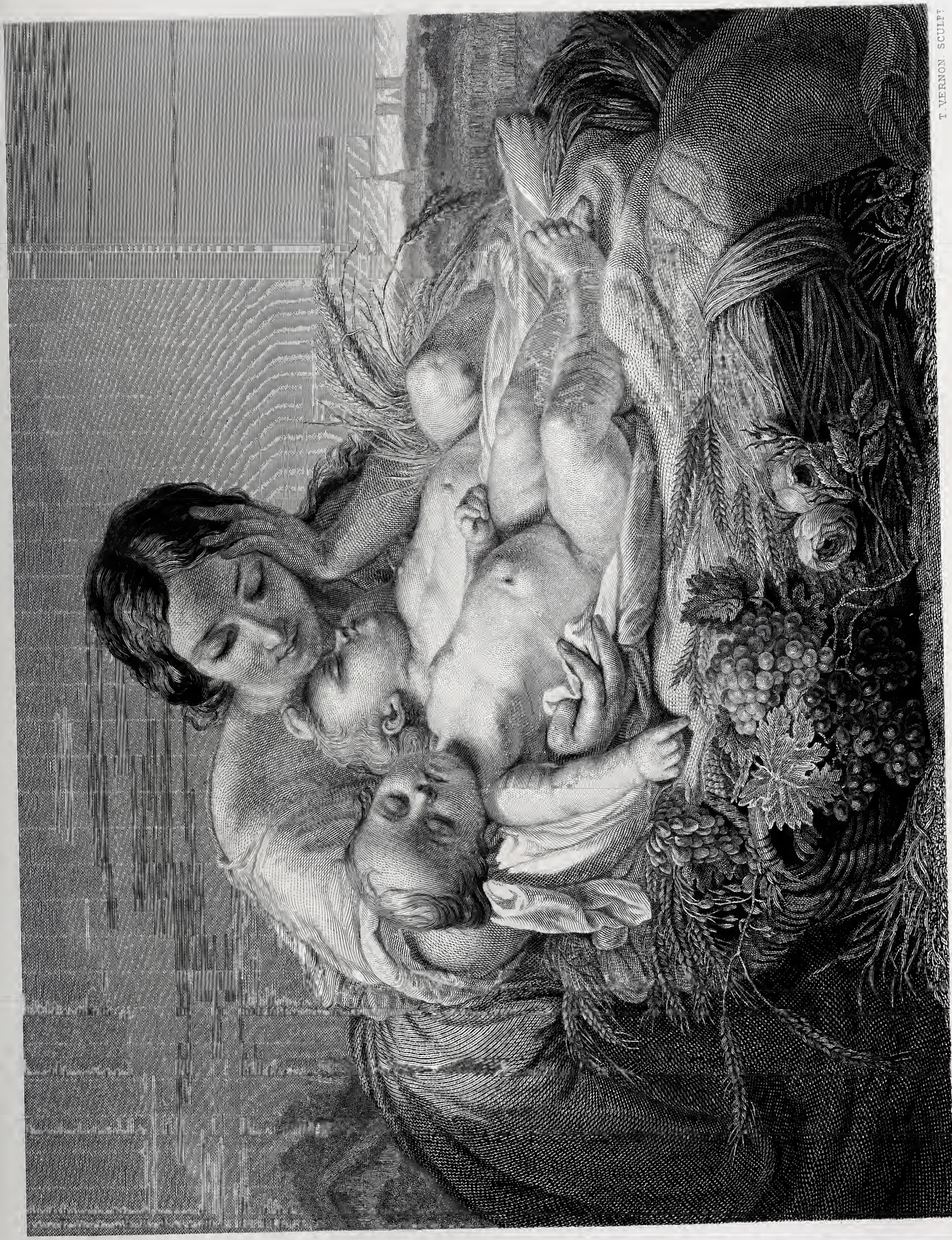
THE subject of the Caxton Memorial has come before the public once again; and this fact gives us the opportunity of saying, that the fate which has attended the movement in its favour is not a little curious, and not quite creditable to the spirit of the age,—if, indeed, the spirit of the age can be fairly charged with it. Of this, however, we think there is very great doubt. A retrospect over the circumstances which constitute the history of the movement, goes far, as we understand them, to vindicate the age;—but it must do so, of course, at the expense of individuals. We shall not consider ourselves bound to indicate the particular shoulders which must bear the blame of this failure; but gross neglect or conspicuous mismanagement, in one quarter or another, beyond all question there has been. It is important that the character of the times should be redeemed by the clear exposition of this fact, if it admits of exposition; and for this reason,—and because, if the attitude of the national mind on the subject be such as we believe it to be, it may yet not be too late to revive, at some fitting time, a project which was broken only through being dropped from the hands in charge of it,—we think it well to cast a glance, in company with our readers, over the strange, eventful, and very eccentric story of the Caxton Memorial.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, or thereabouts, there lived in a house in the Almonry, at Westminster, if tradition may be trusted,—which house fell down, of its own extreme old age, in the year 1846 or 1847,—one William Caxton. Who William Caxton was, there are very few Englishmen needing to be told:—he being, indeed, and emphatically, the *one* William Caxton of whom the national heart keeps great account. Now, what this William Caxton did in his generation, was, to bring printing into England;—and what is summed up in those few words, the national heart thoroughly understands. The national tongue does not easily express it:—but it may be enough to say, that he thereby sent the waters of life flowing through all the land, ministering to the soul's thirst in palace and in cot,—fed the universal people on all the honey that the poets had hived,—and brought a new force into our English freedom, which gives it the strength of a giant and the quality of an immortal. Within the Abbey precincts the press of England started on its great mission,—equipped by William Caxton. The bard, the scholar, the divine, the statesman, the worker in all the mines of science and on all the fields of thought, have since enlisted for its service and carried the mission on:—but, William Caxton sent it forth. The fountain of that great sea whose daily tides refresh the land, and waft for its service all the treasures of the world of mind, bubbled up in the sanctuary at Westminster, and leaped to the light which it nourished beneath the shadow of the minster towers. This thing did William Caxton, the first English printer:—and then, having done an immortal thing, he folded around him the cloak of his mortality, and slept with his fathers.

The centuries passed away,—and the fountain had become the sea it is,—when the sound of the old house falling reminded some one amongst us that the man who did this thing had been three hundred and fifty-six years asleep, and had yet no monument in England. The person whom the falling house awakened was himself a poet,—and he was, besides, a priest,—it was Dean Milman;—and he made it a point of conscience to tell his countrymen what he had discovered. This was in 1847:—a few more days, and it will be twelve years ago. The first expression of the public mind on hearing of the monumental want, was one of something like incredulity, or surprise that this should be so:—and then, there followed a stir, so eager and demonstrative for a time, as makes it positively absurd that we should have to say, in 1859, that the man who did this thing has no monument in England *now*.

Dean Milman, when he had found out the want of ages, brooded over it, to use his own expression, for a time,—and then, in the name of the public conscience, he went direct to head-quarters. Lord Morpeth was in those days at the Woods and Forests,—and to Lord Morpeth the Dean addressed himself. To no better man in all the land could layman or priest have carried an appeal from the grave of

Caxton,—and Lord Morpeth met the Dean with a zeal equal to his own. It is the quality of generous minds, arrested suddenly by a wrong, to make a great rebound; and Dean Milman was carried, at a step, over much intervening ground, towards his conclusions. In the hour, when he met the shade of the old printer wandering reproachfully over the ruins of his ancient home in Westminster, the Dean conceived the thing to be done and the means of doing it. To appease the historic ghost, a public monument was to arise in the scene most haunted by his memories,—and the open space at the end of the then new Victoria Street, fronting the Abbey, was pointed out by the Dean as combining exactly the conditions of site wanted. In the earnestness of his purpose, Dean Milman had even planned the monument. It was to be—"a fountain of living water by day: out of which should arise a tall pillar, obelisk, or cluster of Gothic pinnacles, for light by night." Thus, it will be seen, that, whatever be the moral of his subsequent inaction, Dean Milman had, at any rate, got far beyond the attitude of the Danish prince as a *vindex rerum*. Not only had he the sense of a wrong—as Hamlet had of a wrong-doer—to be killed, but he had contrived all the means of killing it. In his public he had entire confidence,—and we believe with perfect justice. He proposed to Lord Morpeth, that a subscription should "be commenced amongst those who were connected with literature, in its most extensive signification,—but which should include all classes of the community;"—and he expressed it as his opinion, that the sum would be "a considerable one." And certainly, at the time, it seemed,—as it seems to us now,—that the Dean had taken the true measure of the public mind. The Society of Arts offered the use of its great room for the public meeting,—Lord Morpeth took the chair, and men of influence gathered about him,—the Prince Consort was among the list of subscribers,—and one printer, Mr. Clowes, set the tune of subscription to a very high key, by giving £100. The raised pitch of the public mind in favour of the project was indicated in many other ways. One publisher wrote a letter to the *Times*, under the Caxton calature,—in which he insisted that the monument should be one of unrivalled magnificence, in virtue of an unrivalled title.—Now, in much of this, it is as well to admit, there was some exaggeration. Caxton's title is large enough to bear being stated fairly; and, before the world, at any rate,—and even before ourselves—Caxton and Guttenberg stand on very different grounds for a memorial like this. A wide distinction must, of course, be made between the *author* of the most important invention by which the world has been benefited, and the man whose merit (very great, indeed) is, that he foresaw its consequences, and naturalized it amongst us. In this view, Caxton is *one* of the British worthies, and should have his commemoration in the new legislative palace, in the new Portrait Gallery,—and by a monument of his own. Besides, we have a few words to say, later, by way of showing that the plea for this monument rests upon another ground. Meantime, in view of the after silence, it is amusing to refer to one more instance of the exaggeration of that early time of the project. True, this instance has the transatlantic stamp on it; but it met the assent of the meeting, and registers the atmosphere. "There let it stand," said Mr. Bancroft,—"*on the side of the abbey which is nearest to America!*" We don't think an Englishman could have reached this figure:—an Irishman, perhaps, *might*. A phlegmatic Englishman might even dispute the *fact*:—but we know, at any rate, what Mr. Bancroft meant, and like his sentiment if we are uncertain of his geometry. The anecdote is, in any case, one more instance to show, that all the good and propitious fairies seemed to have got together at the expected birth of this young monument. The bad fairy, herself, came in a mild form. The only objector that we remember was one in the *Daily News*, who complained of the site proposed, because he said it would improve the approach to the Dean's Yard! Such an objector could, of course, do little harm:—nay, he might even do good if his objection was to be taken as the measure of what could be said against the project. No monument can be erected in London without presenting incidentally an attractive feature in some man's home. It would be a very violent inference, indeed, which should suggest that the monument was, therefore,



T. VERNON SCUIFF

ABUNDANCE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

J. VAN EYCKEN PINXT

designed for such purpose; and the bad fairy on the occasion in question might as well have grudged to Mr. Baneroff the gratification of having the monument to Caxton stand on the side next to America.

After a stir and excitement like that which we have described, is it not strange to have to record that the day on which Lord Morpeth presided over a great public meeting in the great room of the Society of Arts was the last eventful day in the history of the Caxton movement? Whether it was, that the ardent temperament of the time, like spirits on fire, burned itself out,—or that the mercurial action of those who brought out this project was of so exhausting a nature as to require a twelve years' repose,—certain it is, that they who were so demonstrative on that day never made another sign. The fairy godmothers who came to the birth went away, and, it would seem, forgot to leave their gifts. Over the scheme born amid the trumpets, there fell a deep silence. The name of Caxton, conjured with so loudly, had been taken in vain. The venerable phantom paraded in George Street for a purpose, was dismissed,—the purpose unfulfilled. The ghost went back to its grave, and the Dean to his "brooding,"—and Lord Carlisle crossed over to the great continent that stands right opposite the west side of the Abbey, from whence, to this day, Mr. Bancroft may look in vain for the pillar—the pillar of the fire and of the fount—the sacred fire which his countrymen, like the men of old, carried with them when they moved their English tents to the Far West,—the fount whose waters, like those of Arethusa, flowed through the sea the pilgrims crossed, and welled up afresh and untainted in the new region which they found—that was to arise between them. The public conscience, so far as it was represented by those who spoke so loudly in its name, satisfied with having asserted itself for an hour, returned to its sleep of centuries. Dean Milman, having ascertained that he had the opportunity he sought and the public on whom he reckoned, gave up all attempts at using either. The Caxton scheme, which he announced with so much confidence as having "taken form and consistence," faded into a myth, which ever and anon some curious inquirer would explore,—always without result. Now and again, some voice would arise, questioning what had become of the Caxton monument,—but no one took the trouble to produce it any more. For ourselves, we believe we had looked on the thing as long since dead, of its inaction, if we had not forgotten it altogether,—when a recent question in the columns of our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, has produced the remains of that ill-fated movement, and brought before us the embers of a burnt-out project, and the fragments of a shattered scheme.

It appears, that, seven years after the spasmodic action initiated by the Dean of St. Paul's—that is, in 1854—a sum of £171 2s., as the balance of an amount of £450 which came into the treasurer's hands before he had time to fall asleep, was, with the consent of the subscribers, paid over to the Printers' Pension Society, on the special condition that the money should be applied towards the creation of a Caxton pension. This sum was afterwards swelled by an amount of £8 2s. 2d. from the same quarter. The committee themselves had, in the meantime, been enabled to collect from other sources £46 8s. 8d.—and these amounts together gave them the command for their purpose of £225 12s. 10d. This sum was obviously inadequate as the foundation of an annuity; which it was decided should not be of less annual value than £25,—and would take £850 to purchase. It was resolved, therefore, to appropriate in aid of this object the proceeds of the printers' anniversary dinner of 1857; and this resource having produced £424, a sum of £200 6s. 8d. only remains now to be provided towards the fund for the purchase of the Caxton pension. An appeal in behalf of this balance is circulating amongst the master-printers in the provinces,—the metropolitan trade considering that they have done their part in the matter.

Now, to this appropriation of the balance dug out of the grave of that dead scheme, it will readily be understood that we intend to offer no objection. The object is a worthy one,—and Caxton's a most fitting name in which to found a printer's pension. Still, it must not be concealed, that of the move-

ment initiated by Dean Milman and presided over by the present Lord Carlisle, sanctioned by the Society of Arts and patronized by royalty, this is "a most lame and impotent conclusion." That the spirit invoked, and evoked, twelve years ago, should have been worked to higher conclusions than this, had the zeal that was long-winded been longer lived, and the energy that wrought been equal to the energy that roused, it is difficult to doubt. A monument to Caxton was a want at the time when the Dean of St. Paul's found it out,—is a want now,—and will remain a want until it shall be supplied.—And, as we have said, the argument for such a monument rests on a ground supplementary to the claim of the man. The idea of a testimonial of the kind takes larger proportions than are involved in the payment of our debt to Caxton. With the single exception of the introduction of Christianity into these islands, the introduction of printing is the greatest event in our national annals:—and the event, as well as the man, demands a monumental record. This mighty chapter of our history, with its unspeakable consequences, needs the illustration of every Muse that we can command. There is no country under the sun that owes so much to the Printing Press as England. Over all for which our father's toiled and bled it is the unsleeping sentinel; and it holds for the great future of our land every field that the weary past has won. The people, we repeat, know thoroughly what they owe to the man who brought the press amongst us,—because they know thoroughly what they owe to the press. There is scarcely any more profound conviction than this lying at the popular heart; and a Caxton monument properly introduced and properly worked would command the penny of every man who can earn a pound in the land. For such a monument, Dean Milman's was, so far as general terms go, a good design. A fount of gushing waters by day, and of living light by night, is the true and characteristic symbol of that which has refreshed and enlightened the world. Nor need the imposition, or the acceptance, of such a scheme narrow the scope of architectural or sculptural display. Within the conditions implied, genius has a range not limited as to either variety of thought or magnificence of form.—Be the expressions or forms, however, what they will, we feel satisfied, for ourselves, that, sooner or later—and the sooner the better—Caxton, and the Thing he did, *must* have a monument in England.

That Caxton's claim has not been altogether overlooked amongst us, and that something in the way of monumental commemoration *has* been done, and is doing, in the matter, it is pleasant to add, before taking leave of the subject. In Westminster Abbey, some years ago, the Roxburgh Club, with Lord Spencer at their head, set up a tablet in memorial of the old printer:—and another act of commemoration to the same English worthy is now in progress. The great hotel erecting at Westminster rises on the site of the ancient house which the tradition of centuries kept associated with the name of Caxton; and the centre of its entrance hall is believed to mark the exact spot on which the first English press stood and the first English printer wrought. Moved by these facts, a certain number of gentlemen, among the directors and shareholders, have felt that a statue of Caxton, standing here, would be at once an ornament, and a highly characteristic one, to the new institution. To effect this object, a subscription has been got up privately amongst themselves;—and a model has been made by Mr. Durham, the sculptor, which represents the old English printer standing by the great instrument that he brought to England. The idea is a good one:—but both these memorials represent, it will be obvious, the efforts of private individuals only, recognising for themselves the claim whose appeal is to a nation. Neither of them takes a character at all commensurate with the greatness of the boon commemorated, or expressive of its wide diffusion. In an open space fronting this new Westminster Palace Hotel, should arise, at the bidding of the great public, the pillar of fire and of the fount:—with such accessories as will give a dignity to the act of commemoration large enough for the theme, and be, at the same time, a worthy evidence of that English Art which has since grown up in the shadow of the Printing Press.

THE RELATION OF ANATOMY TO ART.

BY ROBERT KNOX, M.D., F.R.S.E.,
Corresponding Member of the Imperial Academy of France.

SOME REMARKS ON THE UTILITY OF A KNOWLEDGE OF ANATOMY TO PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS, AND ON THE MEANS ADOPTED BY THEM TO ACQUIRE THAT KNOWLEDGE.*

To the President and Members of the Academy of Sciences of France.

GENTLEMEN,—At a recent meeting of the Academy a report was read on a figure representing *un homme ecorché*, constructed by M. Lami, and submitted by him to the Academy for its approval. A committee was appointed to examine the figure, and to report thereon. Their report was favourable to the views adopted by M. Lami in the construction of his anatomical figure. In addressing this note to your illustrious body, I have no wish to criticise a report drawn up with great care, candour, and judgment; my aim is rather to bring before the Academy, in a more direct manner than any incidental discussion on the merits of an artificial anatomical figure could do, certain great principles involved in the use of all such figures, whether for the education of artists or of medical men; and, incidentally, that much debated question, as to the utility of a knowledge of anatomy to the artist, or, in other terms, to induce the Academy to discuss "the true relation of anatomical science to Art." As the Academy has to a certain extent entertained this question, although not strictly a scientific one, or has at least indirectly sanctioned its discussion, permit me to claim the attention of your distinguished body to the following remarks, which, had a similar discussion arisen in the Academy of Fine Arts, I should with less hesitation have addressed to it. An illustrious member of that Academy, M. Horace Vernet, was one of the reporters on the merits of the anatomical figure of M. Lami; his expressed opinions on a question of this kind would be of great value, and would receive from all lovers of Art the highest consideration. My experience as an anatomical teacher, not merely of some thousand medical students, but of many distinguished highly-educated amateurs of all classes and ranks, has convinced me of a truth which I believe will be confirmed by all the distinguished anatomists in the Academy, many of whom I have the honour to know and esteem as long-tryed friends—that a knowledge of anatomy can only be acquired by a careful and oft-repeated handling and inspection of the skeleton, and by frequent actual dissection, also implying a frequent handling and inspection of all the soft organs of the body. The sense of touch must be constantly employed to verify the facts, and to correct the impressions and sensations which are sure to be at fault when the sense of sight is alone employed. No drawing, however highly finished—no figure—not even a dissection made by another—can ever convey to the mind of the student any actual knowledge—any clear and precise anatomical information. Such forms, to be comprehended, must all be handled, and the impress, to be lasting, must be frequently repeated. Hence the value of actual dissection by the student who hopes to become a distinguished and safe surgeon. Such dissections must, as the distinguished anatomists sitting with you on the same benches well know and admit, be conducted in several ways. After a minute examination of each structure,—as a muscle, for example, traced out-and-out, and under every aspect,—it must be again dissected with great care, and examined *in situ*—that is, as little disturbed as possible from its actual relations during life; and the influence of life over its form and position calculated, by causing the limb, or other dissected part, to assume various attitudes. Should

* STR.—I desire to make your valuable Journal the medium of communicating my opinions on a subject which cannot fail to interest a large proportion of your readers; and which, through your columns, will best reach the parties to whom my observations are principally addressed. My motive, in printing this article, will be apparent from its contents.

Your obedient servant,
R. K.

To the Editor of the
Art-Journal.

such studies be neglected or misunderstood by the student, he will find himself greatly embarrassed as a surgeon, his knowledge being, in fact, the anatomy of a dead body instead of a living one, on which he perhaps for the first time is then called to operate. This is one of several reasons why so many very good anatomists have failed as surgeons—not because they were anatomists, but because they had separated in their minds the anatomy of the living from the dead, and had studied only that derived from the dead. This objection to such insulated studies, and to this form of study, occurred to me very early in life, and since then innumerable opportunities have occurred of verifying the correctness of the rule. But if the view I adopt be correct as regards the surgeon, how much more applicable must it be to the artist, who is usually called on to represent that only which is alive, or which has just ceased to live? Hence it was that, many years ago, in my lectures on anatomy, and more recently in the two works* I have the honour to present with this note to the Academy, I cautioned the artist to be careful how he conducted his anatomical studies, lest, by dissecting and drawing dead muscles, he should forget that his business lay only with the living. The present attempt of M. Lami is to overcome this difficulty, and no doubt merits the approbation of the Academy. Its professed aim is to enable the student of Art to draw or chisel correctly the external forms of man and woman—forms more or less modified, and influenced by the muscles, the tendons, the aponeuroses, and the bones—structures over which nature has spread a veil or an envelope, giving to all and to each of them an aspect wholly and entirely different and distinct from the real or naked structure, which never appears to man but under circumstances more or less disagreeable, unpleasant, unseemly, or appalling. The circumstances to which I allude are well understood by all men who have in the least reflected on such matters; they are, in fact, the appearances presented by those whom nature has not favoured in their original construction; in the exhausted by penury or disease; lastly, in the dissected dead: in all these man perceives more or less distinctly those forms which nature intended he should not see, or seeing, should not admire nor look at with a curious eye, saving in a scientific point of view. Of all these structures which compose the machinery of the body, and which are always the more wonderful and the more mysterious and incomprehensible the deeper we proceed, it is admitted that the studies of the artist ought to be limited to those which reach the surface, and which influence that exterior to which I attach so much importance; accordingly M. Lami, and those who have preceded him in such labours, have confined their attention to the superficial muscles and to the more remarkable prominences of the skeleton; but even to this procedure, cautious and prudent though it seems, I venture to object, on grounds I shall presently endeavour to explain. Look at the hand and foot of the Venus, and say if the anatomical shapes of the interior are to be seen or discovered in any part? Do you perceive the malleoli in the shape they assume in the skeleton? Why, then, teach the artist to draw them? Do the joints of the fingers or toes, with their respective palmar and plantar regions, correspond in the finely-formed foot and hand either in position or shape with what we find in the skeleton, or even in the dissected hand or foot? Lastly, in the grand head and neck of the Apollo, or of the Niobe, or of that immortal and inimitable marble representing her second daughter, can any one point out a single anatomical structure so modifying the surface as to be recognisable in its real shape or character? Why, then, teach the artist to draw such shapes? I know it will be said that when the living arm is in action, and the human face displays the passions of the soul, the interior forms or shapes appear on the surface; but this I am prepared, from the most careful observation, to deny. In the fine forms of even the young athlete, when in the prime of life and of youth; when the fully developed envelope, the emblem of youth, is still present in all its beauty and integrity, muscular, tendinous, osseous, or aponeurotic forms never show themselves as such under any circumstances. It is the same with the

face, neck, and torso. The face of the Juno roused by passion is not an anatomical display.

These remarks may to some seem sufficient; but I shall venture, considering the importance and acknowledged difficulty of the subject, to add the following:—1. Sir Charles Bell, with whom I was well acquainted for more than thirty years, maintained the opinion, that to a profound knowledge of anatomy the great artists of Greece and Italy owed their superiority over all others. To any objection I made to this theory (for it in reality is one) Sir Charles usually observed, that until I had examined the sketch-book of the immortal Leonardo da Vinci, supposed to be at that time in the library of the British Museum, I was scarcely in a position to contest or confute his views. It was in vain I urged to him the fact all but universally admitted, that the ancient Greeks knew nothing of anatomy; he pointed to their statues; he thought also that I greatly underrated the anatomical knowledge of Michael Angelo and of Raphael; but he rested uniformly his chief argument on the anatomical studies of Leonardo. Since Sir Charles's death I have carefully examined Da Vinci's sketch-book, which is at this moment in the Queen's private library at Windsor, and find nothing in it warranting the theories of Sir Charles Bell. That Leonardo was a wonderful man—a genius of the highest order, a master of his art, and a good anatomist in an artistic point of view—I readily admit, but nothing more; and more especially must I deny that the superiority of the works of Leonardo and his great contemporaries was due to their anatomical knowledge; for, first, artists of all ages have drawn and chiselled in marble various animals,—such as the horse, the lion, the deer, &c.,—yet no one has ever ventured to affirm that these artists ever dissected and studied the anatomy of the animals they painted or sculptured.

2. Few of the great masters ever dissected man, or studied any other forms but the living. Michael Angelo himself—so often cited as the supreme authority on this question—admits that the superficial muscles alone interest the artist, and towards the close of life he expressed a regret that he had attended too much to anatomical forms, and neglected the study of that beauty which nature has placed in fine proportions and a highly decorated exterior, which, enveloping the hideous shapes of the interior machinery of all animals—the appalling emblems of decay and dissolution, of death, and of extinction—not only conceals and masks them, but bestows on them other characters, by which such shapes, frightful in themselves, are converted into forms, on which the eye gazes with delight. Raffaele early withdrew from following a path so dangerous to the artist—I mean, the study of a minutely accurate positive anatomy, which he instinctively discovered to be a wrong direction and a false light; whilst Leonardo, as is proved by his sketch-book, carefully corrected his impressions of anatomical forms by sketching on the same page with the dead and dissected arm the living arm in action, clothed with all the beauty which it essentially owes to the just development of fine proportions and of a decorated exterior, such as nature alone can give.

3. Anatomical shapes have, properly speaking, no resemblance to living forms. The study of them, therefore, by the artist is a mistake. Place before you the finely-formed hand or foot of the living frame, or the marble imitation of these in the Niobe, the Venus, or the Bacchus, and you will find they have not any resemblance to the skeleton or even to the dissected foot and hand clothed with their muscles. It is only when originally ill-formed or wasted by disease or famine that the finely formed extremities resemble their anatomical interior—a result always frightful to contemplate. Why, then, draw such shapes, thus committing a double error—in an educational and an artistic point of view?—drawing those shapes—far, properly speaking, they are not forms—which nature carefully conceals from human sight, and confounding them with those she has been so careful to construct—or, in other words, leading the artist to confound the interior with the exterior, and to mistake the one for the other.

Science and Art—I mean Fine Art—have two different and distinct aims: the highest aim of the latter is to represent the objects of the material world as nature made them, unmodified by man. The constituent machinery of these objects—that is, the anatomical mechanism—is not before them as

an object of Art: its deep study is almost sure to mislead the artist. On the other hand, Science—properly so called—demands the profoundest examination of that machinery. Fine Art, it is true, is called on to represent the other great class of objects composing the material world—objects invented by man, constituting what is called the Social Arts, and the modifications of natural objects themselves by man; but as these objects and modifications are of human invention, and are not of nature, properly speaking, I need not further advert to them here. The highest aim of the true artist is to represent the material world as nature made it, and more especially man; his form, thoughts, and actions, all expressed by signs or attitudes which he comprehends.

4. A question might be raised here with propriety enough—namely, the question as to the influence exercised by the interior over the exterior. I shall confine my remarks to man. The influence amounts to this—No internal structure ever shows itself in the young and well formed in its true or naked shape. As regards the skeleton in the healthy and originally well formed, the osseous prominences form beautiful grooves, or depressions, or dimples,—as in the back or spine, the iliac crests, the sternum, the distal extremities of the metacarpal and metatarsal bones,—or they form swellings, smooth and flowing, never abrupt or angular, as may be seen in the malleoli of the finely formed healthy limb; the collar-bones in the fine neck of man or woman, the rounded extremity or head of the ulna, the concave process of the ulna, and the condyles of the distal extremity of the humerus. None of these prominences as seen under the circumstances I speak of, and which alone concern the artist, resemble in the most remote manner the actual anatomical forms which the practical anatomist knows they possess, from having often verified the fact by a careful exploration of these shapes in the prepared skeleton denuded of every soft part. The study, therefore, of such shapes (I mean skeleton and muscular shapes), and the frequent drawing of them, is sure to mislead the artist, to fill him with anatomical conceits, and to place on the canvas skeleton forms and denuded corpses for human figures. The fine exterior, on the other hand, presents a series of the most beautiful swellings, depressions, and grooves, derived from the presence of structures such as the osseous system, which, whether looked on as a skeleton, or too distinctly exposed during life, as happens in disease, or too prominently brought forward by the artist, excite only disgust and pity in the mind of the spectator.

5. It is the same, *mutatis mutandis*, with the muscular and aponeurotic systems: wherever displayed in their true shapes they excite only dislike. They have shapes which nowhere exist in that nature which meets the eye; they have no meaning, explain nothing, satisfy no feeling, no desire. Science examines them carefully—most carefully—yet even she has failed to discover the philosophic principles regulating their shapes. Art heeds them not; it does more, or ought to do more—it rejects them. Those rounded masses, graduating and sloping into each other—those flat and semi-flat surfaces—those grooves, elevations, and depressions, on which so much of the beauty of fine forms depends,—has no reference whatever to any of those geometrical or mathematical figures which man has invented, and which, therefore, he comprehends. Why, then, should the artist study them? Neither in the young Hercules, nor the Apollo, nor the Niobe, nor the Venus, are any muscular shapes to be detected. Grooves there are, and elevations, depressions, and flat surfaces, all comprehended at a glance by those who possess an eye for fine forms, unintelligible to those who have not. That in every finely formed neck the deep muscles must be properly developed, as well as the superficial, is a fact confirmed by a dissection of the part; but this proof is not required by the artist. To constitute a fine arm, the *brachialis flexor* must be as fully developed as the *biceps*; and to perfect the form of the fore-arm, certain of the anterior and posterior muscles must continue fleshy to near the wrist. To form a fine limb, the peroneal muscles, generally so defective in the Anglo-Saxon limbs, must continue muscular to near the malleoli. These are facts of utility to the artist, which I discovered and described many years ago: they are explanatory

* "A Manual of Artistic Anatomy." Renshaw, London. "Great Artists and Great Anatomists." Van Voorst, London.

facts we owe to science—that is, anatomical research; but they are of no importance to the artist, further than showing him that the exterior is influenced by the interior to an extent and depth of which he may not have been fully aware. How the abdominal surface is influenced by the interior I need not say. By age, disease, anxiety, and passion, the anatomy of the face at last reveals itself to the view, displaying those shapes which the anatomist most erroneously recommends the artist to study and to draw; but to know Nature's intentions in this respect we have only to look at the head of the Minerva, and of the Apollo, of the young and healthy of all races, before the tear and wear of life, the stormy vicissitudes of civilization, and the sympathies of the thoracic and abdominal viscera or organs, by their development, have told on that surface by which man indicates most of the passions of his soul.

No anatomical drawings or figures of the muscles are requisite to instruct the artist how to represent in the grand physiognomy of the antique Greek, of the Juno, of the Apollo, the Minerva, or the Niobe, all the strong and stormy passions which afflict or ennoble mankind.

The principles here briefly sketched I have already submitted to the public at greater length in a translation of M. Fau's work on anatomy, and in a separate work on the same subject, a copy of which I have the honour to present with this communication to the Academy. I do not wish it to be understood that I altogether deny the utility of such works or figures as those of M. Lami. They may serve to give to those some idea of the human structure who have not the courage or the leisure to examine the *real* for themselves; but they are of no use to the medical man, and of questionable utility to the artist, who ought never to draw from them but in presence of the living figure, in order that, like the immortal and far-seeing Da Vinci, he may never confound the interior with the exterior; dead with living forms; shapes which constitute no part of the visible living world with forms which nature created and decorated: in brief, that on sketching such skeleton and muscular shapes—a practice I do not recommend—he may, by drawing the same parts clothed with their natural exterior, and full of life, learn at once the difference, and so as speedily as possible blot the former from his mind. I am sensible, from reading the report to the Academy, that M. Lami has done his best to overcome the objection of drawing from the dead or dissected corpse, by giving to the muscles of his figure, in as far as he could, the semblance and form of life: but even admitting this possible, which I think is scarcely so, still there remains this unanswerable objection to all such figures, *the shapes you represent are not found anywhere in living nature.* Such figures may be useful, then, in popular education, but even here there is the objection to them that they are not true—an objection which must ever be fatal to their utility. In the course of the discussion to which the report presented to the Academy gave rise, it was objected by some members of the Academy that M. Lami had omitted the superficial veins. This objection, I venture to think, is unimportant; those veins lie embedded in that envelope (the subcutaneous cellular tissue) on which so much of the beauty of the exterior depends, and is more especially a principal means by which nature conceals the anatomical shapes in the living figure. To have retained these veins, a portion of the envelope in which they lie embedded must also have been retained, and this would necessarily have couched certain portions of the muscles, the full display of which was clearly M. Lami's great effort. The real objection to the figure is in the character of the dissected shapes thus placed before the artist as living forms, and the inference which the young artist is sure to draw from this, namely, that the drawing such shapes is the placing on canvas or marble the actual forms of the human figure, towards the perfecting which nature not only avails herself of bone and muscle, tendon and aponeurosis, but integumentary layers and envelopes of a thickness and density continually varying in different regions of the body and at different periods of life. These the anatomist, aiming at anatomical truth, sweeps off with the scalpel, thus presenting to the artist a figure which never existed in nature. It may be objected, no doubt, to such views—adopted by me, however, not

hastily, but after long and deep consideration and reflection—that the young artist may readily enough correct any erroneous perceptions originating in such studies by a constant reference to the living figure, instances of which we find, as I have myself related, in the lives of Leonardo and Raffaele: but original perceptions (first impressions) are overcome with difficulty, and it is given to few to correct their original and early mistakes. It was late in life before Michael Angelo perceived his original error. We must not, therefore, trust to this: let the young artist acquire a knowledge of anatomy by all means; this he can do by attending a course of lectures on the bones, joints, and muscles, delivered in an anatomical theatre: but he may safely, I think, dispense with drawing any of the frightful objects he sees there, unless it be, perhaps, a mere outline, to enable him to adjust the position of the larger articulations, and the relation of the head and limbs to the torso. His grand efforts must be reserved for the sketching of living men and women as they appear before him, omitting nothing that can induce the spectator to bestow on his imitative labours the highest of all praise, namely, that they give a perfect imitation and representation of the material world.

I have the honour to be,
With profound regard and respect,
Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
R. KNOX.

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

FROM the time when, pegged into a high little chair, we first jerked off, upon the back of a letter, a representation of the skein of silk which our mother was unravelling by our side, we have taken a lively interest in all the pictorial processes which have so abundantly variegated the surfaces of paper and of canvas. By almost all these, results have been produced more or less gratifying. Perhaps the only effort which has provoked our indignation, is the ever-present, unmeaning vulgarity which crawls, like a plague of loathsome insects in Egypt, over the walls of our houses. We reserve, however, our wrath for a special outpouring upon "paper-hangings." The efforts which have affected us with the deepest melancholy, are a few of Turner's later pictures, and innumerable bad photographs. To the Art upon which the production of these last is chargeable, we now confine our observations.

We recollect to have had our notice called to certain objects in the Exhibition of 1851, in Class A. Class A embraces all that mine of speculative and delusive subjects termed "promising." Those to which we now refer purported to be mechanically constructed landscapes, we believe, by Mr. Fox Talbot. They were, undoubtedly, "interesting" and curious, but we regarded them as we do the results of a calculating or talking machine, with astonishment and pity. They suggested, too, an uncomfortable idea that the "artist" had spilled a cup of *café noir* over sundry sheets of paper, and pinned them up to dry. It is not our intention in the present article, or in subsequent articles, upon photography, to adopt any theories of partizanship, or to be enslaved by any prejudices whatever. We shall endeavour to write purely in the interests of Art. The character of this Journal, as a friend of the easel and palette, is sufficiently known to screen us from the jealousy of painters; and, on the other hand, we profess so ample an acquaintance with the practice and results of photography in its various branches, that its lovers need not fear our doing it full and impartial justice. The history of the art, the steps by which it progressed, and the *formule* of these operations, are not so much our province as is its present state, and the comparative success of its various processes. Of these, we must be permitted to judge *with reference to pictorial and illustrative Art in general.* We think that we are now entitled to decline to take up a photograph, and pronounce upon it simply as "a most curious and wonderful production, made in a few seconds, sir,—in a few seconds! *Everything* is there, you see!" We must allow to the art the credit of having established for itself a title to be regarded in comparison with its neighbours. Photographers do not now want to be patted on the back, and told that they are good

little boys, and that their performances are very creditable, considering their age; but they boldly hire the Suffolk Street Gallery, and challenge the *abstract* admiration of the men who have been used there to exhibit their own beautiful works.

It is a critical and timid time of life, this, when the quondam schoolboy feels that he must renounce the privileges of his class, and be judged as a man by the stern world of men. *Such an ordeal, we do not hesitate to say, the art of photography is now passing through; and this is our starting point.* Almost up to the present time, it has been, very properly, in the hands of chemists and opticians, and the men who had a steady hand and a correct eye for the "definition" in a brick-wall. Not that we would deny to exceptional productions of years ago, to daguerreotype portraits, and to a few "falbotypic" landscapes, a high degree of delicacy and artistic beauty; but we may safely say that anything approaching to a satisfactory uniformity of successful and pleasing result has only been established within a very recent period. Thus, to close the first or introductory branch of our subject, we remark, that although we are inclined to admit that photography has passed the bounds of mere scientific interest, and now takes rank amongst the great pictorial arts of the day,—with lithographic or steel-plate printing, and even, with certain broad distinctions, with painting itself,—we do not thus necessarily place it on a par with any of these arts; it is still, as compared with them, "in its infancy;" and it has its own distinctive defects, which are, as yet, more obvious and objectionable than any which can ordinarily be charged upon the sister Arts. To counterbalance these, however, it has its own peculiar charms and beauties, and it possesses certain qualities, to be discussed hereafter, both in its practice and results, which are *altogether* its own. Whether some of these are to be regarded as advantages, or otherwise, will continue to be a matter of opinion, but they will afford us subject for interesting discussion and remark.

Having defined, to some extent, the position to which photography has attained, we now turn our attention to some of its chief peculiarities as a pictorial art.

Of these, the most obvious, and that which undoubtedly lies at the root of its popularity, is its *essential* truthfulness of outline, and, to a considerable extent, of perspective, and light and shade. We are aware that ladies, of uncertain age, have discovered and pronounced that "those photographic machines are as false and deceitful as *the rest of mankind*"; that the portraits which Mr. So-and-so took of them were no more like them than nothing at all—their own sisters would not have known them!" We are aware that gentlemen with uncomfortably large noses (not over well "defined" by nature with "tips"), with immense tuberos feet, and double-jointed knees, covered with worn-out patterns, have taken pains to spread abroad in the public mind an alarming theory about spherical *aberration.* It is true that combinations of lenses, arranged so as to shorten the focus, and quicken the chemical action of the light, large ones especially—such lenses are commonly used for portraiture—are liable to this objection, to a serious extent. Such lenses have also other heavy faults. Their manufacture we believe to be, at present, very imperfectly understood. But the distortion, or disproportionate enlargement of near objects, produced by a landscape lens of good construction, is so very small as not to amount to a defect, whilst the "definition" which they give is so wonderfully minute and perfect, as to lead us to believe that the construction and manufacture of these instruments has approached very nearly to perfection, and certainly leaves little or nothing to be desired.

We are, then, not only inclined to leave the art in quiet possession of its "corner-stone," but we find it difficult to express how fully, and for how many different reasons, we appreciate this attribute of photography. We can scarcely avoid moralizing in connection with this subject; since truth is a divine quality, at the very foundation of everything that is lovely in earth and heaven; and it is, we argue, quite impossible that this quality can so obviously and largely pervade a popular art, *without exercising the happiest and most important influence, both upon the tastes and the morals of the people.* It is

an attribute, to which, we believe, there is, in the whole range of Art, no parallel; to whose uses and delights we can assign no limits, and shall, of course, not attempt to enumerate them. We will merely suggest to our readers an offer, by auction, of a collection of genuine photographic portraits of all the great and holy men of antiquity, and of our Newton, and Milton, and Shakspere! The concourse of people! The bids! The reserved price! We protest there *is*, in this new spiritual quality of Art, a charm of wonderful freshness and power, which is quite independent of general or artistic effect, and which appeals instinctively to our readiest sympathies. Every stone, every little perfection, or dilapidation, the most minute detail, which, in an ordinary drawing, would merit no special attention, becomes, in a photograph, worthy of careful study. Very commonly, indeed, we have observed that these faithful pictures have conveyed to ourselves more copious and correct ideas of detail than the inspection of the subjects themselves had supplied; for there appears to be a greater aptitude in the mind for careful and minute study *from paper, and at intervals of leisure*, than when the mind is occupied with the general impressions suggested by a view of the objects themselves, accompanied, as these inspections usually are, by some degree of unsettlement, or of excitement, if the object be one of great or unwonted interest. The probable effects of the truthfulness of photography upon Art in general, will be considered at a future time.

We now come to the disadvantages of this attribute: for it happens, by a singular fatality, that upon it hangs the chief reproach to photographic productions as works of Art. The fact is, that it is *too truthful*. It insists upon giving us "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Now, we want, in Art, the first and last of these conditions, but we can dispense very well with the middle term. Doubtless, it is as truly the province of Art to improve upon nature, by control and arrangement, as it is to copy her closely in all that we *do* imitate; and, therefore, we say boldly, that by the non-possession of these privileges, photography pays a heavy compensation to Art, and must for ever remain under an immense disadvantage in this respect. We are sure that no one will be more ready to subscribe to the accuracy of this remark, than the accomplished photographer himself. No man knows so well as he, that very rarely indeed does a landscape arrange itself upon his focussing-glass, as well, as effectively, as he could arrange it, *if he could*. No man is so painfully conscious as he is, that nature's lights and shades are generally woefully patchy and ineffective, *compared with Turner's*; and, in short, that although his chemical knowledge be perfectly adequate, and his manipulation faultless, it is a marvel, an accident, a chance of a thousand, when a picture "turns out" as *artistic*, in every respect, as his cultivated taste could wish.

Next to the truthfulness of photography, its most striking peculiarities are its somewhat mechanical character, and the rapidity with which its results are produced. These characteristics constitute the chief elements of the extent and popularity of the practice of photography, just as its truthfulness is the greatest charm of its results. It was perfectly natural and inevitable that when this art began to excite universal attention, the whole body of skilled draughtsmen looked upon it with jealousy and distrust. It is inevitable that many artists must continue to dislike or to despise it. We can even imagine that some who hailed it as a beautiful thing, and who even made a partial and timid use of it, have harboured it as they would a tame snake; giving it a good switching now and then, lest it should grow rampant, and bite. It is evident that some classes of artists had substantial cause to dread it. It has already almost entirely superseded the craft of the miniature painter, and is upon the point of touching, with an irresistible hand, several other branches of skilled Art.

But, quite apart from "interested motives," there was, and there continues to be, a reasonable jealousy, not so much of the Art itself, or of its capabilities, as of its pretensions, and the *spirit of its practice*. We do not participate in these fears, because we are convinced of two things with reference to this subject. Firstly, that to practise the Art *with distinction*, which will very shortly be, if it be not now, the only kind of practice which will command

notice, requires a much greater acquaintance with the principles of Art than would seem to be applicable to "a merely mechanical science." And, secondly, we are convinced that no extravagant "pretensions" can long be maintained in the public mind. Photography does not even now profess to be either "high Art," or in any way a substitute for it. We shall endeavour to define clearly, at a future time, both what in our opinion it *has* done, and what it may yet hope to accomplish; and we shall not hesitate also to exhibit what we consider it has *not* done, and what, in our humble opinion, it can never, in the nature of things, hope to do.

The class of persons, now a very large one, who practise photography, is undoubtedly a very different class from the old regime of "artists." It certainly includes a vast number who know nothing, and, if we judge by their *crimes*, care less for the principles, we will not say of Art, but of common sense and decency. But even these, its practice, how degrading soever to an "artist," may insensibly benefit. Whatever Art may, in the opinion of some, suffer from photography, that large class of the public, who are sunk so far *below Art*, will unquestionably reap from it a more than compensating advantage. We do not believe in its power to deter any youth, to whom nature has given an artist's eye and heart, from a proper cultivation of those tastes and talents with which he is gifted. Your most accomplished artist, if he will stoop to the task, will ever be your best photographer; and your skillful "manipulator," if he be possessed likewise of a grain of sense or perception, will never rest until he has acquainted himself with the rules which are applied to Art in its higher walks; and he will then make it his constant and most anxious study how he can apply these rules to his own pursuit. And this—although no easy matter, and a thing not to be perfected in a day—he will find to be a study which will admit of the most varied and satisfactory application.

The rapidity of production of which the merely mechanical process of photographic picture-making is capable, may easily become a source of great mischief. The student should bear in mind that what he is to aim at is not the production of a large number of "good" pictures, but, if possible, of *one* which shall satisfy all the requirements of his judgment and taste. That one, when produced, will be, we need not say, of infinitely greater value to his feelings and reputation than a "lane-full" of merely "good" pictures. Think of the careful thought and labour which are expended over every successful piece of canvas, and the months of patient work which are requisite to perfect a first-class steel plate! and then turn to the gentleman who describes a machine which he has contrived for taking six dozen pictures in a day! Every one of them—this is the distressing part of the business—every one of them capable of throwing off as many impressions as the steel plate! We shudder to think of the thousands of vile "negatives" boxed up at this moment in holes and corners, any one of which may, on a sunny day, hatch a brood of hateful "positives."

We feel it to be a solemn duty to remind photographers of the responsibilities which they incur by harbouring these dangerous reproductive productions; and we beg of them—for their own sakes, and for that of society—to lose no time in washing off, or otherwise destroying, by far the greater part of these "negative" possessions.

When Daguerre and his contemporaries, some twenty years ago, succeeded in fixing the most delicate lights and shades, reflected from an object through an optical lens *upon polished silver surfaces*, the world was charmed with the invention. It was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful in its results. To the present day we believe that, in point of delicacy and detail, there is no pictorial process in the whole range of Art that can be said to surpass the daguerrotype. But the costly metallic medium, with its unpleasantly brilliant reflecting surface, was a manifest difficulty in the way of its adaptations; whilst the fact of its being a *non-reproductive* process excluded the idea of its application to the various commercial and valuable purposes for which the great principle of photographic representation was seen to be so strikingly available. Thus we take leave of "daguerrotypes." They are very wonderful and very beautiful; but they are no more available for the popular uses of Art than are the costly illu-

minated manuscripts in the British Museum. The only purposes to which this process is now applied are to an exceedingly limited and rapidly narrowing extent in portraiture, and for the stereoscope, to which latter use the smoothness of its surface and its delicacy have been the attractions.

We have now to beg the patient attention of our readers, whilst we point out some most wonderful adaptations of the photographic art.

To Mr. Fox Talbot is due, we believe, the production of the first matrix, or "negative," by means of the camera, which, by a second process, still purely photographic, and capable of indefinite repetition, gave a "positive" result—that is, a picture with objects in their correct relative positions, and with the proper relations of light and shade. Now, it is obvious that, in order to accomplish these objects, the matrix, or "negative," must be produced in the camera *with all these conditions reversed*. The right hand of the picture must be brought to the left; blacks must be white, and whites black; shadows must be clear, and high lights opaque. We wish also to call attention to another most striking apparent difficulty. The foreground of a picture requires, of course, that its shadows should be deep and broad, and its whole treatment bold and decisive, as compared with the distant portions of the landscape. Now, since the depth and boldness of a photographic result depend upon the chemical action of the light *not being too strong* (for the effect of an over-exposed picture is a general feebleness, all the shadow being by degrees obliterated), it results that the chemical power of the rays of light reflected from the objects in the view is required to be greatest from the most distant ones, and lessening in exact proportion as they approach the foreground of the picture; and this, contrary to all apparent reason, is found to be *precisely the case*; and all the other above-named required conditions—by a sort of providential arrangement so remarkable that it looks exceedingly like a *special* one, rather than by any complicated devices of Mr. Fox Talbot's—hasten to crowd themselves upon this wonderful "negative" picture. The lens, of its own accord, reverses the relative position of the objects,—throws right to the left, and left to the right,—the chemical action of the light *blackening* (instead of *whitening*) the prepared surface in the most inconceivably delicate proportion to its intensity. We have, altogether, such an indivisible, unalterable, and appropriate combination of natural laws, bearing upon the subject with such perfect *benevolence* towards the desired result, that it has frequently struck us that a photographic picture is not so much a contrivance of man as a design of nature, with which we have become happily acquainted, and which to neglect in cultivation would approach nearly to a sin.

The process originally employed by Mr. Fox Talbot is the one which is termed the Talbotype, or "Calotype." The medium used is paper, carefully freed from metallic specks, and of an even texture; it is saturated with an iodide of silver. The exposure in the camera varies from four to twenty minutes. The image, when removed from the camera, is a *latent* one, or very feebly visible. It is "developed" (that is, the action of the light in blackening the salt of silver is carried on to the required extent) by means of gallic acid. This venerable and respectable process is still employed, to a very limited extent, chiefly by artists and amateur travellers, who are not so much anxious to produce fine pictures as to carry away suggestions and remembrances, its portability and cheapness being great recommendations; yet, as we have before stated, we have seen very beautiful results by this process—very far more to our liking than, for instance, any good-sized *landscape* by the albumen process. For example, amongst many which have been before the public, the views in the Pyrenees (12 in. by 14 in.) by the Viscount Vigier, are admirable for their texture, perspective, and lighting. Mr. Breckle, of Leamington, and Mr. Rosling, of Reigate, were each neat and beautiful calotype manipulators in the early days of the art.

We shall thus for the present take our leave of the second great division of the photographic processes, but shall probably have occasion to refer to it collaterally in comparison with the results of processes to be discussed hereafter.

FRANCIS FRITH.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLIII.—WILLIAM FREDERICK WITHERINGTON, R.A.



HE doctrine, almost universally admitted, that the young mind is directed towards a particular pursuit in life by the circumstances which surround it, or the locality wherein the child is reared and nurtured, notwithstanding its general truth, meets with many exceptionable cases serving to contravene it. Genius sets at defiance all such seeming natural laws, often soars far away from the home and scenes of its childhood, and finds a region in which to expatiate and labour, either in a world of imagination or of practical utility, quite distinct from that of its birth. Genius is free and fetterless—

“It spurns at all bounds, it mocks all decrees;”

it triumphs over every obstacle placed in its upward path, till it reaches the goal of its ambition, and lies down in peace. It is singular, too, to notice how the youthful mind, so far from being influenced as it grows up by early associations, frequently turns in the very opposite direction; boys, for example, whose only knowledge of the ocean and a sailor's life has been gained from books, have felt an irresistible impulse to face the discomforts of the one and the perils of the other, have entered the navy, and risen to be great commanders: in fact, in every profession, calling, or business, numerous instances might be adduced of the mind working in manifest independence of extraneous

circumstances; but nowhere, perhaps, is this so evident as among artists of every grade.

We have a notable example of the truth of this assertion in the case of the veteran painter whose name stands at the head of this article. Mr. Witherington was born on the 26th of May, 1785, in an old house of the Elizabethan period, long since taken down, that was situated in Goswell Street, London, within a hundred yards of the spot on which the ancient civic barrier of Aldersgate formerly stood. Now, although this locality shows a very different aspect at the present time to that it exhibited towards the close of the last century, it cannot be supposed the embryo artist derived the least breath of inspiration from the objects by which he was there surrounded. It is quite true that within a mile of the paternal dwelling he might, as a boy, have wandered in meadows glittering with the early dew in spring, and fragrant with the new-mown grass in summer; he may have followed the windings of the New River, as it flowed through verdant banks shaded by alder and willow, instead of, as now, running silently between long rows of unsightly houses, and in the midst of a teeming, noisy, and bustling population: this he probably did, and it might have given an impulse to the direction to which subsequently his Art-sympathies turned. Neither was there at home, so far at least as we have heard, much to encourage an innate love of Art, though no attempt was made to oppose it; on the contrary, when the child, as was his wont, defaced every available spot in the house with “sketches in chalk,” his father found it advisable at length to substitute a slate and pencil for the wall and chalk, and would occasionally facilitate his studies by drawing, for him to copy, a face in profile, or parts of a face: thus was the first seed cast into the uncultured mind. After the productions in slate came black lead pencils and paper, and pictures multiplied without number till the boy was old enough to be sent to school, and then there was little or no time to give to the favourite pursuit. School-days passed away, and business followed, yet amid its occupations all leisure moments were devoted to copying prints, drawings, and pictures, varied with attempts at original composition. While thus engaged



Engraved by]

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls

Witherington happened to be introduced to a gentleman who had been a student in the Royal Academy; he lent the young amateur—for at this time he had scarcely thought of adopting the Arts as a profession—some of the studies made in the schools, and also recommended him to draw from plaster casts. After some little practice from these models he succeeded in gaining admittance, as a probationer, to the Academy Schools, and subsequently became a regular student, continuing to work there assiduously for a considerable time ere he finally resolved to forego every other pursuit in favour of that which stood foremost in his estimation. Having made his selection, he entered upon it heartily and diligently as a landscape painter nominally; yet in many of his pictures the figures introduced occupy so prominent a position, and are so relatively large, as almost to give to the work the character of a figure subject.

We have spoken of Mr. Witherington as a “veteran” in Art, and surely one who has been before the public as an exhibitor for nearly half a century has

richly earned such an appellation: a rare occurrence indeed is it to find a painter in his seventy-fourth year possessing so much vigour of intellect and steadiness of hand as he exhibited last year, and as we sincerely hope he will show us in years to come. Our recollection of his works extends over nearly thirty years, during which he produced publicly about one hundred pictures. He first appeared at the British Institution, in 1810-11, with a view of “Tintern Abbey,” and soon after, at the Royal Academy, he exhibited “A Cottage at Hartwell, Bucks;” his earliest attention being directed to those strictly rustic scenes which constitute, perhaps, his best works. These were followed by “A Forest Scene,” with figures digging and carting gravel; “The Top;” “A Hay-field;” “Returning Home,” a subject of rustic figures; “Shepherd Boys;” “The Fifth of November;” “The Reaper's Repast;” “The Dancing Bear;” “John Gilpin;” these were all exhibited at the Royal Academy prior to the year 1824, and, as the titles of the pictures

suggest, show considerable variety in the subjects selected; so also do many of those painted during the six following years, as—"A Modern Picture Gallery, with Portraits;" "The Beggar's Petition;" "The Robin;" "Lavinia;" "Preparing for Market;" "Market Gardeners Loading;" "Guess my name;" "The Hop Garden;" "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza after their rencontre with the Yanguesian Carriers;" "The Soldier's Wife;" "Heath Scene, Kent;" "The Orchard;" with several pictures of East Indian scenery, painted from sketches by Colonel Johnson, &c., in the vicinity of Bombay especially. In 1830 Mr. Witherington was elected Associate of the Academy in room of the now President, then chosen to fill a vacancy in the ranks of the Academicians.

It was about this period that the declining state of the artist's health compelled him not only to pass much of his time out of the studio, but to resort during the summer and autumn months to the country, where, amid "fresh fields and pastures new," he might recruit his exhausted energies and strength. He employed the far greater portion of these months painting in the open air; and to this may be attributed the comparatively small number of pictures he exhibited for the two or three years after his election as an Associate, and also the fact that almost all his succeeding works were landscapes. The rich and picturesque county of Kent seems to have been favourite sketching-ground with him; and one more beautiful—with its ample woods, extensive parks,

productive orchards, festooned hop-gardens, verdant meadows watered by silvery streams, and variety of hill and dale—is not found throughout broad England. In 1831 he exhibited "The Corn-field;" in 1832, "Dinner-Time," a rustic scene; in 1834, "Farn-house, Cudham, Kent," a view "Near Farnborough, Kent," and "Reaping;" in 1835, "The Ferry," and "Water-Mill, Brasted, Kent;" in 1836, a picture painted for the late Earl of Egremont—a "View of Petworth Park," as seen at a dinner given by the earl to five thousand women and children; in 1837, "A Lucky Escape," and "Studies for Pictures;" in 1838, "Displaying the Catch," a finely painted work, which represents a young rustic exultingly showing a net full of fish, he has succeeded in taking, to an unfortunate juvenile brother of the angle, whose countenance sufficiently indicates his own ill-luck. Another of this year's contributions was a "Laure Scene, near Cudham, Kent."

"The Rencontre," exhibited in 1839, is a subject scarcely worthy of the care which the artist bestowed upon it: a group of children enjoying the fun caused by a small dog trying to reach a brood of goslings in a pond, while the maternal goose repels the aggressor. "The Rise of the Ravensbourne, Keston, Kent," exhibited at the same time, is a very pleasing picture. Three vacancies having occurred by death this year among the Royal Academicians, the Associates elected in the room of the deceased members included the name of Mr. Witherington; the others were Mr. Maclise and Mr. Hart: the election



Engraved by]

BREAKFAST.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

took place in February, 1840. The only picture he sent that year was one entitled "Stacking Hay." It is possible that at this time the artist was still in too delicate a state of health to labour much at his easel; whether or not this was the case, he came out in the following year with a manifest increase of numbers, his contributions consisting of four pictures—"Repose;" "Winchester Tower, Windsor Castle, from Romney Lock;" "View from Keston Common, Kent;" and "Morant's Court Hill, from Dry Hill Farm, near Sundridge, Kent." These Kentish scenes are rendered with much taste, feeling, and truth. "Ambleton Ferry, near Henley-on-Thames," and "Passing the Lock, Windsor," painted and exhibited in 1842, are two very pleasing examples of Mr. Witherington's pencil; the several accessories are introduced skilfully and appropriately, and a fresh, cheerful, English character is given to the scenes. One of four pictures which were in the Academy in the exhibition of 1843 was essentially a figure subject: "The Supposed Death of Imogen" consists of three figures contemplating the presumed dead body. The next in the catalogue of the year to which Mr. Witherington's name appeared was, "The Hop Garland," painted for the late Mr. Wells, of Redleaf; the charming little picture of the same subject, but with some alteration in the composition, purchased by Mr. Vernon, and now in the "Vernon Collection," at Marlborough House, was never exhibited at the Academy. After this followed

a "Study from Nature, near Hayes, Kent," a group of trees not of the most picturesque character, but fresh, verdant, and truthful in general form and in the delineation of foliage. Another Kentish scene—"Hayes Common," also a study from nature—completes the series of the year: the perspective of the common is most successfully delineated.

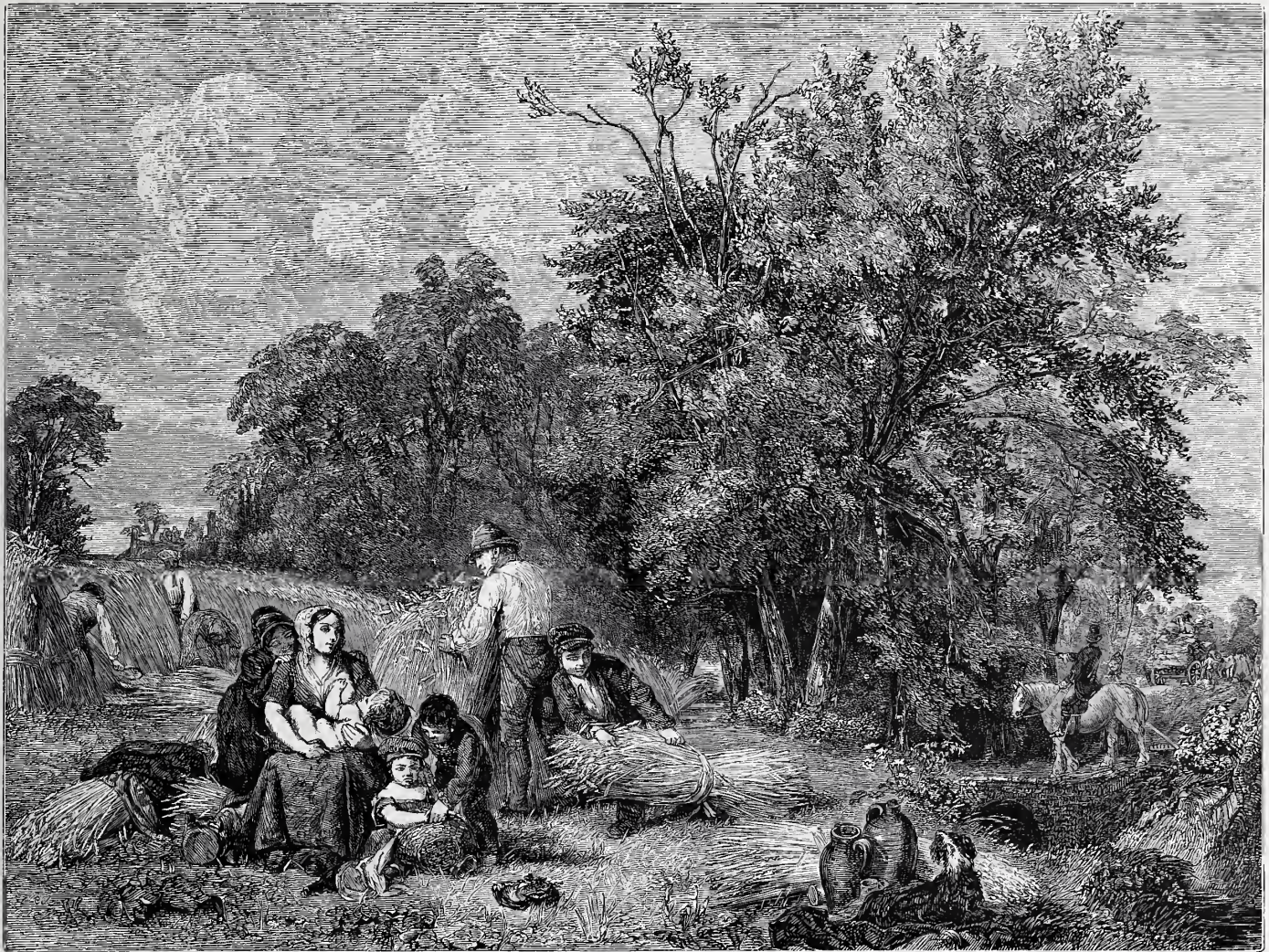
The year 1844 bore evidence that Mr. Witherington had extended his travels beyond the hedgerows and green meadows of Kent, and the banks of the Thames about Windsor and Maidenhead, to which his travels in search of the picturesque seem hitherto to have been restricted: the five pictures exhibited by him in that year are from sketches taken in Wales. "A Lift on the Way Home" shows a valley, shut in by crags and mountains, where a cart has stopped to take in a group of Welsh peasants returning from market. The figures are "put in" with much skill, and are rather rich in colour. Of the four others, two are views near Bettws-y-Coed, the third a scene on the Lleder, North Wales, and the fourth, "Stepping-stones on the Machno." One of the best of these Welsh views is the "Falls of Machno" (1845). The subject is well selected, and has many points of execution and colour that render it valuable. "The Greeting," and "Returning from the Village," are both of the same date.

Another change of locality appeared in one, at least, of the pictures exhibited by this painter in 1846—a "Midday Scene near Bideford, Devon." It is a

close wooded scene, with the sunlight breaking very naturally through the masses of foliage; the trees are graceful in form, truthful in character, and freely painted. Its companions in the gallery were "Harvest Time," and "The Rescue of Roland Græme:" the former a nook of a corn-field, closed in on the left by a group of trees; reapers are at work in the foreground, cutting and binding into sheaves the golden grain: it is a capital picture of its class. So also is another, exhibited in the following year—"The Mid-day Retreat," a work on which much labour was bestowed, and not without the most advantageous results. The "retreat" consists of a thick screen of trees, which were undoubtedly closely copied from nature. The distribution of light and shade is most judicious; but the foliage would have gained additional value if touched in with a fuller and more free pencil. With this were exhibited "The Village," and "Going to Market." The former, prefaced in the catalogue of the Academy by a quotation from Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," is a work of very striking excellence, though the remark we just made with respect to the *handling* of the foliage applies with equal force to the trees in this picture. "Going to Market" almost takes rank as a figure subject. A farmer, before starting for the neighbouring town, is caressing a young child which its mother holds up to his face.

The subject is better suited to a smaller canvas than that on which it is painted.

In 1848 appeared another "HARVEST FIELD," one of our woodcuts, very similar in character and treatment to that already described. It was accompanied by a "Scene in North Devon," a passage of thickly wooded landscape, the light penetrating here and there through the dense masses of foliage, and serving to make the darkness more visible. "BREAKFAST," also one of the woodcuts, a husbandman seated on a newly felled log of timber, and partaking of his frugal meal, which his wife and children have brought him, is another of those rustic scenes identified with the best works of this painter. It was exhibited in 1849, together with two views sketched among the English lakes—"Grasmere," and "Ambleside:" the former especially is treated with much poetic feeling. The following year produced "Summer," the title given to a subject of sylvan scenery; "Coniston Lake;" "The Mountain Road;" and a *bit* of Marlborough Forest: all of them works that maintained the reputation of the artist. In 1851 he exhibited "Midsummer;" a "Scene in Knowle Park, Kent, after Stormy Weather;" and a "View from the Troutbeck Road, looking over Windermere:" the first of these we greatly preferred to the



Engraved by]

THE HARVEST-FIELD.

[J. and G. P. Nichols

others. His next contributions to the Academy comprised, "The Bird's Nest in Danger," another close, wooded scene, to which animation is given by a group of young urchins, one of whom climbs a tree in search of a nest; "Crummock Water, Buttermere," a true but somewhat *hardly* expressed representation; and "Derwent and Bassenthwaite Lakes." In 1853 he exhibited "The Village Post Office," the best figure picture he ever produced—the characters well studied and well drawn; "A Summer Afternoon," a pleasant, glowing landscape; and "The Way round the Park:" the subject is only a walk "fenced" with trees, whose shaded tones are broken by gleams of sunlight, faithfully described. In the following year appeared "The Park," "Harvesting near Derwentwater," and a "Water-Mill," three subjects differing much from each other, but all treated with truth and a right feeling for the picturesque in nature.

Two out of the three pictures exhibited in 1853 were painted in Surrey; one, entitled "The Silent Mole," a large canvas, presenting a view of the narrow, gentle river winding through fertile meadows, and enlivened by the introduction of a fisherman in a boat raising some "eel-pots;" the other a group of children "Gathering Watercresses" on its banks. The third painting was called "The Homestead," a most agreeable composition—at least to those who, like ourselves, can enjoy such truly English pastoral scenes. In

1856 the public saw in Trafalgar Square five subjects from his pencil: two painted near Chudleigh, Devonshire—one called "The Brook," the other "The Glen;" two, respectively entitled, "Winter," and "Autumn,"—the former typified by a labourer employed in cutting down timber, to whom a child has brought his daily meal, and the latter by three children homeward-bound from gleaning; the fifth, "RETURNING FROM CHURCH," forms one of our illustrations. Four pictures constitute Mr. Witherington's quota to the exhibition of 1857—"Early Summer;" "In Lyndale, North Devon;" "The Never-failing Brook—the Busy Mill;" and "Spring." Last year he sent two views—"On the Greta," and "Mid-day." On these we have no space to comment; and they have been so recently the subject of our remarks as to render any further observation unnecessary.

Mr. Witherington is a true lover of English ground, and an able illustrator of its "thousand sights of loveliness." Unlike very many of our artists, he has not been beguiled by the beauties of continental scenery to quit his native land in search of the picturesque. Here he has found enough and to spare; and when his own sun goes down—long may it be first, though the shadows of his life are rapidly lengthening—he will leave behind very many pleasant and faithful memories of nooks and corners of old England lighted up by the sunshine, and enriched by the fancy, of his pencil.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 13.—RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

THE late President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee, has spoken of the career of Richard Wilson as "a reproach to the age in which he lived. With powers which ought to have raised him to the highest fame, and recommended him to the most prosperous fortune, Wilson was suffered to live embarrassed and to die poor;" and this at a time when £2000 a year could be realised by an inferior artist, Barret, although "Wilson's landscapes," to use Barry's words, "afford the happiest illustration of whatever there is fascinating, rich, precious, and harmonious in the Venetian colouring,"—a testimony which nothing but genuine merit could have extorted from such a critic. A more caustic writer, equally able to decide on true merit, Dr. Walcot (better known as Peter Pindar), despite of the neglect of would-be *cognoscenti*, exclaimed, in his satiric "Odes to the Royal Academicians:"—

— "Old red-nosed Wilson's art
Will hold its empire o'er my heart,
By Britain left in poverty to pine,
But, honest Wilson, never mind,
Immortal praises thou shalt find,
And for a dinner have no cause to fear,
Thou start'st at my prophetic rhymes!
Don't be impatient for these times—
Wait till thou hast been dead a hundred year!"

The justness of Walcot's judgment has been abundantly testified since he wrote these lines; the pictures that Wilson could only sell for a few pounds each, and then only to charitable pawn-brokers, have since fetched as many hundreds.* At one time the "English Claude" was so far reduced in circumstances as to be unable to execute a small commission when he was in great want of it, because he had not money enough to purchase canvas and colours.†

The great landscape painter was born in one of the finest districts of Wales, that most picturesque haunt of landscape painters. He was the third son of the Rev. John Wilson, Rector of Penegoes, in Montgomeryshire, where he was born in 1713. His mother was of the family of Wynne, of Leeswood, near Mold, Flintshire. He received a good classical education, and early showed a marked predilection for drawing. He was taken to London, at the age of fifteen, by his relative, Sir George Wyne, and placed under Wright, a portrait painter. He soon, however, commenced on his own account, and painted, among other notables, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. After some time he set off for Italy, where, unconscious of the beat of his genius, he continued to paint portraits. There he frequented good society, and was much respected. Zuccherelli and Veruet, having seen his sketches, prevailed upon him to relinquish portrait and apply himself to landscape painting. Raphael Mengs painted his portrait in exchange for a landscape. In 1755, after six years' residence in Italy, he returned, and took up his abode in London. He continued to paint fine pictures, but his art was too intellectual for the public taste of his day. His style was too broad, suggestive, and masterly; it savoured too much of "miud" and artistic feeling to meet with a just echo in the breath of the uninitiated. Still he persevered, without catering to the bad taste that was, and almost always is, fashionable. The style of this distinguished artist formed an epoch in English landscape painting. His claims to praise are, grandeur in the choice or invention of his scenes, felicity in the distribution of his lights and shadows, freshness and harmony in his tints. Fuseli says that, "Wilson's taste was so exquisite, and his eye so chaste, that whatever came from his easel bore the stamp of elegance and truth. His subjects were the selections of taste; and whether of the simple, the elegant, or the sublime, they were

* Small pictures, which he used to place along the wash or skirting boards of his studio, and which in these days will bring from one hundred to two hundred guineas each, were bought from the artist by a well-known picture dealer (who told the anecdote to the writer) for sums of one, two, and sometimes three guineas.

† It was furnished by the young man who had recommended him to his patron, and who afterwards entered the church, and achieved some celebrity in his day as an amateur artist, the Rev. Mr. Peters, who had intended to become a painter, but was shocked at fearing Wilson's fate might be his own, as he felt he had not a tittle of his talent.

treated with equal success. Indeed, he possessed that versatility of power as to be one minute an eagle sweeping the heavens, and the next a wren twittering a simple note on the humble thorn." The brilliancy and beauty of his skies and distances, supported by rich and reposeful masses of shade thrown over the woods, rocky hills, and buildings which usually constituted his middle distances, together with his well-handled, truthful, and admirably arranged foregrounds, displayed this great painter to every advantage in the recent Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester.

Wilson was one of the founders of the Royal Academy, and his portrait appears in the interesting pictures of its early members, by Zoffany; the Academy was ultimately of pecuniary use to him when he was appointed its secretary—it was all he then had to depend upon; and he shifted his London residences for the worse as he increased in matured ability, and declined in public patronage. He at one time resided where so many great painters had lived before him, in the north arcade of the Piazza, Covent Garden; then in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; in Great Queen Street,

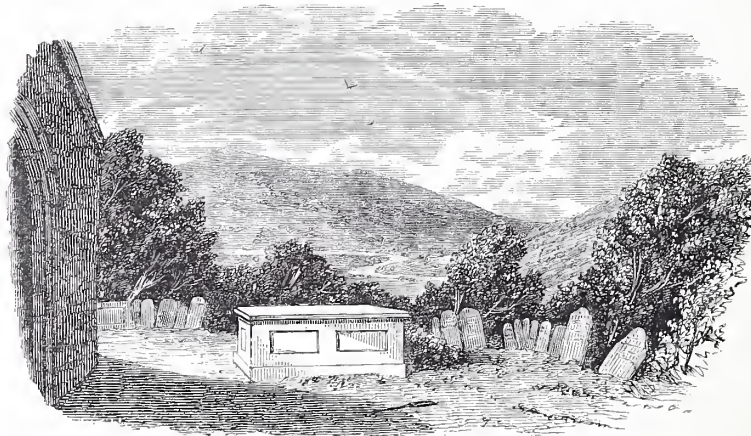


COLOMONDIE HOUSE.

Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; at the corner of Foley Place, Great Portland Street; and lastly, in a wretched lodging in Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road. From thence he made a sudden flight to Wales, and a happy and comfortable home. The death of his brother put him into possession of property in his native land, and a profitable lead mine was found upon his estate. He resided at Colomondie, the seat of his cousin, Miss Catherine Jones, to whose estates he would also have succeeded had he survived her. It is in the village of Llanverris, Denbighshire, in the midst of scenery

the artist loved, and where he would ramble daily with his faithful dog, who once returned howling alone to the house, and dragged a servant by the clothes to the spot where Wilson lay helplessly suffering the first stroke of a mortal malady of which he died soon afterwards.*

His tomb, near the entrance to the parish church of St. Mary, at Mold, is a handsome and well-constructed sarcophagus, which, with the pretty bit of scenery it commands, forms the subject of the accompanying woodcut. On it is engraved—"The remains of Richard Wilson, Esq., Member of the



THE TOMB OF WILSON.

Royal Academy of Artists. Interred May 15, 1782, aged 69." And beneath this inscription is added a tribute to his memory in the Welsh language, which obtained the prize at the Eisteddfod of 1852, of which the following version is offered:—

"From life's first dawn his genius shed its rays,
And Nature owned him in his earliest days
A willing suitor; skill'd her lines t' impart,
With all the lore and graces of his Art;
His noble works are still admired, and claim
The just reward of an enduring fame."

The Rev. Dr. Williams, Rector of Nannerch, near Mold, is collecting subscriptions for the erection of

a handsome monument *inside* the church to Wilson's memory; the Marquis of Westminster, Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., and other distinguished persons, have come forward with liberal contributions, which, it is hoped, will induce many to follow their example.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

* Our sketch of the house was made some years ago by Mr. Harrison, an artist since deceased. That of Wilson's tomb was recently furnished by Mr. W. Linton, the well-known painter, together with notes descriptive and biographical—the only assistance of the kind that has hitherto been received by the writer of this series of papers.

ON DOMESTIC GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

2. DICE, TABLES, DRAUGHTS, CARDS.

At an early period the German tribes, as known to the Romans, were notoriously addicted to gambling. We are informed by Tacitus that a German in his time would risk not only his property, but his own personal liberty, on a throw of the dice; and if he lost, he submitted patiently, as a point of honour, to be bound by his opponent, and carried to the market to be sold into slavery. The Anglo-Saxons appear to have shared largely in this passion; and their habits of gambling are alluded to in different writers. A well-known writer of the first half of the twelfth century, Ordericus Vitalis, tells us that in his time even the prelates of the church were in the habit of playing at dice. A still more celebrated writer, John of Salisbury, who lived a little later in the same century, speaks of dice-playing as being then extremely prevalent, and enumerates no less than ten different games, which he names in Latin, as follows:—*tessera, calculus, tabula* (tables), *urio vel Dardana pugna* (Troy fight), *tricolus, senio* (sice), *monarchus, orbiculi, taliorchus, and vulpes* (the game of fox).—“*De Nugis Curialium*,” lib. i. c. 5. The sort of estimation in which the game was then held is curiously illustrated by an anecdote in the Carolingian romance of “*Parise la Duchesse*,” where the King of the Hungarians wishes to contrive some means of testing the real character (aristocratic or plebeian) of his foundling, young Hugues, not then known to be the son of the Duchess Parise. A party of robbers (which appears not to have been a specially disreputable avocation among the Hungarians of the romance) are employed, first to seduce the youth to “the chess and the dice,” and afterwards to lead him against his will to a thieving expedition, the object of which was to rob the treasury of the king, his godfather. They made a great hole in the wall, and thrust Hugues through it. The youth beheld the heaps of gold and silver with astonishment; but, resolved to touch none of the wealth he saw around him, his eyes fell upon a coffer on which lay three dice, “made and pointed in fine ivory.”

“Garde sor i. eserin, si a ven iij. dez,
Qui sont de fin yvoire et fait et pointuré.”
Parise la Duchesse, p. 94.

Hugues seized the three dice, thrust them into his bosom, and, returning through the breach in the wall, told the robbers that he had carried away “the worth of four cities.” When the robbers heard his explanation, they at once concluded, from the taste he had displayed on this occasion, that he was of gentle blood, and the king formed the same opinion on the result of this trial.

During the period of which we are now speaking—the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—the use of dice had spread itself from the highest to the very lowest class of the population. In its simpler form, that of the game of hazard, in which the chance of each player rested on the mere throw of the dice, it was the common game of the low frequenters of the taverns, that class which lived upon the vices of

the clothes they carried upon them, on which the tavern-keepers, who seem to have acted also as pawnbrokers, readily lent small sums of money. We often read of men who got into the taverner's hands, playing as well as drinking themselves naked; and in a well-known manuscript of the beginning of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII. fol. 167 v^o) we find an illumination which represents this process very literally (Fig. 1). One, who is evidently the more aged of the two players, is already perfectly naked, whilst the other is reduced to his shirt. The illuminator appears to have intended to represent them as playing against each other till neither had anything left, like the two celebrated cats of Kilkenny, who ate one another up until nothing remained but their tails.

A burlesque parody on the church service, written in Latin, perhaps as early as the thirteenth century, and printed in the “*Reliquiae Antiquae*,” gives us rather a curious picture of tavern manners at that early period. The document is profane,—much more so than any of the parodies for which Hone was prosecuted; but it is only a moderate example of the general laxness in this respect which prevailed, even among the clergy, in what have been called “the ages of faith.” This is entitled “The Mass of the Drunkards,” and contains a running allusion to the throwing of the three dice, and the loss of clothing which followed; but it is full of Latin puns on the words of the church service, and the greater part of it would not bear a translation.

It will have been already remarked that, in all these anecdotes and stories, the ordinary number of the dice is three. This appears to have been the

number used in most of the common games. In our cut (No. 2), taken from the illumination in a copy of Jean de Vignay's translation of Jacobus de



Fig. 2.—A DICE-PLAYER.

Cessolis (MS. Reg. 19 C, XI.), the dice-player appears to hold but two dice in his hand; but this is to be laid solely to the charge of the draughtsman's want of skill, as the text tells us distinctly that he has three. We learn also from the text, that in the jug he holds in his right hand he carries his money, a late example of the use of earthen vessels for this purpose. Two dice were, however, sometimes used, especially in the game of hazard, which appears to have been the great gambling



Fig. 3.—A GAMBLING PARTY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

game of the middle ages. Chaucer, in the “*Parson's Tale*,” describes the hazardours as playing with two dice. But in the curious scene in the “*Towneley Mysteries*” (p. 241), a work apparently contemporary with Chaucer, the tormenters, or executioners, are introduced throwing for Christ's unseamed garment with three dice; the winner throws fifteen points, which could only be thrown with that number of dice. A very curious piece of painted glass, now in the possession of Mr. Fairholt, of German manufacture, and forming part, apparently, of a series illustrative of the history of the Prodigal Son, represents a party of gamblers at dice, of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, in which they are playing with two dice. It is copied in our cut (Fig. 3). The original bears the inscription, “*Jan Van Hassell Tryngen in hausrav*,” with a merchant's mark, and the date, 1532. Three dice, however, continued to be used long after this, and are from time to time alluded to during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

It would not seem easy to give much ornamentation to the form of dice without destroying their

utility, yet this has been attempted at various times, and not only in a very grotesque, but in a similar manner at very distant periods. This was done by giving the die the form of a man, so doubled up, that when thrown he fell in different positions, so as to show the points uppermost, like an ordinary die. The smaller example represented in our cut (Fig. 4) is Roman, and made of silver, and several



Fig. 4.—ORNAMENTAL DICE.

Roman dice of the same form are known. It is singular that the same idea should have presented itself at a much later period, and, as far as we can judge, without any room for supposing



Fig. 1.—MEDIEVAL GAMBLERS.

society, and which was hardly looked upon as belonging to society itself. The practice and results of gambling are frequently referred to in the popular writers of the later middle ages. People could no longer stake their personal liberty on the throw, but they played for everything they had—even for

that it was by imitation. Our second example, which is larger than the other, and carved in box-wood, is of German work, and apparently as old as the beginning of the sixteenth century. Both are now in the fine and extensive collection of Lord Lodesborough.

The simple throwing of the dice was rather an excitement than an amusement; and at an early period people sought the latter by a combination of the dice-throwing with some other system of movements or calculations. In this way, no doubt, originated the different games enumerated above by John of Salisbury, the most popular of which was that of tables (*tabula* or *tabulæ*). This game was in use among the Romans, and was in all probability borrowed from them by the Anglo-Saxons, among whom it was in great favour, and who called the game *tafel* (evidently a mere adoption of the Latin name), and the dice *teoselas* and *tafel-stanas*. The former evidently represents the Latin *tessellæ*, little cubes; and the latter seems to show that the Anglo-Saxon dice were usually made of stones. At a later period, the game of *tables*, used nearly always in the plural, is continually mentioned along with chess, as the two most fashionable and aristocratic games in use. An early and richly illuminated manuscript in the British Museum—perhaps of the beginning of the fourteenth century (MS. Harl. No. 1257)—furnishes us with the group of players



Fig. 5.—A PARTY AT TABLES.

at tables represented in our cut (Fig. 5). The table, or board, with bars or points, is here clearly delineated, and we see that the players use both dice and men, or pieces—the latter round discs, like our modern draughtsmen. In another manuscript,

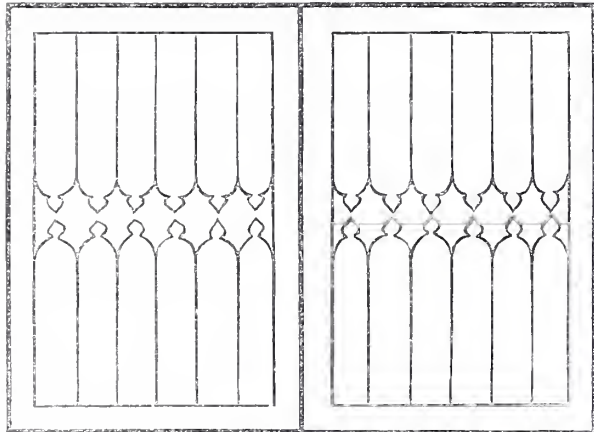


Fig. 6.—A TABLE-BOARD (BACKGAMMON) OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

This game continued long to exist in England under its old name of *tables*. Thus Shakespeare:—

"This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at *tables*, chides the dice."
Love's Labour's Lost, act v. sc. 2.

The game appears at this time to have been a favourite one in the taverns and ordinaries. Thus, in a satirical tract in verse, printed in 1600, we are told of—

"An honest vicker, and a kind consort,
That to the alchouse friendly would resort,
To have a game at *tables* now and than,
Or drinke his pot as soone as any man."
Letting of Humours Blood, 1600.

And one of the most popular of the satirical writers of that period, Dekker, in his "Lanthorne and Candle-Light," printed in 1620, says, punningly,—
"And knowing that your most selected gallants are

belonging to a rather later period of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 13 A, XVIII. fol. 157 v^o), we have a diagram which shows the board as composed of two tables, represented in our cut No. 6. It was probably this construction which caused the name to be used in the plural; and as the Anglo-Saxons always used the name in the singular, as is the case also with John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, while the plural is always used by the writers of a later date, we seem justified in concluding that the board used by the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans consisted of one table, like that represented in our cut No. 5, and that this was afterwards superseded by the double board. It is hardly necessary to point out to our readers that these two pictures of the boards show us clearly that the mediæval game of tables was identical with our modern backgammon, or rather, we should perhaps say, that the game of backgammon, as now played, is one of the games played on the tables.

In the manuscript last quoted (MS. Reg. 13 A, XVIII.) the figure of the board is given to illustrate a very curious treatise on the game of tables, written in Latin, in the fourteenth, or even perhaps in the thirteenth, century. The writer begins by informing us, that "there are many games at tables with dice, of which the first is the long game, and is the game of the English, and it is common, and played as follows: *multi sunt ludi ad tabulas cum taxillis, quorum primus est longus ludus et est ludus Anglicorum, et est communis, et est talis nature*," meaning, I presume, that it was the game usually played in England. From the directions given for playing it, this game seems to have had a close general resemblance to backgammon. The writer of the treatise says that it was played with three dice, or with two dice, in which latter case they counted six at each throw for the third die. In some of the other games described here, two dice only were used. We learn from this treatise the English terms for two modes of winning at the "long game" of tables—the one being called "lympoldyng," the other "lurchyng;" and a person losing by the former was said to be "lympolded." The writer of this tract gives directions for playing at several other games of tables, and names some of them—such as "paume carie," the Lombard's game (*ludus Lombardorum*), the "imperial," the "provincial," "baralie," and "faylys."

the oncle *table-men* that are plaid withal at ordinaries, into an ordinarye did he most gentleman-like convey himselfe in state." We learn from another tract of the same author, the "Gul's Hornbooke," that the table-men at this time were usually painted.

We hardly perceive how the name of tables disappeared. It seems probable that at this time the game of tables meant simply what we now call backgammon, a word the oldest mention of which, so far as I have been able to discover, occurs in Howell's "Familiar Letters," first printed in 1646. It is there written *baggamon*. In the "Compleat Gamespace," 1674, backgammon and ticktack occur as two distinct games at what would have formerly been called tables; and another similar game was called Irish. Curiously enough, in the earlier part of the last century the game of backgammon was

most celebrated as a favourite game among country parsons.

Another game existing in the middle ages, but much more rarely alluded to, was called *dames*, or ladies, and has still preserved that name in French. In English, it was changed for that of *draughts*, derived no doubt from the circumstance of *drawing* the men from one square to another. Our cut

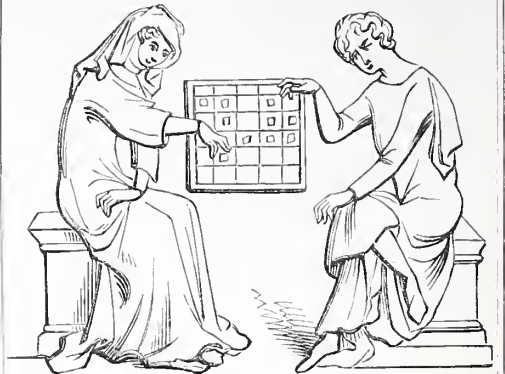


Fig. 7.—A GAME AT DRAUGHTS.

(Fig. 7), taken from a manuscript in the British Museum of the beginning of the fourteenth century, known commonly as Queen Mary's Psalter (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII.), represents a lady and gentleman playing at *dames*, or draughts, differing only from the character of the game at the present day in the circumstance that the draughtsmen are evidently square.

The mediæval games were gradually superseded by a new contrivance, that of playing-cards, which were introduced into Western Europe in the course of the fourteenth century. It has been suggested that the idea of playing-cards was taken from chess—in fact, that they are the game of chess transferred to paper, and without a board, and they are generally understood to have been derived from the East. Cards, while they possessed some of the characteristics of chess, presented the same mixture of chance and skill which distinguished the game of tables. An Italian writer, probably of the latter part of the fifteenth century, named Cavelluzzo, author of a history of Viterbo, states that "in the year 1379 was brought into Viterbo the game of cards, which comes from the country of the Saracens, and is with them called *naib*." Cards are still in Spanish called *naipes*, which is said to be derived from the Arabic: but they were certainly known in the west of Europe before the date given by



Fig. 8.—CARDS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Cavelluzzo. Our cut (Fig. 8) is taken from a very fine manuscript of the romance of Meliadus, in the British Museum (MS. Addit. 12,228, fol. 313 v^o), which was written apparently in the south of France between the years 1330 and 1350; it represents a royal party playing at cards, which

were therefore considered at that time as the amusement of the highest classes of society. They are, however, first distinctly alluded to in history in the year 1393. In that year Charles VI. of France was labouring under a visitation of insanity; and we find in the accounts of his treasurer, Charles Poupart, an entry to the following effect:—"Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and diversly coloured, and ornamented with several devises, to deliver to the lord the King for his amusement, fifty-six sols of Paris." It is clear from this entry that the game of cards was then tolerably well known in France, and that it was by no means new, though it was evidently not a common game, and the cards had to be made by a painter—that is, as I suppose, an illuminator of manuscripts. We find as yet no allusion to them in England; and it is remarkable that neither Chaucer, nor any of the numerous writers of his and the following age, ever speak of them. An illuminated manuscript of apparently the earlier part of the fifteenth century, perhaps of Flemish workmanship (it contains a copy of Raoul de Presle's French translation of St. Augustine's "*Civitas Dei*"), presents us with another card-party, which we give in our cut (Fig. 9). Three persons are



Fig. 9.—CARDS IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

here engaged in the game, two of whom are ladies. After the date at which three packs of cards were made for the amusement of the lunatic king, the game of cards seems soon to have become common in France; for less than four years later—on the 22nd of January, 1397—the provost of Paris considered it necessary to publish an edict, forbidding working people to play at tennis, bowls, dice, cards, or ninepins, on working days. By one of the acts of the synod of Langres, in 1404, the clergy were expressly forbidden to play at cards. These had now made their way into Germany, and had become so popular there, that early in the fifteenth century card-making had become a regular trade.

In the third year of the reign of Edward IV. (1463), the importation of playing-cards, probably from Germany, was forbidden, among other things, by act of parliament; and as that act is understood to have been called for by the English manufacturers, who suffered by the foreign trade, it can hardly be doubted that cards were then manufactured in England on a rather extensive scale. Cards had then, indeed, evidently become very popular in England; and only twenty years afterwards they are spoken of as the common Christmas game, for Margery Paston wrote as follows to her husband, John Paston, on the 24th of December in that year,—“Please it you to weet (know) that I sent your eldest son John to my Lady Morley, to have knowledge of what sports were used in her house in the Christmas next following after the decease of my lord her husband; and she said that there were none disguisings, nor harpings, nor luting, nor singing, nor none loud disports, but playing at the tables, and the chess, and cards—such disports she gave her folks leave to play, and none other. . . . I sent your younger son to the Lady Stapleton, and she said according to my Lady Morley's saying in

that, and as she had seen used in places of worship (*gentlemen's houses*) there as she had been.”

From this time the mention of cards becomes frequent. They formed the common amusement in the courts of Scotland and England under the reigns of Henry VII. and James IV.; and it is recorded that when the latter monarch paid his first visit to his affianced bride, the young Princess Margaret of England, “he founde the quene playing at the cardes.”

In Germany at this time card-playing was carried to an extravagant degree, and it became an object of attack and satire to the reformers among the clergy. Our cut (Fig. 10) represents a German



Fig. 10.—CARDS EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

and a few years later it arose equally loud. A short anonymous poem on the ruin of the realm, belonging apparently to the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII. (MS. Harl. No. 2252, fol. 25 v°), complains of the nobles and gentry:—

“Before thys tyme they lovyd for to juste,
And in shotyng chiefly they sett ther mynde,
And ther landys and possessyons new sett they moste,
And at cardes and dyce ye may them fynde.”

“Cardes and dyce” are from this time forward spoken of as the great blot on contemporary manners; and they seem for a long time to have driven most other games out of use. Roy, in his remarkable satire against Cardinal Wolsey, complains that the bishops themselves were addicted to gambling:—

“To play at the cardes and dyce
Some of theym are no thyng nyce,
Both at hasard and mom-chauucc.”

The rage for cards and dice prevailed equally in Scotland. Sir David Lindsay's popish parson, in 1535, boasts of his skill in these games:—

“Thoch I preich nocht, I can play at the caiche;
I wot there is nocht ane amang yow all
Mair ferylic can play at the fut-ball;
And for the cartis, the tabels, and the dyce,
Above all parsons I may beir the pryse.”

The same celebrated writer, in a poem against Cardinal Beaton, represents that prelate as a great gambler:—

“In banketting, playing at cartis and dyce,
Into sic wysedome I was haldin wyse,
And spairit nocht to play with king nor knight
Thre thousand crownes of golde upon ane night.”

It must not be forgotten that it is partly to the use of playing-cards that we owe the invention which has been justly regarded as one of the greatest benefits granted to mankind. The first cards, as we have seen, were painted with the hand. They were subsequently made more rapidly by a process called stencilling—that is, by cutting the rude forms through a piece of pasteboard, parchment, or thin metal, which, placed on the card-board intended to receive the impressiou, was brushed over with ink or colour, which passed through the cut out lines, and imparted the figure to the material beneath. A further improvement was made by cutting the figures on blocks of wood, and literally printing them on the cards. These card-blocks are supposed to have given the first idea of wood-c engraving. When people saw the effects of cutting the figures of the cards upon blocks, they began to cut figures of saints on blocks in the same manner, and then applied the method to other

card-party in a tavern, taken from an early painted coffer in the Museum of Old German Art at Nuremberg. The design of the cards is that of packs of fancifully ornamented cards made in Germany at the close of the fifteenth century. The German satirists of that age complain that the rage for gambling had taken possession of all classes of society, and levelled all ranks, ages, and sexes; that the noble gambled with the commoner, and the clergy with the laity. Some of the clerical reformers declared that card-playing as well as dice was a deadly sin; and others complained that this love of gambling had caused people to forget all honourable pursuits.

A similar outcry was raised in our own country;

subjects, cutting in like manner the few words of necessary explanation. This practice further expanded itself into what are called block-books, consisting of pictorial subjects, with copious explanatory text. Some one at length hit upon the idea of cutting the pages of a regular book on so many blocks of wood, and taking impressions on paper or vellum, instead of writing the manuscript; and this plan was soon further improved by cutting letters or words on separate pieces of wood, and setting them up together to form pages. The wood was subsequently superseded by metal. And thus originated the noble art of PRINTING.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

PROGRESS OF THE DECORATIONS.

In the Queen's Robing Room, on the walls of which Mr. Dyce is painting incidents from the life of King Arthur, nothing has been done since our last notice; nor has Mr. Herbert advanced his works in the chamber appropriated to him. The lower parts of the Prince's Chamber are not, it may be supposed, to be left as they now are; some change in the bas-reliefs has been effected since we saw it last, but the whole looks extremely heavy, and the more so since the upper part has been fitted with the series of full-length portraits on diapered gilt grounds, and these show what is wanting below. We are glad that the monkish bas-relief, that was placed experimentally over the fire-place, has been removed—long ago did we condemn the taste that essayed the introduction of the rude contorted manner of the very infancy of oak carving. For years have we closely watched the progress of these works, and we are justified in saying that a very large proportion of the decorations are but costly experiments, which have failed. The difficulty of obtaining a full broad light in all these rooms and corridors is sufficiently obvious; but in many cases the coloured glass might have been spared. The honourable members of the lower chamber found their house too dark with the painted glass windows, which have been removed, a lighter glass having been substituted. But we fear that we must despair of a similar improvement in those dark corridors wherein are already placed some of the pictures of the historical series. As in the Prince's Chamber there cannot be thrown a stronger light, there must be reflection. We know not what may be contemplated, but the breadths of gilding in the upper

panels suggest, for the sake of harmony and composition, a downward continuation of a like manner of enrichment. The chamber is small, therefore the light from the high windows falls directly on the opposite walls, the lower parts of the room being lighted only by a subdued reflection, which is further reduced by the brilliancy of the upper gilded leather panels on which the light directly falls. It is, therefore, desirable that the compartmental divisions be gilded, or that the bas-reliefs themselves be gilded, a treatment which would realize two worthy results—they would compose with the upper panelling, and would thus be brought out so as to be seen, for they are at present invisible. Gibson's enthroned statue of the Queen, when all the doors are closed, looks too large for this room. It falls, however, into just proportions when seen from the corridor, with the doors open, but it is doubtful if this compensates for the disadvantage. The portraits which decorate this chamber are all painted upon diapered leather gilt, the figure cutting the gilding very sharply without any painted background. The impersonations are of the size of life, and represent principally the Tudors and their connections. There are Mary Queen of Scots, Francis II., Darnley, Henry VII., Elizabeth of York, Prince Arthur, Katherine of Arragon, Henry VIII., and all his wives; Mary, Philip, Elizabeth, &c.

The greater number of the frescoes in the Poets' Hall may be considered as destroyed by damp, which has affected these works in a way to show the great diversity of manner in which they have been executed. Some passages of the flesh, especially the shaded and lower tints, are stained and discoloured with the most unwholesome hues, and entire fields of microscopic fungi have their annual cycles of seasons—perish, revive, and again die, bequeathing fresh strength to their posterity, which must in the end equal mushrooms in growth, unless in the mean time this *horlus humidus* fall under the notice of some unusually inquisitive committee of the honourable house. In Horsley's "Satan at the ear of Eve," a small portion of the leg of Adam looks as if scraped off, showing the white plaster, and the left hand corner is discoloured. Tenniel's "St. Cecilia" looks as yet free from injury, but "The Thames and the English Rivers," by Anitage, is much stained, and appears mildewed, and in the "Death of Marmon," by the same painter, the shaded parts show the progress of decomposition, but the lighter breadths of the flesh seem as yet intact. In Cope's "Death of Lara," parts of the flesh, and also of the draperies, are discoloured, and in the "First Trial of Griselda" the surface is just beginning to break. The "Red Cross Knight," by Watts, is in a condition worse than that of any of the series, a portion of the surface of the left leg of the knight having fallen off. In Herbert's "Disinheritance of Cordelia" there is no appearance of discolouration. Some of these frescoes are painted upon outside walls; bad the place been even moderately aired during the winter months, the works would have been preserved. The place is at present warmed by hot air, but during a great portion of the winter it is abandoned to the discretion of the fogs of Thorney Isle. It is vain to argue that our frescoes, being housed, ought thenceforward to take care of themselves, since frescoes in Italy have withstood the exterior influences for centuries. It is, we believe, only lately that the charming works in the vestibule of the Santissima Trinita have been glazed, and we cannot conceive that they could have ever been more brilliant than they now are. To us experience is worth nothing unless purchased at the greatest cost. The fate of these frescoes teaches us that we must not paint upon an outside wall without due precaution. The pictures in the corridors will escape the mouldy mortality which has overtaken the works in the Poets' Hall, because they are painted on slate and ventilated at the back. The series of statues is complete in St. Stephen's Hall, and the windows have been filled with the stained glass which was removed from the windows of the House of Commons, each pane containing the arms of one of the cities or boroughs of Great Britain and Ireland. The light here for frescoes, with plain glass, was better than that of any other part of the edifice, with the exception of, perhaps, the robing rooms, but what it may be with the stained glass cannot yet be seen.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE MONASTERY.

O. Achenbach, Painter. E. Goodall, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 5 ft. 3½ in. by 3 ft. 7½ in.

OSWALD ACHENBACH is one of the most promising landscape painters of the Dusseldorf School, in which his brother André, also a landscape painter, has for many years held a high position. The Dusseldorf Academy of Arts now ranks among the best schools in Germany; it is, in fact, second to none. Originally founded in 1700, by the Elector Palatine, John William, it derived additional importance and renewed vigour from the fostering care and patronage given by the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, Charles Theodore, who, in 1767, caused it to be reconstructed and placed under the direction of Lambert Krahe, who died in 1790. He was succeeded by Lauger, who retained the post till 1806, when the gallery—for it was still regarded as little more than a place of exhibition—was transferred to Munich: Lauger followed it to the latter city and became director of the Munich Academy. From 1806 till 1819 the Art-school, which remained at Dusseldorf, had no director, but only three professors or masters, to teach drawing, architecture, and engraving. In 1819, however, Cornelius was charged with its reorganization, and was named Director; yet it will not till 1821 that he commenced actually the functions of his office, and it is from this period we should date the re-creation of the institution. During the period intervening between the years last mentioned, Professor Mesler presided over all the preparatory arrangements in the absence of Cornelius, who passed the summer months at Munich, executing the frescoes which he was commissioned to paint for the Prince Royal of Bavaria; during the winter months Cornelius resumed his duties. In 1825, the latter artist, finding the directorship of the Academy interfered too much with his own professional practice, resigned the post, and was succeeded in 1827 by Schadow, Mosler acting as director in the interim. Schadow was accompanied to Dusseldorf by several of those who had been his pupils—Hubner, Hildebrandt, Lessing, and Sohn—who consulted together as to the best means of remodelling the school, or rather of forming the nucleus of a new one, for the majority of Cornelius's pupils had followed their master to Munich. When the latter entered upon his duties at Dusseldorf, the number of scholars attending the course of instruction did not exceed forty; during the first six months it greatly increased; under Schadow the numbers were augmented in a much larger proportion. At the expiration of ten years from Schadow's assumption of the director's chair, the names of more than 140 pupils appeared on the books of the Academy; among them were many who have now become famous throughout Europe.

Landscape-painting, as practised by the living artists of Dusseldorf, is, as we saw in a recent visit to the exhibition of the present year, making rapid advances—has, in fact, become eminently distinguished throughout Germany; much of this excellence is derived from the influence of Lessing and Schirmer, two of the old associates of the regenerated school: the latter artist has recently quitted Dusseldorf, after many years' residence there. The elder Achenbach is one of the chief supporters of its renown, while his younger brother, Oswald, is fast following in his footsteps. The tendency of the Dusseldorf landscape-painters is towards naturalism rather than idealism; their works are carefully studied, and as carefully painted; but, as one generally finds in the continental schools, they are deficient in that brilliancy, freshness, and beauty of colouring which is so attractive in the pictures of our own.

The picture of "The Monastery" affords an example of these critical remarks: as a composition it is very skilfully put together, and the scene altogether appears a veritable copy from nature; but in tone it is not pleasant to the eye of one accustomed to look upon English landscape: it shows two predominant colours—red, where the objects catch the evening sunlight; and an opaque grey, for the shadows. Those who remember the pictures of John Glover will be able to realize the general effect of this work, which forms a portion of the collection at Osborne.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

AGAIN the Art-season commences: the British Institution is open, its walls are covered with pictures on every available space where they can be seen, and even where they cannot be seen. The number of exhibited works does not each year vary much; and sometimes the number of rejected pictures approximates. The number of returned works is this year five hundred, and it has been the same before. The exhibited works amount to five hundred and ninety-two, among which are amply represented every department of Art except one, and that one is (the old story) what is called *history*. That which we know as "high Art" is denounced as ungrateful to the painter; but it is not that "high Art" is ungrateful, but that it demands for its themes the rarest gifts of the painter and the poet. Mediocrity in the highest walk of painting is intolerable; but mediocrity in low Art sells readily. On looking round on these walls, the eye is met by declarations of the most fearful depravity of taste in the choice of subject; and right earnestly do the painters devote themselves to the consecration of their unworthy themes. The expenditure of energy and thought which we often see thrown away upon some rustic driveller, would embolden a passage of sentiment or poetry, that certainly would be more precious both as to money value and the increase of the painter's reputation. But to turn to the Institution itself, the changes all but immediate with reference to the Royal Academy ought to be followed by some "revision" of the space in Pall Mall; for the Directory is rich and independent, and year by year they turn away works which find honourable place in other institutions. They must move sooner or later, and it would only be graceful to do so while their space is so much prized by our rising school.

No. 1. 'Sardis,' HARRY JOHNSON. Daylight, with its vulgarity of detail, would have mocked the desolation of this scene; it is therefore set forth in tones generally subdued, and shaded by the thickening veil of night. The silence of the place is broken only by the rise of a bittern, alarmed by a fox worrying a bird. There is little material in the subject. What there is may be good for Persepolis or Heliopolis, or any other city *quæ exeat in polis*, and has been upwards of two thousand years in process of entombment.

No. 2. 'The Sand-pit Road,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. A most truthful title. The subject is especially a clay or gravel bank, with a network of fissures and minute incident; to all the eccentric reticulation of which the painter has given his best attention. Verily, truth in Art is something to strive for.

No. 3. 'Bragozzi—Fishing Craft of Venice off the Giardini Publici,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. We observe some change in the convictions of this painter. Look into that sky, ye who are philosophic in airy expression, and tell us if that be anything more than the thinnest wash of turpentine. We notice it simply because we fear it will not stand. The boats are certainly much less severe, and therefore, in execution, more agreeable than others that have gone before them.

No. 7. 'The Bird's Nest,' C. DUKES. A rustic group: round, firm, and very pleasantly coloured.

No. 8. 'West Front of the Cathedral of Abbeville,' L. J. WOOD. The building is not to be mistaken; but we cannot endure to see those dear, dirty old houses, which we know to be severely grizzled by the wear and tear of centuries, to be flaunting in these false and gaudy hues. The best view of the building is from the river.



E. GODALL, SCULPT

O. ACHENBACH, PINX T

THE MONASTERY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE

No. 18. 'Saltarello Romano,' R. BUCKNER. We have never been fortunate enough to meet with the grace and sentiment which this painter attributes to his Roman boys. The balance of their style, and the manner of their raggedness, is sufficiently Roman; but if we interrogate their nature—their hands, feet, and heads—they are children of superior birth in masquerade. Do we fail most frequently in painting from what we see, or in working from what we feel?

No. 20. 'L'Allegro,' W. E. FROST, A.R.A. A small replica of the picture in the Queen's collection. Here the Graces are not limited to three.

No. 21. 'Clontarf Roads, Dublin Bay,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. A holiday sea—sunny, light, scarcely playful—evidently rapid, perhaps precipitated. What if it were carried on to what is now called finish?

No. 24. 'The Monk Felix,' C. GOLDIE. Suggested, as we read, by Longfellow's "Golden Legend." A small and successful study of a single figure; which, if the artist had seen in his studio as we see it here, he would have painted out the trees at the back of Felix.

No. 26. 'Chapel in the Cathedral of St. Mark's, Venice,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. This—so entirely severed from the grand interior, hung with its blazing cross—is rather Italian than Venetian; but there are some figures in the picture unaccountably red, and the same red meets the eye again and again. This is a jest, but not a good one. These fever-spots must certainly come out, or the picture will ever be inharmonious. Mr. Roberts, as to the licence of his brush, must have been patted on the shoulder by Rembrandt Van Rhyn, or, better, by the frenzied Tintoretto.

No. 37. 'Inver Canoch, Inverness-shire,' J. HOLLAND. The challenge of nature has been here accepted, and a passage of the most noble daring is the result. The management of the flitting lights and shades makes the distant hills the playground of the sportive shadows of the clouds; and then the plain beneath the eye—its even breadth and distance to the hills—are most convincingly laid down.

No. 43. 'Lake Lugano and S. Salvador,' G. PETTIT. The lower part of this view is a system of greys, yellowish and greenish, which, with the roseate good-night bidden by the sun to the mountain peaks, is most difficult to reconcile. The painting is most careful—too much so; we see what every touch proposes to do, and if it fail we are not satisfied.

No. 44. 'An English Valley,' H. JUTSUM. We remember with pleasure the recent corn-fields of this painter. This is another cereal poem: he devotes himself in a manner most exemplary to the agricultural prosperity of his country. The trees, with him *sine quibus non*, are on the left; the nearest section is a busy corn-field,—this may represent seedy Surrey: the distances are one continued oakhurst—a paradise of the Druids,—this may be weedy Sussex. Enough,—as a total it is full of the riches and ripeness of an English autumn.

No. 45. 'A Welsh Pastoral,' G. COLE. This has all the fresh reality of having been painted on the spot, and exemplifies the fact that even the greenest local hues of nature may be harmonized by masterly treatment.

No. 49. 'Children of the Mist,' G. W. HORLOR. These are two or three sheep, with an accompaniment of a brace of well-conditioned rabbits, all feeding high up, on a level with the clouds, on some scauty shelf of the Ochils or the Grampians. The title is not happy, but the sheep are equal to anything that has ever been done in this way.

No. 50. 'Dos Amigos,' R. ANSELLE. It is not at all necessary to tell us by a Spanish title that we are here in the neighbourhood of Seville. The story appears to be this:—a small

country proprietor, "dressed in his Sunday best," and wearing the piquant Andalusian hat, which we see partially adopted by young ladies among ourselves as a riding hat, is going to Seville for a holiday. He is mounted, with Juanilla *en croupe*, on a round sleek cob, and at this instant pulls up to shake hands with a shepherd,—simply a meeting of two friends. As a Spanish subject, it is most accurately national in every particular; there is, however, something unsatisfactory in the disposition of the hind legs of the horse. We cannot understand the necessity of a Spanish title.

No. 54. 'Hush!' A. PROVIS. An interior, with less work and more effect than we have hitherto seen in the productions of the painter. The exclamatory title is the caution of a mother to her child not to wake the baby; and the scene is a rude cottage home. It is the most sparkling picture we have seen under this name.

No. 57. 'Lago Maggiore,' G. E. HERING. And this is Italia again—ever drifting up both in Art and history. The veil of twilight is gathering over the lower part of the picture, while upwards the ultimate sunbeams touch for a moment the heights of the composition. The penetrating silence is broken only by the whisper of the ripple as it meets the shore. Every foot of this ground is so well known as to require no description. The unremitting study of Italian scenery has fully imbued this painter with the natural sentiment of Italian subject-matter.

No. 59. 'Antwerp—Sunset,' F. E. D. PRITCHARD. This view is taken from the upper quays, whence is obtained a perspective view of the river front of the city, with its most important buildings. The sunset glow is satisfactorily sustained throughout the picture.

No. 66. 'Sir John Falstaff examines "the half dozen of sufficient men"' provided for him by Robert Shallow, Esquire,' J. GILBERT. The subject is from the second part of "Henry IV.," in the second scene of the third act. We look at this picture with mixed emotions, of which the greatest proportion are akin to admiration. Falstaff is nearly realized here—we have seen in painting no such near approach to the "mountain of flesh" and ever-flowing Hippocrene of wit. He sits at his ease in the court of Shallow's house, whence there is a view over the adjacent fields. Crouched by the side of his chair, on this side, is his page, a boy of the Flibbertigibbet class; while on the other Master Shallow brings forward his men one by one. These intolerable citizens and worse soldiers are grouped on the right of the picture, and the tailor is under examination. Bardolph, in the centre of the agroupment, is under arms—that is, he is doing state duty, standing to "attention" with his pike. We might ask wherefore there is more of studious caution in the painting of the accessories than in the drawing and painting of the figures? wherefore the tailor and even Shallow are overdone in caricature? wherefore the red celebrity of Bardolph's nose should exhaust the ruddiest wealth of the palette? This and more may be easily answered and easily remedied, almost by recipe; but there is no such facile recipe for painting the head of Falstaff, which must ever be the theme wherever he is introduced. Having doffed the "Jack," which he is to his "friends," we find him here assuming the "Sir John," which he would be to all the outside world. His style is becomingly jaunty, but his features are too heavy, although, for the moment, he is sufficiently business-like to be serious. It were easy to sum him up in one "fool-born jest," but the difficulty is to bind up in the cordage of his face—to catch and concentrate any portion of light from the ever-flashing wit which he distributes broadcast through the two parts of

"Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

No. 67. 'The banks of the Yare,' J. STARK. This is somewhere above Norwich—the river is not so pretty below. A small picture, descriptive of a most natural daylight—charmingly fresh in colour.

No. 68. 'A Study of Trout,' J. ROLFE. Two fish painted with the glistening freshness of life.

No. 73. 'The Granite Sanctuary, Karnak,' FRANK DILLON. These subjects are very much alike, and are mainly indebted for success to treatment. While they exist they stand in memory of nations of men and thousands of years that have successively lived and died, and if they are eloquent in their description of desolation, it is enough.

No. 78. 'Aqua Santa,' E. LONG. The *locale* here is the entrance to a church, where a youth passes holy water by his own hand to that of a girl to whom he is attached. The costume is correct to undue severity, and the figures are somewhat stiff.

No. 79. 'Evening—Squally Weather—Coast of Devon,' H. MOORE. This little picture evinces great moral courage; the subject is but a dark cliff, the base of which is lashed by the waves, but the breadth, substance, manner, and effect, are unexceptionable.

No. 82. 'Chateau and Citadel of Dieppe,' W. PARROTT. In colour rich and various; and very like the place, though perhaps not the best view of this very quaint and very French old citadel.

No. 81. 'Evening, from Plymouth Harbour,' J. DANBY. Such is the title, we take it as it comes to us, and are thankful that we know what is meant. As a daylight subject, there is nothing inviting in the dispositions, which are meagre and linear; but, under an effect of sunset, all objectionable are superseded, on the one hand by the splendours of the evening sky; and, on the other, by the deepening gloom in which appear, phantom-like, some of those mighty ships, of which, we trust, we are not too proud. The picture is perhaps, too much like "The Evening Gun."

No. 84. 'At Morlaix, Brittany,' D. W. DEANE. A study of an outside flight of stone stairs—faithfully rickety and insecure.

No. 93. 'A Gossip at a Spanish Taberna,' J. B. BURGESS. The picture presents three figures, worked out with marvellous assiduity, and apparently from the national living reality. Is there any advantage in placing the head of the girl immediately over that of the old man?

No. 97. 'The Park,' H. LE JEUNE. Near this is 'The Common.' Both are single figures, by the same artist, each evidencing how slight may be the material of a picture under the hand of a master. In the former, is a child, a girl of gentle blood, painted with a nicety so exquisite as to make us wish the shades were a little less opaque. And further, if the painter will not warm these trees "a wee," we sincerely trust the proprietor of the picture will do that same himself. The other is a study of a cottage girl; lighter, in general tone, than the other, and equal in beauty of execution.

No. 109. 'The Bride's Last Signal,' J. HAYTER. In this picture a lady is seen waving her handkerchief to a departing ship, which does not appear in the composition. She kneels on a terrace which immediately overhangs the shore, and her suppressed grief derives a double force of expression from the painful earnestness with which she makes her signal. The picture is placed too high for a full appreciation of its merits.

No. 110. 'Study in Clyne Wood, South Wales,' G. SANT. This subject is a portion of a plantation in which the larger timber has been cut, the remnant in these presents being simply a wilderness of brush and young wood. But it

is winter, or the very birthday of spring, for every spray is leafless. The success of the imitation will make the spectator wonder if the painter really sat it out upon the spot—marvel if he yet survive—and if the picture be not a posthumous exhibition.

No. 120. 'Partridges,' J. WOLF. They are well drawn, and the life of the bird is a natural description. The title is accompanied by a quotation from Thomson, which speaks of the birds as "basking." They bask only on fine days, but they are here "in turnip," the weather is not, therefore, favourable for basking.

No. 130. 'Cattle,' W. HUGGINS. In the landscape portion of this picture there is too much light; but the animals, two cows and a calf, are genuine, having been selected more for natural point than prettiness.

No. 131. 'The Sisters,' G. SMITH. This is so different in feeling from all that has preceded it under this name, that we should have hesitated in believing its authorship, save on the open testimony of a catalogue. The sisters are two children, seated on a bank, in view of the sea; and the object of the painter being to produce as powerful a contrast as possible, the group is forced by colour, up to the regimen of the intense school.

No. 138. 'Richmond, from the Swale, Yorkshire,' G. STANFIELD. The subject is minutely detailed throughout, with admirable transparency of the shaded passages, and with perfect maintenance of breadth.

No. 151. 'Richmond, Yorkshire,' E. J. NIEMANN. This is another view of Richmond, not from the same point, but in the same line of view as that just noticed. It is peremptory in manner.

No. 150. 'The Bankrupt,' J. COLLINSON. The bankrupt is a boy who wishes to purchase "hardbake" upon credit; but the sour and ancient huckstress presents him his bill, amounting to twopence halfpenny, which he is not prepared to pay. The picture wants effect to give substance and presence to the figures.

No. 157. 'Expectancy,' J. SANT. Simply a child looking anxiously from a casement. Nothing can be more simple; but the subject is brought forward with all the proprieties, and much of the elegance, of Reynolds's own feeling. If it be a portrait it is also a charming picture.

No. 158. 'Hay-time, Manor Farm, Bracknell, Berks,' W. S. ROSE. The subject consists of farm buildings, and trees, all very faithfully painted from the reality.

No. 162. 'Some Members of a Highland Society,' T. M. JOY. A young lady attired Ibero-Scottice (that is, having crowned her own natural costume with the Andalusian hat), is carrying a Skye terrier, which she introduces to her other *protégés*—mountain fawns—for we are on the hill-side, and the ground is covered with snow: a portrait, perhaps—a very pretty conceit.

No. 163. 'Evening in the Corn-field,' J. LINNELL, Sen. This may be called a foreground picture, realizing the title according to the simplest principle. The merits of the work are those on which we have often dwelt in reference to the pictures of this artist, and this, in its natural truth and simplicity, is not inferior to any that have preceded it.

No. 171. 'First and Last Efforts,' L. HAGHE. A sad story of a painter, who, in his last illness, has seated himself once more at his easel, but the effort seems too much for him, and, exhausted and wearied, he turns his eyes on his child—a boy, who is kneeling, as in the act of copying a drawing which is before him. The description is true and touching; but what would Mr. Haghe have made of the narrative in water colours, with all the brilliancy, depth, and animated chiaroscuro that have always distinguished his productions?

No. 172. 'Scene in Scotland—Bringing the Kye from the Mountains,' A. J. STARK. The "kye" are driven towards us through a glade, the intervals of which show us the sides of some sullen towering Ben—it may be Lomond, and thence the "milky mothers" come. Both the sylvan and the pastoral portions of the work refer immediately to nature.

No. 173. 'Remains of the Roman Forum—Sunset,' D. ROBERTS, R. A. We find here all the familiar objects, as they have stood for centuries:—to bring them forward in low toned breadth, touched here and there by the last rays of the sun, is the most fitting treatment under which they could be introduced.

No. 179. 'The Home of the Mountaineer,' FRANK WYBURD. The subject is from Rogers.

"Long did his wife,
Suckling her babe—her only one—look out
The way he went at parting, but he came not."

This picture is remarkable for the feeling and truth shown in the management of the light. The lone wife is seated at her casement, circumstanced literally according to the verse. The effect and the suppression of colour remind us of certain of the Dutch painters, in whose works the light is real and actual, and without the antagonism of colour.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 197. 'The Needles, Isle of Wight,' J. J. WILSON. A chalk cliff is a most difficult material to dispose of, but the sea being somewhat light in hue, and the chalk toned down, the result is a perfect harmony. The direction taken by the flying sead is effectively indicated.

No. 206. 'The Fisherman's Home,' F. UNDERHILL. In reference to this picture we cannot feel otherwise than that, if the artist had reduced the protrusion of certain parts of his background, the figures would have gained immensely by the slight change.

No. 214. 'Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' J. J. WILSON. One of those small pictures with trees, which this painter executes with so much forcible truth.

No. 218. 'See-Saw,' C. ROSSITER. The incident is a catastrophe: one of the two boys, holding a child, is falling back off the plank, and the other is apprehensive of a descent more rapid than agreeable. The peep of landscape background is crisp and fragrant—somewhere near Hampstead?

No. 238. 'The Isola Bella—Lago Maggiore,' G. STANFIELD. Here we look towards the shores of the lake from a certain nook on the island which contains a picturesque mingling of a piece of so-called Italian architecture, with other shreds of architecture, which are also Italian, but in another category. These latter are rugged old houses of a charming irregularity of line, and assuredly they receive ample justice in the picture.

No. 242. 'Lucy Ashton and Ravenswood at the Fountain,' ALEXANDER JOHNSTON. This is a small picture, with the two figures circumstanced literally according to the text of the story.

No. 244. 'The Tired Shoe-black Boy,' MARSHAL CLAXTON. The boy is asleep on the ground, his head resting on his box. This small picture is among the best we have ever seen by its author.

No. 246. 'The Golden Age,' G. LANCE. The landscape background, with the trees and the group of Arcadians, whether they be friends of Tityrus, or night and day companions of Silenus, we wot not, so dusky is their whereabouts; but such a background, we say, is a novelty to these luscious fruits. This elegant licence removes us from the sideboard and the overpowering fragrance of the fruit room.

No. 277. 'Dors, ma Petite Amour,' J. H. S. MANN. The words of the title are those of a mother, who bends over the cradle of her

sleeping child. The treatment of the group is forcibly expressive of the tenderness of the mother.

No. 280. 'The Orphans,' A. PROVIS. These orphans are a brood of chickens, which are receiving food from a rustic maiden in an out-house, that is so charmingly painted as to constitute it the pith of the picture.

No. 281. 'The River Ayr at Catrine,' H. JUTSUM. A smooth, and perhaps treacherous, part of the stream, shut in by woody and weedy banks: the docks and all the small salad, that are as gold in a well-disposed foreground, are rife and rich here; and the trees, that are yet well clad, are most scrupulously painted, with indications in their tint that the summer is going by.

No. 288. 'Fruit, &c.,' W. DUFFIELD. A large picture, containing a great variety of fruits, described with the most provoking illusion.

No. 292. 'A Spring Day at Stoke, Salop,' J. W. OAKES. This is a large composition, into which we looked with the unreasonable expectation of seeing a surface similar to that of certain of the artist's last year's productions; but a continuation of such labour must end in one of two results—lodge the unfortunate either in an asylum for the blind or the insane.

No. 307. 'The Swale at Richmond,' E. J. NIEMANN. This is an evening effect, deriving great power from the opposition to the sky of the deep-toned watercourse and trees.

No. 314. 'A Country Girl,' J. INSKIPP. This once well-known painter comes among us like one who has slept since the fascinations of Sir Joshua and his followers lost their power. The picture is a dream of the past—a rustic, with something of the grace and spirit of former years. Though interred at Godalming years ago, thus may he still revisit the glimpses of the sun.

No. 318. 'Omnibus Life in London,' W. M. EGLE. Painfully true it is—that is, the picture; but the title would lead a Frenchman to believe that Londoners inhabit omnibuses. The perspective crowds these poor people cruelly close. The whole of the detail, however, has been most carefully studied.

No. 325. 'A Precious Burden,' H. VANSEBEN. This work declares itself at once as an emanation of the French school. The subject is rustic—colour tolerable, but composition faulty.

No. 338. 'The Storm,' and 'The Calm,' J. A. FITZGERALD. Two subjects of elfdom—dreams during a sleep induced by the wand of Prospero. Such a rendering of these hideous realities is terribly suggestive that the artist must have a case of such familiars at home.

No. 347. 'Isla Mayor—Banks of the Guadalquivir,' R. ANSDALL. The subject is a herd of Spanish cattle, which have been driven to the river-side to drink. The animals on the canvas are of a fine breed; and, we presume, the artist presents them to us as he saw them. They are attended by two mounted herdsmen; but the bull, cows, and calves, constitute the picture.

No. 354. 'Vandyck and Dobson,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The story is this:—Vandyck's attention having been attracted by a picture by Dobson, which was exposed for sale in a shop on Snow Hill, he sought the painter and discovered him working in a garret. We find him therefore with his wife in Dobson's studio. It is really an excellent subject, and handled in a manner very masterly.

No. 360. 'Autumnal Evening on the Banks of the Trent, near Nottingham,' H. DAWSON. The subjects selected by this artist are curiously utilitarian, but he invests them with all the poesy of which they are naturally susceptible. The river here runs into the picture, and the

forte of the work is the retiring passages and the lower sky, and to this the near left of the composition is not equal; but it is yet powerful, brilliant, and independent.

No. 369. 'Mater Castissima ora pro nobis,' T. M. JOY. This artist is painting much more powerfully than he has ever done before. The prayer is put into the mouths of two Italian boys, who are worshipping before the image of the Virgin. In the face of the nearer of the two there is some inaccuracy in the drawing; this adjusted, the picture will be very effective.

SOUTH ROOM.

No. 379. 'Water Dogs,' F. W. KEEL. This is really a bold and original conception; it is a large work, the most important we have ever seen under this name. The dogs have their backs turned, and are swimming away from us towards a poor wounded duck. The eager exertions of the animals are described with infinite spirit.

No. 396. 'View of Gibraltar,' J. W. CARMICHAEL. This view is taken abreast of the rock, at the distance of some hundreds of yards from the shore, the fore-sea and distance being covered with a variety of craft, as xebecs, fruit boats, heavy Spanish fishing-boats, and, of course, an English ship of the line; and all these are painted with a knowledge and power rarely met with in marine painting. The work is full of the most minute and careful finish—it is refreshing to see a marine picture in which every item of the composition is so thoroughly understood.

No. 398. 'The Cottage Door,' JOSEPH CLARK. At the cottage door is grouped the cottage family, the principal agent being the father, who tickles his baby with a tobacco pipe; the head of this figure is admirably lighted, or rather shaded. It is a less telling production than "The Sick Child."

No. 405. 'Flowers and Pye-finch's Nest,' W. H. WARD. The birds themselves will be in despair on seeing this picture—they cannot compete with it. William Cowper is now gainsaid. Near this is another version of the same subject, not less painfully microscopic.

No. 406. 'Little Grandmamma,' W. GALE. A child's head coiffed with an old lady's head-dress—exquisitely sweet.

No. 412. 'Fruit,' G. LANCE. A delicious miniature—little grapes, and little currants, everything delicately minute, gathered by Puck for the twelfth-night entertainment given by Oberon and Titania.

No. 413. 'Zorahaya,' FRANK WYBURD. This is a glimpse of the "Hhareem" (that is the last orthographic colliteration), wherein we find Zorahaya resting on a couch, contemplating through her lattice the moonlight on the sea: it is a small picture, rich with many beauties.

No. 427. 'Bird-Catching,' W. HEMSLEY. An open composition, with a group of boys, whose occupation is very perspicuously described. The work evidences abundant power and resource.

No. 431. 'Interior of a Welsh Shed,' G. COLE. The door in this study is in reality the picture: it is old, worn, paintless, patched, and worm-eaten—just the surface that would be grateful for being patiently dwelt upon.

No. 435. 'Roderick Random's Encounter with Captain Weasel,' G. CRUICKSHANK. This is not so eccentric as some of the recent works of the artist, inasmuch as it would be difficult to exceed the extravagance of the text.

No. 436. 'The Temple of Hope, Roma Vecchia—Evening,' W. LINTON. As a painter of historic solitudes, this artist is sometimes unapproachable. The sentiment here is elegant and touching; but wherefore are we to look to "Roma Vecchia" when the "Roma" of the heathen temple is not "Vecchia" but dead?

No. 441. 'Interior, St. Jacques, Antwerp,'

C. H. STANLEY. This subject is unique, and therefore not to be mistaken, but it looks here very new: nevertheless, it is one of the best church interiors we have of late seen.

No. 448. 'Returning Home—the Day's Work Done,' H. BRITTON WILLIS. The heads of the oxen in this picture catch the eye, and it refuses to pass from them: they are, indeed, superbly painted. The subject is a team of honest working beeves, walking with their accustomed measured step out of the picture.

No. 453. 'The Birth of a Pyramid—an Attempt to realize an Egyptian Tradition,' E. HOPEY. The story is of an Egyptian princess who imposed upon her millions of woovers the contribution of a block of granite to the building of a pyramid. When we look into this picture it declares itself to be a result of years of study and labour. We cannot attempt to describe it; a page would be insufficient. The work, we apprehend, will excite rather wonder than admiration.

No. 460. 'The Village Blacksmith's Shop,' R. ELMORE. The blackness of the breadths of this picture cannot be accounted for but by supposing the picture to have been executed in a very subdued light.

No. 461. 'Stonehouse Pool, with the Government Victualling Warehouses, Mount Edgecumbe, Plymouth,' H. DAWSON. This subject is by no means sufficiently attractive to justify the waste of sunlight that is cast over it.

No. 478. 'Early Morning on the Lake of the Four Cantons,' H. JOHNSON. This looks very easy to paint; but when we feel it brighten from dawn into daylight it must be acknowledged that with such effects the appearance of simplicity is one of the great triumphs of Art.

No. 479. 'Hedges have Eyes, and Walls have Ears,' E. T. PARRIS. Full of quaint significance; one of those acted proverbs whereof this artist has afforded so many felicitous *mises en scene*.

No. 483. 'The Hard Word,' E. HUGHES. The painting of the two heads in this composition is charming. It is easy to lapse into hard execution, but it is necessary to work our way to one or two logical conclusions before arriving at the conviction of the necessity for obliterating the too linear contour of form. The subject is simple in its humanity and circumstances, but as to the Art, it is ennobled by exquisite feeling.

No. 489. 'The Pyramids at Sunrise,' F. DIXON. There is, perhaps, much truth in this representation, but we have seen the pyramids under every phase of nature.

No. 495. 'The Blind Girl of Castel Cuille,' J. RITCHIE. This is what is called an example of "pre-Raphaelite" art. The subject is from the verse of Longfellow, but, like so many of the works of the intense school, the picture is beside the subject. The work excites, perhaps, the frantic admiration of the disciples of the school; and the industry with which it has been executed will be regarded universally with some generosity of feeling, but we cannot persuade ourselves that Reynolds was wrong when he admired the balance of hard and soft in the philosophy of Teniers.

Of sculpture and casts there are thirteen pieces—busts and compositions; the names of the exhibitors being Frederick Thrupp, Torello Ambuchi, G. Halse, H. McCarthy, C. B. Birch, F. Conolly, E. Bennet, &c. It will be at once seen from this notice that all the best works are small pictures, common-place in subject, some of them being worked up by nicety of execution to the utmost excellence of Art. The largest picture on the walls stands alone in its magnitude; it is "The Christening of the Prince of Wales," painted by Sir George Hayter. The British Institution is the vantage-ground of the rising school; here may be estimated the tone of our studentship, which is more ambitious of manner than of theme.

THE EXHIBITION

OF

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THIS, the third season of the Exhibition of Female Artists, opens with increased claims upon the attention of patrons of Art, inasmuch as the works in subject-matter are more ambitious, and in execution more careful and accurate, than those that have preceded them. The existence of the institution has been brief, but its establishment has acted as a most salutary and sustaining stimulus to the exertions of those who had no hope from any other. There are among these pictures productions of a quality so rare, as at once to achieve a reputation for their authors; yet which, but for the establishment of a society of lady artists, had never been seen; for in other arenas the men are the athletes, whose eager emulation among themselves entirely displace feminine pretension. The list of exhibited pictures is less numerous than last year; and the limitation has secured that higher degree of excellence to which we allude. But, as formerly there was a plethora of flowers and subjects of the still-life class, there is at present also a superfluity; and flowers and fruit are now painted in a manner so charming, that nothing short of perfection in this direction is at all tolerable. In this department of painting there are examples that we do not conceive it possible can be excelled. The enthusiasm of one of these ladies has led her to choose a subject which has perhaps never been selected before. The name of the artist is FLORENCE PHEL, and her subject is simply a stone, which her confidence in her manipulative power has led her to believe she could render interesting: of this, more hereafter. But the progress of these earnest students is more conspicuous in their figure and landscape studies. Mrs. MURRAY, of Teneriffe, signalizes herself by four very brilliant drawings, of which the largest is—title and subject—"Pifferari playing to the Virgin," wherein there are two groups: on the left, the two musicians, and on the right, a woman directing the attention of her child to the picture of the Virgin. The drawing was made in Rome; for nowhere else can models be got up to this nationality of feature and accuracy of costume. Two other Italian subjects are 'A Roman Pilgrim,' and a boy of the Campagna, which differ from each other very widely in temperament—the former being necessarily severe, while the latter is one entire and emphatic expression of joyous activity. This drawing we cannot sufficiently eulogize; it is strikingly original, and the best perhaps that this lady has ever exhibited. The fourth of her figure pictures is entitled 'An Outcast,' which is also in conception extremely independent, and in effect very forcible. The style of Mrs. MURRAY's works is eminently original: she seizes her subjects with a power and freshness that place before us her Italian characters with new attributes, and a force of colour that few artists have the tact to harmonize. These are a great advance on her productions of last year. Miss GILLIES contributes one picture, 'Vivia Perpetua' in prison on the eve of her martyrdom. The figure is presented in profile, in the act of prayer, looking through the window of her prison; but besides the light which from without illumines the features, there is also one from within, by which the other is superseded—that of faith and hope, and this, even in the feeling of the beholder, is more impressive than the material beauty that characterizes the mould of the features. The figure and the draperies have been most scrupulously studied, and the lowering of the colour, and general simplicity and chastity of

effect, all contribute to enhance the exalted expression of the figure.

On the first screen is a small picture by Mrs. E. M. WARD, so sunny as at once to appeal to the eye on entering the room. It is called "The Suppliant," and shows a young lady who, about to take a morning ride, is entreated by a dog—a fine, honest-looking animal—to be permitted to accompany her. Although we see only the head of the dog, the incident is very literally set forth: it is a work of many beauties, firm in manner, but playful in its sunny light and brilliant hues. A very happy and novel arrangement exists in the drawing called "Childreu Minding their Mother's Stall—the Fish-market," by Mrs. BACKHOUSE. The stall is on the beach, and the figures are relieved by the open breadth of the sea, which is behind them. The composition is light and simple, forcible in effect, and no less powerful in colour. "I got a Fedder!" seems again to be of the spoils of the seaboard, another of the class *amphibia*: a laughing child, who throws over the rag, which is to her a bonnet, a large spray of sea-weed, that she tells us is a 'fedder.' "Old Broeades, or the Sack of Aunt Tabitha's Wardrobe," by Miss ADELAIDE BURGESS, contains two figures—a young lady who, having dressed in an old brocade, is consulting her glass as to her appearance; and her maid, who is enraptured by the becoming fit of the dress. It is an ambitious work, the drawing is everywhere careful, and the execution, especially that of the background, is unexceptionable. By the same artist there is another drawing from "The Old Curiosity Shop," equal in quality to the other, but in sentiment much more touching. "Fresh-gathered Watercresses," and "A Flower-Girl," by Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW, two single figures, are the most successful drawings we have ever seen by this lady; they are treated with a judicious simplicity which gives value to the subjects.

"The Comrades," by Miss TEKUSCH, presents two Italian organ-boys resting. The figures, which are relieved by an elaborately painted landscape background, are characteristic and well executed: the tone is generally broad; had the figures been a little more brought out, the work would have been improved; but it is, nevertheless, an admirable performance. By SARAH F. HEWETT there is a drawing thoroughly English—"Hop-picking, at Sevenoaks, Kent," equal to any version of the subject we have ever seen in any exhibition. The figures are numerous, and well drawn; the hop-garden is successfully represented, and the general manner of dealing with the material in which the drawing is made, shows skill and experience which it is strange should not have sooner acquired reputation. By Miss KATE SWIFT, there is a picture of much merit, entitled "I Love to Look upon a Scene like this," also "Taking up a Stitch." Mrs. SWIFT exhibits several works, among which two portraits of dogs are prominent. "Maude," by Miss ELLEN PARTRIDGE, is a study of much simplicity and sweetness; and not less attractive is "Nora Creina," by the same lady. "Making Acquaintance," a drawing by Lady BELCHER, shows an agroupment of rustic figures (apparently from the sister island), with a dog, whose friendship, it appears, it is desirable to cultivate; a light, brilliant, and well-finished drawing. In "The Colossi, at Sunrise, Thebes," &c., Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE, the proposed effect is fully made out, and the picture is altogether a work of great power. To Miss BLAKE all honour is due for her charming landscape, "The Glacier of Rosenlani;" atmosphere and distances cannot be more tenderly treated than we see them here; the work is the result of years of patient toil and studious inquiry: her "Florence" of last year was a memorable performance. The "Tomb in the Pellegrini Church, at Verona," and the

"Pulpit in the Church of S. Fermo, Verona," by Mrs. HIGFORD BURR, are drawings of exquisite delicacy of colour and execution; rarely do we, in this class of subject, meet with such taste in selection and execution.

FLORENCE PEEL, the lady already alluded to, exhibits her study without a title; it is, as we have intimated, a drawing of a large stone garnished with gadding ivy and a solitary tuft of short seeded grass. It is unique; we have never before seen a subject in itself so unimportant rendered so interesting, by mere assiduity of manipulation. In the catalogue it is said that the study was made for self-improvement, "and as an experiment, whether while working chiefly with a view to detail, it is absolutely necessary, as frequently asserted, to lose sight of general effect." The absence of general effect is not a desirable condition of detail, but a fatal insufficiency of all pictures worked under eyes that see too well, by a hand influenced by the temptation of showing too much. But Florence Peel shows a perfect apprehension of the *dolce duro*, that infinitely difficult science in the art of painting; and a sternly virtuous purpose she has detailed her breadths of light, and subdued her outlines in a manner successfully illustrative of her proposition. Miss STODDART's two works, "Evening Landscape—Kircudbrightshire," and "View on the Ken," are judiciously selected as subjects, and carried out with a full impression of the value of breadth. Miss STONE exhibits "Rivaulx—Yorkshire," and a "Willow Pool in Burham Beech Wood," both most carefully elaborated; the latter especially agreeable in colour. By Mrs. E. D. MURRAY there are a view of "Holy Island during the Herring Season," "Mont St. Jory, near Toulouse," &c. "Christ Church Gateway, Canterbury," and "Old Houses, Gloucester," by LOUISE RAYNER, are really as masterly as anything we see in this department of Art. "The Fort of Baia—Bay of Naples," Mrs. E. ROMILLY, is a delicate, airy, and perfectly harmonious drawing; and, as an example of power of colour and effect, may be cited—"A View from Hampstead Heath, looking towards Harrow," by S. WILKES.

We remember Mrs. WITHERS's "Winter Berries" of last year, and might repeat, in reference to a similar agroupment now exhibited, the eulogy which the others merited so well. Of flowers and fruit we have already said the exhibition has a superabundance; and as ladies are pre-eminently flower painters, this society should show none but the rarest examples of this branch of art. Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW's "Apples," and Miss LANCE's "Grapes," are most tempting instances of truthful imitation: these are on the screens, in company with others of the smaller and more highly finished works of the collection. A miniature in oil of Mrs. S. G. DENNIS, by Mrs. MOSELY, is as delicately worked as any water-colour production of the same class. There are also, by Miss KETTLE, four miniatures, treated generally, as pictures, with great refinement and elegance of taste; these are—"Miss Tennant," "The Children of F. C. Worsley, Esq.," "Forget-me-not," and "The Student." The fruit and flower compositions by Miss WALTER are much superior to those exhibited by her last year; they are rich and brilliant—the sweetest growth of summer and autumn. To many other meritorious works the necessary limit of this notice denies us the pleasure of doing justice; but the names of other ladies that are signalized here are—Lady EDWARD THYNNE, the late Mrs. R. J. SPIERS, Mrs. UWINS, Miss HIBBERT, Miss CLAXTON, &c. &c. In conclusion, it must be admitted, that, such is the excellence of the exhibition, the society now takes its place as one of our established Art-Institutions.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The only talk or thought in the Art-circles here at present is the forthcoming exhibition; all else is forgotten. The *Palais de l'Industrie*, in which it takes place, will be differently arranged this year to what it was two years ago; there will be in the centre two or three large rooms, the rest of the gallery is to be divided down the middle, thus forming four long galleries. The small pictures will be hung where they can be seen advantageously. A lottery is authorized; each ticket costs two francs, which may be paid at the entry; paintings are to be purchased as subscriptions come in.—The "Pieta," executed by Bonnardel at Rome, and left unfinished at his death, has been completed by some of his friends; the government has bought it for the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.—The government has ordered the busts of Lavoisier, Boucher, Desnoyer, Ducis Bervie, and Haiüy, for the gallery of the *Institute*.—The portraits in the "Gallery of Apollo," at the Louvre, having the light in front, could not be well seen, and have been replaced by reproductions in Gobelin tapestry.

VIENNA.—The disunion that unfortunately existed among the artists of Vienna is now happily at an end. The parties into which they had divided themselves, the better to carry out their several views, and to counteract those of their opponents, have united in amity. Hitherto each had its separate exhibition, with all the multifarious attendant bitterness which hasty feuds invariably bring with them. Both sides materially suffered by the strife; while neither Art, nor any of the belligerents, could show a single gain as the result. At the great Art Exhibition at Munich, in the autumn of last year, it was painful to see how the Viennese artists separated themselves in fractions, each in a different compartment, studiously apart from the other.—The grave of Mozart is at last marked by a fitting monument, or at least will be so in a comparatively short time, the bronze work having been just cast, and has now only to be chiselled before the erection will take place. As the precise spot of earth is not known, the pedestal is to be made large enough to cover all the space about which a dispute has been raised. A shaft of granite, eight feet in height, supports a sitting figure of the weeping Polyhymnia, supposed to be the inventress of harmony. The figure itself is in bronze. On the four sides of the pillar are the medallion portrait of Mozart, also of bronze, and the various inscriptions. A railing around it encloses a square space of about six and thirty feet. The composition is from the hand of Hanns Jassers.

DRESDEN.—Professor Rietschel's model for the statue of Carl Maria von Weber is now on view at the sculptor's residence. The work is universally admired, both for the conception of the great composer's character which it displays, as well as for the execution, and the arrangement of all the details. Weber is represented standing before a music-desk; his head is turned, as if listening—more, perhaps, in thought than in reality—to some romantic melody that has just reached his ear, floating hitherward from the realm of Fancy. There is a fine enthusiasm in his look. One hand grasps the folds of his cloak, while a bunch of flowers which he is holding droops over the fingers. Professor Rietschel is also busy with the preparatory work for his great statue of Luther. He has moreover a monument in hand to be placed in one of the cemeteries, the figure on which symbolizes the words, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

WEIMAR.—We noticed some time ago the invitation which Professor Genelli had received to make Weimar his future residence, and his acceptance of it. This, as well as many other steps which the Grand Duke has lately taken, indicates an intention of making Weimar the seat of Art, as well as a residence for the prince. Count Kalkreuth, who is himself an artist, has doubtless been instrumental in effecting some of these changes. We saw him at Munich in the exhibition, in company with the Grand Duke, and calling his attention to the different works that were most worthy of notice. He now, with a number of other artists, has just presented the Grand Duke with a collection of paintings and drawings, in grateful recognition of the fostering care which Art has of late experienced in the duchy. The Duke on receiving the gift observed, "it would be an encouragement to him to proceed in the same path that he had trod hitherto."

ROME.—For two years past the well-known landscape painter, Willers, has been staying in Greece, enriching his portfolio with sketches made in the Peloponnesus, and in the north of the country. He is a native of Oldenburg; but instead of returning thither, he intends taking up his residence in Rome, and is already on his way to the imperial city.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART III.—THE WYE: FROM ROSS TO MONMOUTH.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

SYMOND'S "Yat," is in some records called by the characteristic name, Jutland; for the rock, of which it consists, here forces the Wye to make a circuitous bend, encompassing it on three sides so as to form a small peninsula, on the summit of which the spectator has the singular problem of seeing the river on each side of him. The limestone rock rises to a precipitous peak; and below it, at a less altitude, a rugged hill of siliceous breccia, the summit of which is fenced by a line of massive boulders so continuous as to resemble a cyclopean wall. This summit has been used as a camp, secured on one side by the natural line of boulder stones; on another by the chasm or depression between the breccia and limestone rocks; and on the other sides by the precipice and river. On the side next the chasm it has been further strengthened by a triple earthwork, like that on the Doward.

By means of these two works, one on each side of the Wye, having some rich pasture contiguous to each, the aboriginal settlers were at once in a position of security and abundance, and could follow their mining and pastoral occupations with little fear of serious molestation.

These fortresses were destined, after the lapse of centuries which saw the rise and fall of the Roman domination, the expulsion of the Silures by the Cambrian Britons, and, again, the humiliation of the latter by the encroaching Saxon kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, to be occupied by new intruders.

In the eleventh year of Edward the Elder (A. D. 911), a body of Norwegian vikings, led by Eric, the Bloody Axe, then a mere lad, one of the numerous sons of Harald Haarfager, supported by two Jarls, Roald or Rognavd, and Uhter or Otter, in a marauding expedition landed at Beachley, near Chepstow, and crossing Dean Forest, took post at Symond's Yat, or Jutland. From its summit they could survey the broad expanse of meadows west of the town of Ross, and which had been part of the little British kingdom of Erguig, now called the Hundred of Archenfield, over which the celebrated Vortigern was once king, or *subregulus*. In quest of plunder, they took prisoner a British hishop, named Camalgaret, who was ransomed by the king for £40. The scene of ransom is depicted in an ancient fresco on the church wall at Dewchurch, near Ross. The shires of Hereford and Gloucester were assembled, and the *posse comitatus* surrounded the viking troop in their fastness at Symond's Yat, near which they formed a square encampment, yet visible. From this place Symond's Yat would be so exposed to arrow-shot as to be untenable.

Here the vikings seem to have escaped down the easiest side of the precipice towards the old camp on Doward Hill; but, as it would seem, with ill fate, for near the ford leading to it is a defile still called The Slaughter. It is said that Jarl Roald, and Geolcie, the brother of Jarl Uhter, with a great part of their army, were here slain. A considerable body must have reached the Doward Hill; and as some time was necessary to follow and surround them again, they were able to enlarge the old Silurian fortress, and protect its summit by the same kind of triple embankment found at Symond's Yat. In the sequel they capitulated, and were allowed to leave the country—a sequel quite intelligible when the nature of the entrenchment at Doward Hill is considered.*

In our description of the views from Symond's Yat we have noted only distant objects; but those that are close at hand are of surpassing beauty. You trace the course of the river during part of its long journey, since you left it; you look on rich farms, pleasant villages, and pretty homesteads among trees; you see the hill-rocks of varied and fantastic forms; the steep and winding footways that lead from dales to hills; here and there a rippling stream, leisurely making way towards the river, and singing as it goes; now and then, a boat, with oars or sail, or a laden barge, passes up or down, the boatman's song ascending; or you hear the workman's tool ringing through the air, as he forces the limestone from the mass, to burn in lime-kilns, picturesque scattered on the hill-side.

On the left, you look down upon a mass of close trees—

* For this information, and also for the interesting notes concerning Goodrich Castle and the Black Mountains, we are indebted to the kindness and courtesy of a correspondent—Henry H. Fryer, Esq., of Coleford, Gloucestershire.

so close that there can be no space between them for miles upon miles. It is the Forest of Dean; dark and dense pillars of smoke issue here and there out of the matted foliage; they rise from occasional foundries, for the smoke created by the charcoal-burners is light and blue, and adds to the picturesque as it ascends upwards. Yon hill is Buckstone Hill, on the summit of which is Staunton Church, and which holds a venerable remain of the Druids; the hill more distant is the Kymin, looking down upon Monmouth. On its top also there is a monument to the naval heroes of a time not long past. These records of ages remote and near we shall reach in due course.



THE LIME-KILNS AT NEW WEIR.

Our boat awaits us; it has gone its five miles round—passed Huntsham Farm and Huntsham Ferry, and Whitechurch Ferry—and rests at the Ferry of New Weir.*

The lock and weir formerly here have vanished; they were found to be useless in a river so continually liable to sudden rises and falls; and although indications of their whereabouts are frequently encountered, there are none remaining between Hereford and Chepstow; they were, indeed, not only useless, but injurious to navigation, and destructive of the fish, and so were removed by the Crown soon after the estate was purchased. At this place are also the remains of some iron-works, to assist which it is said the weir was constructed at this spot.



THE DROPPING WELL.

"New Weir is not a broad fractured face of rock, but, rather, a woody hill, from which large rocky projections, in two or three places, hurst out, rudely hung with twisting branches and shaggy furniture, which, like mane round the lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of Nature." Near the top, a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has "rather a fantastic appearance." This rock Mr. Hulme pictured. Seen at a distance, it bears a close resemblance to a time-worn turret of some ancient castle, looking down on the dell beneath. "The scene at the New Weir consists of exquisite crags, thrown into fine confusion by falls from the upper rim. These crags are full of projections and recesses and heaps of ruins,

* The New Weir is distant from Ross five miles by land, and eighteen miles by water.

all shrubbed and weather-holed, and forming a most romantic variety of shelves, rude arches, clefts, and mimic towers. Between this and the opposite bank of rock-wall and hanging wood the river, rapid and confined, roars hastily along. The banks are a series of meadows of deep rich green, enlivening the dusky gloom of the narrow dell. A single rock column gives an agreeable novelty to the side crags. It is only one of many others similar that were standing sixty years ago, insulated from the main wall of rock, but now either fallen or gormandized by the ravenous lime-kiln, that, regardless of the beauty of the Wye, 'in grim repose expects his evening prey.'* We are quoting Fosbroke's Notes on Gilpin's Tour.

The scenery of this neighbourhood, although it has much beauty, has much sameness—rocks and trees overhanging water. We have now the Forest of Dean on both sides of the river; and amid dense foliage clothing the steep from the brink, we pursue our voyage. Passing a pretty lodge of one of the keepers—the only one on the right bank*—we arrive at



ROCK AT NEW WEIR.

THE DROPPING WELL—a singular formation of rocks, scattered without order, the result, probably, of some terrible earth-shaking, ages ago. The water has a petrifying influence, resembling that of certain wells in Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and it has given a very remarkable character to the hill sides and the huge masses of conglomerated stones which abound on the piece of flat land that skirts the river.

In this immediate neighbourhood is the deepest part of the Wye. It has here a depth of sixty feet at low water; while within a few yards of this dell, underneath, it suddenly shallows to a few inches. We picture a group of singular rocks, which form a sort of water-wall to the Great Doward: they are of the class of which we have seen so many—very striking, and highly picturesque, clothed as they are with lichens of various hues, with stunted shrubs springing here and there out of crevices, and surmounted by tall and finely-grown trees.† We pass a beautiful demesne, the Leys House, with many charming hills and hollows, and reach another liou of the district—Hadnock. "The right side consists of fields, forming the area of a sylvan amphitheatre; and the left is made up of meadows, in flat, swell, and hollow, intermingled with woody ridges, and strips of fields in front of steep side-screens of wood." The view here is exceedingly charming.

* There are in the forest twelve keepers; but their business is only to look after the wood; game is not preserved.

† "The river roars along a curve, between High Meadow Woods on the left, and the rock-wall of the Great Doward on the right. At the end of this reach is a beautiful mass of rock, crowned with shrubs and pendulous creepers; in front the river forms a pool, and is backed by the summit of the Little Doward in sugar-loaf."—FOSBROKE.

"Between the Great and Little Doward, in a valley, lies a singularly picturesque estate, called the Kiln-house Farm. In a corner of it is a romantic cavern, bearing the name of King Arthur's Hall." It was probably a mine, out of which was obtained iron ore in old times.

An ancient church—CHURCH DIXTON—is encountered close to a small bourne that marks the division between the counties of Herefordshire and Monmouthshire, the opposite bank being in Gloucestershire.* "But description flags (we borrow a passage from Gilpin) in running over such a monotony of terms. High, low, steep, woody, rocky, and a few others, are all the colours of language. We have to describe scenes in which there are infinite gradations, and,



THE DOWARD ROCKS.

amidst some general sameness, infinite peculiarities." Fosbroke, in his notes to Gilpin, complains that the author must have become sleepy when he thus "slabbers over a fine scene of continual change and inimitable grouping." But it is certain that when the voyage has been made between Ross and Monmouth, the eye and mind have wearied of the perpetual succession of rock,



DIXTON CHURCH.

wood, and water, seldom and but little varied. The "wanderer on the Wye" should, therefore, never fail to ascend the heights which so frequently present themselves, and obtain views of

* For the drawing of "Dixton Church," also for that of the "Doward Rocks," that of the "Junction of the Wye and Monnow," and that of "Monmouth from the Monnow," we are indebted to the courtesy of Captain Carter, an accomplished artist-amateur, resident at Monmouth.

the winding river, the near hills, and the distant mountains; his pleasure will thus be very largely enhanced.

We have now in view Little Doward—again rocks, again trees, again water. The eye is attracted by a view-tower of cast-iron; it is unfinished, in consequence, it is understood, of alarm that it might attract lightning—an idea that did not occur until a large sum had been expended in its construction. The rocks here, on the right bank, become more continuous, but vary little in character from those of which we have seen so much, and of which, perhaps, we begin to weary. Many of them have names: thus, here we have the Martin Rocks; the river here, which is deep, is called "Martin's Pool." But the guides and boatmen are silent as to their origin; neither tradition nor invention being aids at their side as they conduct the tourist up and down the stream.*

Every now and then, as you row along the river, you reach a quiet and retired nook, in which the patient fisher has moored his boat: it is strongly fastened to the bank by ropes, and made steady at the bow by a strong pole, to which it is attached: the net is of course overboard, and the rope which connects it with the punt the fisher holds in his hand—he is thus instantly informed when a salmon has entered it, inasmuch as he feels the sudden check. The net is then rapidly raised, and the fish transferred to the "cool parlour" of the boat. Sometimes the fisherman is fortunate; but often he has to sit a whole day, from before sunrise till long after sunset, in this constrained position, his hand just above the stream, without the excitement of a single touch.

If, however, he can enjoy nature, he will receive ample compensation for the absence of sport. His choice of station is always some peculiarly quiet spot, out of the way of passers, where the foliage grows luxuriantly, where the breezes are always refreshing, and sometimes musical, and where sweet birds are ever singing among branches overhead, among the reeds and rushes at his side, or high in the air above.

And so we moor our boat at the quay, and enter Monmouth town.

The town, standing as it does on an elevation above the two rivers, is thus seen to great advantage. Our engravings supply two views: the first, as it appears from the meadows that skirt the Monnow; the second, from the old bridge that crosses the Wye. The several objects of interest in and about the town we shall describe in the part that follows.

And here we shall, for a time, leave the Wye and its attractions of beautiful and picturesque scenery, of ancient ruins, of graceful hills, of pleasant streamlets, of pretty villages, and of lordly mansions; while lofty mountains lend their interest everywhere, sometimes near, but more often at far-off distances, frequently as dim outlines calling up associations with the long past, few of them being more striking or more suggestive than the Black Mountains, looming in sight from any of the adjacent steeps.†

Hereafter, it will be our duty to return to this charming district: first, to picture the Wye from its source in Plinlimmon to the town of Ross, and next, to describe it from Monmouth, where we now leave it, to its junction with "Princessie Severn," below Chepstow.

It is below the town that the Wye and Monnow meet, just

* Upon the Little Doward, a hill of peculiarly fine outline, viewed in front from the Monmouth road, are the interesting remains of a British camp. Three circular terraces wind up to the summit. It is a valuable relic of British fortification, where Caractacus probably posted himself, for how otherwise are the adjacent Roman camps on the Great Doward and Symond's Yat to be accounted for? Ostorius probably attempted to force him by the Great Doward, but apparently did not succeed, and being compelled to cross the river encamped at Symond's Yat. The inference is drawn from the circumstance of the Gauls having taken up a position protected by a river, where even Caesar declined action.—FOSSROCK.

† The fierce Silures, who inhabited this district, held in equal contempt the lures and the menaces of the Romans. The Silures, under their general, Caractacus, made a tedious and desperate resistance. The neighbourhood is full of evidence that, if a barbarous people, they kept the civilizers of the world long at bay, availing themselves of all natural aids—hills, forests, and morasses, "gaedykes," hollows, and dens, and especially rivers; always retreating when the Romans succeeded in luring them into close action. According to Giraldus Cambrensis, "the Welsh passed days and nights in running over the tops of hills and penetrating woods."

† A distant range of hills called the Black Mountains, where, in 1093, Rhys, the last king of South Wales, was defeated and slain by Bernard De Neuf Marche, one of the Conqueror's earliest followers, who was rewarded with the county of Brecknock, marrying, as usual, one of the Welsh royal family; and on whose heiress, Sybil, marrying Fitzwalter Milo, Earl of Hereford, she carried his possessions into that family. Bernard was buried in Bishop Aldred's old Saxon Church of St. Peter, at Gloucester, before the altar, where an inscription calls him "Bernardus de Novo Mercato," translated Newmarket, when in truth—as there were no Welsh counties until the reign of Henry VIII., but it was divided into lordships, or marches—Bernard was the Lord of the New March just conquered, viz., Brecon. From this time the independence of Wales, long a shadowy unreality, ceased even in pretence, save in predatory or feeble struggles, vainly encouraged by the national bards, whose poetic spirit, gradually becoming more "fluttering, faint, and low," died out in such plaintive but touching melodies as that of "Merch Megan," of late so elegantly arranged by Brinley Richards.

under a tree-clad hill, to which is given the unaccountable name of "Gibraltar." The two rivers run at either side of a flat green meadow, and embrace as they turn its corner, proceeding thence together to Chepstow town, thence to rapid Severn, and thence into the Bristol Channel.

Our readers will bear in mind that we are not yet in WALES: Monmouthshire is now one of our English counties, though "anciently" it appertained to the ancient Britons, and was the battle-field of so many of their gallant and continuous struggles for liberty, not only with the Romans, not alone with the Saxons, nor merely with the Norman invaders; in later ages they



MONMOUTH FROM THE MONNOW.

fought bravely, and under many disadvantages, with succeeding kings, and "the English," their enemies down to a comparatively recent period.

On this subject we shall have much to say when we advance further into "the bowels of the land," according due honour to a people ever brave, ever enduring, and ever fierce in their



MONMOUTH FROM THE WYE.

fight for freedom, under sovereigns who merited better destinies than generally it was their lot to achieve. Happily now "Wales" and "England" are one. But time has not rendered less the duty of the historian to chronicle the heroism of a race who have to-day lost none of the renown they kept through centuries gone by.

We may pause in our descriptions of beautiful scenery—of rock, hill, vale, and river, and of grand relics of the olden time—to introduce one of those episodes such as rarely fail to occur to the wanderer who is seeking incident as well as searching for the picturesque.

As we toiled up the steep—that leads from Goodrich village to Goodrich Castle—along a pathway, rendered rugged by recent rains, we encountered a man whom, by an almost instinctive impulse, we knew to be “a character.” He was stout, and strongly built, with but one arm, and limped painfully. A fishing-basket was strapped on his back, and his fishing-rod was so constructed as to serve the purpose of a walking-stick. He paused frequently, leaning sometimes against a tree, sometimes against a projecting knoll: at length he sat down on a sort of stile, hitched up his basket, placed his rod beside him, removed his felt hat, and wiped his bald head and rugged brows. His was a most contradictory countenance: the forehead full and well proportioned, the eyes restless and bright—jesting, “gamesome” eyes—the nose short and abrupt—at once clever and coarse; so far so good—there was abundant observation, as well as sunshine, above; but the mouth was loose, with turned-down, discontented, corners; the upper lip ready to curl into a snarl; the jaw heavy, the chin full to sensuality: still the whole was remarkable; and it is ever a treat to encounter what is not common-place. We exchanged greetings. He had observed us overlooking the rich landscape, where, from amid surrounding woods, rose the tall spire of the church we had that morning visited—the Church of Ross. He was sufficiently acute to guess our train of thought; the eyes that beamed so brightly became dark, while his lip curled into an expression sarcastic and bitter.

“I have,” he said, “been admiring the fidelity with which the intentions of ‘The Man of Ross’ are carried out; I find myself often called upon—by myself—to admire that sort of thing, and sometimes to ponder over it before I can make it out: here it strikes the wayfarer at once—‘He who runs may read.’ Now I do not,—as you have no doubt perceived,—I do not *run*, but I can read and think. We honour the charities of the dead by care to their bequests! I am really a wayfarer, having neither house nor home, and care as little for kith and kin, as kith and kin are likely to care for a relative houseless and homeless. I had a boy-dream of how proud I should feel to have been born even a parish child of the town of John Kyrle; I nourished and cherished that dream during a toilsome life, and at last made a pilgrimage to visit his shrine; yet, seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard, this day, I thank God I am *not* a man of Ross.”

Again he wiped his brow, his colour faded, the sarcastic lip uncurled, the corners of his mouth became rather more straight; he appeared considerably relieved by the torrent of words he had poured forth, and by the vehemence with which he struck one end of his fishing-rod into the sward.

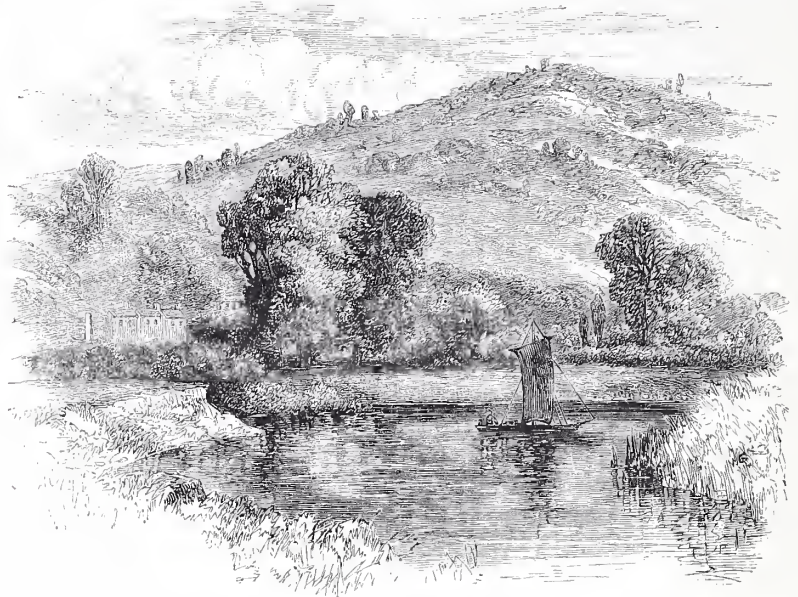
“Still,” we said, “despite all the present can do to obliterate the past—to eradicate the memory of a man his fellow-men affect to honour—the facts of his existence and his good deeds have become history, and are patent to the whole world.”

“Ah,” he said, “that may be true; yet I have been trying to believe, for the last half-hour, that the ‘Man of Ross’ never did exist except in the poetry of Pope.”

He laughed bitterly; and it was a study to observe the rapid and varied expression of his contradictory face; but he was fond of talking, and only paused to gain breath.

“The law of nature is reversed with me. When my limbs were sound, before I lost my arm, and my foot was crushed by a railway accident,—now don’t pity me, nor look as if you did,—that accident was my salvation; what maimed and mangled half my body, unfettered the other and better half—left my head clear, and gave me leisure. I was a quill-driving automaton till then; chained to a desk for twelve hours a day, and often working over hours—often sixteen out of the twenty-four—with a week’s holiday just to make me pant for the life of a trumper. The railway directors are liberal gentlemen; if they dismember you, they pay you handsomely. I never estimated myself at half the value they put upon me. They taught me self-respect. If thus mutilated I was worth so much—what must I have been worth when perfect? It ought to have made my old lawyer-master ashamed of himself and the pound a week he paid me. The annuity I receive will keep me out of the workhouse to the end of my days; and I’m free of field and flood! Until winter sets in, I seldom sleep two nights in the same place. I choose to think my rod my recreation; yet I have work on hand—hard work—but it is of my own choosing. The first thing I do when I arrive in a town, is to inquire into its charities: the second, to discover their abuse. Now, mark! I have seldom found the one without the other. Talk of history!—such a history as I could write! You may depend upon it, that all the

directors of public charities are born under the planet Mercury; but, perhaps, you laugh at astrology, and treat the stars with contempt. You do not know them as I do,” and then his eyes looked so fierce and wild, that we began to doubt his sanity. “Directors of public charities,” he continued, “however innocent and honest they may be at the commencement of their career, become thieves before it is finished. I see you do not believe me. Well, it’s pleasant to have faith in human honesty; but if you desire to enjoy the luxury, do not inquire into the management of public charities. The lion has always his jackals. Lawn or lunsey—nothing too high, nothing too low, for speculation. A charity is like the bait on my hook cast into a shoal of minnows—they all want the picking on’t.



JUNCTION OF THE WYE AND MONNOW.

Well, the sort of life I lead has its pleasures also—the air, the sunshine, the wonderful, wonderful beauty in which the Creator has clothed the world. And I encounter good, earnest, simple people. I want to reach the castle, so will continue my ‘upward way.’ There is great exhilaration in mounting upwards. I enjoy it more now than I did when a boy. I used to bound up a hill that hung over our village. You see me limp, and do not believe me, but it is true, nevertheless. Then it was simply an idle pleasure—an animal enjoyment costing nothing, gaining nothing: now it is a triumph over physical difficulty. There is more pity in your eyes than I like. Do let me repeat that I was far more to be ‘felt for’ when hale and strong, buoyant and active, than I am now. Now I own no master but the Queen!

We bade him adieu, and advanced a few paces, when he summoned us back abruptly, and asked if we remembered Doctor Andrew Borde—his rhymes about the Welsh harp.



THE FISHER ON THE WYE.

“They have,” he continued, “been running in my head all day. I suppose it is this half Welsh air that has revived them;” and he repeated the quaint old rhymes:—

“If I have my harpe I care for no more—
It is my treasure; I keep it in store.
For my harp it is made of good mare’s skinne;
The strynges be of good horse hair; it maketh a good dynne.
My songe, and my voice, and my harpe doe agree,
Much like the buzzing of an humble bee;
Yet in my country doe I make paystyme
In telling of prophecies which bee not in rhyme.”

We heard him singing the two last lines, to a tune of “lang syne,” as we mounted higher and higher up the hill.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 3.—ORNAMENTAL STATIONERY, PLAYING CARDS, AND THE PATENT VEGETABLE PARCHMENT.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MESSRS. DE LA RUE.

If we examine any bundle of letters received, we will say, twenty years since, we cannot but be struck at the plain, even coarse, appearance of the paper upon which they are written, when compared with the elegant stationery with which we are now familiar. Our note papers, especially that prepared for ladies' use, and our envelopes, are now delicate in texture, pleasing in every variety of tint, and the ornamentation is generally elegant. Within a few years, the improvement which has taken place in every branch of this manufacture—whether it be in embossing, in printing in colours, in the production of enamelled surfaces, in the preparation of valentines, in the designs of the papers for ornamental albums, for the binding of Irish linens or of piece goods, or for the decoration of glove and fruit boxes—has been truly remarkable.

The whole of this improvement has resulted from the enterprising spirit, the unwearied energy and good taste of one individual.

The capricious goddess Fashion, who is for ever leading our fair sisters captive, running them into ridiculous extremes, and exerting a despotic tyranny uncontrolled by either reason or taste, declared straw hats or bonnets to be against her rule, and that paper should form the head-cover for a season. Then it was that a native of Guernsey, gifted with the inventive faculty, produced an embossed paper for making bonnets, and the demand for this material led to the construction of machines for its manufacture. Paper bonnets in our humid climate could not continue long in vogue, and the inventor of the embossed paper and embossing machines directed his attention to the improvement of stationery. Thus originated with Mr. Thomas De la Rue the manufactory which we have lately visited, and which is one of the largest, as it is certainly the most complete, in the world. Situated in the district of Bunhill Fields, which is surrounded with many historical associations connected with the progress of our civilization, is the manufactory of De la Rue & Co. Extending behind the houses in Bunhill Row, it now stands upon nearly an acre and half of ground; and the several floors, which are crowded with machinery, represent a space of about five acres. This space comprehends the various departments which are devoted to a trade finding customers in every part of the civilized globe; and we must, in brief, endeavour to convey to our readers some idea of one of the most complete and best conducted establishments to be met with in this country, employing hundreds of men and women, boys and girls.

One feature worthy of the highest commendation, and one which we could desire to see copied in all the large establishments of the United Kingdom, is the marked attention which the employers have given to the social condition of the employed. The men were induced, by the promised remission of half an hour from the general day's work, to abandon the use of beer during the hours of labour. Beyond this, since it was necessary that some refreshment such as tea should be obtained, it was thought to be desirable, on the score of economy and of quality, that, instead of letting each man make his own, there should be a more wholesale system adopted. The men, therefore, have formed a fund for this purpose, appointing some of their own body to superintend the purchase of tea, sugar, and milk. One of the Mr. De la Rue's invented a boiler, sufficiently capacious to make tea for so large a body, and so constructed that the fine aroma of the tea is not lost. This machine was, at first, made for the men by the firm; but they have been repaid, and it is now the property of the workmen. The result of this arrangement is, that every one in the establishment can obtain a pint of excellent tea, with good sugar and milk, for a penny. A sickness fund, and a library for the use of all, are well organized; and altogether this hive of industry is working with the utmost harmony and profit to all concerned. We must now proceed with our description of some of the many interesting manipulatory details of this manufacture.

There may not appear to be anything worthy of especial notice in the manufacture of a piece of card-board; but its production involves several niceties of manipulation which deserve especial attention. Card-board is of various kinds, and of course the materials required for the production of the finest varieties are in every way superior to those which are employed in the manufacture for the inferior sorts. Cards are but sheets of paper pasted together, and consequently the manufacturer has but to deal with paste and paper. The manufacture of the paper does not belong to De la Rue's establishment; therefore, this article becomes a matter of selection. The preparation of the paste is an operation requiring the greatest care, especially that which is used for the finest cards. Everything depends, in the first place, upon the purity of the flour, and of the water employed; these are mingled with close attention to certain rules, which experience has shown are necessary, and then boiled in cauldrons by a nicely regulated heat. The paste-room, in which 400 pounds of flour are made into paste daily, is one of much interest; the different qualities of paste which are piled around this apartment in tubs ready for use, varying in colour and transparency, and the mixing and boiling processes, all bear distinguishing marks of the supervision of one who has learnt how to subdue science to be the handmaid of industry. In this room there is also manufactured the sizes which are required in this manufactory; most especial attention is required in making the solutions of gelatine, for it is found that a very slight alteration in the temperature employed will effect an alteration in the gelatinous solution of an exceedingly injurious character.

For the manufacture of card-boards, sheets of paper are properly arranged, as it regards number and quality, and these piles of paper are carried to the pasting-room. Here there are two long tables: every man having on his left hand his pile of papers, and on his right his tub of paste. He places a sheet on his bench before him, and taking his large brush he dips it in the paste, and by a series of very regular curvilinear sweeps over the surface, he spreads a uniform coat of it upon the paper; on this he lays another sheet, and by a rapid sweep with the hands the two are united. It should be remarked, that a card may consist of two or of several sheets of paper cemented together—the thicker cards requiring, of course, the greater number. Whatever may be the number employed, the workman takes at last two sheets together, the under one forming the upper surface of one card; the upper sheet the under one of the next. This upper sheet is pasted, and thus arises a pile of pasted sheets with unpasted intervals.

Close to the pasting-tables are hydraulic presses, and into these the wet piles of paper are put, and subjected to powerful mechanical compression, by which every pasted sheet is brought into the closest possible contact. Paste is merely flour, consisting of gluten, starch, &c., rendered miscible in water: it is not a solution, consequently, by the great mechanical force applied, water is squeezed out, but the true cementing paste is retained, penetrating the capillary pores of each sheet, and producing the most perfect adhesion.

After the piles of pasted paper have remained for some time in the hydraulic presses, they are removed to the drying-rooms, which are a series of vaults, extending below the manufactory. Here each sheet of "paste-board" is taken, and by means of a piece of hooked wire, hung upon rods. A current of hot and dry air is driven by means of a fan into these vaults; this rapidly robs the paper of its moisture, and, becoming cool as it circulates towards the end of these cellars, the air would again part with its moisture, as dew, and thus injure the other sheets, were not precautions taken to avoid this. Many hundred feet of iron pipes are arranged around these vaults, and through these hot steam is constantly circulating: thus the air is maintained at its high temperature, until it leaves the vaults charged with the moisture which it was intended to remove. The "boards" being thoroughly dry, they are taken down, and removed to another apartment.

The surface of a card-board, when it comes from the drying-room, is far from uniform; examined with a lens it will be found to be a series of elevations and depressions, and it is found, that if these

boards are, at once, submitted to the action of polished metal rollers, that the resulting surface is not satisfactory. The process therefore adopted is to pass them through a machine, in which there are a series of rapidly revolving brushes, which search into every part of the card, remove any loose particles, and impart a uniform burnish to it. The next stage is to level both sides by rollers, and especially in the case of card-boards which are to be employed for playing cards, it is important that the smoothness of the two surfaces should be different. In this process of smoothing, therefore, the board passes between a metal roller and a paper roller. The latter is made by pasting together a great number of sheets of paper, compressing them to the greatest possible degree of consistency, and turning the paper cylinder in a lathe. The result is a roller, the surface of which consists entirely of edges of paper, with a texture as close as that of finely polished wood. After this, the card may be regarded as complete; processes of glazing, enamelling, colouring, embossing, &c., following, as may be desired. For whatever process the card may be required, the principle of its formation is that which has been described. We will, however, at once proceed to the consideration of the manufacture of playing cards, for which this establishment has been long and justly celebrated.

With the history of playing cards, which is curious, our prescribed space will not allow us to deal. The "pips" and the "honours" on our cards retain their antiquated and grotesque characters. Attempts have been again and again made to introduce figures of a more natural character; but, we are informed, that these attempts have ever been attended with loss, so firmly are the public wedded to the old forms. The "pips"—*hearts* and *diamonds* in red, and *spades* and *clubs* in black—are printed by one impulse in oil colours, forty in a sheet. The "honours" are many-coloured, and they consequently require several blocks, each block being devoted to its own particular colour. Without entering into a description of this process of printing, which is similar to that which is employed in the production of paper-hangings, with which most persons are tolerably familiar, we proceed. Great attention has been of late years given to the ornamentation of the backs of our playing cards, and in this department the house of De la Rue & Co. has ever been unrivalled. They employ artists of the highest talent in furnishing designs for the backs of their playing cards; and many of the packs which are issuing this season exhibit designs of exceeding beauty. Graceful in the groupings of fruits or flowers, in the ever-lovely arabesque-like curves, or harmonious in the arrangements of colour, the refined character of many of these may be a simple, but it is, nevertheless, a striking proof, that a better, a purer order of things is arising amongst us, since in our idle hours we solicit and receive those trifles upon which there has been a sufficient inducement for the artist to bestow his talents.

The backs and the fronts of playing cards are printed on single sheets, that is, before the sheets are pasted into "boards." The fronts and the backs are pasted upon prepared "foundation cards," and then subjected to the various processes already described. In addition to which, playing cards are, before finishing, subjected to a "sizing" process, the size for the back and front of the card being different in character. When dry—and it should be here remarked, that in every part of this vast establishment are drying closets, so that, paper having a peculiar power of condensing and retaining moisture in its pores, this moisture may be removed in every stage of the process—when dry, the cards are placed between polished sheets of copper, and passed a few times between milling rollers; they are then carried to a hydraulic press for flattening, and subjected to a pressure of at least a thousand tons, by which they acquire their solidity, and the high finish which is always found on the best playing cards. The cards, being complete, are cut, first into long strips, and then into single cards; and so complete are the arrangements for this purpose, that, although the cutter turns out 20,000 cards a day, they are of precisely the same dimensions. The cards are then sorted into their different qualities, namely, "Moguls," which are the best cards, without spot or blemish; "Harrys," which may have a speck on the back or face; the "Highlanders," which are still

less perfect; and the "Andrews," which are the commonest cards.

The ace of spades being the government stamp, on which a duty of one shilling is paid, is printed at Somerset House. All cards exported are free of duty, consequently, as these packs are all furnished with this stamped card, the duty is returned upon an affirmation made to the effect that they have been sent out of the country.

The manufacture of visiting cards, wedding cards, &c., will have been sufficiently explained up to the process of enamelling and their ornamentation. The composition of the enamel preparation varies according to the circumstances for which the cards may be required. Zinc white, amongst other things, enters into the enamelling compound. There was, at one time, an idea that the health of those engaged in the manufacture of enamelled cards suffered from the absorption of metallic oxides, which were highly detrimental to the human health. Whatever may have been the case, this does not now appear to be so; and, beyond the circumstances of working in very warm rooms, there are no other injurious conditions to which the enamellers are subjected.

Before we pass from the manufacture of cards, we would remark that, by far the large majority of the railway tickets are manufactured here. These have, according to the railway from which they are to be issued, fixed colours and patterns, differing from those of any other line. These tickets are cut by boys, with a rapidity which is truly marvellous. We understand that more than a million-and-a-half of these tickets are manufactured weekly.

If the edges of cards are to be silvered or gilt, a line of gold size is applied, and then the silver or gold-leaf, or the Dutch metal, as the case may be, is laid on it. If embossing is required, the cards are taken to the embossing machines.

The preparation of the plates or cylinders for embossing paper brings into play some beautiful applications of the electrotype process. The design being decided on—supposing it, as is generally the case, to be a continually repeating pattern—it is engraved with great care by the die engraver on steel; this engraved piece of metal is not perhaps more than half an inch or an inch square. Impressions of this die are then taken upon a sheet of gutta percha; in this, of course, much care is required to ensure exactness. The impressed surface of the gutta percha is rubbed over with plumbago or some conducting substance, it is then placed in the decomposing cell of the electrotype arrangement, and a sheet of copper is deposited, which is covered with a multitude of facsimiles of the engraved die. We counted as many as 1200 repetitions on one plate. This is employed in embossing the paper, which may be either white, or it may have been prepared with colour and varnished previously to this process. In the embossing machines the paper passes between an unyielding steel roller and the plate or cylinder upon which the pattern has been prepared.

To Mr. Warren De la Rue, many of the mechanical appliances which are found so exceedingly useful are due—his mechanical genius and his great chemical knowledge peculiarly fitting him to conduct an establishment of this kind. The machine for colouring paper is one of those beautiful applications which cannot be seen without pleasure. It is not easy without drawings to describe machinery; but it is possible to indicate to some extent its mode of operation. Let us suppose an endless band, extending from one end to the other of a long room, and traversing, by the action of the machine, backward and forward over warmed plates. This band is rather wider than the sheet of paper to be coloured. Now, at one end of the machine, a boy places the sheet; this, by the motion, is drawn under a trough, triangular in shape, having a fine slit at its lower angle, through which the colour it contains flows out on to the sheet as it is moved gradually under it. By a most simple and ingenious contrivance, each sheet of paper is made, by the machine itself, to overlap the sheet which preceded it by about half an inch, so that the sheets pass on in an unbroken stream. As the paper passes out from under the colouring trough, it progresses under brushes which have, by the action of an eccentric, a peculiar motion imparted to them by which a cycloidal curve is produced on the moving paper. By this means, the colour is spread with great uniformity over the surface. In some few cases the colour is applied by hand;

and it is curious to observe that the motion with which the colourer spreads his colour on the surface of the paper is precisely similar to that of the machine. As the papers pass from the machine along the endless web, the colour becomes sufficiently hardened to admit of the removal of the sheets from the other end, without the risk of disturbing the coloured surface.

The space in this establishment occupied in the manufacture of envelopes is marked by the extreme activity with which every operation goes on. The impressed stamp on the postal envelopes is, like the ace of spades in cards, executed at Somerset House; from thence they are all sent to De la Rue's to be folded. Those who visited the Great Exhibition will well remember the beautiful envelope folding machine which was always found, when at work, with a crowd of curious inquirers around it. The papers are first cut of the proper size, and one corner is impressed with some design—such as a crest, a monogram, a name, or indeed whatever may be required. It is then gummed at this corner—an operation performed with great ease by children, who pass the corner under a triangular trough containing the gum, and as they withdraw it, they bring away the required portion of adhesive material, which has passed through a slit in the bottom of the little trough. When this is dry, they are sent in bundles to the folding machine. Here no less than six motions are necessary;—the paper is laid down, the four flaps must be turned over one after the other, and the envelope must be withdrawn. A boy lays on the machine a piece of the cut paper; a rectangular hammer falls and knocks it into a similar box-like space; the hammer rises and leaves the four flaps standing up; the same motion which raises the hammer, brings up an iron finger which presses down one corner; then another arises and does the same, and another and another; then the finished envelope itself rises, is clipped by a mechanical arm, and drawn away, leaving its space to be occupied by another. The rapidity with which this is done is something remarkable. The prevailing fashion of stamping papers with monograms, or fanciful designs embracing the addresses of the writers, has given rise to an immense trade in this particular direction. Dies have to be cut; and we learn that the vast variety of tastes, which have to be pleased, become really a source of considerable annoyance, from the immense stock of dies which are thus rendered necessary. This applies equally to all the chaste varieties of wedding stationery for which this house is celebrated.

It should be borne in mind, the Messrs. De la Rue & Company are wholesale manufacturers. The retail stationer receives his orders from his customers, and he sends his order to the wholesale house. Many might, without this intimation, have thought it desirable to go to an establishment where so great a variety could be seen; but, on arriving there they would be disappointed, as it is not possible in so extensive an establishment, where every minute is of value, to admit of any approach to a retail trade.

Mourning stationery is another very important division of this manufacture; but this, with ordinary fancy stationery, we are compelled to pass by without notice, for the sake of directing attention to novelties. The machines for printing in colours, and for the combination of colour printing with embossing, are of a peculiarly interesting character. Here we have an enormous fly press acting upon pieces of card-board with a force equal to a thousand tons, and bringing out in high relief the design which has been engraved upon the steel die. In combining colour printing with these embossed impressions, everything depends upon the nice adjustment of parts; and this "registering," as it is technically called, is carried out in the greatest perfection. We inspected a great number of the beautiful designs produced in this way for the bands for Irish linens and other "piece goods;" and we were almost disposed to regret that so much artistic skill in the production of elegant designs, and so much mechanical ingenuity in the details of the manufacturing process, should be expended upon things of so trifling a character. The necessity which, however, calls upon the manufacturer of textile fabrics to send his goods into the market thus highly ornamented, shows that there must be a general improvement in the public taste. In the *Art-Journal*, we have published from time to time most charming de-

signs, which would have been exceedingly applicable to many of the productions to which we have been alluding; but we admit, although these designs have not been copied, that those produced in this manufactory are in no respect inferior to our own.

The printing of postage and receipt stamps forms a separate department of this immense establishment—this division being directly under the supervision of government officers. One important object with the postal and stamp authorities has been the production of stamps—the colours of which should be sufficiently permanent to stand the wetting to which they are subjected, and other rough usage; but from which the required obliterating ink could not be removed without rendering the attempt at fraud evident. The chemical knowledge of Mr. Warren De la Rue has here been of the utmost value. As a chemist this gentleman is well known for his investigation of the colouring principle of the cochineal insect, and other colouring matters, and out of these researches there has arisen the preparation of those inks which are used in printing the stamps. In the preparation of the plate from which the sheets of stamps are printed, the multiplying process by the agency of the electrotype, which has been already explained, is brought to bear. One head alone is engraved by the die engraver, and this is multiplied 120 times to produce the sheet required. The printing, the sorting of the sheets, and the perforating processes, are each of them peculiarly interesting.

We must, however, pass on to the consideration of one of the most curious, as it promises to be one of the most useful of modern discoveries. This is the so-called "Vegetable Parchment," which was discovered by Mr. W. E. Gaine, in 1854. Vegetable parchment is made from waterleaf, or unsized paper, of which ordinary blotting paper is a common example, and is well adapted for the process. This is manufactured from rags of linen and cotton, thoroughly torn to pieces in the pulping machine, and it is found that long fibred paper is not so good for the production of vegetable parchment as that which is more thoroughly pulped. The structure of the waterleaf may be regarded as an interlacement of vegetable fibres in every direction, simply held together by contact, and consequently offering a vast extension of surface and minute cavities to favour capillary action. To make vegetable parchment, the waterleaf or blotting paper is simply dipped in dilute sulphuric acid, when the change takes place, and though nothing appears to be added or subtracted, the waterleaf loses all its previous properties, and becomes in all external respects similar to the prepared skin of animals, known as parchment.

Vegetable parchment greatly resembles animal parchment; the same peculiar tint, the same degree of translucency, the same transition from the fibrous to the hornlike condition. Vegetable, like animal, parchment possesses a high degree of cohesion, bearing frequently repeated bending and rebending, without showing any tendency to break in the folds; like the latter, it is highly hygroscopic, acquiring, by the absorption of moisture, increased flexibility and toughness. The preparation of gun cotton, by the action of nitric acid upon cotton, is now tolerably well understood; and it is generally known that in this case there is an increase of weight, arising from the combination of nitrogen with the cotton. Dr. Hofmann, however, informs us that vegetable parchment is something totally different from this. He says:—"With the exception of about 0.9 per cent. of mineral matter, a quantity not much exceeding the amount which is present in the better varieties of ordinary paper, the substance of vegetable parchment is identical in composition with cellulose or woody fibre. The analytical experiments demonstrate, as might have been expected, that the extraordinary change which the properties of paper undergo during its transformation, depends solely and exclusively upon a molecular rearrangement of the constituents, and not upon any alteration in the composition of the paper. In this respect, the action which sulphuric acid exerts upon woody fibre may be compared to the transformation of woody fibre, under the protracted influence of the same agent, into *dextrin*, a substance altogether different from fibre, but still identical with it in composition." For the preparation of the most perfect vegetable parchment, about two volumes of sulphuric acid and

one volume of water are mixed together, the blotting paper is dipped into this fluid, and in a few seconds the paper will be found to have undergone a manifest change. It is removed from the acid, well washed with clean water, and subsequently, for the purpose of removing all traces of sulphuric acid, it is dipped into very dilute ammonia, the ammonia being removed by frequent washings. When dried, this is the vegetable parchment. Its appearance has been already described. Its strength is given from four experiments made by Dr. Hofmann:—

	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Water-leaf paper broke when loaded with	17	15	15	15.6
Vegetable parchment broke when loaded with	78	75	70	71
Animal parchment broke when loaded with	92	78	56	75

Amongst the many applications of this very remarkable preparation, the following peculiarities will indicate many artistic ones:—

1. Vegetable parchment resists the action of most chemicals beyond that of any other organic body.

2. It is found that vegetable parchment takes writing ink and dyes with great facility.

3. It may be varnished without being previously sized.

4. It may be impregnated with salts, which will not in the least affect its properties, but which will enable it to resist the action of fungi and of insects.

In addition to its use for deeds, policies of insurance, and similar documents, it is valuable for working drawings, as it does not break on folding, and is not injured by wet. Tracing paper can be made of it, which is, in every respect, superior to either ordinary tracing paper or cloth. For binding, the flexibility and endurance of the vegetable parchment renders it peculiarly applicable; and, as it admits most readily of being coloured and gilt, the highest degree of ornamentation can be given it.

Artificial flowers, made from this material are exceedingly strong, and very perfect in colour. Vegetable parchment may be employed by artists in three ways—for pencil and for pen and ink drawings; for water colours and oil painting; and for the latter purpose it appears to stand alone for unrivalled excellence.

Such is a rapid sketch of an establishment which is, in every way, worthy of commendation. The perfection of every section of the manufactures for which the firm has a world-wide reputation, the excellence of all the arrangements for the comfort and well-being of those employed, and the regularity with which an enormous amount of material is prepared for the home, foreign, and colonial markets, distinguishingly mark the manufactory of Thomas De la Rue & Co., as a fine example of one of our native industries.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN: NATIONAL GALLERY OF IRELAND.—The first stone of this edifice was laid, in the presence of a large number of the Irish nobility and gentry, by His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, on the 29th of January. The circumstances which gave rise to this important proceeding—auguring, as we trust, a bright future for the Fine Arts of Ireland—will be best learned from the following extract of the address read to his Excellency by Mr. G. F. Mulvany, R.H.A., the honorary secretary, on behalf of the governors and guardians of the National Gallery:—"It is an occasion to which, in common with the public at large, the governors and guardians have long looked forward with anxious expectation—they had hoped that ere now they would have reached a far more advanced stage of progress, and even been, perhaps, assembled in the completed building to open and inaugurate it. They have, however, been subjected to the not uncommon mischance of such undertakings, that of too cheaply estimating the probable cost of the work, and have found that the funds by which it was originally contemplated that the building could have been erected fell far short of the necessary amount. Those funds amounted to the sum of £11,000, £6,000 of which was supplied by parliamentary votes in the years 1855 and 1856, and £5,000 contributed by the committee of the subscription collected at the close of the great exhibition, held on this lawn in the year 1853, a subscription designed to commemorate

the distinguished public services of William Dargan, Esq., in connection with that exhibition. After a considerable time had been occupied in the consideration of plans and designs for the gallery, it was found that a much larger sum was required, and it became necessary to obtain the sanction of the Lords of the Treasury to an application to parliament for a further grant. Such an application was accordingly made for the additional sum of £12,000. The endeavours of the governors to procure this sanction occupied a much longer time, but at last, in the spring of 1858, the justice of the claim was recognised, and an additional sum of £5,000 has been voted towards this object in the last session of parliament. With funds thus at present augmented, the building trustees have thought they may safely proceed in the erection of the Gallery. The designs and plans of it have been finally arranged, under the sanction of the Board of Trade, and their inspector for Science and Arts, and approved of by the public bodies whose concurrence is required by the act of parliament—namely, the Trustees of Primate Marsh's Library, and the governors and guardians of the National Gallery—they have also been approved by the Committee of the Dargan Subscription Fund, by the Council of the Royal Dublin Society, and on the part of the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, under whom the lawn is holden. The external elevation of the building will correspond with that of the New Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, recently erected on the south side of the lawn." The address concludes by an invitation from the governors for "public aid to support them in their exertions, fearing that whatever sums they may be able to obtain from the legislature for building purposes and for the maintenance of their establishment, they may be disappointed in any application for aid towards the purchase of collections, and they feel some confidence that the proceedings of this day, assuring to the public, as they do, the erection of a National Gallery of Ireland, will induce the great body of our gentry and people to assist this important object, and to follow the generous example set by those noblemen and gentlemen whose names are already found in our list of subscribers and donors."

WATERFORD.—The Art-Exhibition held in this city at the close of last year has, in its results, fully answered the expectations of its promoters. An official report of the committee informs us that the number of visitors was 15,638; the receipts amounted to £186 7s. 10d., and the expenditure to £131 7s. 10d., thus leaving a balance of £55 in the hands of the treasurer. Of this sum £40 have been applied to the purposes of the School of Art, in compliance with the rules of the department, and £15 were voted for the purchase of a piece of plate to be presented to George Gibson, Esq., honorary secretary, in recognition of unwearied and gratuitous services in promoting and carrying out the exhibition.

LIVERPOOL.—The Society of Arts has hitherto met with an amount of success that must be gratifying to all who have laboured in its establishment, and in this, its first exhibition. The following list of pictures sold has been forwarded to us:—"Wild Flowers," J. H. Mole, 15l. 15s.; "Wild Heath," W. S. Rose, 5l. 10s.; "Woodland Dell," W. S. Rose, 5l.; "Ariel" (bas-relief), F. M. Miller, 8l.; "Tomb of Conrad, Strasburg Cathedral," W. G. Herdman, 5l.; "Evening Hour," Collingwood Smith, 6l. 6s.; "Oberwesell," Mrs. Oliver, 7l. 7s.; "Blairlogie," James Wood, 5l.; "Linthgow," S. Rayner, 20l.; "The Squire's Hall," J. Stephanoff, 22l.; "Cotter's Saturday Night," J. Stephanoff, 17l.; "War," J. Stephanoff, 4l. 10s.; "She listens with her Soul," Stubbs, 12l. 12s.; "Tranquil Hour," Collingwood Smith, 5l. 5s.; "Vitre, Brittany," L. J. Wood, 16l. 16s.; "The Confidante," James Curnock, 45l.; "The Haunt of the Stag," J. H. Smith, 4l. 4s.; "The Frozen Brook," G. A. Williams, 20l.; "Ludlow Castle," Nicemann, 75l.; "Windsor Castle," J. J. Hughes, 5l.; "Passing Shower," Collingwood Smith, 5l. 5s.; "Chapel, Haddon," S. Rayner, 25l.; "Beauchamp Chapel," S. Rayner, 25l.; "Dinas Mowddy," George Shalders, 40l.; "Grandad's Return," Alex. Burr, 100l.; "Night," S. P. Hall, 36l. 15s.; "Morning," S. P. Hall, 36l. 15s.; "Coast Scene," James Callow, 20l.; "Ayr Fishing Boats," Henry K. Taylor, 20l.; "Arch of Titus," William Parrott, 7l.; "The Sognefjord, Norway," W. Melby, 84l.; "Stonehenge," J. D. Nalder, 31l. 10s.; "Bridge, Dolgelly," J. R. Cafferata, 5l.; "Tombs of Shiekhs," Frank Dillon, 80l.; "Sunset," J. Mogford, 80l.; "Chepstow Castle," J. Joy, 6l. 6s.; "Doune Castle," C. Pearson, 10l.; "Loch Lomond," J. Joy, 4l. 4s.; "Derby Day," Alex. Blaikley, 10l.; "Landscape and Cattle," H. C. Selous, 15l.; "Downs, Sussex," J. Price, 40l.; "Dell in the Wood," J. Price, 40l.; "Young Nourmahal," T. J. Ewbank, 47l. 5s.; "A Calm," Henry Dawson, 21l.; "Llanstephen Castle," Henry Lamb, 6l. 6s.; "Near Brombro," Benjamin Callow, 10l.; "Cattle,

W. E. Turner, 30l.; "Old Bridge, Stirling," W. G. Herdman, 20l.; "Nymph and Cupid," Miss Margaret Tekusch, 29l. 8s.; "Game of Chess," Miss E. Edwards, 15l. 15s.; "Pooley Bridge," E. A. Pettitt, 20l.; "Wreck Ashore," J. Callow (London), 6l. 6s.; "Last Ray of Day," C. Smith, 9l. 10s.; "Hoylake," James Callow, 7l. 7s.; "Brombro," John Callow, sen., 4l.; "Trefriu," P. Deakin, 10l.; "Landscape and Cattle," J. D. Harding, 49l. 15s.; "The Brunette," William Spillman, 3l. 3s.; "Study in the Highlands," A. C. Stannus, 3l. 3s.; "The Noon-day Meal," James Carnock, 35l.; "On the Ouse," E. Boddington, 20l.; "Waiting for Fish," E. Powell, 7l. 7s.; "Loch Riddan," G. F. Buchanan, 35l.; "Morning," R. Benedict, 10l.; "Evening," R. Benedict, 10l.; "Windy Day," T. J. Ewbank, 36l. 15s.; "Ballachulish," E. Richardson, 18l.; "Off Portnan," Edward Hayes, 10l. 10s.; "The Release," William Salter, 52l. 10s.; "Slave Merchant," J. Noble, 12l.; "A Present from the Country," Emma Corfield, 8l. 8s.; "Dead Game," Miss Huggins, 7l. 7s.; "In the Wood," George Alexander, 8l. 8s.; "Henry the Seventh's Chapel," J. G. Toney, 42l.; "Grumio," W. F. Callaway, 7l.; "Expectation," Fanny Geefs, 30l.; "Windsor Forest," Mrs. Oliver, 7l. 7s.; "Coblentz," Mrs. Oliver, 7l. 7s.; "Landscape," Alfred Clint, 31l. 10s.; "Eastham," Benjamin Callow, 10l. 10s.; "Engaged," Thomas Heaphy, 21l.; "A Study," E. Hughes, 21l.; "Capture at Lochleven," A. B. Clay, 84l.; "Bala Lake," E. Pugh, 6l. 6s.; "Richmond Park," T. S. Soper, 8l. 8s.; "Cathedral-yard, Stirling," W. G. Herdman, 25l.; "October Evening," T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 350l.; "Streamlet," H. F. Witherby, 10l.; "Mussel Gatherers," J. Michie, 12l. 12s.; "Dogs," T. Earl, 10l.; "Coast Scene," G. D. Callow, 12l. 12s.; "Highland Produce," J. A. Houston, 25l.; "Chrysanthemums," Miss C. James, 10l. 10s.; "La Bouquetière du Roi," a pastel, Madame M. Lagache, 40l. &c., &c. The catalogue contains a list of 872 exhibited works of all kinds; and we observe that very few of the larger pictures have found purchasers. Van Schendel, of Brussels, contributes four, to which are respectively attached these prices—360l., 280l., 240l., and one, "The Birth of Christ," 1200l. Amount of sales, 2383l. 6s.

SHEFFIELD.—On the 26th of January the council of the Sheffield School of Art gave a pleasant entertainment to the friends of the institution, the arrangements of the evening being made by Mr. Young Mitchell, principal of the school, and his assistants. A very large assembly of the most influential inhabitants met to testify their interest in the progress of the school, and to inspect the collection of works of Art, chiefly lent for the occasion by gentlemen resident in the locality. The walls of the rooms and corridors were hung with many excellent pictures by ancient and modern painters, large photographs, and in glass cases were exhibited collections of Majolica and Palissy ware, new and old; specimens of carved wood, silver-work, enamels, Venetian glass, bookbinding, electrotypes, &c. At the south end of the statue gallery the prize-drawings of the students were seen, and, at the north end, a collection of water-colour drawings, by local artists. Everything appears to have been done that could afford interest to the visitors, who, after partaking of tea and coffee, assembled in the large class room, where Mr. Alderman Dunn took the chair, in the unavoidable absence of Lord Goderich, who had consented to preside. Mr. Dunn addressed the meeting, in a long and able speech—judging from the report of it which we have seen in the local journals—on the nature, progress, and prospects of the school, and then proceeded to deliver the prizes adjudged to the successful competitors. We can find space to enumerate only the principal of these:—"The Norfolk Prize," of 20 guineas, to Charles Green, for the best design for a candelabrum; the "Mayor's Prize," of 10 guineas, to Walter Nicholson—with whom Hugh Stannus was almost bracketed as equal—for the best design for a race-cup; the "Parker Scholarship," of £10, for gaining the greatest number of medals in two years, to Read Turner; the "Master Cutlers' Prize," of 5 guineas, to Read Turner for the best design for twelve silver fruit-knives; and the "Montgomery Medal" to Howard M. Ashley, for the best drawing of eight flowers from nature.

LEEDS.—The committee of the "Fine Arts Association" recently met to discuss the question as to the best method of decoration to be adopted. Mr. Cope, R.A., and Mr. Armitage, from whom letters were read, suggested that the Victoria Hall and the vestibule should be ornamented with frescoes, the cost of which was estimated at £10,000; but the committee is not at present in a position to incur the responsibility of so large an outlay, and, therefore, recommend that the vestibule should have the first attention, and that a subscription should at once be commenced to raise the sum required for that purpose, about £1500.

JENNER.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. C. MARSHALL, R.A.

MORE than one-third of a century has elapsed since the death of Edward Jenner, and yet it is only today, as it were, that a memorial has been raised in honour of one of the greatest benefactors of the human race. Statues and monuments we have erected to commemorate the deeds of warriors, the patriotism of statesmen, the learning of the scholar, and the genius of the poet, but till now we have almost forgotten the man to whom the whole world owes a debt that the wealth of kingdoms could not discharge. It is, indeed, a question whether one person in twenty knows even the name of him who has been the means of rescuing millions from an untimely grave, and of preserving the "human face divine" from, perhaps, the most terrible malady which can affect it. When the names of heroes and conquerors shall have passed into oblivion, or be ranked only with the destroyers of mankind, his will be pronounced with blessings to the furthest end of time.

Dr. Jenner was born in 1749, at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, was articled to a surgeon at Sudbury, in Suffolk, and, when his indentures were expired, came to London, and became a pupil of the distinguished surgeon and anatomist, John Hunter; subsequently he returned to his native place, commenced practice there, and continued it till his death, in 1823. No offers of profitable employment elsewhere, no temptation in the way of honourable public position in his profession, could allure him from the village in which he was born. It was while residing at Sudbury that he one day heard a female farm-servant remark that she "could not take the smallpox because she had had cowpox;" and on making inquiry, he found a popular notion prevailed in that district that milkers, who had been infected with a peculiar eruption caught from the animal at a particular period, were quite secure from smallpox. Upon mentioning the subject to the medical men in the neighbourhood, they told him they were perfectly aware of the existence of the idea, but that the security could not at all times be relied on; the fact being, which Jenner after long investigation discovered, that although there were several kinds of eruption to which the cow was subject, one especially had alone the power of warding off or mitigating the disease.

About the year 1780, and when he was settled at Berkeley, the idea first occurred to him that it might be possible to propagate the cowpox, and with it the security from smallpox—first from the cow to the human body, and then from one person to another. He came up to London to endeavour to gain converts to his theory among the profession, but he was met only by ridicule or scepticism; and it was not till six years after that he determined to make the experiment. On the 14th of May—a day unnoticed in the English calendar, but annually commemorated in Berlin—a boy eight years of age was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid. He took the disorder "kindly," passed through it safely, and at the end of a few weeks was inoculated for smallpox without the slightest effect. Still professional men were so unwilling to acknowledge the truth of the discovery, or were so prejudiced against it, that a year elapsed, during which he had to contend against opposition of the severest and most unfair kind, ere he could establish anything like public confidence in his treatment. Upwards of seventy of the most distinguished medical men in London and elsewhere then signed a document, testifying their entire approval of the practice. In 1802 parliament voted Jenner a sum of £10,000, and in 1807 a further sum of £20,000. Never was public money more worthily bestowed; while honours flowed in upon him from every country of Europe.

Mr. Calder Marshall's statue of Jenner, placed last year in Trafalgar Square, is the spontaneous offering of the British people. As a portrait statue, it is a work of considerable merit. The pose is easy, the long toga or cloak is arranged in graceful folds, and the likeness is said, by those who recollect the living man, to be excellent.

THE
DRAWINGS OF THE OLD MASTERS
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"WANT of space" has hitherto deprived the public of the gratification of examining these curiosities of Art; and truly we remember no gallery in Europe in which the plea for the seclusion of first conceptions is not the same. The mere travelling sight-seer cannot condescend to dry, discoloured hatchings and etchings, while yet under the enchantment of the glories which have grown out of them: he cannot understand the relations between a finished marvel of Art and a rude outline upon rough paper. The collection now exhibited is not extensive, but it is sufficiently so to afford an idea of how the old masters embodied their first ideas. As it was in their day, so is it in ours. A sketch upon paper, then perhaps another and another, until perhaps a small essay in oil dictated the dispositions for the large picture. Berlin and Munich are rich in early and curious drawings, but it is in Rome, and Florence, where the affinity between the drawing and the picture can be established. At the latter place there was a time when, with a proper introduction, the rarest drawings might be copied, but we believe that this is not now permitted. In certain small rooms in the Palazzo Vecchio they are kept in strong boxes, whence they are charily drawn forth for the inspection of the curious, and among them we see fragmentary evidences of such works as the Cartoon of Pisa, the Fall of the Damned, with chalk and pen drawings for well-known works by Raffaele, Titian, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Titian, Leonardo, Giorgione, and a host of others. The famous Medici had the *pas* of the rest of Europe in respect of the portfolios of their painters; and certainly these sketches were more interesting to them than to all else, as they possessed so many of the works which had arisen from them.

Our collection is small, but precious, as containing designs which refer to famous compositions. The drawings and engravings are framed and glazed, and hung upon eight screens in the manuscript department of the Museum. The greater number of the drawings were left us by Mr. R. Payne Knight; a few were bequeathed by the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, and others have been purchased. The earliest drawing is by Giotto; it contains sketches of two male and three female figures, in the costume of the time—characteristic, but feeble and timid. In a small drawing by Angelico da Fiesole there is more knowledge; it is a careful outline of a youthful saint in a niche, rather statuesque than pictorial. Then we have a marked advance in two sheets of hands by Fra Filippo Lippi, drawn with the point on brown paper, the lights put in with white. The importance which this artist attached to accuracy of the extremities is shown in the careful drawing of these hands. Two figures by Masaccio evidence the graceful facility of this artist, a quality which even Raffaele did not acquire until he had seen Masaccio's works at Florence. By Andrea del Castagno there are three male figures on blue paper, and an elegant impersonation, that of a female holding a wreath, by Filippo Lippi. Then follow examples of Antonio del Pollajolo, Paolo Uccello, Sandro Botticelli, Alessio Baldovinotto, and Ghirlandajo. By Michael Angelo there are two most vigorous and careful sketches, one in black chalk of the Prophet Jonas, in the Sistine Chapel, the other of a draped male figure. By Fra Bartolommeo there is a drawing in black chalk, slight, and apparently much rubbed, representing the Virgin enthroned, surrounded by adoring saints; one of those ideas which a painter desires to see realized in large, with the same forcible simplicity—a thing which never occurs. Then follows a drawing by Andrea del Sarto, very elaborate, with the shades somewhat heavy; and by Perugino a sketch for one of the angels introduced in the Assumption of the Virgin at Florence. Then come four drawings by Raffaele, between the first and second of which there is a remarkable difference. The first is a sketch for the young king in the Adoration of the Magi, at Berlin; the second is a free and careless pen drawing—perhaps the first—for the figure of Horace in the Parnassus, in the Vatican: on the same paper there are hands, very bold and not less accurate. The next is a study of the Sappho and other figures in the fresco of the Parnassus, in the Vatican; and the last a sketch for the Entombment, which is in the Borghese Palace at Rome. By Giulio Romano there is the Nursing of Jupiter, and by Pierino del Vaga a saint exorcising a demon. Of the Venetians we have, by Giovanni Bellini, figures of St. John the Baptist and a Bishop; and by Gentile Bellini, two curious portraits—nothing less than those of the Sultan

Mahomet II. and his Sultana, marvellously etched with a pen. By Titian there are only two, but one is a drawing of the first class, being a careful study for the famous Peter Martyr, in the Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, at Venice; it is freely drawn with the pen, and the trees with a knowledge and power far in advance of his contemporaries. There is a Flight into Egypt, by Veronese, a Martyrdom of St. Stephen, by Tintoretto, and a Raising of Lazarus, by the same; with others by Bassano, Schiavone, &c. Of the school of Milan there are two Leonardos; then two Correggios, and we are comparatively rich in the Bolognese, as we have examples from the portfolios of Agostino Caracci, Ludovico Carracci, Annibale of the same name, and Guido Reni, with others by Guercino and Cignani. Then we come to the German artists, among whom figure the Nurembergers Wohlge-muth, the excellent Peter Vischer, and Dürer, with Burgkmair, Beham, Holbein, &c. &c. And among the Dutch and Flemings we have Van der Weyde, Memling, Mabuse, Goltzius, Vinckenbooms, Rubens, Vandyke, Teniers, Rembrandt, Mieris, Terburg, Ruysdael, Van de Velde, &c. &c. Upon the right hand screens are hung the engravings of the Italian and German schools, all extremely interesting to the artist, as suggestive of composition and authority for costume.

OBITUARY.

LORD NORTHWICK.

THE death of this venerable lordman—on the 20th of January—occurred just as we had closed for press our last number. His name is so well-known as an amateur of Art, as to justify a short notice of him in our columns.

Lord Northwick was born in 1770, and at the time of his death was within two or three weeks of attaining his eighty-ninth year. In early life he was sent to Switzerland for his education; and here the mind received its first bias in the direction which became so marked in after life. On leaving Switzerland, his lordship—then the Hon. Mr. Rush-out—proceeded to Italy, and other European countries, in the study of whose antiquities and works of Art he passed several years, not returning to England until 1800, when he succeeded to the title and estates of Northwick.

During the residence of his lordship on the continent, and especially in Italy, he acquired that love of Art which continued with him to the latest period of his life; for though during the last two years his health had been declining, he lost nothing of his intellectual vigour. To collect pictures was his chief delight; and when, by the death of his father, he had the means of indulging his taste, he lost no opportunity of enriching his galleries in London and at Northwick, and subsequently at Thirlstane House, near Cheltenham, to which the principal pictures from London were removed. In the *Art-Journal* for September and October, 1846, appeared notices of his lordship's collections at Northwick and Thirlstane House respectively; the two united would, we believe, form the most extensive private gallery in Europe possessed by one not of royal dignity. These works are principally those of the old masters. Amid the vast accumulation—for it is large indeed—are, as may be expected, many of very inferior quality, some decidedly good, and a few—by comparison only—of the highest quality. Lord Northwick's desire to enlarge his collection often induced him, especially of late years, to purchase without exercising that judgment which, earlier in life, he was accustomed to manifest. The same remarks do not apply to his cabinets of coins, medals, cameos, &c., for his lordship was a numismatist as well as a picture collector. The Greek coins are said to be very fine.

His galleries were always open at all times, under proper restrictions, to the inspection of the public, for he was ever as liberal in allowing others to see his Art-treasures as he was in expending his wealth to acquire them. His urbanity of manner, extensive knowledge, and agreeable conversational powers, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of enjoying his society.

It is reported that the whole of the works of Art will be brought to the hammer; if so, there will be a wondrous dispersion of these extensive collections.

His lordship, it appears, died without making his will; at least, none, according to advertisements in the daily papers, has been found.



J E N N E R .

ENGRAVED BY J. BROWN, FROM THE STATUE BY W. C. MARSHALL, R. A.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE NEW ASSOCIATE.—On the 31st of January, the Royal Academy of Arts filled up the vacancy which has so long existed in the ranks of its associates, as a consequence of Mr. Foley's promotion to the full honours of the body. Our readers know, that, it is not very long since the Royal Academy were persuaded to abolish that absurd and unjust regulation by which their elections, in either rank, were limited to a particular period of the year,—so as, in combination with another restriction of theirs equally injurious, to occasion, almost as a matter of course, a lengthened vacation, and, as a matter of probability, *very* lengthened in one of a number of benefices ridiculously disproportioned at best to the number of expectants awaiting them and well entitled to their enjoyment. According to the common sense and common justice of the matter, the vacancy is filled up now as soon as it is created;—though in the present instance, circumstances have deprived the last associate of the full benefit of this new birth of academic reason. The Queen's absence from town, and engagements, have, it appears, prevented the signature of Mr. Foley's diploma;—and till the diploma is signed, the election of the Academician is considered incomplete, and the vacancy for the associateship not to have accrued. Whether, in days like these, the Queen's absence in the far Highlands presents such a positive obstacle to the completion of an academic title as the newly-awakened wit of the body may not yet succeed in overcoming, we will not pause to inquire. We throw out the suggestion:—and proceed, with much satisfaction, to announce, that the new associate, now that Mr. Foley has been got fairly out of his way, is, Mr. John Frederick Lewis, late the President of the Society of Water-Colour Painters. Twenty years ago, Mr. Lewis was well known to the Art public as "Spanish Lewis,"—as to the public of to-day he is known as "Eastern Lewis:"—but wherever his thirst of Art led him, he carried with him a band, for translating the characters which he found, almost miraculous in its power.—Not forgetting that this election, like so many which have preceded it, leaves certain long-standing wrongs of the Royal Academy still undressed,—if our readers would see how good an election in itself it is, they will find, on turning to the number of this Journal for February, 1858, a summary of the extraordinary labours which now constitute Mr. Lewis's charm, and certain engraved specimens both of his earlier manner and of his later.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—This "troublesome" matter may be considered as arranged: the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought his sagacious mind to bear upon it, and that which his predecessors failed to do is done. At all events, the question is settled—that is something. There will certainly be two opinions as to whether the country has acted wisely for Art, in losing all hold on the Royal Academy—leaving it for at least another generation altogether a private and irresponsible body, to do just as it pleases with the large and important interests that have been, and are to remain, entirely under its control. In Piccadilly it will be as it is in Trafalgar Square—a narrow, selfish, and illiberal policy will prevail in its councils; the great Art-teachers—lecturers, libraries, models, premiums, and schools—will give the smallest possible amount of aid; the mystic forty will continue to be forty; the annual dinners will be, as heretofore, gatherings which benefit the country and the profession nothing; and charity will be, as usual, open only at one door. These are evils that might have been remedied: perhaps not easily, but certainly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer did not feel himself able to grapple with them; and rid himself of a difficulty by sending the Academy to Burlington House, and continuing the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. We believe on the whole he has made good terms for the nation, and can fully comprehend the obstacles he had to surmount—obstacles that had absolutely terrified preceding ministers into paralysis. There can be no doubt that his largest difficulty arose from the fact that the President of the Royal Academy and the paid member of Council of the National Gallery was one and the same person, and that, in

occupying positions so irrecusable, and, indeed, antagonistic, he kept the Government in a state of thralldom. On the whole, therefore, an entire separation is a boon; and possibly Sir Charles Eastlake may hereafter be at the head of both, without serious prejudice to public service. For our own parts—and we believe we represent the feelings of many—we consider it would have been a benefit of infinitely greater magnitude if a worthy National Gallery of Art had been erected at Brompton, and the Academy had continued occupants of the present odious and inconvenient building—subject always to public control. We conceive, consequently, that we have lost a great "chance," such as will not again offer to the existing generation. The subject is so large, and involves so many important considerations, that we shall postpone dealing with it for a month: we shall then have all the necessary and authentic documents before us, enabling us to judge rightly, and place the matter in all its bearings before our readers.

FRANCE, AND ENGLISH ARTISTS.—The French government seems desirous to include the domain of British Art within the *entente cordiale* that still happily connects the two countries. Our advertising columns contain a communication from the French Minister of State to our Royal Academy (and another from the Belgian Government), inviting the artists of Great Britain to contribute to the forthcoming annual exhibition in Paris. It expresses the "great sympathy and esteem" which his excellency entertains for the productions of the English school, and that a room will be especially devoted to the reception of such works. We shall be indeed well pleased to know that the invitation will have such responses as may confer credit upon us, but can scarcely hope this will be the case: our leading artists of all kinds will generally, we suppose, prefer exhibiting at home; still, pictures which have already been exhibited here, and are yet in the hands of the painters, unsold, may find their way into the galleries abroad: at all events, we sincerely trust that whatever is sent may be of a quality that will bring honour, and not discredit, on our school; it would be melancholy indeed to see it represented by the works of our third and fourth rate, or even second-rate artists. As a corollary to the invitation from France, M. Silvestre has forwarded to us the subjoined communications, with a request that we would publish them:—

"The following letter has been addressed by Mr. John P. Knight, Secretary of the Royal Academy, to M. Théophile Silvestre, appointed by H. E. the Minister of State and of the Household of the Emperor of the French, to inspect the museums and other institutions of the Fine Arts in Europe:—

"Royal Academy of Arts, Trafalgar Square, London, January 31, 1859.

"SIR,—I laid your two letters, the last dated the 24th inst., before the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts, at their meeting on Saturday last, and am directed to convey to you the assurance of their high appreciation of the expression of H. E. the French Minister of State, in approbation of the English School of Art, and also of the offer on his part to devote a room for the reception of English works of Art for exhibition at the *Palais de l'Industrie* in April next. I have also received instructions to make known this gratifying and generous offer to the President of the different Art Societies in Great Britain.

"The President and Council feel that this expression of sympathy for British Art, on the part of the French Government, deserves and demands an earnest response from British artists, as founding a noble emulation and mutual goodwill between the artists of the two countries.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN P. KNIGHT, R.A., Sec."

"M. Théophile Silvestre."

"CONSULTING DECORATOR."—This is a new idea. It is somewhat singular that, at a period when certainly there is a general desire to do all things not only well but rightly in the way of furniture and decoration, we should have so long needed a competent adviser without finding any. A prospectus has been placed in our hands, to which it is our duty to call the attention of our readers. It emanates from Mr. John Stewart, "recently of Edinburgh," and is accompanied by testimonials of the highest character, signed by some of the best judges in the kingdom—conclusive as to Mr. Stewart's competency for the very delicate and important office he undertakes. We extract a passage from his advertisement:—"The growing appreciation of purer styles of decoration is the best evidence of national progress in Art; and this awakening attention to the

home development of artistic principles has created new necessities to secure higher qualities of domestic embellishment. So long as those entitled to lead social taste were satisfied, the practical painter, paper-hanger, or furnisher, supplied the demand; or, in important cases, the architect, with more satisfactory results, diffused his unity of thought over the mansion or apartment. Now, when higher styles of home ornamentation are becoming integral portions of domestic comfort, and when decoration is rising to the importance of a recognised department of Art, the period for a further division of professional skill has arrived, when the consulting decorator—one specially qualified to advise in the *theory* and *practice* of decoration—has become as indispensable as the consulting engineer or architect in their respective departments." Mr. Stewart rightly adds that "no truth is now more demonstrable than that beauty depends on harmonious combinations, and not upon expensive selections, which often prove nothing better than costly incongruities." It will be obvious to all who read this notice that such a guide will be very valuable to those who furnish or decorate, either a mansion or a cottage, who, desiring to avoid needless or foolish expenditure, feel that, if left entirely to themselves, they are far more likely to go wrong than right, and who may not only effect their object by obtaining elegance and adopting truth, but save large sums of money by pursuing the only path that leads to correct conclusions. We have long advocated as a truism the principle that "beauty is cheaper than deformity," that simplicity is pure taste, and that to gratify and instruct the eye and mind, wealth is a less advantage than a just appreciation of excellence. It is only in England that, when the owner of a thing of cost seeks admiration for it, he tells you *how much he paid for it*. That reproach is, however, rapidly leaving us. A time is not far off, when it will be more difficult to find that which is bad than that which is good in the factory or the shop—consequently in houses grand or humble. We hail, therefore, as an auspicious event the advent of Mr. John Stewart, and hope, if he be the first, he will not be the only "consulting decorator," who will judiciously and honestly guide those who cannot, and ought not to, depend entirely on their own judgment when making arrangements, upon which must depend so much of the pleasure they are to have and give—perhaps for a long series of years—at home.*

THE FIRST CONVERSAZIONE of the season held by the "Artists and Amateurs" Society, took place at Willis's Rooms, on the 3rd of last month. The room was not so well filled with works of Art as we have seen it on many former occasions, still there were a few pictures and portfolios well worth looking at. Among the former we recognised two or three old friends:—Maclise's "Gipsy Encampment," to our minds the greatest work of the artist; Turner's "Burning of the Houses of Parliament;" and a large early drawing, by the same painter, of an imaginary Italian scene, in which the Sybil's temple at Tivoli is introduced; the composition is full of fine poetical feeling: the drawing was contributed by its present owner, Mr. Vokins.

HONOURS TO WEDGWOOD.—There are, it seems, two proposals, each of which is designed to honour the memory of Josiah Wedgwood, in the locality with which his name is so closely connected. We do not, however, yet understand them clearly; it will, therefore, be our wiser way to delay somewhat until we are in possession of sufficient facts for our guidance. Tardy justice is, at all events, now sure to be rendered to this energetic and enterprising man: what shape it will actually assume is still a question—whether as an institution, as almshouses, as a statue, or—as an eloquent writer in the *Times* advocates—as a means of abating the "smoke nuisance!"

PHOTOGRAPHY APPLIED TO LITHOGRAPHY.—M. Jobard has communicated to the Institute of France a new process by which photography is made available for the production of lithographic or zincographic prints. A lithographic stone or a zinc plate is covered with the iodide of silver, and a picture obtained on this surface. As soon as the light has made its impression, the stone or plate is

* We refer our readers to Mr. Stewart's advertisement, which appears elsewhere.

covered with a thick solution of gum Arabic, with which some lamp-black has been mixed, and it is placed aside in the dark to dry. When the gum is thoroughly dry, it is placed in water, which of course dissolves it. Over all those parts upon which the light has acted the iodide is removed, which is not the case over the other parts. The stone or plate is now in a state of preparation to receive the ink; and if this is applied carefully, M. Jobard states, the whites are retained in great purity, and the proofs are very perfect.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES IN CARBON.—Mr. Pouncey some time since announced a discovery, by which the uncertainty of the silver salts was avoided, and all the permanence of an impression from a copper-plate given to photographic pictures. He has just communicated his process to the Photographic Society, and we hasten to give our readers the advantage of this important discovery. The inventor takes a "slack-sized paper," which he carefully presses. Having the paper ready, it is laid, face uppermost, on a flat board or glass, and he proceeds as follows:—

1. Prepare a saturated solution of bichromate of potash.

2. Prepare a common solution of gum arabic about the consistency of thin varnish.

3. Prepare vegetable carbon, by grinding it with a muller on a paint-stone or slab, with water, in the same manner that a painter grinds his colours.

Mix together equal parts of the solutions 1 and 2, and then add one-eighth the quantity of No. 3, stir the whole together with a glass rod, and strain it through the finest muslin that can be obtained. Coat the paper freely, by means of a broad camel's hair brush, and allow the paper to absorb the mixture for about two minutes. Then, with a painter's four-inch hog's hair "softener," work the surface regularly over, with an alternate vertical and horizontal motion, until the whole presents a smooth, even surface, partially dry. The drying may then be completed by the fire. Place this paper, with a negative photograph above it, in a copying frame, and expose to sunshine in the usual way—the time of exposure varying from five to fifteen minutes. When removed from the pressure frame, lay the picture, *face downwards*, in a flat dish of clean water—and let it soak for five or six hours. During this soaking, all those parts which are not acted on by light come off, while the other parts remain, varying in intensity according to the influences of the rays permeating the negative. Thus we obtain pictures actually printed on paper, in what must be a compound of carbon and oxide of chromium, combined with the organic matter of the gum and the paper. We anticipate very great results from this process.

THE PHOTODROME.—Some time ago we noticed, in our Journal, an optical contrivance devised by Mr. Rose, of Glasgow, for rendering some of the extraordinary illusions of persistence of vision patent to an entire company at the same instant. Since that time he has brought his contrivance to greater perfection, by producing an apparatus in connection with a powerful light, by which a large disc exposed before an audience, exhibits, when set in rapid revolution, very surprising effects. The apparatus consists of two distinct parts: one, a large disc of about six feet in diameter, which is placed before the company, with its face perfectly exposed, and set in rapid revolution; the other, a powerful light thrown from an opposite gallery, over the heads of the spectators, and intermitted by the action of a perforated disc revolving with great rapidity in front of it. The ingenuity of the device mainly consists in the skilful coincidence of two independent motions, at a great distance from each other, from which results a regular and accurate measurement of flashes of light, in due relation to the motion of a disc of figures rapidly moving. In the construction of the apparatus conditions have to be observed, which could not be made intelligible without illustrative diagrams. One interesting effect may serve to indicate the illusions presented. A wheel, four feet in diameter, is brought to a velocity of two thousand revolutions per minute, and instantly shown in a state of *permanent* apparent rest, or moving slowly in the direction of its absolute motion, or contrary to it. We have been accustomed to look with interest on a rapidly revolving wheel when brought to apparent rest, for a single *instant*, by a flash of electric light, but it is something far more astonish-

ing to see the wheel at apparent rest for any length of time, when we know that such an effect can be produced only by measuring out flashes of light with such exactitude that at every flash the spokes shall be in the same relative position.

NEW PROCESS FOR FIXING CHALK DRAWINGS.—We are often applied to for information on the best method of fixing chalk drawings, and have, at various times, answered to the best of our knowledge, the queries put to us. The following notice appeared in a recent number of the *Builder*; we transfer it to our pages for the benefit of those whom it may concern:—"M. Ortlieb has just communicated a paper to the Academy of Sciences on this subject. The first methods for fixing works of Art executed in chalks, charcoal, and other substances which are in danger of destruction from the slightest touch, date from very far back, and in some cases are perfectly successful. Sometimes the drawing is rapidly dipped into a bath of some glutinous liquid, and sometimes the liquid itself is applied with a brush. This, however, cannot be done with chalk or charcoal drawings. A very thin and transparent sheet of bibulous paper is laid on the drawing, and the brush is then passed over the protecting sheet; the glutinous liquid penetrates to the drawing, and the wished-for effect is produced. In the case of chalk drawings (pastels), however, this process has the inconvenience that certain tints, which, on being wetted, change their tone, do not return to their former state on drying. This circumstance led M. Ortlieb to make some experiments with a view to find a better fixing liquid than those now in use; and after many trials he found that the silicates of potash and soda answered very well, but with the serious drawback that during the application the colours were liable to be disturbed, so as to give the drawing the appearance of being 'sun-dug.' At length, however, he succeeded in obviating this inconvenience by a very simple plan, which merely consists in executing the pastel upon thick but unsized paper, such as is used in copper-plate printing, and afterwards applying the fixing liquid to the back: it is thus quickly absorbed, without causing any disturbance of colours on the other side. To this it must be added, that none but mineral colours should be used, these being the only ones that can combine with the silicates, which have no action on vegetable colours. These rules being observed, the picture will not only resist damp, but will even resist washing with water; acid vapours have an effect upon it; and it becomes combustible."

ART IN CHINA.—A lady of distinguished taste, who is at present residing at Penang, where her husband has a high appointment, writes us that the American frigate appointed to take out the United States Minister Extraordinary (Mr. Reed) to China, touched at Penang, and gave an entertainment to those "having authority," on board what our fair correspondent calls a "floating palace." "In the state cabin," she adds, "were some beautiful pieces of carved ebony furniture—a sofa and some tables: we much admired them, and were told that some gentlemen at Canton, who took the *Art-Journal*, allowed the Chinese artificers to see it, and that this had much improved their designs. The designs of the carvings on the sofa, which were all pierced through, were much more free, and less grotesque, than those of Chinese inspiration; and this was attributed to the influence of the *Art-Journal*." We are not surely arrogating too much to ourselves to call this "fame!"

"THE BRITISH WORKMAN."—It is pleasant to report the satisfactory progress of this excellent and most useful work, and our belief that its enlightened projector, Mr. Smithies, is, after all, likely to find it "answer" commercially. There is no publication of the age calculated to be so extensively serviceable. It addresses itself to millions, and cannot fail to instruct as well as to gratify every reader. The letter-press is entirely unobjectionable, interfering with no conscientious prejudice, exciting no bitterness, arousing no angry feeling or indignant thought. It is for *all*, and all may enjoy it. Every penny part contains at least half a dozen engravings; they may be compared with the best that are issued in our own or in any other periodical work. Thus, therefore, the eye and the mind are taught; the teaching through both is honest morality, the duties and the rights of labour, to fear God, to honour the Queen, and to love our neighbour. It is not too

much to say that all who desire to advance the truest and best interests of the working classes—to make them prosperous, happy, and content—should aid the circulation of this admirable and valuable penny paper.

"THE OLD RIDING SCHOOL."—Our brave and energetic contemporary, the *Critic*, claims, and claims justly, the merit of having, by a timely protest, prevented the removal of the national pictures of the English school to this receptacle, where damp, if not fire, would have made short work of them. The idea was so preposterous that we ourselves conceived the rumour to be an invention; we are consequently the more bound to accord due honour to the *Critic*, and to express the gratitude of all artists and Art-lovers for the exposure, and the comments, that averted from a fate so disastrous the collections of Vernon and Turner, and the other glories of our British school.

BLACK LEAD PENCILS.—We remember the time when Messrs. Brookman and Langdon monopolised almost the entire "pencil market;" it is not so now,—the spirit of competition and of trade has brought others into the field to dispute with them the claim to superiority. However, these manufacturers, judging from some specimens we have recently tried, are by no means behind their rivals, if they do not keep so far ahead of them as formerly. Their "Fine-Art Drawing Pencils," adapted for ordinary drawing purposes, are quite equal, as comparatively cheap pencils, to any we have used: they work pleasantly and smoothly, and the colour of the lead is rich. The B pencil would be greatly improved by being made firmer; we find it break under the touch if pressed upon rather heavily.

EXHIBITION OF DESIGNS FOR THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S NEW "TABERNACLE."—The committee presiding over the erection of the building which they are pleased to designate a "Tabernacle," and which is intended to be devoted to the uses of Mr. Spurgeon's congregation, has inaugurated another architectural competition. And certain architects and others have responded to their invitation; the result being an exhibition of a numerous series of designs, with plans and specifications, in the large room (and an excellent room it is) at Rea's Horse Repository, at Newington, immediately adjoining the site that has been selected for the building itself. The most ecclesiastical of architectural styles was peremptorily excluded from this competition, the Gothic having been directly ascribed, by no less an authority than Mr. Spurgeon himself, to a demoniacal origin. The classic, with its Italian modifications, and that peculiar architectural expression which has its type in the Surrey Gardens, accordingly remained open to the competitors. The competition itself shows that the Byzantine, notwithstanding its Gothic affinity, was held by some to be an admissible style. By far the ablest, and in every respect the best of the designs, is in this Byzantine style. We know well the skilful hand from which these drawings marked "*Noni soit qui mal y pense*" proceeded; but we cannot hold out to their author much hope of success, for the very reason that he ought most certainly to be successful. His design is too architectural, and, what is still worse, it is too ecclesiastical. The prevailing idea is evidently obtained from the edifice in which Mr. Spurgeon acquired so much of his popularity.

TESTIMONIAL TO E. W. COX, ESQ.—The editor of the *Law Times* has found grateful friends among his readers: a costly and beautiful piece of plate has been presented to him, "in recognition of his unwearied and successful endeavours to promote the mental, moral, and social advancement of their branch of the legal profession," by the solicitors of England and Wales. Mr. Cox is not the only editor who has thus been honoured during the past month: the editor of the *Derby Reporter* has received a similar gratifying and "recompensing" compliment.

THERE is at Mr. Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, a fresco—or perhaps, more properly speaking, an encaustic painting—which has been removed from one of the palaces in Florence. It is a small life-sized head of a Madonna, that has formed a principal figure in a composition. The history of the fragment is not given, but it is attributed to Raffaele. The features are extremely beautiful, with more of the nature of Christian Art than the form of classic Art.

REVIEWS.

LA VIERGE DE L'ÉGLISE DU MONT St. APOLLINAIRE. Engraved by J. KELLER from the Picture by E. DEGER. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS. Engraved by F. WERNER, from the Picture by W. CAMPHAUSEN. Published by ACKERMANN & Co., London.

DIE GESCHWISTER. Engraved by F. WERNER, from the Picture by E. GESELSCHAP. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

LE TINTORET AU LIT DE MORT DE LA FILLE. Engraved by A. MARTINET, from the Picture by L. COIGNET. Published by E. GAMBAR & Co., London.

DERNIERS HONNEURS RENDUS AUX COMTES D'EGMONT ET DE HOIN PAR LE GRAND SERMENT DE BRUXELLES. Engraved by A. MARTINET, from the Picture by L. GALLAIT. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

THE GERMAN "CHRISTUS." Engraved by A. MARTINET, from the Picture by E. GESELSCHAP. Published by ACKERMANN and Co., London.

We have classed these engravings together, because they have all been issued by one publisher, Julius Buddeus, of Düsseldorf, who has placed them respectively in the hands of various London publishers, as indicated above. Deger's picture of the "Virgin and Child" is a composition that has more of the character of the Murillo school than of any of the Italian painters; the two figures are beautifully grouped; a feeling of deep tenderness is apparent in the face of the Holy Mother, while that of the child is wonderfully *living* and infantile in expression. At equal distances from each other, around and above the group, the heads of cherubs are peering through the clouds; the uniformity of arrangement which the artist has given to these objects, three on each side the Virgin, and one directly above her head, is a grand mistake in this otherwise fine work: it invests the composition with a conventionalism and stiffness, which it would have been well to avoid. The picture has been exquisitely engraved by Keller, who has given to the flesh remarkable softness and delicacy of texture.

Camphausen's "Roundheads and Cavaliers" might have been painted by Cattermole, or Haghe; it is just such a scene as these artists would have been at home in. A cavalier of noble blood, it would seem, with his family, a wife, son, and daughter, are prisoners in one of our fine old English churches; they are reclining on a bed of straw, with a sour-looking Puritan soldier, well armed, keeping watch and ward over them; on the floor leading to the chancel a body of Cromwell's fanatical troopers have kindled a fire with, apparently, some portion of the wood torn from the sacred edifice, while two of their horses refresh themselves from the font, whose waters have for long years been the visible sign to many generations of introduction into the Christian fold:—those old Puritans were as insensible to the humanizing influences of ecclesiastical art as they were to the hallowing creeds and ceremonies of the reformed Church. The picture is very fine both in composition and detail; it is full of interest, painful though this be, and the characters are most ably sustained. The engraving is in mezzotinto, and a good specimen of the style.

Another example of mezzotinto is Werner's engraving of Geselschap's picture called "Die Geschwister," or "The Sisters;" it represents the interior of a cottage, where a round-faced young German girl is seated in a chair, holding in her arms a child whose face is even rounder than her own; they are true types of the peasantry of "Fatherland," but the print has little interest beyond this.

Coignet's fine but most sad picture of "Tintoretto painting the portrait of his dead Daughter," is well known to those acquainted with the best works of the modern French school, as well as by the prints that have before been published from the picture. Martinet has not translated it in his best manner: the engraving is flat and ineffective, faults that appear to arise from over-elaboration; certain portions are very beautifully rendered, such as the dead body, and the draperies immediately surrounding it. M. Martinet is a French engraver of deservedly high reputation, which this print, however, does not sustain.

A far more successful result has been attained by the same engraver in his reproduction of Gallait's picture of "The Last Honours paid to Counts Egmont and Horn," the bold Flemish commanders who were executed in Brussels in 1568, by order of Alva, captain-general of Flanders for Philip of

Spain, because they endeavoured to establish the independence of their country. The picture offers a bold and grand composition; side by side on a rude couch, and covered, except the heads, with a black velvet pall, lie the two gallant soldiers, surrounded by civic officials, troopers, &c., whose countenances betray unmistakably the various emotions of the heart, that of grief being the most apparent. This is in every way a fine print; the figures are powerfully characterized, and most intelligently expressed.

The German "Christus" is a small mezzotinto engraving, the subject suggested by a custom which prevails in some parts of Germany, where children, laden with toys, fruits, &c., go to the houses of their friends at Christmas-time—or New-Year's Eve, we rather think—to make presents. In Geselschap's picture, a young child, robed and bare-footed, having a *glory* round its head, and altogether after the similitude of one of those "Infant Christs" painted by the old masters, is passing along a lonely highway, laden with offerings; on its shoulder a stick is borne, on which is suspended a "Christmas-tree," its branches bearing fruit; the lap is filled with fruit and toys, and at the side hang a drum, a sword, slates, &c. It is a fanciful and pleasing idea, that would, however, be better appreciated in the country whence it originates than with us.

A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF PAINTING, ANCIENT AND MODERN, showing its gradual and various development from the earliest ages to the present time. By RALPH NICHOLSON WORNUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

The University of Oxford having selected Mr. Wornum's "History of Painting," the first edition of which was published a few years since, as the class-book for students who present themselves for examination in the Fine Arts, the author has been induced to prepare another edition of his book, carefully revised, and enlarged so as to bring the subject down to the very latest period. The volume is only what it professes to be—a sketch, or manual, of the history of the art from the earliest known records, those of the Egyptians, extending over a period of more than three thousand years, and including every country wherein painting has been developed in a nation or a school. The materials have, however, been very diligently collected, they are systematically arranged, and lucidly placed before the reader, who may almost at a glance ascertain to what particular school every great painter belonged, and what are the peculiarities and excellences of his style. For the purpose of enabling the student to investigate at greater length any especial portion of the subject, a series of notes at the end of each epoch or period refers him to such works as will afford the information he may desire. It is altogether the most comprehensive work of the kind that has ever come under our notice.

In his concluding remarks, Mr. Wornum makes some sensible observations on the so-called Pre-Raffaellite revival in Germany and this country. He says:—"The attempt of Overbeck and others to re-establish the early sentimental or ascetic art is a retrograde movement; so is that style also which denotes excessive attention to elaborate detail, and magnifies the eccentricities or accidents of the individual into generic characteristics. No exalted sentiment can possibly be aided by either ugliness or disease; neither health nor comeliness are incompatible with sorrow or piety. To attempt to represent intellectual or spiritual power at the expense of the physical condition is absurd. The physical ideal can alone harmonize with the spiritual ideal; lofty sentiment and physical baseness are essentially antagonistic."

"If such revivals are to be looked upon only as the reaction of vigorous minds to counteract *effete* academic generalities, then they are great services; but they must rank accordingly as mere means, and are on no account to be admired for their own sakes as ends to be attained. This will probably be the result of these new art vitalities."

Our own view of modern Pre-Raffaellism is embodied in this last paragraph: it is that we have often expressed; if the tendencies evinced in the labours of Mr. Millais, Mr. Holman Hunt, and their school, have such a result as Mr. Wornum anticipates, these artists will have worked to some good purpose as regards others, and not entirely without benefit to themselves, as *instruments*; in such a light their names may have an honourable place in the annals of English Art.

LIFE AT THE SEA-SIDE. Engraved by C. W. SHARPE, from the picture by W. P. FRITH, R.A. Published by the ART-UNION OF LONDON.

A marvellous exhibition of the bright and happy side of Cockneydom is Mr. Frith's picture of Rams-

gate sands in the *season*: were it satirical, it would be Hogarthian; but there is no satire in it, all is genuine, true, and actual—the living men, women, and children of our day, luxuriating in the warm sunshine and healthy breezes of the Kentish coast. Neither is there vulgarity here among these groups of citizens with their families; in fact, they show an aristocratic bearing, suited to those who have retired from business for awhile and become idlers by the blue sea-side. But we discussed at considerable length the merits of the picture when exhibited in 1854: it only therefore remains for us to say a few words about the engraving. From the peculiarity of the composition, the large number of figures it contains, and the infinite variety of colour and tone apparent in the dresses, Mr. Sharpe's task—as we know well from having frequently seen him working on the plate—was one of no ordinary difficulty. The composition divides itself into two parts; a line drawn through the centre will at once determine this: of these two parts respectively, *light* is the keystone of the one, and *dark* of the other: it was utterly impossible to bring these into harmony, when in truth they are two distinct pictures, both in composition and treatment, and the eye cannot embrace the whole at the same time. This defect in the arrangement of the subject is far more prominent in the engraving than in the painting, where variety of colour has a counteracting influence: neither Mr. Sharpe, nor any other engraver in the world, could entirely overcome this difficulty: all that could be done has, we believe, been done, to bring the subject together, as artists are accustomed to say. A close examination of the print in its details will testify to the skill, ingenuity and labour bestowed upon it; vigour and delicacy have been respectively employed where these qualities were needed, while there are certain passages to which we could point that are admirable specimens of cutting; and the fidelity with which the faces are translated will be at once admitted by all who recollect the original. An engraving, however, of this magnitude, to have ample justice done to it, required more time for its accomplishment than could be spared by the society for whom it was executed. Under all the circumstances of its production, Mr. Sharpe ought to be a gainer in public estimation as an accomplished, sound, and *honest* engraver.

That the rent-roll of the Art-Union of London will also be swelled by the gift of this print to the subscribers of the present year, there cannot be a doubt: the popularity of the subject, independent of any merits it possesses as a work of Art, must attract a large number of subscribers, especially among the thousands who have seen and enjoyed "Life on Ramsgate Sands;" with our country cousins too—those who dwell always among pleasant fields and bubbling streams, requiring no sea-breezes to bring health to the body and roses to the cheeks—it will be both amusing and instructive to know how we Londoners demean ourselves at the sea-side when out for a holiday.

MEMOIRS OF BARTHOLOMEW FAIR. By HENRY MORLEY. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

Mr. Morley's book is a novelty in literature, and it may already be pronounced a successful novelty, as far as criticism and sale are concerned. Those persons who, like the fine ladies of Oliver Goldsmith, can only talk of "Shakspeare and the musical glasses," may question the propriety of writing a book at all on so "low" a subject; indeed a shake of a critical head, as portentous as that of Sheridan's Lord Burleigh, has been given toward the author, who sins in good company, for genial Ben Jonson devoted his best talents to a five-act play, depicting the fun of the fair in the early days of James the First. Ben was a student of the humour that gave so strong an individuality to men, when he and Shakspeare walked the world, "gathering humours of men daily wherever they came," as honest old Aubrey tells us. Now the "humours" of seven centuries are depicted in the history of London's Great Fair; and are they not worth exhumation? How little we know of the busy people, whose history has never yet been written, while the follies of state never want their historian. We who remember Bartholomew Fair in its dying condition, may think of its decease with as little compunction as of any other near Newgate: it had long outlived its utility, it had become a nuisance, and was abolished. But though degraded for fifty years, it had been otherwise during six hundred, and more than that long period of its history has fallen to Mr. Morley's lot to narrate. When it was first founded in the green fields of the outskirts of London, it was as welcome to the churchman and the merchant, as it was to the mere pleasure-seeker. It was a market to which all men flocked, and Prior Rahere,—when he founded St. Bartho-

lomey's Monastery, hatched his marvellous stories of miracles done there, and, better than all, got the credulous to believe them—felt that he only wanted a general gathering from all quarters on the great festival of the patron saint, to ensure due attention to his brotherhood, and a large share of business profit. The grant to hold this fair, awarded him by Henry I., is abundant in its powers, and proffers the royal protection to all who come to it to trade or for pleasure. Trading was in those days a somewhat difficult matter; roads were bad, robbers abundant, communication consequently very difficult. Such a combination of the *utile* and the *dulce* as Smithfield then presented, made the feast of St. Bartholomew much to be rejoiced in by the Londoners, who timed their movements affectionately toward its annual commemoration. Mr. Morley has most patiently gathered from all sources the various phases of its existence; first as a market of utility, ultimately as a sort of Saturnalia, in all stages of its history using his facts rightfully, as a means of displaying the past life of the people of England. In his chapters we see, as in a series of pictures, the peculiar feeling which governed the men of the metropolis, as century after century passed away; and by contrasting the later chapters with the earlier, we feel how changed it had become. Where the trader and the wandering glee-man met in the days of Henry I., there came in those of Elizabeth a motley crew of revellers, who converted the fair into what Ben Jonson described it in the reign of her successor, a vast and somewhat reckless scene. Puritanism scowled it down, but it rose again like a giant in the days of the merry monarch, and reached its culmination when in its great theatrical booths, under the management of such men as Henry Fielding, the novelist, and with the best actors from the royal theatres, it could attract the nobility and royalty itself to witness its various sights. The Prince of Wales was once conducted by torchlight over Smithfield to see "the fun of the fair," by Rich., the manager of the theatre royal, and Sir Robert Walpole, premier, was a frequent visitor, and is said to have eaten roast pig in the precincts—*one of the "correct things to do here" in the olden time.*

The reader must search in Mr. Morley's book for the thousand-and-one odd things which took place in Smithfield during so long a time. We cannot narrate a tithe of its wonders, from the "Hare and Tabor" of the days of Elizabeth, to "the Learned Pig" of the last of its shows; from the glories of Elkanah Settle's "Siege of Troy," to the literary doings of Henry Fielding—tales which make the pages of these "memoirs" so varied and so fresh.

Mr. Morley's volume is got up in good taste, with an abundant sprinkling of curious engravings. It is quite a drawing-room book, and is a good instance of what a clever man may do with an apparently unpromising or "vulgar" subject. This history of a fair is in reality a history of the manners and customs, as well as the amusements, of the capital of England, and deserves to take its due place as an interesting and instructive contribution to a knowledge of our ancestors.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS ON PICTURES, &c. Edited by WILLIAM COTTON, Esq. Published by J. R. SMITH, London.

Mr. Cotton is most indefatigable in his determination to enlighten the world upon the subject of Sir Joshua. Reynolds is his hobby-horse, and he rides him almost to death. The title-page of this book—whether it will prove the last, or not, we cannot tell—embraces a variety of matter; it runs thus:—"Sir Joshua Reynolds's Notes and Observations on Pictures, chiefly from the Venetian School, being Extracts from his Italian Sketch-books. Also, the Rev. W. Mason's Observations on Sir Joshua's Method of Colouring. And some unpublished Letters of Dr. Johnson, Malone, and others. With an Appendix, containing a Transcript of Sir Joshua's Account-book, showing what Pictures he painted, and the Prices paid for them." With the exception of a few of the notes on the Venetian pictures, we can discover little or nothing here to interest or inform; and the substance of these notes Reynolds embodied in his "Discourses." The history and practice of the great painter has but a very faint gleam of additional light thrown on it by Mr. Cotton's new publication.

WINTER. From a drawing by W. E. JONES. Published by G. BAXTER, London.

This is one of the very best "imitation drawings" we remember to have seen: it is printed by Mr. Baxter's patent process. The scene is the outskirts of a village; to the right of the road, which runs almost straight through the centre of the picture,

stands the venerable little church, faced on the opposite side by some cottages—church and cottages surrounded or flanked by groups of fine old trees, whose leafless branches are shown with photographic fidelity. The snow lies about on roof and ground, and it clings to the trunks of the trees; only here and there is it white and glittering, for the day has been bright, and the sun, now illuminating in its descent the distant horizon by a dull red streak, has thawed and discoloured large patches of the pure covering which in the morning spread itself over the landscape. The picture is a bit of true nature, faithfully copied by the artist, and as faithfully by the printer: it seems to be the only *Winter* we shall see this season, for we are now in the middle of February, and in our suburban garden primroses are in full blossom, and the sweet-briar hedge is putting forth green and fragrant leaves.

DREAMLAND. By JESSIE MACLEOD. With Illustrative Lines by MARY ELIZABETH. Published by W. KENT & Co., London.

Our immortal dramatist has said,—

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and
Our little life is rounded with a sleep."

Upon this hint the two ladies whose names appear upon the title-page of this richly-bound book have spoken—the one with her pencil, the other with her pen. Here is the "Poet's Dream": his lute is laid aside; he has fallen asleep over an unfinished manuscript, and a vision passes before his sealed eyelids; one winged figure holds a chaplet of laurel towards him; another blows the trumpet of fame; another, with streaming hair, and unlovely countenance, flies from him, while imps, and gnomes, and hideous reptiles, come forward to meet him with bags of gold, which, in all probability, his hands will never grasp. The "Exile," a maiden, dreams of the land from which destiny has separated her, and of the hour when she was wooed by a gentle shepherd swain under the branches of the wide-spreading beech-tree. The "Conqueror," an aged monarch, crowned and robed, has his memory once again reverting to the days when he "waded through slaughter to a throne," and received the forced homage of the vanquished. The "Criminal" is in his dungeon, chained and fettered; but he sees once more the hours when, an innocent boy, he knelt beside his mother and received the blessings of the white-robed priest. We wish Miss Macleod had surrounded the latter with the attributes of the Protestant faith, instead of those that distinguish the Romanist. Perhaps, however, the lady is herself of this creed; if so, she has applied her art conscientiously. "Age," an old woman, whose distaff is by her side, but whose thread of life is almost used up, dreams of early love, of matronly felicities, terminating in a terrible catastrophe—the death of her husband as a felon. The "Merchant" dreams of rich argosies, which storms are engulfing in the sea. The "Miser" of his hoards, which, as he sleeps, the midnight burglar steals from him. The "Murderer's" dream summons up the spectre of his victim, exposing to him the wound of the assassin's knife; and the "Brave Knight," sleeping on the tented field, has a vision of his fair wife and young children. There are other dreamers, too, but we must leave them in the "land of Ned" undescribed.

Of the two ladies whose united talents have produced this work the artist bears off the palm—not that Miss Macleod's drawings are of a high order, nor do they evince much originality of conception: they are ingenious and pleasing, and, withal, the idea is rather novel. The illustrations—we should call Mary Elizabeth's lines "descriptive" rather than "illustrative"—are drawn on stone by Mr. J. Brandard, and printed in tints, which give them a showy appearance. The "Exile's Dream," and the "Conqueror's Dream," are to our mind the best in the series; the former is pretty and poetical; the latter very spirited.

A MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CHEMISTRY. By T. FREDERICK HARDWICK. Fifth Edition. Published by J. CHURCHILL, London.

The name of Hardwick in connection with the Chemistry of Photography is now so well known, that it scarcely requires a word of ours to assure our readers that this, the fifth edition of his admirable manual, is one of the best books for the photographic artist or amateur. Mr. Hardwick's examination of each special division of his subject becomes more and more complete with each new issue of his book, and we feel fully justified in stating that this is one of the most complete of all the works which have appeared on photography.

Mr. Hardwick has done so much good work, that he could readily afford to give more credit than he

has done, to those who have gone before him in this most interesting field of labour. He has followed in the footprints of older photographers, and has worked so well, that he might have added to his own most favourable position, if he had shown more candour towards those who were his teachers, and had more freely acknowledged the sources from which his first lessons were derived.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WORKS OF JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER. Selected and Translated by GEORGIANA LADY CHATTERTON. Published by J. W. PARKER & SON, London.

Those who cannot gather for themselves the flowers of German literature, are greatly indebted to such as not only collect, but select from the abundant beauty and wisdom to be found in "fresh fields and pastures new" what is most calculated to enrich and improve our taste, and enlarge our appreciation of the treasures which have been hitherto sealed against us. We are grateful to Lady Chatterton for the discrimination she has shown in these extracts from one of the highest, purest, and best men of the age. No more valuable gift-book could be presented to old or young.

SPENSER'S POETICAL WORKS. Vol. I. With Memoir and Critical Dissertations, by the Rev. G. GILFILLAN. Published by J. NICHOL, Edinburgh; J. NISBET & Co., London.

We have on several former occasions noticed this well-edited, yet cheap, library edition of the works of our poets—those that date before the commencement of the present century. The volume last issued begins the writings of Spenser, to be completed in five volumes. The public, generally, know little of this poet, chiefly, we believe, on account of the difficulty of understanding him, with his obsolete words and quaint etymology. Various editions have been published at different times with the view of obviating this, but it has never been so completely done as by the method adopted by Mr. Gilfillan, who has had the glossary, or modern meaning of the old words used by Spenser, printed at the margin of the line in which they appear, so that the reader is not constantly "running his eye" to the bottom of the page in search of what he would find—the old method of printing glossaries, when not inserted at the end of the book. The advantages of this plan must be manifest to all.

VIEWS OF THE ENGLISH LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. By T. L. ASPLAND. HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., London: J. GARNETT, Windermere.

These views consist of eight little aqua-tinta prints of the principal scenery of the lakes: they are neatly drawn, prettily coloured, and are well suited to a scrap-book or album; or, as they are published in an ornamental case of green and gold, they will help to make a drawing-room table look gay.

HERALDRY IN HISTORY, POETRY AND ROMANCE. By ELLEN J. MILLINGTON. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

A lady has here ventured on what some may consider a very dry and uninviting subject for study; but she has, by her mode of pleasant anecdotal treatment, made it a most agreeable book to all who wish for a good general comprehension of a "science" that had its glorious days in the chivalric era, when "valiant knights and ladies gay" made it an important part of their education. Our fair authoress has exhausted all the associations that connect themselves with heraldry in a series of chapters abounding in curious facts (unrestricted in their discursiveness, but always illustrative of the subject in hand) in a portable volume.

A MANUAL OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF VOICE AND SPEECH. By JAMES HUNT, Ph.D., &c. Published by LONGMAN & Co.

When a practical man writes *con amore* upon a subject he loves, he rarely misses to make a book generally interesting to all. This is the case with Dr. Hunt's volume, which abounds with curious details and amusing anecdotes sufficient to make it agreeable to readers who would fear "philosophy" less palatably given. Dr. Hunt, following his father's career, has long been known for his successful treatment of all vocal defects; the present book is a proof how sound is his knowledge, and how well-grounded he is in all that relates to his art.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1850.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.



THE first period of Italian painting portrayed the visions of an imaginative faith with something of a childlike simplicity and rudeness; the second period, headed by Masaccio, laboured to add natural truthfulness; the third, which we now approach, contributed a beauty and grandeur in harmony with the highest requirements of the cultivated imagination, and, by their union with the qualities earlier sought for, raised the art at the beginning of the sixteenth century to that brief eminence, which was the loftiest and divinest it has attained in modern times. Da Vinci is entitled to be considered the foremost leader of this, the Augustan epoch of Italian painting. He was—in this art at least—a man of slow unfertile invention, and by no means gifted with natural facility of execution; but his perceptions were subtle and penetrating, his feeling was tender and profound, his taste refined, all to a rare degree; and what these could effect by dint of patience and labour, without a prolific imagination of the intensest force or the most vigorous technical power, was accomplished by him. Although a poet with his pencil in a high degree, he was even more a philosopher in Art, whose aim was to rectify and enlarge its principles rather than to multiply pictures. Hence resulted a manner of drawing careful and refined, and yet of partial excellence, a roundness and force in the modelling, and light and shade unexampled, though commonly laboured to hardness and heaviness, a beauty of composition, an elegance in what is called style, which were both wholly without precedent. Above all, his works are distinguished by a perception of character and expression subtle and delicate to the highest degree that he could by thought and assiduity attain, though, in his ideal subjects, often of an irrelevant beauty. It is commonly an abstract exemplification of nature, rather than a strongly imaginative conception of the particular theme. Leonardo's office was, amongst other things, to free Art from the last remains of Gothic rigidity and meagreness. In his reputation he has been by far the most fortunate of painters. Critical writers have commonly seized on him as a ready means of supplying them with the pleasures of unalloyed admiration, and the consequent luxuries of unimpeded eulogy, accepting his really imperfect endeavours as consummate achievements, and, in spite of the endless labour, incompleteness, and fewness of his works, exalting his name as the synonym of an accomplishment and mastery in Art which were

restrained only by the limits of mortal powers. There are few things in our experience more surprising than the comparison between these praises and some of the pictures which are the particular objects of them.

"Not to admire is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so."

So says the Creechian version of Horace, to which may be opposed Wordsworth's declaration, that "we live by admiration, hope, and love," a truth to be heartily acknowledged with reverential gratitude. Yet it must be confessed that the enjoyments of ideal love and veneration are apt exceedingly to warp the judgment, and so place continual stumbling-blocks in the way of just criticism; since, such is man's proneness to them, that in the absence of an object worthy of admiration, he will immediately shape one with his fancy out of something at hand, which is, indeed, often very unworthy of such a distinction: and hence the world has been filled with idols, such as Napoleon, Cæsar, and others, from whose glorious fanes their sentinels denied all issuing forth; so that they were, in sober fact, mere abodes of captivity, delusion, and suffering—full of the narrow cells of death. In the more peaceful and pleasant paths of Art, this craving after a perfectly delightful ideal has, we feel convinced, been singularly fortunate for Leonardo da Vinci, raising his fame much above his merits, great though they were undoubtedly. Before few divinities in his part of the temple of fame have there arisen such dense and continual vapourings of critical incense.

He was born in 1452. His illegitimate father, Ser Piero, notary to the Florentine Signory, provided for him a liberal education; and though his singular versatility itself, from the first, seems to have interposed obstacles, through the inconstancy of mind which it occasioned, his early progress was extraordinary. In arithmetic, especially, he soon puzzled his teacher; and no less apt at the more graceful studies—applying himself to melodious as well as abstract numbers—he played on the lute and sung, it is said, divinely, improvising both poetry and accompaniment—a display which his beauty and graceful vivacity must have rendered extremely attractive. But the plastic arts were already even more his favourites; and his earliest attempts of which an account remains are singularly characteristic of some of his permanent preferences. He modelled smiling heads of women and children in terracotta, and from such figures he soon afterwards drew on very fine cambric or linen most patiently. Who does not here see, at once, that love of mild female elegances, and infant beauty, and round modellings, which ever afterwards distinguished him—tendencies which seem to have arisen in some degree from the example of Andrea del Verrochio, who, we are told, drew with extraordinary care female heads, which were constantly imitated by Leonardo da Vinci. And probably this influence of Verrochio may have led Ser Piero to consult him as to his son's future pursuits, and by his advice, to send him as a pupil to that great artist's workshop. But the astonishing youth soon took the pencil out of the master's hand for ever. He added to one of his pictures an angel, the liveliness and beauty of which so disgusted Andrea with a sense of his own inferiority, that he determined thenceforth to confine himself to sculpture.

The Medusa is probably the earliest work by Da Vinci now at Florence, and a highly characteristic one, inasmuch as, with a careful study of the beautiful, it combines its antithesis, or artistic foil, fantastic ugliness, for which he had so marked and curious a predilection. The Gorgon's severed head lies in a cave—the face upturned, and the crown, which

is nearest to you, tressed with snakes, dying, and some detaching themselves. The last venomous vitality of the dreadful being seems quivering away through her serpent hair. These uncoiling braids of multitudinous snakes are realized with extraordinary labour and truthfulness, down to their very hardness, weight, and ghastliness of sheen, and the sudden spasmodic upturning of their half-dead members. Were not Leonardo's tenderness to animals well-known, did we not remember that he would purchase birds for the simple pleasure of freeing them from their cages, we might have feared that many a snake was tortured into a model for this strange display of reptile agony. The Gorgonian lure of *beauty* in the face—which, fascinating and absorbing the gaze, may have often prevented those snakes from being seen, till the victim was unredeemably within their power—is rendered with less gusto, and, characteristically enough, left unfinished. The hard-ringed, venom-sweating eyes, the mouth, breathing obviously a noxious vapour, have by no means that "loveliness" which Shelley's imagination saw in the infinite void above them, when he penned his famous verses.

We recollect but three other remarkable pictures by Leonardo in all Florence: the Adoration of the Kings, a large composition, not carried forward beyond the dead colour of the shadows, and chiefly noticeable for the excessive elaboration of the trees, which he has at once completely delineated with a stiff and mannered minuteness, quite at variance with the true spirit of such objects; secondly, we recall a portrait said to be of the beautiful Genevra de' Benci, who is, however, here not beautiful, and drawn with hardness and an absence of elegance remarkable for Leonardo, and reminding one of a somewhat early Flemish picture rather; thirdly, is to be remembered with far more satisfaction, the portrait of himself when advanced in life, one of the most grandly handsome of heads, dignified, penetrating, adorned with a magnificent silver beard, and, though over dark, one of the noblest and best painted of his works. But to admire his *delicacy* and *elegance* in portraiture, we must journey from the banks of the Arno to those of the Seine. When unemployed in Italy, chiefly because so much less practical than his great rivals, he accepted the invitation of Francis I., and went to little more than die in his service—he took with him that most famed portrait which he had painted at Florence sixteen years before, in happier and less disputedly glorious days. This is the likeness of Mona Lisa del Giocondo, the fair Florentine lady, with the demure dark cyprus drawn over her hair, and yet smiling, where she is seated in the midst of a strange quaint landscape, like sharpest alpine aiguilles. Although said to be unfinished, the rounding and softening of the features are singularly laboured, with an untiring resolution to render every dimple in her elegant, pleasing face, which, even like some refined coquette's, smiles on you so faintly, that it scarcely seems to smile at all. But what a melancholy wreck is the picture! A sickly invalid is Mona Lisa now. Just such complexions abounded in Florence when the Boccacian plague struck it, and drove away her ancestral likenesses to the pure and healthy villa amongst the hills. Where, alas! now are the pinky nostrils, and the dim violets of the eyelids, and that artful union in the carnations which made up the very freshest bloom of life, and the apparent lively beating of the pulses, seen especially at the pit of the throat, which Vasari celebrates? Faded—gone—followed by a complete little network of cracks. Mona Lisa's face is now wan and colourless—absolutely greenish, with shades of nothing but black! But the worst of it is, the famed perfection of the execution no longer appears;

the laboured finish now seems to result in something of stiffness, and yet to be softened away into a want of distinctness and precision. This is the very portrait which Leonardo kept on his easel no less than four years, from his desire to finish it to the utmost completeness and perfection he could attain. They say he was accustomed to take a musician, or a good teller of facetious stories, with him to the sittings, to keep up well that smile of hers, which he was bent upon fixing on his canvas safely, for the endowment and enrichment of posterity. But, surely, unless indeed the painting required the entire absorption of his faculties, such assistance can hardly have been needful, since he was distinguished by his captivating powers of conversation, and proficiency in the lighter accomplishments, as well as for his rare philosophical and artistic gifts. Without taking into the account his superfluous attraction of personal beauty, one may conclude that an occasional *bête-à-tête* with such a personage cannot have been distasteful to the lady herself, and may have been accorded by her with a very becoming urbanity, and a quite sufficient tendency to smiles. Nay, we should rather think the difficulty would have been to keep the corners of the mouth, and the attendant dimplings, within due limits. We dare say his friends, when they met him in the streets, jested occasionally on the subject. "Ah, Messer Leonardo," we fancy we hear them saying, "whither away, in such deep cogitation bent? Addressest thou thyself now to fill the intestines of the woolly tribe with air, till they swell to such an alarming degree, as almost to fill the chamber? Or art thou fabricating little Plutonic reptiles, which, though they have no life, have yet the wit to fly through the air? Or condescending to graver utilities, and schemes of moderate, sober practice, art thou at the present moment teaching rivers how to run up hill, or churches, without so much as dropping a stone, to mount a whole flight of steps? Or, being averse to everything but pure thought and meditation thyself, art thou setting the elements themselves—the very air and light around us—to work mightiest things with marvellous potency?"—"No," says another, "he is doing none of these things just now. I wish he were—the latter. And as for his noble cartoon for the Signory, Pietro, despairing of ever bringing him to it again, and considering it properly our own, inasmuch as three ducats and a half have already been paid on account, has given that to the plodding and unswerving young Buonaroti to finish; and I have just seen him at it in Santa Maria Novella, hard at work rectifying the anatomy and the passions of those crazy infuriated horses, which he says are altogether out of order." Here the speaker winks, and touches his gossip with his elbow. "But what is—that really is Signor Leonardo about all this time? I'll tell you in your ear. Like a bee in a bell-flower, he has been hanging with all his soul three or four days in only one of Mona Lisa's dimples; and as she has so many—in cheeks, and chin, and neck, besides a lovely little one at the root of each finger—goodness, when will he come to the end of her picture! They will evidently have time to turn and narrow into wrinkles first. Monsignore Ulysses in Moya Calypso's cave for half a dozen years was nothing to this; or rather it is like Jupiter himself, quite bound and tied up by the little cestus of Venus; for here is a fellow, whose proper function it is to order about the elements, irrecoverably lost in the pit of a dimple. Is it not lamentable? Oh, with his one mind, give him a hundred hands, and three centuries of existence, and the power of action, and he would build the true Palace of Life out of the rude obscene materials lying neglected about us! But farewell, Leonardo, our duty

and our homage to Madonna Lisa del Giocondo. Come, gentlemen, I have private news from Rome, which will give us all a good laugh at the Pope; after which I want you to give me your opinion on my new guitar."*

Another portrait in the Louvre of Leonardo's genuine handiwork is the *Belle Ferronnière*, perhaps Lucrezia Crivelli, mistress of Ludovico Sforza. She is no beauty, with her straight hard features and full cheeks, although her eyes are full of thought and character. The flesh tint, (almost brassy in hue,) is here unmitigated unvaried brown ochre shaded with black, eyes and all, and the background is wholly intensest sable. Vasari says admiringly, that this great genius, to give the utmost force of relief, laboured to discover a black darker than other blacks, calculated to throw forward every shade of lesser intensity, "all with a view of attaining the last perfection of Art." We see in this example of such a system of light and shade, that nothing could be heavier or more disagreeable. How superior the advances in light and shade and colour made by Francia and Perugino, who were both born a few years before Leonardo; so that in styling him the leader of the most accomplished period of Art, we must admit several important qualifications, preferring him simply for his more truthful and refined drawing and composition, and greater variety of character and expression. The defects of shading and colour which mark the *Ferronnière*, prevail even more in another Louvre picture, also of Leonardo's own execution—a half figure of the Baptist. The morning star of righteousness is here represented as a good-humoured smiling personage, who would do exceedingly well for a Pann or Sylvan. Even a thyrsus would be advantageously substituted for the cross he holds in his hand. In modelling and colour, this is like a figure smoothly carved in ivory, and steeped in walnut juice, and with all its elaboration, very hard and imperfect in much of the drawing. By the bye, it occurs to us to ask, what has Mr. Ruskin to say of such a very paganish notion of the Baptist? Does it not tend to show, as well as Leonardo's mild, round-cheeked, quiescent Madonnas, and even the Roman consular looks and draperies in his Last Supper, that the "corrupted," the "fallen Raphael," denounced by that writer for demoralizing Art with conceptions of this class, was preceded in them all by his ever deeply-respected Da Vinci, who should therefore be considered even more culpable for having set the shameful example? The commendable cheerfulness to which his views of religious subjects tended, is strikingly, though somewhat eccentrically, marked in an elegant and pleasing picture, also in the Louvre, which was, however, to all appearance not painted, though designed, by him. The *Beata Vergine*, sitting on the knees of her mother, an elegant female as young as herself, stoops down, and stretches forth her hands to take to her bosom her Infant, who is playing with a lamb. Her look is languid with exceeding tenderness. "Oh, come to my heart, you pretty little fellow!" she is saying. He, meanwhile, holding his lamb, (pretty little creatures both,) seems asking with most eloquent innocence of tongueless glances whether he may play a little longer. Santa Anna, a pretty lady with soft eyelids, looks down on them with a sweet smiling complacency. This group has much highly studied beauty of form and

* It is pleasantly noticeable that this gentleman's quizzing is nearly all of it substantiated by Vasari. One of Leonardo's projects was to raise the Baptistery, and place steps under it, without injury to the edifice—a plan which, with his usual eloquence, he so explained, that the thing seemed practicable till he departed, when every one saw for himself that it was impossible. Humboldt styles him the greatest physicist of the fifteenth century; and adds—"Like Bacon, but a whole century before him, he regarded induction as the only sure method of treating natural science."

lines, and thus far is, no doubt, Leonardo's; but for the almost whimsical sportiveness of the expression, (though for certain sublime and profound reasons we are by no means inclined to quarrel with it,) he has not been considered fully responsible. The countenances in his own Cartoon of the Virgin and Sant' Anna bear a more noble and elevated character; so that probably the tone of the playfulness may have been considerably qualified by the hands of the pupil.

The most beautiful known composition of Da Vinci's, excepting his "Last Supper," is, it appears to us, *La Vierge aux Rochers*, a picture which, from the Last Supper being an utter wreck, is one of the most precious works by him remaining. We allude to the one belonging to Lord Suffolk, in which the refinement of the expression, and parts of the drawing, the extremely laboured and forcible modelling, and finish, (all different from the manner of his scholars,) claim for it the rare distinction of being, in the important parts at least, the work of his own hand. Lord Suffolk's picture is far finer than the repetition in the Louvre in almost every respect, especially in the singularly sweet face of the kneeling angel, who here looks lovingly on the Infant St. John, as he adores the divine Child; whilst in the Louvre version, with a countenance of no such tender power, she looks out of the picture towards the spectator, and points to him the devout act. A far less happy conception, this last—though also Leonardo's own, as shown by a separate study from his own hand—since it interferes with the simple tender unity of the sentiment, and the repose of the picture. Besides, in that lonely basalt-like cave, wild with tangled plants, and carpeted with flowers, where by the banks of the Red Sea we may conceive them to have sought shelter from Herod's sword, we should scarcely look for a visitor. This view of their situation, which at first seems a most free poetic licence, perhaps renders it sufficiently probable. The elegant ideality of the figures, on the other hand, bows itself into a tender tribute of imagination to the sacred theme, with a most attractive grace. The kneeling Virgin throws her arm over the little St. John, with a maternal care and guidance, as he, kneeling also, but reverently aloof, adores the infant Saviour, with a touching infantine seriousness and simplicity. His divine playfellow, seated beneath on the ground, in a significant lowliness of place, answers him already with the well-known sign of benediction; and the Angel, who kneels behind, supporting the Saviour, regards him with a most calm, complacent tenderness. Her face, (for to such a one it is impossible to apply an other than feminine pronoun,) is perhaps the loveliest Leonardo has left us; the most winning example of that peculiar kind of beauty which he often strove for, with a patience supported wonderfully almost to the end. The full soft eyelids, the mouth with its mysteries of sweetness, the delicate small chin, and dimpled cheek, are resting-places of pure tenderness, where it seems safe from further banishment and wanderings. And yet it is, emphatically, a "sweet woman's" face—if such an expression may be used without trivial and undignified associations—not specifically saintly or angelic, but full of that dear and true love universal, which no one who comprehends and feels what it is, would venture to profane by marking as uncongenial with sanctity, as distinctly apart from it, and unworthy of heavenly persons and occasions. As we have often said before, we delight altogether in pictures which thus finely honour pure and true humanity. Last summer we could never gain a complete view of Mr. Frith's "Derby Day," at our Academy, so densely was it thronged on every occasion. Literally, we

could only see a scrap of that most popular production at a time. Meanwhile, Leonardo's Angel, exhibited in the next street, was left almost in solitude with Giorgione's delightful heroine, and this notwithstanding all that has of late been taught with respect to Art, and all our boasted advancement. Surely that advance, as yet, has carried us but a little way.

And yet the present work of Leonardo's is much deteriorated. Notwithstanding all his science, his colours have been quite singularly fugitive; and this picture especially both palely and darkly mourns his ill-advised experiments in that branch of the art. The flesh tints have now no red whatever: they are like parchment, or old discoloured ivory; and the shadows, throughout, must be blackened far beyond even what Leonardo's erroneous preference for darkness left them. Yet even now we cannot help fancying, though perhaps it is but a fancy, that we see traces of a beautiful subdued cool harmony in this picture, composed of deep yellows, greens, soft rich blue, and brown, with but little of ruddier hues; the whole resulting in a tone poetically appropriate to that cool and fresh solemn sea cave, where but for the sacred personages who now enshrine it, the glaucous Nereids would certainly inhabit, starring their locks with those jonquils, and braiding them with the leafy garlands that droop from the quaint pinnacles.

But notwithstanding its elegance, and tender sweetness of sentiment, and poetry, the picture, on examination, certainly lets one quietly somewhat further into the secret of Leonardo's weaknesses and unsurmounted difficulties. The drawing is in parts strikingly defective; and the modelling much over-laboured, producing a substance hard and unflesh-like, however smoothly and forcibly projected. With subtle and refined, but partial perceptions, he *carves* with his pencil those finger-joints and tendons of the foreshortened hand, those dimplings of the cheek, those languorously sweet eyelids laden with love; and yet, even here, a want of artistic power and facility appears in the hardness and heaviness with which they are overwrought, and much is indeed, in sober truth, astonishingly jejune and bad. Even those who most admire Leonardo cannot avoid seeing these defects, but they attribute them to his scholars. These secondary parts, say they of the present picture, must be by some inferior hand, and the beautiful heads only by Leonardo. But unfortunately the heads themselves are in many parts equally ill-drawn. The Madonna's face is altogether crooked, and even the exquisite Angel's in parts very much in what may be called the *juvenile* style. There is wanting, generally, that natural easy fusion of contours, that delicate modulation of form, that due subordination of every part to the simple unity of the whole limb or figure, which constitute the charm of Raphael's very superior manner of drawing and modelling. Leonardo's analytical, distinguishing, dividing mind well understands many separate parts of the form, but will put them ill together. As in many things, the two painters may here be not ineffectively contradistinguished. Leonardo, of great intelligence and refinement, yet dwelling analytically on the elements of things, more in the spirit of the philosopher; the other synthetical, that is, more like the poet, seeing objects rather in their entrenchment and result, or living aspect, with that simpler truthfulness of the imagination which is denied to the piecemeal or partial perceptions of those who rather slowly *construct* the matter by *reasoning* it out.

In his "Last Supper," founded on the narrative of St. John rather than on that of St. Matthew, Da Vinci's love of fine distinctions of character and expression has elaborated a scene of extraordinary animation and dramatic

variety out of a subject which painters have commonly treated with a monotonous tameness. Indeed, if we may venture to ascribe a defect to such a work, we should say that it is somewhat *too much* of a magnificent display of varied animated action. At the moment chosen, when the Saviour was declaring the impending treachery, we cannot but imagine a more solemn unity of feeling on the part of the disciples, a more deeply, intensely concentrated attention to his words. Not all at once, surely, that separation into knots, and discussion and questioning of the event with all the diversities of feeling and character which the painter has ingeniously brought together; though much of this, consistently with what St. John relates, may have occurred when the first excitement had abated, and individual peculiarities found time to recover from the all-levelling shock of astonishment and sorrow. But whatever defect there may be in the general conception, from a too artificial variety of emotions not probable at the moment represented, thoroughly admirable are the several groups of themselves, apart from such a consideration. Admirable the assumed composure of that dark hard-featured Judas, (the only shadowed face), and the ardent St. Peter bending over him to the almost swooning St. John, and asking him to inquire of whom those horrible words were spoken. Where shall we find a group combining moral and picturesque contrasts more finely? How animated, too, that younger man at the end of the table, starting up and leaning forward in his excitement, with something of the spirit of a Roman prompt to champion his master! What life in the eager, honest, affectionate fidelity, the questioning wonder, the thrilling horror, the grave calm ingenuousness on the other side—a rare, many-linked chain of the most varied and speaking expression. Above all, the pathetic resigned beauty in the air of the Saviour—a beauty still faintly traceable in the face, that most melancholy of all the ruins in the pensive, faded Elysium of Art! To descend to technical matters from such heights as these, consummate is the skill in grouping and composition down to every detail; and peculiarly refined and noble the cast of the draperies, a something at once novel and unequalled in its kind by later artists.*

An idea of the picture in its original state sufficient to justify all this, may be gained by the aid of early copies, and Leonardo's remaining studies, but thus only, as the painting itself is almost effaced. Yet its ruined condition, and the meanness and bareness of the room which contains it, compose a picture so pathetic in itself, that it is worth while, even for that, to go there. Surprise may at first be felt at Da Vinci's want of judgment in executing this his greatest work, which occupied years of thought and labour, on the irremovable wall of a chamber, in a remote corner of the city, and a poor one in its best days; but this also is characteristic of a man no less marked by impracticability in all that regarded the completion and permanence of his works, than by the prolonged meditation and labour he devoted to their conception, and earlier stages of progress. His experimental use of oil instead of fresco so failed, that the picture, further injured by damps, and even inundations, began to decay within fifty years. The chamber now reminds one of nothing else so much as the dining-hall of one of our poorer

* We avail ourselves of the first opportunity of amending an erroneous impression conveyed in page 322 of our last volume. We there stated that in the composition of his "Last Supper," Leonardo was much indebted to a bas-relief by Luca della Robbia, now in the Soulag collection. A clearer view of that bas-relief, which hangs over a door in a bad light, shows that it is not by Luca himself, but a later work by one of his followers. In this case Leonardo must therefore have been the original, not the copyist.

workhouses. And as for the picture, it is, perhaps, the most melancholy exhibition of many here that are melancholy—a wreck of beauty, poetically representative of the wreck and decay of so much else that was beautiful and great in Italy. A faint, filmy, dirty indication yet appears of the tender beauty of the Saviour's head, as if, (to express in other terms Wordsworth's idea of it,) Time and Decay themselves, which have even more injured every other important part of the picture, had here felt some slight reverence. Of the other heads scarcely anything can be made out; and some of them, mottled all over with the appearing wall, black weather-stains, and the thrice repeated streakings of the wretched re-daubers, have a miserably grotesque character. They look like rude caricatures of what was originally intended, a wretched parody of it,—even as the religion prevailing around is of the true Christianity. The dim beauty of the Saviour's face—faint as a calm moon within the edges of a thickening smoke—creates the impression of having been more youthful than the head in the engraving, and far more beautiful, in the close sense of the word beauty. How Leonardo remained days in meditation before that face in its unfinished state, his hands idly before him, everybody knows, and how the good Prior grew fidgety, and even indignant, and at length carried a complaint to my Lord Duke; when the painter made him aware that thinking is not idleness, and that men are often best employed when apparently doing nothing; the conception then proceeding most actively and successfully, and the execution not wandering on in the dark before it. The story that he retaliated on the Prior by making him the model of that hard self-possessed Judas, whose head was the other difficulty, is rendered improbable by the known worth of the Prior, and the good nature of Leonardo himself: besides, the face indicates no monstrous wickedness, such as is implied by these traditionary stories, and very properly, since, had the dark apostle been thus branded in the visage, he would not, surely, have been so trusted.*

The convent court is converted into the stable-yard of a barrack, with a copious Judas-like heap of manure rising darkly in the midst of its light arcades, which were frescoed by some of Leonardo's pupils. Their works are

* After leaving Milan, Leonardo deserted the divine art he had here faithfully followed, and betrayed science into the hands of murder and rapine—grievous to relate. He became travelling engineer to Cæsar Borgia, and made journeys through his dominions, to strengthen the fortresses and offensive engines of that horrible monster. Oh, what a falling off was there! Surely, when so occupied, he must have sometimes reverted compunctiously to his employments here, and remembering those two contrasted faces, have exclaimed, "Oh, great archetypes and symbols, are ye, as 'twere, of myself, and of what I have abandoned? Disgraceful irresolution, and inability to cope with the world, which throws me to the very feet of the first occupation that offers! Oh, too seductive thoughtfulness of science, which so absorbs me that I am apt to overlook utterly the object for which I use its powers!" His want of practical energy with his pencil, and the disappointments resulting from it, give a melancholy tinge to the latter part of his career. Leo X. bespoke a picture from him; but when he saw Leonardo only fiddle-faddling about the composition of a varnish, he exclaimed, "The man will do nothing; he is thinking of the end, before he has made a beginning." At Florence, the Servite monks took him with all his household into their abode, flattering themselves that thus they held him safe. Many a meal was devoured by those burdensome guests, before any equivalent appeared. At length, however, the cartoon now belonging to our R. A.'s came forth, and excited such admiration, that all Florence flocked to it, as to some high festival. But how provoking was that which followed! As usual, Leonardo, all at once, became absorbed in another pursuit. He took to painting the portrait of the celebrated Ginevra Benci, and deserted the monks of the Nunziata. His only work in France was canal-making, accompanied by procrastinating promises of something from his easel; and thus matters went on but haltingly, till a lingering and fatal illness overtook him. He is said to have then added to his multifarious acquirements by labouring diligently to make himself acquainted with the Catholic ritual, and the true path of the Christian faith; and to have lamented on his death-bed, that he had offended God and man by not labouring in Art as he ought to have done.

now all faded and redaubed; and stable refuse is piled against the walls, and chokes up the windows they decorated. A cenealo of Austrian dragoons was seated on the benches, devouring bread and cheese and garlic; and others were grooming their horses in the middle of the court. Oh, the abomination of desolation has indeed visited this unhappy land; and here we pathetically feel it!

In the Ambrosian library at Milau are many of Leonardo's pen and ink studies—grotesque caricatures, female heads, little round portly horses; and a multitude of other scraps, some of them drawn with extraordinary neatness, though for the most part stiffly and feebly; the whole highly significant of the desultory character of his mind and lamentable habit of trifling away time. Many of the caricatures were done, it is said, in furtherance of his favourite inquiry into the imagined connection between human and brute physiognomies; but surely, for a scientific purpose, the limits of nature should not have been passed; and these faces are commonly neither brute nor human, but moustros grotesque, and with little or no honour. Moreover, the many studies by Da Vinci, to be seen here and elsewhere, abundantly confirm the impression which the rest of his works known to us creates—namely, that he possessed very little invention. If his brain had teemed with fine conceptions, it is not in nature for him to have restrained the expression of them, and wasted so much time in elaborating these trifling and nigged little things, so different from the inventiveness and importance of almost every sketch we have seen by Raphael, and, at the same time, so inferior in their hardness and feebleness of drawing to his easy and spirited truthfulness. The "Last Supper" is a work of elaborate intellectual deduction rather than a truly imaginative impression; the "Battle of the Standard," commonly thought to be his design, is simply Rubens's, suggested by Vasari's description of the lost cartoon; and what else is there of Leonardo's to indicate power of imagination? His Holy Families, usually with the kneeling Infant Baptist, are singularly deficient in variety. It is of course wholly inconceivable that he could have filled the pontifical halls with works comparable to Raphael's for creative power. Comparisons are odious, and we make this one in no vain disparagement of Da Vinci, but in just respect for another, far greater in every way, with whom he has been groundlessly ranked in terms of transcendental praise, as if he were his equal—nay, something superior, in completeness and profundity. But, in truth, his powers have been most strangely and inconsistently misrepresented by many writers. Vasari, at the beginning of his eulogium, says:—"There was an inexpressible grace manifested without effort in every work, and so rare an ability, that to whatever subject he turned his attention, however difficult, he presently made himself absolute master of it. Extraordinary power was conjoined with remarkable facility." Now nothing can be less characteristic of Leonardo than this. He was so far from possessing this facility, that it must be manifest to all who really study his works, and not his critics merely, that they were produced—we can hardly say *finished*, so few of them were completed—with an unparalleled slowness and labour, resulting not in the graceful lightness and ease of a Terburg or Rembrandt, but in a hardness that betrays the want of facility very unpleasantly: yet Vasari himself, a page or two on, adds, inconsistently enough—"Many of his undertakings were never completed, because it appeared to him that the hand could never give its due perfection to the object which he beheld in his imagination; for he frequently formed an idea

so subtle and wonderful, that no hands, however able, could fully realize it." The ascription of a divine power, so often made, seems here virtually abandoned. "But there is good reason," Vasari continues, "to believe that the very greatness of his most exalted mind, aiming at more than could be effected, was itself an impediment: perpetually seeking to add perfection to perfection—this was the true hindrance." The proper amendment here would be that he aimed at more than *he* could effect, seeking to *attain* perfection, for its accomplishment by no means appears in his works. Notwithstanding all his knowledge and refinement, his productions had, in other lands especially, been already excelled in some of the most important technical requisites; and in almost every respect they were far surpassed soon afterwards.

This taste in honour of Leonardo having long become conventional, catches the ear of Young Otley, and is hummed forth by his lips enthusiastically; but when we turn to the only specimens he can set before our eyes, we are struck with their paucity and prominent blemishes. Mr. Ruskin, too, finds Leonardo an available image in giving rhetorical point and picturesqueness to transcendental dogmatism.* For our humble selves, it has been "so far forth" our aim to draw some of the embroidered veils of undistinguishing admiration from before the image of a refined and philosophical improver of Art, knowing that vague and exaggerated praise yields only a spurious and barren fame. It is a distinct perception of the merits actually existing, which alone confers on those who are admired, the true honour of imparting a fertilizing delight and instruction.

* "Classed by love of beauty, Leonardo will stand highest."—*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. p. 43. Where are the proofs of this to be met with? An echo from every collection we have been able to visit answers, Where? Careful examination of numbers of the painter's works convinces us that he is not entitled to any such distinction. Its strength, we have little doubt, lay in subtlety of character and of expression. His most attractive figures are sweet, elegant, and tender, but certainly not eminently beautiful. In his favourite mannered female heads, the over-heavy eyelids, the full cheeks and dimplings, the *aw* of the nostrils, and other features of the kind, are generally expressed with a hardness and exaggeration by no means indicative of an intensely delicate feeling for beauty. It was exquisite in Mr. Ruskin here again to ignore Raphael. Had Da Vinci "stood highest for love of beauty," his sketch-books would have abounded with endeavours to trace out the connection between the human and the *divine*, rather than with monstrous media between the human and the *brute*, with stiffly rounded insipid prettiness, and finical modellings with his pen of clumsy little horses, in which the beauty of the noble animal is missed. In his first example of a proper manner of ranking the painters, we are told by Mr. Ruskin that the habitual choice of sacred subjects "constitutes the painter, so far forth, one of the highest order; as, for instance, Leonardo in his painting of the 'Last Supper.'" He who delights in representing the acts or meditations of great men, as, for instance, Raphael painting the School of Athens, is so far forth a painter of the second order." Of course the immediate comment here is, that Leonardo, besides this one "Last Supper," painted scarcely any picture (none, so far as we know, that survive) of the highest class of subject, but commonly wasted his time in trifles, as we have abundantly had to lament. Raphael, on the other hand, not only treated the *Cenacolo*—most probably twice—but all the other greatest events of Holy Writ, with an energy and variety of invention wholly unparalleled. It may be said, on Mr. Ruskin's part, that he means strictly to limit his assertion within the particular terms he uses;—so far as they painted such subjects. But admitting this, such instances, put forth in a pompous didactic style, as an illustration of the right way of classing painters, are most absurdly inapposite and partial. We might just as properly say, Dante, the author of a sublime mystery, is, so far forth, in the highest place; Milton, the writer of lyrical dramas and sonnets, so far forth, in the second; or Sophocles, who sounded the depths of tragedy, will necessarily belong to the first order in his sphere, and Shakspeare, a writer of sportive comedies and dramatic fairy tales, will henceforth take rank in the second order of geniuses. Truly our critic, "so far forth," is himself not a creditable painter of painters, and we fear must "take rank" parallel with some of the lower limners he disdains so majestically, or, to use his own solemn words, "no rank at all—rather a negative rank, holding a certain order in the abyss;" for, bearing in mind his animus against Raphael, expressed so openly elsewhere, there can, we think, be little doubt that this is not mere carelessness or love of high sounding dogmatism, such as is unhappily frequent with him, but an unjustly disparaging remark, levelled deliberately against the special object of his aversion.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE HOME-EXPECTED.

W. Mulready, R.A., Painter. C. Cousen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 1 ft. 8 in.

A TIME will come—even if it has not already arrived—when the works of Mr. Mulready will be as eagerly coveted, in England, at least, as those of any artist of any time or country. Nearly sixty years have elapsed since he came over from Ireland to enter the schools of the Royal Academy, where it was soon predicted of him, that "one day he would distinguish himself." The dawn of that day soon appeared, and from its earliest hour to the present the sun of his fame has never gone down, nor been obscured, except when he has voluntarily or unavoidably withdrawn himself from public observation; but for the last nine years the world has seen little or nothing of him on the walls of the Royal Academy, except two or three pictures painted in his earlier days, and that exhibited last year, "The Young Brother," painted for the Vernon Gallery; this work had been long on the easel, and therefore may be classed in the same category, though not entirely completed till recently. In 1848 he made his last great appearance before the world by exhibiting four paintings, one of which, "The Butt," was worthy of his very best time. The exhibition, however, which was opened the same year in the large room of the Society of Arts at the Adelphi, showed the progressive and accumulative powers of the painter to the greatest advantage. Here were collected the results of half a century's earnest and patient study, unceasing devotedness to his pursuit, and increasing experiences. More than two hundred works of various kinds, told perspicuously the story of this most eminent artist's professional life.

It is, we believe, a fact—and, if true, it is a singular one in the practice of painters—that Mr. Mulready very rarely finished a picture till a long time after its commencement; as many as twenty or even thirty years have been suffered to elapse between the beginning and the end. This delay was occasioned almost invariably by his extreme desire to satisfy himself—to realize his own conceptions of what the work should be: he felt, too, that year by year he added to his knowledge, and matured his powers, and thus, year by year the pictures gradually "ripened under his hand;" and from this method of procedure it is, perhaps, that we see in all no approximation to change of style, though full evidence of comparative improvement.

Though the quality of expression was among the excellences at which he aimed, those of drawing and colour seem to have been most studiously sought after and realized: we speak of his practice now in the past tense, for we cannot expect, in the course of nature, to see much more of any kind from the pencil of the venerable artist, who is, we believe, the oldest member of the Academy, except Mr. James Ward. What fine examples of drawing are the studies from the life in black and red chalk, which were exhibited, with his pictures, in the Adelphi! At the present time a number of these sketches are being reproduced in lithography, at the instance of the Department of Science and Art, for the students in the various Government Schools; and nothing better of their kind could be put into the hands of pupils. Colour, Mr. Mulready seems ever to have held in profound estimation; and he has had his reward, accordingly, in an acquisition of power with respect to this quality which has never been surpassed—rarely equalled. And yet it is singular that his pictures do not engrave well; they are not translatable into black and white: the fact is only to be accounted for by other facts—the absence of strong contrasts, and the absolute negation, or nearly so, of whites, or very high lights; with marvellous brilliancy and richness of colour, there is at the same time such extreme harmony, that it is impossible they can make effective engravings: hence it is we see so few from the works of this admirable painter. A notable example of these deficiencies is supplied in the picture of the "Home-Expected,"—a most pleasing composition, but of so uniform a tone throughout as to deprive the work of more than half its value when denuded of its golden plumage—a warn, sunny tint of colour.

The picture hangs in one of the corridors of Buckingham Palace.



W. MULREADY, R.A. PINXT

C. COUSEN SCULPT

THE HOME-EXPECTED.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 4.—CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

THE ESTABLISHMENTS OF MESSRS. ROWNEY & CO.,
AND OF MESSRS. M. & N. HANHART.

LIKE the dyer's hand, the human mind takes colour from that it works in: so Shakspeare wrote, and the truth of this is rendered evident by each day's experience. Surround any individual mind with deformities, and the result is that it becomes depraved—its tastes, its feelings are perverted, and it loses the power of perceiving the difference between the true and the false. We have evidences of this in childhood, when the ill-formed doll, the rude representation of a horse, or the gaudily-coloured, but ill-drawn picture, becomes the idol of the heart. In maturity we discover the continuance of this perversion, and find the man expressing his admiration of some caricature of nature, and the woman rejoicing in the deformities which are the fashion of her class, although every propriety is set at defiance, and the rules of decency scarcely escape violation. Surround another individual mind with objects of beauty, whether of nature or of Art, these become its types, with which all other things are compared—it is standard by which it measures the correctness of Art-productions, and to the test of which even Nature is submitted.

There is not any remarkable difference in the capacities of men, but there is the widest possible diversities in their power of appreciating those things which are offered for the entertainment of the imagination, or for the improvement of the intellect. "A clear blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter—eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints, that fritter the masses of light and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance."

Knowing then the importance of preventing the formation, on the tablet of the mind, of unnatural or impure pictures, and seeing, that as the camera-obscura represents the objects around, so does the dark box of the human soul exhibit the influences external to itself, it becomes one of the most important elements in education to secure the absence of all those things which are destitute of truth, incongruous in themselves, and consequently which tend to produce a vitiated taste. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary—and we know it has been so said—we have the fullest conviction in the soul-purifying power of the works of genius; and hence it is our earnest desire to see such works as widely spread as possible amongst the people. A cheap literature is finding its way through the length and breadth of the land. It would be a blessing could we say it was a pure literature, but somehow or other this large field is left to the care of a set of adventurers who find that their spiced meat is eagerly devoured, and they spice it accordingly, regardless of the results. Art has been greatly cheapened, and we feel confident that the dissemination of really good engravings from the works of the best masters, and woodcuts representing pleasing subjects, have already done their work of good. The *Art-Journal* is fairly entitled to take some credit to itself for what it has effected within the field of its exertion, and there are other illustrated journals which have done their work full well, and aided in improving the public taste. It is not without regret that we have recently seen the production of pictures in colours which have been, with a few exceptions, false in every principle, and the tendency of which must be—seeing that they are rendered attractive by their brilliant colouring, and knowing, as we do, that they are used to adorn the wall of the cottage, and the parlour of the respectable mechanic—that they, like the spiced literature already referred to, will tend to deprave the taste, to destroy all feeling for the works true to nature, which are calm and unobtruding in their truth, and to render the mind insensible to any influences that are not in the highest degree stimulating.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY, which we have classed as an Art-manufacture (and a description of the processes employed will show that we are correct in doing so), offers the means of repeating the work of the artist in the artist's own best style. Thus, it is one of the means for obtaining the end which we desire—offering, it appears, the greatest facilities for diffusing a taste for Art, for educating the people in a correct appreciation of its powers, and guiding them aright in the knowledge of its principles. Chromo-lithography affords us the means of reproducing facsimiles of the best works of the best masters in colours. Some of the productions have already been so nearly perfect, that at a little distance the mechanical picture could not be distinguished from the original work, of which it was a copy; they may therefore fairly take their places on the walls of those who are not sufficiently affluent to purchase the original production of the artist, in the same way as a line engraving substitutes the picture of which it is the representation; while the chromo-lithograph has the charm of colour super-added.

We have lately visited the works of some of the most celebrated of our lithographic printers, who have especially worked in colours, but we must endeavour to describe the methods by which the pictures are produced, before we say anything of the chromo-lithographs themselves.

Lithography, from *lithos*, a stone, and *graphie*, writing, is the process of obtaining impressions from writings or drawings previously made upon stone. The stones best suited for this purpose are obtained at Solenhofen, near Munich: they are not unlike some of our Bath stones; but hitherto no success appears to have attended the use of any British rock as a lithographic stone. Quarries of the fine-grained sandstones used occur along the banks of the Danube, in the county of Pappenheim, which are extensively worked. The good quality of a lithographic stone is generally denoted by the following characters—it has a yellowish grey hue, and uniform throughout, a steel point makes an impression upon it with difficulty, its fracture is conchoidal.

The stones from Munich are retailed on the spot in the form of slabs, or layers, having an equal thickness; they are obtained from the quarries by sawing, in such a manner as to sacrifice as little as possible of the irregular edges of the slabs. One of the sides is then dressed and coarsely smoothed. The thickness of these stones varies from 1½ inch to 3 inches, and is nearly proportional to their other dimensions.

The stones receive their finishing, dressing, and polishing at the lithographic establishment, which operations are performed in the same manner as the grinding and polishing of mirror plate. The work is done by hand—by rubbing one slab, with a circular movement, over another, the lower one being fixed in a horizontal position, and having finely-sifted sand with water placed upon it. The degree of polish to be obtained is determined by the style of work that the stones are intended to produce. For crayon drawing the stone is grained according to the fancy of the draughtsman. The higher the finish of the surface, the softer are the drawings; but a smaller number of impressions can be taken, as the printing surface becomes pasty much quicker. For chromo-lithography this preparation of the surface is of the utmost importance. When the stones are required to be worked upon with ink they should be still more softened down, and the final polish produced with pumice stone and water: thus prepared, the stones are packed for use with white paper between their surfaces. To work on these stones *lithographic crayons* are employed.

Lithography depends upon the power of the stone to absorb grease, and to yield it up again in part to another absorbent body, such as paper. The processes of the art have been stated to be founded on the following principles.

1. Upon the adhesion to a grained or finely-polished stone of an encaustic fat, which forms the lines of the drawing or writing.

2. Upon the power acquired by the parts penetrated by this encaustic of attracting to themselves and becoming covered with printer's ink.

3. Upon the interposition of a film of water over those parts of the stone which have not the greasy lines of the drawing, or writing.

4. Upon a pressure applied to the stone, such as

to transfer to paper the greater part of the ink which covers the greasy tracings or drawings of the encaustic.

To insure the absence of ink from those parts of the stone which have not the required lines, or which correspond with those parts of the picture or writing which should be white, the water employed is slightly acidulated.

For fine lithographic prints, the crayons must possess every requisite quality: the ingredients which they contain should be of such a nature as to adhere strongly to the surface of the stone, both after the drawing has received the preparation of acid, and during the printing; they should be sufficiently hard to admit of a fine point being made, and to work comfortably without breaking. The following composition for crayons has been employed successfully by MM. Bernard and Delarue, at Paris, who have been long celebrated for their manufacture of lithographic materials:—

Pure wax (best quality)	4 parts.
Dry white tallow soap	2 "
Gum lac	2 "
White tallow	2 "
Lampblack, enough to give a dark tint	1 "	
Occasionally copal varnish	1 "

The wax must be melted over a gentle heat, and the lac added by degrees in small pieces, keeping the wax stirred the whole time; the soap is then introduced in fine shavings, and when these substances are perfectly mixed, the copal varnish, which should contain the lampblack, must be poured in. The heat and agitation are continued until the mixture acquires the requisite consistence, which may be recognised by letting a small portion cool on a smooth surface, and testing its quality with a pen-knife. The composition, on being cut, should afford brittle slices. The boiling may be quickened by igniting the rising vapours, which increases the temperature, and renders the fumes less offensive. When ready, the substance must be poured into a brass mould of a convenient crayon size, which has been previously smeared with a greasy cloth.

Lithographic ink, for producing the ordinary prints, is prepared in the following manner:—

Wax	16 part
Tallow	6 "
Hard tallow soap	6 "
Shell-lac	12 "
Mastic in tears	8 "
Venice turpentine	1 "
Lampblack	4 "

The mastic and lac, previously ground together, are to be carefully heated in the turpentine, the wax and tallow are to be added after they are taken off the fire, and, when their solution is effected, the soap shavings must be thrown in; lastly, the lampblack is to be well intermixed. Whenever the union is accomplished by heat, the operation is finished; the liquor is left to cool a little, then poured out on tables, and, when cold, cut into square rods.

Lithographic ink of good quality should be susceptible of forming an emulsion, so attenuated that it may appear to be dissolved when rubbed upon a hard body in distilled or rain water. The ink should be flowing in the pen, not spreading on the stone; capable of forming delicate traces, and very black, to show its delineations. The most essential quality of the ink is to sink well into the stone, in order to re-produce the most delicate outlines of the drawing, and to afford a great number of impressions. It must be able, therefore, to resist the acid with which the stone is moistened, without letting any of the greasy material which it contains escape.

The ink which has been described may be employed equally with the pen and brush, for writing, black-lead drawing, *aqua tinta*, mixed drawings, woodcuts, &c. When the ink is required for use, it must be rubbed down with water, till the shade be of requisite depth; the plate or slab upon which the ink is rubbed should be heated to a temperature of from 84° to 90° Fahr. As the ink rarely keeps in a liquid state for more than twenty-four hours, no more should be dissolved than is required for use at the time. The artistic work may be either executed at once on the stone, or it may be produced on paper, and transferred to the stone.

AUTOGRAPHIC PAPER.—The operation by which writing or drawing is transferred from paper to stone is termed autography; it not only presents a means of abridging labour, but also of reverting the writing or drawing into the direction in which they

were traced: whilst, if executed directly upon the stone, the impression given by it is inverted; hence a writing upon stone must be inverted from right to left to obtain direct impressions. By means of autographic paper and the transfer, proofs are obtained in the same direction with the writing and drawing, while the tedious and difficult task of reversed writing is avoided.

AUTOGRAPHIC INK.—This ink should be fatter and softer than that applied directly to the stone, in order that it may dry upon the paper, and still preserve sufficient viscosity to stick to the stone by mere pressure. The ink is composed of—

White soap	100 parts.
White wax of best quality	100 "
Mutton suet	30 "
Shell-lac	50 "
Mastic	50 "
Lampblack	30 or 35 "

These materials are to be melted in the same manner as described for the lithographic ink. It will be understood that if this page had been printed with an ink like the above, and if it was then turned face down on the lithographic stone, and a gentle rubbing pressure applied, that a copy of it would be obtained on the stone; and if a damp sponge was then passed over the stone, that all the inked parts, rejecting the acidulated water, would receive a greasy ink, which would not stain the parts of the stone covered with that fluid. Such is lithography.

Chromo-lithography, as the process of printing in colour from stone is termed, has not been long introduced, and, considering all the difficulties which surround the process, great progress has undoubtedly been made. It must not, however, be for one moment supposed that the art is perfect in all its details; the results obtained by a purely mechanical process are surprising, and we may confidently predict that in a few years pictures of the highest possible merit will be produced by those skilful lithographers to whose works we shall presently more particularly allude. It is first important to describe the process of chromo-lithography. A drawing of the subject in outline, on transfer tracing-paper, is made in the ordinary way; when transferred to a stone, this drawing is called the *keystone*, and it serves as a guide to all the others, for it must be transferred to as many different stones as there are colours in the subject: as many as between thirty and forty stones have been used in the production of one coloured print. The first stone required, generally for flat, local tints, is covered with lithographic ink where the parts are required to be of solid colour; the different gradations are produced by rubbing the stone with rubbing-stuff, or tint-ink, made of soap, shell-lac, &c. &c., and with a pointed lithographic chalk where necessary. The stone is then washed over with nitrous acid, and goes through the entire process described above. A roller charged with lithographic printing ink is then passed over it to ascertain if the drawing comes as desired, and the ink is immediately afterwards washed off with turpentine; if satisfactory, this stone is ready for printing, and is worked off in the requisite colour; the next stone undergoes the same process for another colour, and so with the rest, till the work is complete: it will of course be understood that before any single impression is finished, it will have to pass through as many separate printings as there are drawings on stones. The colours used in printing, we may add, are ground up with burnt linseed oil, termed *varnish*. Supposing we have any picture in colours which we desire to copy; there is first made a general drawing of the whole, then, with great care, this is dissected, all the parts which are red being marked out on one stone, all the parts which are blue on another stone, all the parts which are yellow on a third stone, and so on through any number of stones. It is as if with the utmost caution we had cut up the picture, so as to separate every colour, or gradation of colour, and yet so exactly that every section fits, and unites into a perfect whole. To place a drawing of the character of one of Turner's productions, 'The Polyphemus,' for example, in which the colours, and the bleedings of the colours, are most irregular, and yet the whole effect is harmonious, is a task of no small difficulty; but when once this is effected satisfactorily—although each picture may require thirty printings—the result is thus obtained with

comparative ease. Each stone is of the same size, and they all fit with much exactness into the frame of the lithographic printing press. It will, we think, be easily understood, that if on the centre of the upper edge of the frame there is a needle-point, and two others on the lower edge of the frame, permanently fixed, there will be made three fine holes in the paper when it is placed on the press. This being done, if at each printing the needle-points are made to pass through the same holes, the most perfect "register" will be effected. Every part of the picture will match with every other part, and the finished result will, if successful, disguise the mechanical ingenuity by means of which the result has been obtained.

The chromo-lithographic artist must, to a certain extent, employ the same means to produce any given effect as the original artist has done. The painter has obtained what he conceives to be the most natural or artistic effect by certain combinations of colour, or certain contrasts of colour. Every one of these conditions must be secured by the artist on stone, before the facsimile desired can be produced; that effect which the artist has obtained by means of the brush and the palette are mechanically repeated by using many stones charged with the same colours as those with which the artist charged his brush. It will, we think, be evident to our readers that we are correct in calling this process an Art-manufacture, though it is an Art-manufacture of the highest order.

At the establishments of Messrs. Rowney & Co. and Messrs. M. and N. Hanhart, which we have visited, we could not but express our admiration at the perfect imitations of the original drawings which they were enabled to produce with the lithographic stone. We examined, with much care, many of their productions, and there was only one point by which we detected the differences between the work of the artist and the Art-manufacture. In any water-colour drawing we find the evident marks of the brush, by which effects have been produced, and there is certain arrangement of the lines, marking each man's work, which we have not seen perfectly imitated in any of the chromo-lithographs. At the same time it must be admitted, that the peculiarities of the artist's style are repeated in a very remarkable manner, and, in many cases, where the drawing and the chromo-lithograph have been mounted in the same manner, and similarly framed and glazed, it has not been possible, at the distance of a few feet, to pronounce with certainty which was the original or which the copy. In some pictures, of which chromo-lithographic copies have been obtained, the number of colours have been so great, that between thirty and forty stones have been required to produce the necessary effects. The extent to which this is carried may be judged of by the fact, that to produce the correct colour employed by the artist Hunt in his 'Bird's Nest,' to represent the eggs, no less than three printings, and therefore three stones, were required;—and the peculiar effects, which are so beautifully given by the same artist to the plums, in his 'Delicious Dessert,' in which the powdery "bloom" is singularly real, we find reproduced, with very great success, by the use of four different stones, printing in the order—first *blue*, then *red*, then *blue* again, and then *yellow*—and each colour is, as it were, stippled on the stone, so that the combined effect is very nearly that of nature. Those two pictures are produced by Messrs. Hanhart.

Messrs. Rowney & Co. have lately published the 'Polyphemus' of Turner; and, as a reproduction of that extraordinary work, it is in every way a wonderful production. The blazing sun which shoots its powerful rays through masses of vapouring clouds, piled with every prismatic tint, and reflecting those on the heaving waters beneath, so that we have air and ocean blending, in purple and gold, into one dazzling whole, is as near an approach to perfection as anything which has yet been produced by this method. Some years since, Messrs. Day & Co. produced, by the same process, the 'Blue Lights.' In each of these pictures there is the same kind of exaggeration, and a similar kind of truth, and in both the chromo-lithographer has caught the wildest peculiarities. We are disposed to think that with the experience which has been gained, during the few years which have past since the 'Blue Lights' was produced, a superior manipulation has been

gained, and the general aerial effect of the latter picture is superior to that of the former one, as the result of this more delicate handling. The greatest possible merit is due to the enterprising lithographers who have, with so much perseverance, brought chromo-lithography to its present state. The following remarks from the prospectus of Messrs. George Rowney & Co. are so much to the purpose that we copy them:—

"Chromo-lithography has recently become one of the most popular arts in this country, from its having been adopted as a means for multiplying copies of oil paintings and water-colour drawings; and so admirably is it adapted for this purpose, that not only is each colour and gradation of light and shade rendered with remarkable accuracy, but even the very texture of the paint and the rough surface of the paper is copied with strict fidelity. Now, although this latter process may seem to the casual observer to be a matter of little moment, it is, in reality, of the greatest importance to the truthful representation of an artist's work, which, without texture, is apt to appear tame and insipid.

"Beautiful as are many of the fine line and mezzo-tint engravings, and perfect as they undoubtedly are in light and shade, they must always fail to give an accurate idea of a painter's style, owing to the absence of the colour of the original work. And when it is considered that colour is one of the greatest charms of the English school, and that, in this respect, the British artist is unrivalled, it will be readily admitted that without this new process many fine works, if published, would lose half their interest by being divested of that quality which appeals most directly to the eye, and produces that sense of pleasurable emotion so desirable when contemplating works of Art. It is, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that the publishers of this series of prints contemplate the success of their experiments in this new art. They were the first to perceive its capabilities, and they succeeded in developing its qualities, in despite of a strong amount of prejudice and opposition. They have worked steadily on, with one fixed object—that of producing facsimiles of good drawings, at such a moderate price as would bring them within the means of the public generally; hoping by this means to foster the love and appreciation of the Fine Arts, and to aid in some measure the spread of Art-education, the importance of which is now universally acknowledged. As manufacturers, in matters of taste, the English may be said to be behind many of their neighbours; but certainly no nation possesses artists more capable of rectifying the deficiency, and that in the best and simplest manner—namely, by example. But it is equally essential that the public should be able to discriminate between the really good and the mediocre; and nothing is more likely to tend to that desirable result than the constant contemplation of good works of Art. The eye by such means becomes insensibly tutored to observe and admire that which is beautiful and harmonious, and to reject those objects which are offensive to good taste."

Messrs. Rowney & Co. have produced, and are producing, copies of some of the best works of Turner, of Stanfield, of Roberts, of Lauce, of Hunt, of Prout, and others. Messrs. Hanhart have also choice examples of the works of Stanfield, of Roberts, of Cooper, of Harding, of Richardson, of Hollaud. In those chromo-lithographic productions there is, as in the line engraving, many degrees of excellence, these depending, in one case as in the other, on the feeling of the artist on stone for the work which he may be employed to copy. The *Wetterhorn* and the *Castle of Isenberg*, from Richardson, and a scene on the *Calabrian coast*, from Rowbotham, appeared to possess the highest excellences. These were the productions of the presses of Messrs. M. and N. Hanhart. We still think, however, that it is quite practical to secure more of that softening influence of air, called, as it appears, not quite correctly, aerial perspective, than they have yet obtained. The 'Choice Fruit,' after Lauce, and the 'Choice Dessert,' after Hunt, from the same establishment, leaves little to be desired. It is difficult, amongst the numerous productions of Messrs. George Rowney & Co., to particularize those possessing the highest degrees of excellence. We have already spoken of the *Polyphemus* of Turner. We have before us the 'Crossing the Ford,' after Mul-

ready, and 'The Canal of the Guideeca, and Church of the Jesuits, Venice,' after Stanfield, which are, as reproductions, neither more nor less than beautiful. The water of the canal, the blending of the distant hills, with the heavy cumuli which rise from the Adriatic, are, as artistic effects, triumphs in the original picture, and they are no less triumphs in the mechanical copy. The warmth of colouring in the chromo-lithograph after Mulready is preserved in a remarkable manner. A 'Sketch of St. Paul's,' after Dodgson, shows as perfectly as anything we have seen how completely the difficulties of printing air, smoke, or mist from a stone may be overcome.*

LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

NO. 1.—BRAUWER IN THE ANTWERP HOSPITAL.†

SCENE I.

The Hospital Reception-room. The old HOUSE-SURGEON, in spectacles, is reading the entries of the last night from the Reception-book.

Surgeon (reads). "Dirk Guelders, brought in from the Sedan Chair Tavern, incised wound of head." Drunken brawl, I suppose. But where is that name the great painter, Peter Paul Rubens, came here the other day hoping to find. "Floris," "Vanderpot." No. Yes! here it is, I declare. "Adrian Brauwer, in a state of collapse, apparently produced by long indulgence in vice and unceasing drinking, found near the glasshouse furnaces. Pulse low—scarcely audible; stertorous snore—almost apoplectic; since, on tonics being administered, feverish and delirious." Bad, bad!—no hope for the poor vagabond painter, though he is the friend of Herr Rubens, and Hals's old pupil, as somebody said. This comes of your beer-drinking and smoking, and of the sottish boors you spent your foolish life drawing.—Dear me! dear me! where have I been and put my spectacles to?—I must go and look after the poor scoundrel who has sold himself to the devil, and never got his wages. It will look well with Herr Rubens, who is a man of mark and influence, and will be talked of as a deed of charity, and will—will—extend my practice—not that I do it for that. I'll just quill up my ruff a little first, and roll out my band-strings, and get Catherine to rub my gold-headed cane with a little rouge—I know the little puss won't have far to go for that plate-powder! And just a thimble full of Curacao, to prevent infection, for one does not know where these tramping fellows have been lying,—and then to charity. Thank Heaven! although I am old, and just a little bald, my heart is in the right place. Let me see. One ducatoon yesterday from Burgomaster Lieben; one from Frau Katsen. The money comes in—it comes in; but then, what with the taxes, the almsbox, and—

[Goes out, counting on his fingers.]

* A notice of several of these chromo-lithographic prints will be found under the head of "Reviews" in the present number of the *Art-Journal*.—Ed. A. J.

† ADRIAN BRAUWER, one of the most celebrated of the Dutch genre painters of the Teniers and Ostade school, was the son of poor parents, and born at Haerlem or Oudenarde—biographers dispute which. He was found by Frank Hals painting handkerchiefs for his mother to sell, and was taken by the painter and educated in his studio; but treated so cruelly that, by the help of his fellow pupil, Ostade, he escaped to Amsterdam, where, to his delight, he found the dealers' windows full of his pictures. Here, no longer a "milch cow" to the miser Hals, Brauwer plunged into low vice, painting merely to earn money for tavern feasts, and always idle or drunken. The rest of his life was Bohemian enough. He got imprisoned at Antwerp, and was released by the intercession of Rubens, who received him into his house and treated him as a brother. But the severe regimen of refined life is as unbearable to the Bohemian as a bedroom roofed in to an Arab chief. Again he plunged into the mud bath, and only reappeared to return and die in the Antwerp Hospital. Rubens put up a monument to this Morland of Holland.

SCENE II.

Ward No. 4. BRAUWER sitting up in bed, trying to sketch the man next him.

Brauwer. "We are the salt of the earth," quotha; that is what seemed written all over him. "Yes; and the pepper too," thought I; for I heard that same smooth-faced fellow of a chaplainly blowadozen good men's names yesterday while talking with the house-doctor in the window-seat for half an hour, only just after he had shut the Bible to, and marked his place—"Do as men should do unto you"—with a lavender stalk, taken from the blue and red china bowl on the side table. "Be merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful;" that is another of the chapters where the good man's lavender stalk goes—the lavender stalk, that pays you for pinching it by smelling all the sweeter. There, that lavender is the true Christian! When Rubens squeezed me, and gave me one of his sour, proud looks, I rammed my foot through my canvas of "The Tavern Feast," and went off to the canal boat whistling. Was I a pet dog, to be stroked quiet when I chose to show my teeth? I am not one of your lavender-stalk men. When you squeeze me, I give out no pleasant oil, but poison, for the squeezer.—But, thank Heaven, no one can say I am a hypocrite. You fellow in black there, bring me a stoup of Burgundy. You shake your head? A flask of sherry? No? Well, then, a tankard of miserable beer, for my throat is redhot; and if the burning once smoulder down to my heart, you'll have no more Brauwer to paint you boors up to their knees in torn cards, surgeons dressing a knife cut, or jolly toppers fighting in a heap on the tavern floor. Why don't you go? I have no money (*searches his coat, which lies on his bed, eagerly*)—no, not a stiver; and all the gold buttons I cut off to pay the drunken rascal of a bailiff at Paris to let me off; but I'll paint you that fellow with the red rag round his yellow skull forehead in the fourth bed in my row. Yes—yes I will. Go—go for the liquor! He does not go. Fling a pillow at him, you No. 6, with the red spots on your face; you are nearest. Why does not No. 7 hit him with his fist? he is close by.—Oh! No. 7 is dead—under the sheet. Very well. I beg Van Undertaker's pardon; I should be sorry to disturb him.

No. 6. Be quiet, No. 1; the fever is on you: that is not the doorkeeper; that is only the Doctor's black cloak hung up while he goes round the next ward.

No. 2. Can't you let us sleep, No. 1. It is very hard poor sick men can't be let sleep; and all for a drunken madman picked up in the streets.

Brauwer. Take care, you skeleton in sheep's clothing, or I'll throttle you before the Doctor can come. If I was picked up in the street, I wasn't born there, like you. Take care, or I'll paint you as a devil in my next picture for the Duke d'Arenberg. Why, you are only fit to sit as a model for Lazarus at the Rich Man's Gate. You have the sores of Lazarus and the bad heart of Dives, you scoundrel, you! What business have they to put you next to an unfortunate great man's bed, whose shoes you are not fit even to black. Grumble away! Say a word more, and I'll fling this bottle of leeches at you, you pickle-herring, you saucy matchseller, you. I have seen better men than you hung before this.—That pain in my temple again! Where am I? Landlord! another flagon of canary; that'll make three. More lights. Another chair for the great Peter Paul Rubens.—If that rogue of a dealer will not give a hundred ducatoons for "The Skittle Players," bring it back—D'ye hear?—and I'll ram it with my foot into the stove fire. "Too cold in colour," says he. Well, that will warm it. Be going, or I'll toss the mug at thee! Don't bandy words with the great Dutch painter.

No. 6. His head wanders. This drunken glazier is the curse of the ward.

Brauwer. Here! bring my colour-box, Dirk, and the golden amber oil in the dusty schiedam bottle over the fireplace, and my hogs' brushes that I have worn into shape, and my mahogany shield with the ring of the rainbow in it. There it is!—under the bed of that quiet fool, who will keep his shaved head under the sheet; and my heavy maulstick, that I should have knocked old Hals down with when he kept me locked up, without beer or meat, in that filthy garet, where you could hear the fleas, and the rats nibbled at you by daylight. Faugh! How glad I was to burst out into the blue air, and get to the good taverns of Amsterdam! St. Didymus! didn't I leap for joy to see a picture of mine in a dealer's window. There, that is the sketch I began on the ale-barrel last night when I drew the landlord on the wainscoat with the redhot poker, when some one touched my poor sick brain with fire, and sent me here on a shutter. I could hear them saying, "Dead drunk; dead drunk!" like a funeral service, over me; but I knew the way to trick them, and save coach hire. I am not the green gosling fool that I was when Ostade let me out of that cursed garret of Hals's. Not I. Now for fame! Fill the glass again; froth in snow flowers: that's good! Shake that quiet fellow at No. 7 up; I want to immortalise him.

No. 6. Death has done that already. Draw me. You can leave out where they put the blister.

Brauwer. A merry fellow. Now I like that; but don't joke me about death. That is the way the Doctor talks. "Black fever," then shakes his head like a rattlesnake; "third stage; it is no use giving that man any more medicine."—"I know it," I said; give me brandy—*aqua vite*. Let me swim in it—brandy; and look here—a long clean pipe—I don't like your foul pipe; it makes me ill. My stomach is not as strong as it was; what though I have a splendid constitution, and a chest (*strikes it and laughs*. *Sings*)—

The white rose-clouds were all in flower
Up in the wandering blue,
And in between the bursts of sun
The lark, rejoicing, flew.

O that won't do, that is Isey's song.—Now, No. 6, as you have been civil, I'll sketch you a Cuyt. Squeeze me out some vermilion, ivory black, ochres, and blues. Thank you. Now then (*pretends to paint on his ecoverlet*). We'll soak it in sunshine after: I have the glaze here in this bottle; it's all a trick, and is done with a certain sort of a brush. Haven't I caught the viper critic cant! There, didn't I tell you! Gentleman in scarlet cloak, holding a black horse—red cow patched with white, and a wine-coloured bull—boy fishing in a canal under some pollard willows. I know the trees, close to Haerlem, where I used to paint the handkerchiefs with flowers for my mother to sell. I was happy then: the devil wine hadn't taken me by the hand then! I can do any style: yellow tan dogs pulling at a wild boar's ear—that is Snyders. Both's white horse; Teniers' grey men in red caps, playing at bowls; Ostade, with his golden gloom—all learnt from me—chaldrons bright as plate—cabbages, curling and crinkling—canal boats with umbery sails swollen with wind—foggy sunset, as over the 'dunes,' half dull smoky red, half red burnished to polished ruby, kindling in threads and bars of fire. Bless you, I know all their tricks! Flowers, too, Guelder roses like puffs of snow—poppies burning to a black core—gilt sunflowers—hollyhoeks in rosettes—the lily's silver cup—the violet, orange, as I am, at heart, and so on. I think I shall give up my painting now, and go over to the bleaching ground outside the wall—though I never see the clean linen without longing to begin to paint on it, and

the grey clouds don't sit still like good model boors, with red cauliflower noses, you give your gulden an hour to stare at you.—Now I have no money I shall have more leisure, and shall do great things; and hang me if I be shut up any more, with only a bottle of wine a-day, at Rubens's. The cursed hospital I was in yesterday was better than that, with its row of numbered beds, (your next-hand man perhaps a dead man!) and that horrid bare room, with the coffin-lid ceiling, and nothing to listen to but the consumptive cough and the gurgling of the medicine that made me thirsty, and that breathing of the angel in the clock-case—"one and two, and one and two"—till I flung a stool at it. If I asked for aquafortis to etch with, they thought I wanted it to drink—burn them!—What did the doctor say of my pictures at the duke's, where he dined yesterday? Let me think—my memory flatters. I heard him telling the smooth-faced chaplain, as he passed carelessly my bed, not thinking I was the man—I know all their drivelling cant, but how was it?—"The expression so lively and characteristic, the management of the colour so surprising and transparent, the finish so exquisite and so truthful, the drawing so correct," and all the work of that poor wretch (that's me), with the crack through the brain, and the withered up heart. I called to them to hand me the wine jug—they first laughed and then scolded.—Where am I? Hals's garret, with the sloping roof and dusty stacks of lumber pictures? No; the window is in the wrong place. The church I hid from him in behind the font, watching every face that entered? No; there is a chest of drawers where God's altar and the star candles should be. The Amsterdam picture-dealer's saloon? No; I see no table covered with Turkey carpet, no Titians on the wall. O poor, poor brain! (*rises on one elbow*) where is it? Oh, help my poor dim eyes! The Antwerp prison? No; there are no rings and chains, no soldiers playing at cards for me to sketch them at the table in the corner. Rubens's house, with the nosegay pictures, and the stately man in black? No; there is no easel here, no pictures. The tavern den at Paris, reeking of smoke, and noisy with the clash of swords; the hideous faces covered with hair, like the baboon devils of Breughel? No; I have it—it is the great inn at Strasburg. The wine is in my head! What do all these people do in my bedroom?

No. 7. Pray be quiet, and let us sleep; you are in the Antwerp Hospital.

Brauer. Oh don't say the hospital—don't say the hospital! My heart is full of blood, my brain still beating like a printing-press at work; I have materials for thirty years of life in this busy factory of my body. I have been a sinner—Heaven help me! That spasm again, like a knife drawn across my heart! Hear me from thy throne, O Judge of all! Don't press so on my forehead, Doctor—that is where I am in such pain. Wine—wine, or I faint! I am often in this way—it is for want of wine. Save me, Doctor! save me from that great black hand that claws at me—keep me from that square hole in the ground they push me into! I will not die—I will repent! Lord, have mercy upon me! There comes that hand again! no—no, not yet!—(*dies*).

SCENE III.

Door opens, enter RUBENS.

Doctor. I think you said the name of the patient was—?

Rubens. Adrian Brauer.

Doctor. Adrian Brauer—that is No. 1, quite at the further end.

Rubens (coming up, lifts the sheet). Poor Adrian! he is asleep.

Doctor. He is dead!

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD.

WE are living, it would seem, in a time of retributions. The age which has been characterized as emphatically the age of practical applications, has an ear and a heart, it is found, open to sentimental ones. That Science to which the world of our day has so largely surrendered itself is not, after all, the cold ungenial spirit which it was a fashion once to call her. In her search over the field of fact, she comes now and then, we see, on a neglected grave, and by its side she takes a reverent stand. In the very whirl of her rush over the present, she will pause to restore, with pious hand, some fading inscription of the past. This busy period of ours finds leisure for the verification of old titles and the redress of posthumous wrongs. In more than one of its very busiest marts, for example, the wheels stood still, not many weeks ago, to let proclamation be made, in the name of the Scottish Muse, of the accomplishment of the first period of that Burns' immortality which is to be reckoned in centuries. Then, wandering through one of those melancholy areas which sanitary science has at length reclaimed from the service of pestilence to the wholesome uses of a city, the age stumbled, only the other day, over the unmarked resting-place of the artist Stothard, and handed it, reproachfully, over to the Muse in whose cause he wrought so long and so well. Down by the old Abbey walls, at Westminster, under whose shadow, as it were, all the great motive agencies of this time of marvels have met, or are to meet, has been found flitting the unapposed ghost of him who planted in our soil the mighty principle that is the strength of them all. Hard by the Dean's Sanctuary, the genius of our day has to celebrate, ere long, an ancient achievement mightier than its own, to write the name of William Caxton, and the record of his great gift to England,—the Printing-press. And now, the figure of Josiah Wedgwood starts suddenly up in the path of science, from its sleep of more than sixty years, a claimant for the notice of that spirit of redress which is abroad, and at once finds such a reception as befits it from the chivalry of the age.

And who was Josiah Wedgwood, that he should assert a place in the memories of busy men? Who was Josiah Wedgwood! It were as reasonable—and, indeed, something like the same thing—to ask, who is the Emperor of China. Josiah Wedgwood was a worthy who, as regards all that has for ages presented the figure of that celestial potentate most familiarly to the English mind, did, in his day, enter on a rivalry with the Brother of the Sun and Moon. He ran "Stoke" against "Pekin" for the plate. The man who should seriously put the above question would raise an inference, as respects himself, that dinner is to him an unfamiliar fact. Wedgwood is a name which he who eats may read. It is more widely known, and greatly more respected, than the willow pattern. Peculiarly and emphatically, Wedgwood is a "household word." Commerce has carried the name into all the cities of the earth, and pilgrims into all the deserts. We of a century later than Wedgwood's, live in a period of great excitement, when Science casts her triumphs into shapes so startling, that it should seem scarcely surprising if the world overlooks, for a time, those labours of hers, however worthy of their source and useful to itself, which took forms less strange and transcendental. But Science is justified of all her children, and justifies them in return: and now that attention is called to the name of Josiah Wedgwood, it will be found, that the dazzling nature of the scientific lights amid which we live will serve but to throw their stronger illumination on the

grave of the artist-potter, where it lies, as yet unhonoured, amongst the English hills into whose sterility he brought a new Etruria.

We may rejoice, then, that the men and the women of that hardworking but unromantic and unpicturesque district of busy England have been aroused to a sense of what they owe to this great man, and are about to honour his memory. And we trust the glory will not be theirs alone, but that from every part of England aids will be tendered to do the work worthily; for there is no part of England which derives no advantage from the enlightened mind of the great potter.

The local newspapers inform us that there are two ways in which this object is to be achieved; both are desirable, and both are in harmony the one with the other. In the potteries of Staffordshire, and in the immediate vicinity of Wedgwood's labours, there is, it seems, to be AN INSTITUTE, in which the young are to be taught and the old to be comforted: what precise form it will assume we cannot yet say, but there can be no doubt of this being done. The other is to erect A STATUE of "the man," somewhere in the locality—we hope in immediate proximity to the Institute.

We trust that no conflicting elements will find their way into this scheme—that the absorbing—the only—consideration, will be how best the memory of Wedgwood may be honoured. The purpose is holy; it is the payment of a just debt: and those who throw, or suffer to be thrown, impediments in the way, must be held responsible for the consequences that may postpone the discharge of a sacred duty. We write so much because there are rumours of divisions and dissensions, where all should be harmony and good-will for the accomplishment of a high purpose.

If both objects cannot be attained, THE INSTITUTE is surely the best and the most appropriate, especially if it be, as we understand it is to be, associated with a school of Art, a museum, and a free library. Such would surely be the desire of the man who is to be honoured—such is the highest compliment his memory can receive from his successors in "the Staffordshire potteries."

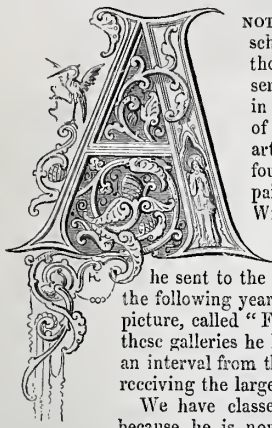
But if there be a statue, as we hope there may be, also, we trust it will be the fruit of honesty, "fair play," and patriotism; that no injustice will be perpetrated at the outset, such as may be a heavy blow and great discouragement to Art, and an effectual impediment to the progress of subscriptions. This warning is not without a meaning: one of the most active of the many gentlemen who take this case in hand, writes concerning "a beautiful and life-like statuette," by an artist named "Fontana," which it appears he has seen, and than which he considers "nothing could be more appropriate," "the dress, the likeness, and the figure" being, as he opines, "the most accurate embodiment of the living Wedgwood we shall ever see!"

This is anticipating with a vengeance! Certainly, if there be no other competitor, we shall never see a better, any more than we shall see the "Spanish fleet," because it is "not yet in sight!" But how a stranger—we suppose an Italian—be he good artist or be he bad, can comprehend what Wedgwood was, and how he ought to be represented—in "dress, likeness, and figure"—we are at a loss to conceive. And if it be a settled matter that this statuette is to grow into that statue, we hope few persons will be so unwise as to contribute funds to perpetuate what, if not an absurdity, will be an injustice, discredit to those who would honour Wedgwood's memory—a thorough English manufacturer—degrading to British sculptors, and dangerously prejudicial to British Art.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLIV.—JOHN LINNELL.



ANOTHER name, long and honourably known in our school of landscape painters, must be added to those we have already placed on the list of this series; it is that of John Linnell, who was born in London in 1792. He commenced the study of drawing under that eccentric man, but clever artist, the late John Varley, one of the early founders of the English school of water-colour painters, with whom he had, as a fellow-pupil, William Hunt. Linnell began to exhibit the fruits of his Art-studies at a very early age, for when he was scarcely fifteen years old,

he sent to the Royal Academy two small landscapes, and in the following year, 1808, to the British Institution, another small picture, called "Fishermen—a Scene from Nature:" to both of these galleries he has been a constant contributor, with scarcely an interval from that period; the Academy, as may be presumed, receiving the larger proportion of his works.

We have classed Mr. Linnell among the landscape painters, because he is now chiefly known by his pictures of this class; but for more than one half of his career—and, of course, the earlier half—he was in much request as a portrait painter. Many of our readers may not be aware that portraits are excluded, by the rules of the British Institution, from the

exhibitions of that society; most of the landscapes, therefore, painted by this artist, were sent there, and his portraits to the Academy. On glancing through the catalogues of the latter, which extend from the year 1824 to 1838, we find a long list of portraits from his pencil, and among them those of many distinguished individuals. The landscapes exhibited during this period were, "Evening—the vicinity of a Farm," in 1827; "A Sandy Road," in 1829; "The Farmer's Boy," in 1830; "A Fish-Market," in 1834; "Christ appearing to the two Disciples journeying to Emmaus," a large and fine landscape subject, in which the figures occupy only a subordinate place, in 1835; "The Hollow Tree," in 1836; "Southampton by Moonlight," and a "Scene in Windsor Forest," in 1837.

In 1839 he exhibited at the British Institution "St. John Preaching," a work that attracted marked attention by its originality of conception and vigour of execution: in this, as in all other compositions of a similar class from his hand, the figures hold quite a secondary place, though the title would lead to a different conclusion; here, for example, the dreary wilderness, the arena of the forerunner of Christ, is effectually brought before the mind of the observer; while the first baptismal font, a pool "in Bethabara beyond Jordan," enhances the interest of the pictorial story. Six portraits were contributed to the Royal Academy that year. "Gipsies," in the British Institution in 1840, is a landscape of a very high order of merit, most effective in its rich tone; in the Academy the same year he exhibited four portraits, those of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Shelburne, the Countess of Mount Edgcumbe, and Major Farrant, and with them "Philip baptizing the Eunuch," a fine landscape composition treated with a true feeling for the picturesque, and touched with masculine vigour. Another subject of this class, "The Flight into Egypt," was sent to the Institution in the following year; a landscape containing a mass of rich material, but with almost an entire negation of the green tints which are frequently apparent even in Eastern scenery. The "Cottage Door," a most pleasing representation of English domestic life in its rural aspect, was exhibited in the same gallery in 1842: it is touching in character, and painted with



Engraved by]

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

[Butterworth and Heath.

infinite skill; but the subject seems ill-suited to the size of the canvas; the picture appears as if it were the fragment of a larger one. The whole of his contributions this year to the Academy were portraits, three of them being of the Baring family; and, with one exception, the same may be said of his pictures of the year following, the exception being a genuine figure subject, "The Supper at Emmaus," a work which was the result of deep feeling, but which, in the arrangement of light and shade, showed some treatment scarcely to be justified by any recognised rules. In 1844, the whole of this painter's exhibited works were portraits, the principal one being that of Thomas Carlyle, a very striking picture, for the artist seems to have imbued it with that kind of dreamy, yet deep-toned, character which belongs to this original, powerful, but oftentimes mystical writer; it, in fact, partakes more of sentimental composition

than of portraiture. Again, in 1845, we find him still exhibiting portraits only: those of Lady Beauchamp, the Earl of Ilchester, Lord Methuen, &c.

In 1846 Linnell exhibited at the British Institution the charming little picture entitled "A Spring Wood Scene:" it was purchased by the late Mr. Vernon, and is now in that portion of the National Collection which bears the name of the donor. An engraving from it appeared in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1851. His contributions to the Academy, in 1846, were three portraits. At the British Institution in the following year was another beautiful small picture, called "The Dell,"—not quite an appropriate title, for the scene presented is little else than a narrow sluggish stream, shadowed over with a mass of trees. The effect is sombre; but an examination of the work displays extraordinary richness and depth of foliage opposed to the careering white cloud

rising in the sky. Two out of three of his contributions to the Academy were landscapes also—"The Windmill," a small canvas, now in the Vernon Collection, and engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1850; and "Mid-day," illustrating a line from Thomson's "Seasons:"—

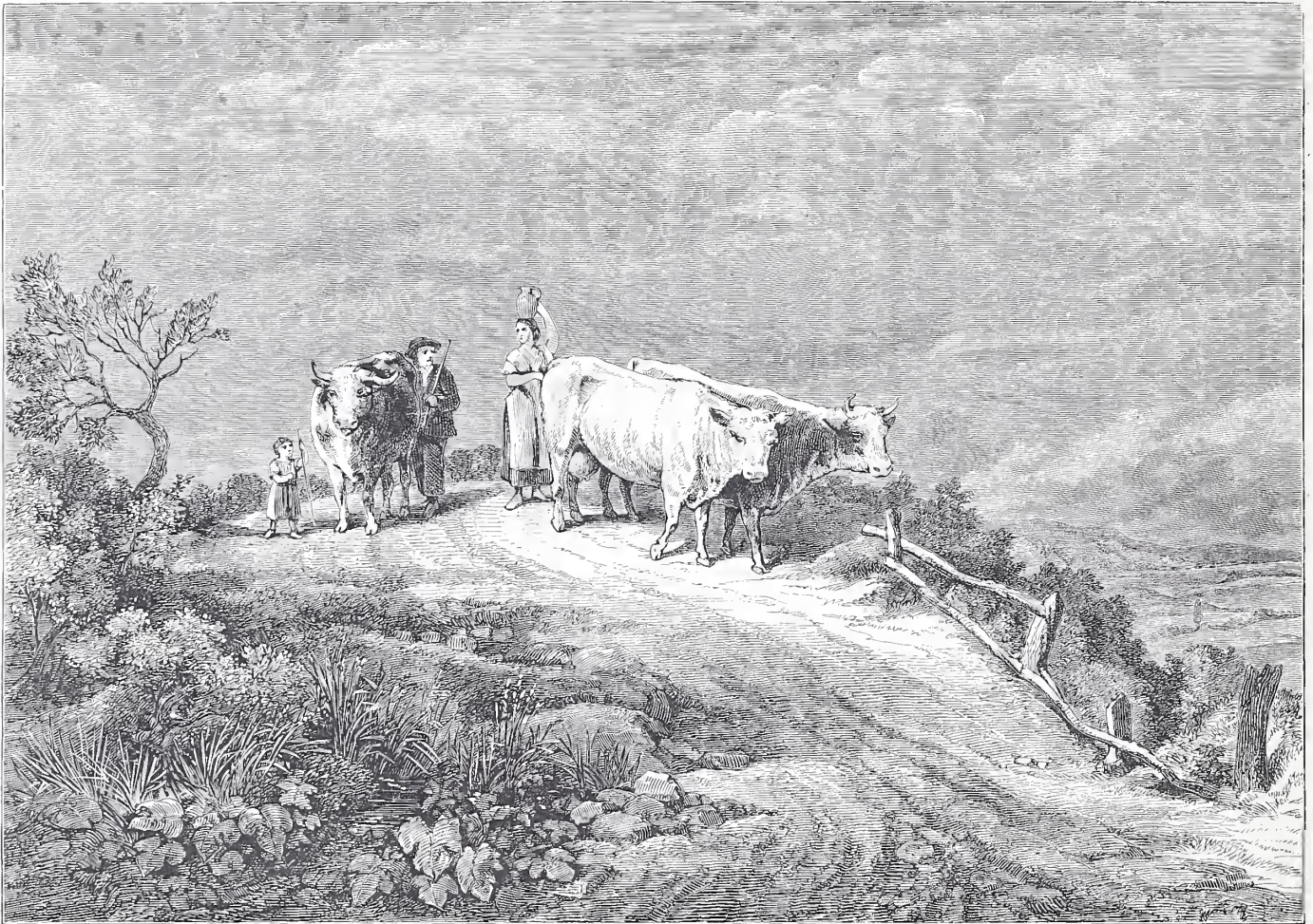
"While Nature lies around deep lull'd in noon."

The scenery of the latter work consists principally of a meadow: in the foreground is a wide-spreading oak, beneath which a flock of sheep, together with their shepherd, have sought shelter from the noontide heat; beyond this the eye is carried into distance over an extensive and diversified range of country. The sentiment aimed at, and successfully carried out, is that of entire repose: the treatment of the subject differs greatly from the artist's usual manner,—he delights in tempestuous aspects and skies of thunder-clouds. Perhaps the earliest of his larger pictures of this description is, "The Last Gleam before the Storm," exhibited at the British Institution in 1848. In noticing this work at that time it elicited from us the following remarks:—"With respect to the selection of subject-matter usually made by this artist, we venture to suggest that, were he to vocalise his canvas with something more ambitious as a ground-work, he would rank among the greatest poetical painters who have ever lived. He invests his uninspiring Georgics with an aspect of sublimity well fitted for the loftiest theme of the epic muse. The picture appears to be a composition in which every care is taken to give effect to the voluminous white clouds

arrayed in the lower sky; in contrast to which the coming storm drops its black curtain first over the foreground." As a whole it is a work of rare merit, elaborated with the most careful thought. Fine as this picture is, and greatly as it was admired when exhibited, it will not bear comparison with that seen at the Academy in the same year: "The Eve of the Deluge"—the only work he sent—quite took the public by surprise, from the sublimity and daring with which the painter has invested his subject, drawn especially from the concluding passage of Milton's description of the entrance of the animals into the ark:—

"Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven."

The artist has availed himself of the expression, "together drove," to work out one of the grandest effects of sky that has ever been seen in painting. The sky closes from an apex at the top of the composition, the opening gradually widening to the horizon, whence again upon the landscape the light seems to diminish to a point. The ark appears high on a rocky point on the right, to which the animals, in a lengthened train, are making their ascent; and above are crowds of scared wild fowl and birds of prey directing their course to the ark. The breadth of the composition is a landscape of grandeur corresponding with the sky, the lines in all its parts forming a beautifully harmonious system. In the immediate foreground is the strongest point of



Engraved by]

SUNSHINE.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

light, and here are seen Noah, his sons, and their wives. In colour, composition, and sublime poetry, the picture is truly worthy of the verse of Milton.

"The Flight into Egypt,"—a repetition, with some slight alterations, of the picture exhibited in 1841,—and "A Summer's Evening," were contributed to the British Institution in 1849, and to the Academy were sent "Sand-pits," and "The Return of Ulysses." The "Sand-pits" ranks among Art-critics as one of the purest examples of English landscape our school has produced; the materials are of the most simple pictorial character, but they are brought forward with such exquisite feeling for the truth of nature, with so much delicacy of conception, and with such mastery of pencilling, as to become irresistibly attractive. The spectator looks upon a descending road, on whose right are the pits and a mass of broken ground: beyond this the eye is met by a middle region, whence the eye travels on to a distance beautifully touched, and brought up with great sweetness to the sky at the horizon: it is a brilliant picture, one that will stand the test of the most fastidious connoisseur who knows what good Art is. "The Return of Ulysses" is a large work: the scene shows a small bay, having an outlet in the distance to the open sea; a single galley, its sails still unfurled, floats near the shore. Ulysses—who, according to the poet's version of the narrative, is soundly asleep—is being carried from the vessel by his attendants. The aim of the artist has evi-

dently been to present a powerful effect of sunlight, in which he has abundantly succeeded.

"Opening the Gate," and "Purchasing the Flock," were hung in the British Institution in 1850: the titles of the pictures sufficiently declare the respective subjects; the latter of the two works pleased us best. In the same year Linnell exhibited at the Academy "CROSSING THE BROOK," one of the illustrations which accompany this notice; the picture is gorgeous in colour and brilliant with light, which, with the various shades, is admirably dispersed: it is a noble landscape. "Christ and the Women of Samaria" was seen at the same exhibition: like most works of a similar kind by this painter, it shows a scriptural narrative "grounded" on an English landscape, for there is no attempt at delineating the scenery of the East: the ideality of the composition is limited to the figures, which is by far the least agreeable and interesting passage in it; but it is altogether a grand work, glorious in colour and mastery in its breadth of light and shade. A little gem is "The Farm—Evening," exhibited at the British Institution in 1851; its effulgent tranquillity is the very poetry of painting; evening sunlight was never more gloriously represented on canvas. "Woodlands" and "Morning" were in the Academy.

Another of the finest landscapes by Linnell was seen at the British Institu-

tion in 1852,—“A Boar Hunt in England in the Olden Time:” a wild country, broken by woodland, is here represented with great power; in the foreground lies the animal slain by the hunters, who repose in groups around the carcass. The sky is, as usual, magnificently painted, disputing priority of attention with the rest of the composition. To the Academy exhibition of that year he contributed three paintings,—“The Sere Leaf,” a passage of broken woodside scenery, with a mass of underwood and a few trees, seen under the effect of a dull autumn day; “Barley Harvest—Evening,” a rich sunset scene; a man and a cart loaded with the ripe grain stand out in strong relief against the red horizon; and “The Timber Waggon.” “The Weald of Kent,” in the British Institution in 1853, is a notable example of what an artist of genius can accomplish out of the most ordinary material: there is nothing here but a range of yellow sandy bank, succeeded by a flat airy distance; the whole is, however, so truthful and sunny, that it cannot fail to excite admiration, canopied, as it is, by a sky of clouds rolling along in magnificent array. Three landscapes were contributed to the Academy in that year,—“The Village Spring,” a rough roadway scene, with here and there a shallow pool of water, enclosed by a screen of trees, all firmly and vigorously

painted; “A Forest Road,” nearly similar in character; and “Under the Hawthorn,” a beautiful picture, but hung in a part of the gallery where, from its position, its merits must have been overlooked by a majority of the visitors. The last time Mr. Linnell exhibited at the British Institution was in 1854, when he sent “Harvest Home,” the leading feature of which is a glorious sky; and “The Refuge,” which shows an impending storm, represented with the powerful effect of which this artist is master. To the Royal Academy he contributed only a single picture in that year,—“The Disobedient Prophet,” but it was one of *the* pictures of the season: it is a large work, and its component parts are few and massive, the principal being a high bank crowned with a group of pine trees, at the foot of which a broken road runs through the composition; here are seen the dead prophet, the lion, and the ass, as described in the sacred narrative: it is a painting of extraordinary power, both in colour and treatment.

In 1855 Mr. Linnell exhibited also only one picture: he called it “A Country Road,” and it is literally nothing more than a representation of one of those passages of rural scenery of which scores are to be found within twenty or thirty miles of the metropolis, on the southern side of the Thames:



Engraved by]

CROSSING THE BROOK.

[J. Cooper.

the subject is composed and treated in the usual manner of the artist—a piece of broken foreground, nearly closed in by trees, the distance almost melting into thin air. In the following year, too, he had but one picture in the exhibition, “A Harvest Sunset;” in 1857 he sent nothing; and last year again only one, “Shepherds,” the latter especially sustaining the high reputation of this veteran painter.

Mr. Linnell’s manner, or style, as it is generally called, is truly original: in his earlier landscapes it seems evident he took Gainsborough as his model; his later are entirely his own—he has imitated no other painter, either ancient or modern. The few comments our space has permitted us to make on his exhibited pictures will suffice to show the leading characteristics of his subjects and treatment; light appears to be the quality he most seeks for, and on his skies he exhausts all the powers of his invention, the fruits of his studies, and the resources of his art; not that he is insensible to, or careless of, the other component parts of his subjects, but he seems to work at the sky and the clouds with a loving heart and an obedient hand. His general manipulation is sometimes indefinite and rather confused, giving to the picture what artists call *woolliness*. Mr. Ruskin says—“The finest studies of J. Linnell are peculiarly elaborate, and in many points most skillful; they fail perhaps of interest, owing

to over fulness of detail, and a want of generalization in the effect.” His portraits are distinguished by broad and masterly execution, combined with delicacy and force of colour,—in truth, he is a great colourist, both as to tone and transparency.

Mr. Linnell is *not* a member of the Academy, to whose annual exhibitions he has been for so many years one of the most valuable contributors; whether or no he has ever proposed himself for academical honours by entering his name as a candidate we are not quite sure; he may be indifferent, for aught we know, to having those magical initials, R.A., after his name; but most undoubtedly one of the most successful portrait-painters, and one of the greatest landscape-painters of the English school, should be in the ranks of our national Art-academy. The opinion entertained of him by the amateur and collector is sufficiently tested by the large sums given for his pictures—800 or 1000 guineas being no uncommon price: we know of no landscape-painter in the Academy who is paid such sums.

About seven years ago Linnell left London, and took up his residence near Reigate, in Surrey; the scenery in this locality has supplied him with materials for many of his latest subjects. He has two sons, artists, who are following very closely in the wake of their honoured father.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 14.—J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

POET and painter were combined in the mental organization of Joseph Mallord William Turner; his works can never be fully appreciated until they are taught to be considered not merely as pictures (however high the class to which they are assigned), but as poems; for that they undoubtedly are, and as much lifted above the ordinary world as the thought and action of a fine poem must ever be. England has reason to be proud of her landscape painters; they have outlasted all rivalry, and have won a tardy acknowledgment of superiority from the general world: but among the worthiest we shall look in vain for a power like Turner's, capable of elevating into the ideal the most commonplace subjects, and turning, by the alchemy of his genius, "the basest lead to solid gold."

It is pleasant to form an ideal picture of the man studious of beauty, devoting a life to the most exquisite delineation of nature in its most beautiful moods. He lived, by choice, so much alone that few knew him, and it had been well if the reserve he coveted had been never broken by biographic notes, as it is impossible to conceive a more anti-poetical person than Turner himself. All reminiscences of him are decidedly unpleasant, in person and in manners, and worse than all in habit; his parsimony was excessive. Altogether, it is best to know him only by his works, and keep an ideal Turner for the mind to dwell upon. Many anecdotes of his "ruling passion" float about in artistic circles, it is almost to be hoped no one will collect them for the press, though some have been so gathered; they only serve to lower the man, and are but records of the evil which, more or less, weighs down human nature. Let the "earthy part" of Turner rest in his parent earth, and let us only know his sublime mind—in the bequest he has made to the nation. Here, at least, he has behaved nobly; the sun broke through the clouds in setting!

Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, was the home of a small barber in the latter half of the last century. It is a narrow crowded way, through which carriages cannot pass; at that period this neighbourhood was a dense labyrinth of courts and alleys from St. Martin's Lane to Covent Garden. Here was an abundant population; all the stories, or even



BIRTH-PLACE OF TURNER.

rooms, of the houses held separate families; it was, therefore, a fitting locality for a busy hair-dresser. His name was Turner, and his parti-coloured pole hung beside the archway leading into Hand Court; the house is a small one, with only one window in front; it is now added as a storehouse to adjoining premises, but is unaltered in its general features. Here the painter was born, in the year 1775, and christened in the adjoining church of St. Paul's Covent Garden, on the 14th of March. His early days were spent in this squalid district, the flowers he saw were among the rickety sheds of

Covent Garden market; and the neglected grass-grown enclosure, which then occupied the centre of St. James's Park, was his nearest glimpse of country life. But his early aspirations towards Art were proudly talked of by his parent,—whose profession naturally led to the communicative,—and got to the ears of Dr. Muoro, an Art-amateur, who had gathered a large collection of drawings, and added to his stores by engaging young artists to work in



TURNER'S RESIDENCE.

his house of an evening at the rate of a shilling an hour. The Doctor was useful in his time to many; the cash, though little, was valuable, as the "overtime" earnings of poor lads, and he liberally lent his drawings by great masters, for their use by day. Girtin, Varley, Edridge, and others began with the Doctor, and looked back in after life, not unpleasantly, to the evenings spent in working, chatting, and learning with him. At this time water-colour drawing was restricted to a half-mechanical style of washing in positive shadows by a series of middle-tints, which brought out the body of the design; it was heightened by simple washes of warmer colour, or strengthened by brown shadows. The early drawings of Turner, like those of Dayes, Hearne, and Rooker, are all formed on this model. Turner resided with his father, in Maiden Lane, until the year 1800, when he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy; two years after this he was "an R.A." He had entered as a student there in 1789, his first oil-picture was hung in the exhibition in 1793. When he left Maiden Lane for the north of London (the artistic quarter), his father went with him, and the old man who answered the door, and took a sixpence from a visitor, is said to have been the same person. Neither father nor son ever lost a chance of securing or saving the smallest trifle. The painter has been known to take to a private purchaser a picture for which a thousand pounds has been paid, and then ask for the fare of the hackney-coach in addition.

Turner never allowed a visitor or a brother artist to see him at work, or to enter his painting-room. Slowly he emerged from his early style, and the works he executed at the beginning of the present century are among his best; they combine fancy with fact; ultimately he let his poetry so far predominate that "fact" could scarcely be recognised in his works; he lived to caricature his own greatness. The want of discrimination in the mass of the world, and the large reputation the painter had earned, gave a fictitious value to all his works. His cold formal early drawings now sell for high prices, while better works of the same calibre and era in Art are comparatively valueless; his later gorgeous dreams of colour, ill-defined, and hardly to be comprehended, are also bought at high prices. Neither deserve to be placed beside such earnest and truthful poems as his "Carthage," in the National Gallery, or his "Ulysses" in the "Turner Collection."

Turner's last residence was No. 47, Queen Anne

Street, Cavendish Square. It is a gloomy house, with dull blank walls, and few windows; it was known by its state of dirty neglect for many years. Here were stowed away the great mass of pictures, sketches, and prints from his works, which Turner amassed carefully, but did not "preserve," for many were found injured by dust and damp, the result of the neglect of cleanliness and comfort which had no charms for him. A curious instance of the value he attached to the merest trifle from his own hand, and the dislike he had to any person trading by chance with it, was related by an eminent printseller, into whose shop he once walked, to purchase, if possible, an engraving made many years before from one of his pictures. His description of the subject he aided by a few rude lines, scrawled with a pen on a loose piece of paper, which flew behind the counter in turning over the portfolios to look for the print. The painter ultimately got his print, and, missing the scrap of paper, eagerly demanded it of the unconscious printseller, whose confusion redoubled Turner's anxiety, which was only appeased when the scrap of paper was recovered from a dark corner, and carefully wrapped with the engraving. In justice, however, to Turner, it must be admitted, from the facts which have been revealed to the public since his death, that he had a motive—and a worthy one too—in exercising this apparently avaricious and grasping disposition: he knew well that everything from his pencil, however insignificant in character, would realize money when he was gone; and he sought to accumulate it in every way for beneficent purposes.

The illness which led to Turner's death required him to take a change of air; but he dreaded expense, though now a rich man, and he found by chance a small lodging to let in a little house fronting the Thames, near Cremorne Gardens, Chelsea. Retaining his dislike of visitors, he never gave his name to the mistress of the house, nor did she know it until after his death, which happened here on the 19th of December, 1851. On a bright winter's day, a very short time before, the painter was carried to the first floor window to see the sun set with a calm glow over the Thames. On the 30th of the same month he was buried in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom he highly esteemed,



HOUSE IN WHICH TURNER DIED.

and by whom he desired to find a last resting-place. The funeral was attended by the President of the Royal Academy, very many of its members and associates, and a large number of others, anxious to do honour to the memory of one, who did as much as ever artist did, to elevate the British school honourably among the nations. To no painter was there ever given so large a power of appreciating and portraying the beautiful in nature; and there is no name in Art more widely and universally known and revered.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF
GREAT ARTISTS.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 1.—THORWALDSEN.

UPON *Monte Pincio*, one of the seven hills of the eternal city of Rome, and in the *Via Silvia* or *Sistina*—I forget which—there lived that fine old fellow and noble artist-sculptor, the *Daue*, Thorwaldsen (date, from '37 to '41). On the right, as you made your way towards the *Quattro Fontani*, you observed the almost blank wall of a very unpretending house, which had no proper entrance, and which looked like one of those dwellings, certainly to be found in many parts of Italy, in which the builder had forgotten the staircase, and was obliged to supply one by an after-thought. There was a single stone step laid down, as it were, at the bottom of the wall, and projecting into the street; and surmounting this was a kind of plain back-door, which usually stood open, and looked as if it were intended as a guide to strangers that paid their respects on a Sunday morning, as the practice then was, to the dwelling of the great sculptor, to see his private collection of modern pictures and himself. Upon this flight of steep and narrow steps presenting itself, you crept up, at the peril of falling back into the street; and having reached the upper step (no landing-place), made your presence known by knocking at a door with your stick or your knuckles, or in the best way you could. After a little delay, the door was opened, and a large man stood before it. To him you gave your card or your name, and a large warm hand was immediately held out to you, and a low, soft, and musical voice invited you to enter. It is impossible for you to be mistaken—it is the great sculptor himself. The room is filled with well-dressed people, speaking all languages. You are accompanied for a minute or two by the master of the place, and perhaps asked how long you have been at Rome, how long you intend to stay, and also told that this is his private collection, and that the studio of his own work is in the *Piazza Barberini*; he then tells you to look about you, and joins his company. Your reception is warm and cordial in the highest degree, and you are a very extraordinary mortal if it does not make a lasting impression, or if for the next half hour you can see anything but the great sculptor himself. He mixes, and talks, and laughs, in the admiring crowd with the natural ease and simplicity of a schoolboy. The deep tone of his voice sustains, like the diapason of an organ, the harmony of all the tongues in motion, swelling and falling as he approaches or recedes from you. I have really sometimes felt a musical delight in the cadences thus sustained, especially when mixed with the sweet voices of certain English females, making up the choir, and which contrast strongly with those of the natives. But now he comes this way. What a splendidly developed head, with its mass of grey, or rather white, hair, which, like the mane of a lion, first lifts itself, and then falls in loose and shaggy negligence! That large area of face, fresh and healthy, with its light blue and bright eyes beaming with intelligence and good nature; and how well supported is this rich capital by the ample column upon which it rests! What a happy combination! How necessary—how well fitted to each other as a composition! What breadth, what firmness, what consistency! Such a form and character seems fit to deal with the pyramids and with the gigantic Memnons of the desert and the plains of endless extent. What a singular mixture of dignity and good

nature! But there is a knock at the door. A visitor presents himself: it is an old friend, and a countryman. The greeting is truly beautiful and hearty in the extreme. Both hands are held out to the stranger, and a long low "Ay-ay-ay!" is met with a burst of language strange to the ordinary ear. 'Tis not alone delightful to be the friend of the sculptor, but of such a man as Thorwaldsen.

It would be folly to attempt to describe the pictures—it is difficult to see them, or anything but their owner, in the loose gray working-coat he wears, buttoned up to the throat and coming down low over, neither trousers nor pantaloons, but a pair of long cotton drawers, socks, and slippers. This is his weekly levee—his home suit—his working-costume, and yet around him here are some of the first people of many countries. In the small room next to his bed-room there is a portrait of him by *Horace Vernet* worthy of the fame of both great artists; and there is also a large slab of slate, upon which is the chalked outline of a figure in bas-relief, and on an old chair a lump of modelling clay, with sticks, &c. But we are now in the bedroom—large, airy, and untidy, of course. Shoes and clothes are scattered about, and on a chair by the bedside lies a blue or a black coat, under the lappel of which glitters a bright star, with the ribbon of some order. It is not left here for effect. We come into the room to see many pretty pictures which the better apartments will not contain,—and this is left in our way, like other things. Everywhere the good taste which selects, and friendly feeling which makes the great sculptor the possessor of so many clever works of Art, are apparent. Here are many of the best, and as many of the earlier and inferior productions of the artists living with and around him got together. To the knowing in such matters they suggest the cheering and probable fact that there is an enjoyment connected with them utterly unknown to the common collector, whose vulgar gratification is gain, or the consoling fact of knowing that he has hung up as many guineas upon his walls as he has taken out of his pocket. I have good reasons to know that the great sculptor prided himself in helping many a deserving brother in Art as much as in the possession of a valuable picture. But there is an odour of soup, and the visitors are going.

At one of those splendid *soirées* given during the winters at Rome by the *Duc di Torlonia*, and at which all the *dilettanti* and ordinary of all nations are found, I had first the delight of meeting Thorwaldsen. *Gibson*, the sculptor, with his usual *bonhomie*, was so kind as to introduce me, and, as I was then green in Italian, to translate between us. From the truly great an amiable reception is certain, and of course I met with one. To the question of how long I thought of staying at Rome my reply was received with a hearty laugh from the great sculptor. The idea of "a year or two" appeared greatly to amuse him, and with much glee he remarked, "I said the same fifty years ago;" and then, turning to *Gibson*, "here is another of the run-aways." Some of the works of Thorwaldsen which I first saw in *St. Peter's* rather disappointed me. There is too much of the conventional in them, and when an attempt is made to get out of that, too little selection is made in common nature. In the monument of one of the popes, by Thorwaldsen, the allegorical figures of Faith, Religion, &c., are little else than direct portraits of the ordinary Roman woman, with her peculiar squat form, and short stout column of neck. It will not be impertinent to observe that in no place in the world has Art availed itself less of the ideal so abundantly furnished by Greek and classic forms than in Rome. Look into any of the works of the last forty years, or of

modern Art in Rome, and you will not be able to detect a single example, or the slightest proof that Art has not begun where you find it, or that any antique or mediæval Art has preceded it. A class of artists unknown in this country—mere copyists—exists at Rome, yet the fine examples of the Vatican, the *Doria*, the *Farnese*, &c., have no imitators. Conventionalism embraces the lifeless, the rapid, and the commonplace; and imitation extends only to the vulgar of every-day life. So strongly tinged with this are the artists of Rome, that all who notice or can understand such things must remember that the excellent president of the *Royal Academy*, upon his return to England, gave to all his females this Roman-woman form and character, evidently without perceiving the peculiarity he conferred.

It may readily be imagined I lost but little time in visiting the studio in the *Piazza Barberini*, where the bas-reliefs and the recent great works of Thorwaldsen—"Christ and his Apostles," and "St. John Preaching," &c., were to be seen. At one o'clock all the workmen of the studios were absent at the *trattoria*—one of *Gibson's* has often amused me and others at the *Lepri*, when he came for his dinner, by taking off his coat, sitting down with his hat on, and by using a fan which he carried in his pocket to cool himself. This was the agreeable hour for going to enjoy the works of the great sculptor. I had frequently been, and had the pleasure of exchanging a few words with him. He was always free to communicate, and language was for a time my only difficulty. This wore away, and my admiration increased—light broke in upon me in the study I was pursuing as to the *genus loco*. Fault-finding and laudation are the common resorts of vulgar criticism, while refinement in taste not only takes broader views of results, but loves to trace the course which the mind of the operator has pursued, to mark the obstructions at which it has hesitated, lingered, or been subdued, or diverted, or where it gained new strength, light, and advancement. It is true that this can only be done on a large and long-continued series of efforts, and of works; but here they were, and the study became the more profound and interesting.

Some years had now passed; I was about to leave Rome, much to my sorrow and lasting regret, and the noble old fellow, whom I now spoke to freely, and regarded with sincere affection, I think, was then on the point of leaving for *Copenhagen*, to receive the honours lavished, not upon him, but reflected back upon his country and his countrymen. I think it must have been almost the last time I saw him. I had crept quietly into his studio, during the glorious heat of *mezzo giorno*, and was seated on a seat I had placed in a convenient light for examining the last and greatest effort of the genius of Thorwaldsen—his "St. John Preaching." It consists of a rank of perhaps twenty figures, larger than life, and given that kind of arrangement that fits them for the space offered by the tympanum of a pediment. This large studio, filled with casts and unfinished works, was divided into several compartments, by means of cloths or canvases suspended and stretched from wall to wall. The stillness of the place was perfectly undisturbed, and I sat quietly musing after a long examination, and deeply buried in my own thoughts and reflections. The bas-reliefs had wearied me, the monotony of surface, and the eternal legs, heads, and tails of the horses, and the men holding bridles, making a display of casqued heads, shoulders, bodies, and arms, all well drawn and executed, but of these I had enough. Both subject and style were properly stilted; the right cut of face, the right display of muscle, with swords and spears to match, true fighting-men, no doubt, and bent upon doing great things in

some way or other, but not knowing what they looked, with very unmeaning faces: one glimmer of intelligence, one spark of character, would have been worth a whole army of such perfect and correct automata; and I felt how happy the world was in its diversified ugliness, and how insipid it would be were its beauty as perfect and unobjectionable as sculptured marble makes it. Here was a bust of the fine head of Byron—I could not look at it, it was so like other fine heads. A statue of that marvellous man, Napoleon I., whose personal character, east in the glass of an Eau de Cologne bottle, or in the worn-out mould of a wandering *formatore*, and mounted upon a board with any of the monstrosities in the world of forms, you can never mistake; yet here it was missed altogether, a fine work of Art, no doubt, but of Art producing nothing but itself. All these and many more had been seized, passed, and were sinking into utter obscurity before the glories of the "St. John Preaching." I was asking myself how a mind, which had received such just, true, and perfect impression, could also fail in tasks of apparently far less difficulty. Delusion I knew to be the grand source of human error, and neither incompetency nor obstinacy; but with the truth staring you in the face, and vociferating in your ear, challenging your attention, and insisting upon being attended to, how was this possible? In what way could the votary of truth be so beguiled? Inexplicable! A light touch upon the shoulder made me start; and at the same moment the low and pleasant musical laugh of the sculptor was heard. "So," he said, "I have found you again listening to the Preacher. *Ebbene?* What does he say to-day?" "More," I replied, "than ever; he has something to say every time I see him." The great man smiled. "But have you been round?" he said. "Many times," I replied;—"but I always come back again to my old place, and feel no disposition now to go to any other. Should I come a hundred times, the Preacher would be the first and last object of my admiration. Believe me, I am deeply touched, delighted, and instructed."—"I am glad," he said, with rather a subdued change of manner. "I too have learnt something in the prosecution of that work." I looked inquiringly at him. With rather more of earnestness, he continued—"If I am right here, I have been wrong everywhere else; indeed, I am sure we are all wrong. The universal is often no more than the prevailing commonplace; the ideal no more than the idolatrous or the conventional for the time being. I came to Rome to study Bernini. Canova, Gibson, and many others did the same; and, whatever others may have done, I feel, if my present knowledge had come earlier, I might have spared half the labour of my life." I ventured to remark that the efforts of few lives had led to such grand results. I also observed that Gibson had told me he meant to found himself upon Bernini, but was lucky enough to discover his mistake, and that it appeared to me Canova must have done the same, as his fame certainly rested upon his total rejection of all Bernini had conceived and done. "That is true," he remarked; "but many, under this delusion, have plunged themselves into inextricable darkness." Still he said he regarded the ideal as the "grand *ingannatore*" (the great cheat) of Art. That misled by the ideal, he himself had left nature to follow at any distance behind, and thought he was advancing because he went before her. "I am now sure," he continued, "that an artist must walk with nature as his companion; and where the ideal professes to be his guide, he must take care she does not lead him astray." After a slight pause he asked,—"In what work would you say there is the largest quantity of the purely natural?"—"Certainly,"

I replied, "in this of St. John preaching." "No," he replied, "you mistake me; I do not refer to my own works, but to one of the highest of antiquity." I observed I should fear to venture an opinion. "I will tell you," he said; "there is more true nature in the Apollo Belvidere than in any other single work of ancient or modern Art."—"I am delighted," I said, "to have your opinion, but I fear my knowledge of the subject does not extend far enough honestly to accord in your judgment." "There is a general error in estimating the excellence of this statue, as well as others which are said to be formed on the ideal of Art: it is not the ideal, properly speaking, nor the universal and the general, which constitute excellence; had it been made up merely of selections and parts from what is properly regarded as the general and the universal, it would have been insipid, and even commonplace, and not what it is, the most beautiful statue of the world: it is in the selection of the peculiar, and not of the general, that its matchless and perfect character is made up *capisce?*"—"Really," I replied, "this is a beautiful and nice distinction, and I feel the full force of what you have said. It is clearly in the perfection of its character that its superiority exists. But I remember," I said, "Cicero somewhere remarks, that what we call *form* the Greeks call *character*."—"That is true," he replied, "except that character is the soul of form."—"Then," I continued to observe, "all the beauty in the world combined in one specimen could not confer character."—"Certainly not," he said, "unless that beauty could be made transcendental as to create the novelty or peculiarity which is the essence of character."—"I shall think long and deeply over this conversation."—"There is much," he said, "for the genuine artist to reflect upon, and of a kind, too, which can only be supplied by the genius of Art itself; but the knowledge wanted often arrives too late to be put into practice." "As regards the Apollo," I ventured to remark, "that marvellous statue is, to my conception, but an abstraction of the thing it represents." "That is true," he said; "it is the essence of the thing it represents, and is a proof that it is not mere *form* which makes it what it is—there is a something which clearly goes beyond, and is superior to it. Form is the resort of the feeble in Art, is easily obtained, and often mechanically."—"But," I again observed, "an abstraction is but an apotheosis to the thing rather than a representation of it; this makes sculpture a more perfectly imitative art than painting."—"And it is so," he answered, smiling. My look of surprise spoke for me, and he continued,—"You regard painting as a superior and more perfect art than that by which imitations are rendered, as in wax-work figures?"—"Certainly," I said. "But the imitation is far less complete in your art than in that of Redi;* but the imitation here is the imitation of the inferior in the thing represented; now it is in the imitation of the high and the highest upon which the excellence of the other arts is founded."—"I perceive clearly what you mean."—"No doubt the embodiment of action is superior to that of form, and the embodiment of form is most perfect when it comprises character." After a pause I asked, "Does it not speak highly for the *popolaccio* of Athens, the mobs of the Agora, for their taste or natural acumen, that they could be presented with, and made to enjoy and appreciate, such an *abstraction* as the Apollo—a bowman without his bow and arrows, and representing nothing but the action of dis-

* The anatomical imitations of Redi are some of the most exquisite works of the kind known to the world; the principal are in a museum at Florence. For truth and identity in appearance there is perhaps nothing to compete with them; the most slavish Pre-Raphaelite niggle sinks into insignificance by comparison.

charging an arrow?"—"Da vero, da vero," he rejoined quickly, "that question has rarely been replied to, because," he continued, smiling, "it has rarely indeed been asked." Our gossip ended suddenly, and, I am sorry to say, never was renewed.

THE EXHIBITION

OF

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

The thirty-third exhibition of this academy was opened in the beginning of February, and, as usual, it contains a considerable number of pictures highly creditable to the artists of Scotland. These cannot with propriety be gone over at great length, nor looked at critically in their details, but the more salient points of this northern exhibition form part of those standards by which national progress in Art is to be tested; and confining our remarks to this aspect of the exhibition, our critical duty shall be discharged as briefly as possible, especially as there are no new works of much general importance exhibited. Perhaps an exception ought to be made to this general statement, not so much for what the drawing is, as for what it is not. Ruskin has entered the lists as an exhibitor, and it is interesting to see how the eloquent writer agrees with the more humble exhibitor. We are not of those who would insist that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," nor should we think of anything so absurd as confounding the faculty of criticism with the power of painting; but it may reasonably be expected that those who constitute themselves tribunes of Art, who pronounce dogmatically upon artistic principles, and who assume to be not only teachers of the unlearned multitude, but teachers of our most accomplished artists,—it may be reasonably expected, when such put their theories in practice, and venture to come before the public as painters, that the works they produce shall at least be consistent with the opinions they propound. It is not meant that the amateur shall have acquired the technical knowledge, or be able to display the manipulative dexterity of the professional artist,—these, as a general rule, are only to be acquired through long practice, as well as hard study; but if a teacher insisted that grey was the only colour to be used for a given purpose, if he denounced all who did not use the peculiar tone of grey he fancied, and if, when he began to paint, he used red instead of grey, his pupil would not be likely to acquire more implicit faith in his prelections. Mr. Ruskin, by the exhibition of this drawing, puts himself very much in the position of such a teacher. It would be useless to give extracts from his writings to support the statement that in true Art nature and its literal imitation is everything, and the conventional rules of schools less or worse than nothing, because other passages could with equal facility be found teaching almost the opposite opinion; but, taking his opinions upon the merits of naturalism, as these have been understood by the public, and influenced the Pre-Raphaelites, we venture to assert that this sketch is not only contrary to, but inconsistent with those teachings about the literal imitation of nature being the perfection of Art, wherewith Mr. Ruskin has so long been endeavouring to enlighten the world, and especially the British public. The difference between pictorial and ornamental art has long been recognised, and is well understood, although it takes more space to describe than can be afforded in the general notice of an exhibition; but both in form, composition, and colour, that difference is essential and well marked; and what we maintain is this, that Mr. Ruskin's drawing, although professing to be a literal copy of nature, and, therefore, belonging to pictorial art, has nevertheless, either through ignorance, or intention, been produced for effect by those unreal combinations in colour which are only permissible in the style known as ornamental, and which are not permissible at all by one whose mission is the restoration of pictorial art to the unaided literalism of nature. Like many of Mr. Ruskin's sentences, these peach-blossoms are beautiful, but they also are not absolutely true; and, in both, brilliant colour is made to supply the lack of verity or knowledge. The deep ultramarine sky,

the white blossoms touched with lake, a rich brown stem with grey light on the one side, and reflected lights enriched with lake, and leaves touched with emerald green, form, as may easily be supposed, a pretty combination of the most brilliant colours and contrasts; but how a sky of intense blue would produce lake reflected lights, even on a brown stalk of peach-blossom, is upon the literal theory not yet made plain by Mr. Ruskin. In truth, knowingly or or unknowingly, he has followed the practice of Watteau, rather than adhered to nature, in the painting of these blossoms. The prince of French ornamentalists laid all his shadows in with a brown lake, and to this is attributable much of that richness and harmony which are the chief features of his style. But for Ruskin to set forth the conventional craft of Watteau as his own unmixed study of nature, was either to draw deeply on public gullibility, or to exhibit his own want of practical knowledge in the most elementary attributes of colour. We have dwelt longer on this pretty, but trifling, sketch than is at all consistent with its real importance; but as a straw indicates the direction of the current, so this sketch, trifling as it is, shows that however conventionalism and the rules of Art are ridiculed when adopted by others, Mr. Ruskin does not despise taking advantage of the most intense conventionalities known, even in ornamental art, when more brilliant effects in paint can be obtained, than can be secured through that steadfast reliance on nature which he has so magnified in books, intended for the guidance and enlightenment of others.

The exhibition embraces many pictures of more or less merit, such as 'The Escape,' by Millais, 'The Thunder-Cloud,' by Cooke, the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' by Hunt, and others, which have in former years been noticed in these columns in connection with one or other of the London exhibitions. It also contains the 'Dr. Guthrie Preaching,' exhibited last year in the Royal Academy by Mr. George Harvey, and 'The Massacre at Cawnpore,' and 'The Bloody Tryst,' exhibited by Mr. Noel Paton. Both the Preaching and the Massacre have been considerably altered—the former in effect, and the other in intention—yet it is unnecessary to say more than that both Harvey's picture and Paton's have been bettered by the change. There has been some disappointment felt and expressed that the fine series of six pictures painted by Harvey for the Royal Association are not exhibited; but these pictures will make an exhibition of themselves. The subject is Burns's celebrated song of "Auld lang syne;" and it is sufficient to say, to secure for them a hearty welcome from Scotchmen, in whatever part of the world they may be located, that the pictures sustain the sentiment of that world-wide song. The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland ought, with such a series of prints, to add very largely to the subscription list, because no man has shown himself so thoroughly a national painter as Harvey. Noel Paton exhibits several other subjects besides those seen in London last season—drawings, sculptures, and pictures; and while all bear the strong impress of his elegant fancy, it would be mere idle adulation to say that the genius displayed in any is likely to add to his previously affirmed reputation, if 'Barthram's Dirge' (No. 613) be excepted, which shows an advance in colour far beyond what the most sanguine of Mr. Paton's admirers could have anticipated. Could this artist but reproduce the strength and quality of colour obtained in this sketch throughout his larger works, the celebrity he has attained would be but the first-fruits of that which he might speedily achieve. This 'Barthram's Dirge,' by Paton, stands its ground in colour against Holman Hunt's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' which hangs beside it; and, for Paton's pictures hitherto, such a test would have proved more severe than agreeable. Sir John Watson Gordon appears to be reserving his strength for the Royal Academy, because, although his portrait of William Chambers (painted for the Hall and Reading-room at Peebles, which that gentleman has so generously built for his native townsmen) is a good likeness and a creditable picture, there is nothing in it as a specimen of Art to attract more than ordinary attention. The same is at least equally true of Lord Dalhousie, the Duke of Argyll, and the other portraits exhibited this year in Edinburgh by the venerable president. Colvin Smith, however, appears in greater strength than

he has done for many years past, two of his half-lengths displaying a clearness of colour combined with that firm hold of a likeness which this artist never fails to get—a combination of qualities which offer an additional guarantee for the continued success of the Scotch school in portraiture. There is also a very fine full-length portrait of the Mayor of Liverpool, by John Robertson, clearer in the lights and more transparent in the shadows; in a word, less leathery in tone than many of the earlier portraits by this artist, and it displays altogether a considerable advance in professional excellence. Mr. Graham Gilbert has some heads fine in colour; and there is a portrait of David Roberts, R.A., painted some twenty years since, by R. S. Lauder, which is very beautiful; but among the younger artists there is nothing in portraiture to mark either much progress or much promise—a fact all the more remarkable, that in figure painting both are conspicuously visible in the works of several of the coming men. In female portraiture, Francis Grant, R.A., exhibits the most important work in the rooms—a full-length of Mrs. Markham, exquisite for the lady-like feeling thrown over the principal parts of the figure. But there is more than a tendency to the old difficulty often so conspicuous in the works of Lawrence, and in the full-lengths of all the portrait-painters between him and Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the single exception of Raeburn—viz., the difficulty of getting ladies and gentlemen to stand on their feet rather than on their tiptoes. It is quite true that many women, when they aspire to appear elegant, step on their tiptoes, or nearly so, rather than walk on their feet; but it betokens more a lady's-maid than a lady's gentility; and nothing adds more to the dignity of either a lady or gentleman, whether in society or on the canvas, than a firm step, accompanied with easy action. The snowy landscape background of this portrait is also well intended, but bears evidence of that haste from which nearly all the general portraits of our most popular artists suffer more or less, although it is but justice to say that Mr. Grant sins less in this direction than many of the greatest men who have gone before him. In female portraiture, one of the most promising heads exhibited is a portrait of Mary, youngest daughter of Stewart B. Hare, Esq., of Calder Hall, by William Crauford—a head which is not only clearly but cleverly painted, but which also contains the higher qualities of genuine girlhood, combined with true simplicity of style and unaffected expression.

Among the landscapes there is nothing so important as to demand detailed criticism, although there are some creditable, and a great number of very respectable, landscapes by R. S. Lauder, E. T. Crauford, Hill, Honston, Macculloch, Bough, A. Fraser, and others, too numerous even to name. Indeed, Scottish Art—so far as the older artists represent it—is running entirely into landscape, except among those who devote themselves to portraiture. There may be many causes for this change which has come over the spirit of those who were once historical painters, but the two principal are, first, a restiveness under hard work, combined with the necessity of getting a certain amount of money in the easiest way possible, and, second, a mistaken idea, but one painfully prevalent, that landscapes are far more easily painted than figures. Concerning the first reason, the matter must rest between the painters and the purchasers, and if the latter are satisfied, the evil must go on; but the time will come, when public attention will be directed to the gradual disappearance of historical and high Art from our annual exhibitions; and nowhere more than in Scotland is this evil increasing, although even in London its existence begins to excite serious attention among those thoughtfully interested in the worthy development and progress of the British school of painting. But the second cause—namely, the idea that landscape painting is so much easier than figure subjects—is the child of a dim-visionsed delusion. It is quite true that a third or fourth rate landscape is more easily painted than a historical subject taking the same rank; and it may be admitted that mediocrity is more readily reached in landscape than in figure subjects; but the absolute dearth of first-class landscapes shows that, after all, humanity is more easily rendered than the outer world of nature. First-class landscapes are as rare as great historical pictures, so that those who aspire to lasting reputation from

their works need not expect to cozen fame by leaving the more laborious path for any shorter by-way.

Among the figure subjects there are some pictures of great merit, not only for what they are, but for what they promise. As already intimated, the majority of Royal Scottish Academicians do nothing for the Scottish Exhibition in this department, while equal abstinence in others would at least detract nothing from the reputation of the Scottish school. But a few pictures by artists resident in England or elsewhere help to make up the want; and chief among them is John Phillip, A.R.A., who sends his 'Evil Eye,' one of the main attractions, in which is a very clever portrait of himself sketching by a side glance the interior of a Spanish gipsy's tent. This picture is not so black in its shadows as Mr. Phillip's sometimes gets, and is, as a whole, a very good specimen of his style and powers. The greatest—we might say almost the only—effort in historic Art, is Montrose, driven to Execution, by James Drummond, R.S.A. The aim of this picture is high; and even comparative failure on such a work is more creditable than success in a dozen of subjects not worth the painting; but although there is much excellence and a praiseworthy amount of historic truth, every figure being a lesson on costume, yet the principal figure is deficient in dignity, and the subject altogether looks as if beyond the grasp of the artist. 'The Porteous Mob,' by the same painter, exhibited some years since, was within his circle, and therefore it was an excellent, although by no means a perfect picture; but Mr. Drummond will require to rise on more powerful wings before he can be equally successful with that higher range of historical incident of which the Montrose tragedy forms one. There is a large but not very attractive picture by J. Archer, and another—more Pre-Raphaelite, and in this exhibition one of the expiring embers of that fallacy which has gone out like the crackling of thorns under a pot—the second better in reality, although not so much of a picture as the first. There is also a frost scene by Lees, wonderfully like several which have preceded it from the same pencil; and there are some Irish subjects by E. Nicol, which have all been seen before in one form or another, although they always provoke laughter, however often they are looked at; and some smaller or less important specimens from dozens of other artists, more interesting to local than to general readers; but the vast stride made by John Raed in colour, as displayed principally in the 'Bedouin exchanging a Young Slave for Armour,' is a pleasing fact of more than local importance. There are some freely painted heads in a small historical picture by the same artist; and he has endeavoured to embody the heart-vexed Job and his heartless comforters; but this is the least successful effort of the painter, and not to be compared as a work of Art with the 'Bedouin,' already mentioned.

There are some pictures of importance to all interested in Art, the productions of young men on whom the burden of supporting the reputation of the Scotch school is already resting. These youths have all recently been, and some of them still are, students at the Royal Institution; and while their works do honour to their instructors, it may be hoped that, under the new régime of Art-teaching in Edinburgh, the fruits of the future may equal those of the present and the past. First among these youths, Hugh Cameron may be placed; his picture of 'Going to Hay'—two country girls going to the hay-field, and singing as they go—being one of the best specimens of colour and legitimate artistic finish which has been exhibited in Edinburgh for years; and there were very few pictures exhibited last year in London superior to this 'Going to Hay,' in the two qualities named. The tone and texture, and simplicity of style achieved, is a high standard from which to make another start, and nothing but intense study and hard work will keep Mr. Cameron up to the point he has already reached. In such a case, not to go forward is to go back; because a portion of that strength which has been concentrated upon colour will require to be devoted to the composition of more mind-wearing subjects, if a high reputation is to be attained; and then comes the rock ahead—that on which so many young men of highest promise have made shipwreck of their professional prospects—viz., the need for increased application, which can alone compensate for the

diffusion of mental power over the many necessary requisites of great pictures. Another of these young men is John Burr—his brother does not exhibit this season—and his 'New Frock,' although not so perfect, in any quality, has many points of excellence combined with some serious defects. In character, and the power of rendering the children of common life as they are, these brothers Burr have already secured high local estimation, and most justly, because upon these phases of their art most laudable efforts are bestowed; but in this 'New Frock' there is in some parts a carelessness of drawing, and a want of appreciation of womanly beauty, which mar what would otherwise have been a very high class picture. As it is, it is simply a good picture, with many high class passages interspersed—the worse ones being so clearly the result of inattention as to make the mixing up of such excellence and ungainliness far from creditable to the artist. Peter Graham, another of these lads, aspires to higher efforts, and, in 'An Incident in the Times of the Covenanters,' ventures on that mine of Scottish story which Harvey has so successfully worked. With many well-expressed ideas, Mr. Graham has also much to acquire before he can become victor in so high a field; but his 'Incident' is creditable, and not without promise. M'Taggart is another young man whose pictures are well calculated to inspire hope, although that should not altogether be unmixed with fear, because there is one tendency shown in nearly all the works of this young artist, which must be checked and overcome. There is nothing more delightful or generally more difficult to achieve than harmony and tone, and, therefore, it is not unnatural that the minds of young artists should be devoted to overcome the difficulty. But they must remember that a false tone may be got so perfect as to become insipidity, and that there is more hope in vigorous rawness than in sickly harmony of colour. We cannot go into that subject at present, but nature knows nothing of subjects painted on a key, and no Art can be true which even proximately violates the principles of nature. The last of these young men which we shall name, is Pettie—a mere youth, but one who already paints with a dexterity, and thinks with a vigour, far beyond his years. These all belong to a class of students which, if the public and associatious spoil them not, will mark an era in the history of Art in Scotland.

First among the specimens of sculpture stands Mr. Calder Marshall's magnificent figure of 'Ophelia,' well known both in London, and from being one of the gems of the Manchester exhibition; and next to it must be placed a colossal bust of that myth, 'The Norse Sea-king,' by a young man, another of the class of young students, John Hutcheson, who exhibits, we believe, for the first time, and who has, therefore, taken the northern artistic public by storm with his successful *debut*. The head wants some of those characteristics such as the heavy under jaw, usually associated with such personages, and which seem necessary to give the full idea of animal strength; but even with such defects, this head is a conception sufficient to secure for its author more than a respectable place among imaginative sculptors. The colossal bust of 'Her Majesty the Queen,' by John Steel, is already well known; and the busts by Brodie and others are many of them respectable, but require no separate notice. Among the water-colour drawings there are specimens by Kenneth Macleay, Mrs. Blackburn, G. M. Greig, Ferrier, W. Miller, and others, creditable to the respective artists; and some clever architectural designs by David Bryce, Rind, and Matheson, the latter exhibiting the plans of the new Post-office for Edinburgh, which have been approved both by government and the city corporation. Two very clever sea-pieces, by Vallance, and some landscapes, by Cranston, McWhirter, and Charles E. Johnston, should have been noticed. Many have been left unnoticed although marked for criticism; yet with the pictures already named, and others, some of them by London artists, the Exhibition is this year fully as interesting, and certainly more encouraging, than it has been for some years past.

We believe the rules of the Scottish Academy do not prohibit the exhibition of works that have been hung in other galleries: why then do not the Scottish artists send more often to London? where they would be welcomed.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

VIETRI.

C. Stanfield, R.A., Painter. W. Miller, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 10½ in.

NUMEROUS as are the picturesque scenes which invite the artist to linger on the coasts of Southern Italy, he will find none more inviting than those which abound in the Gulfs of Naples and Salerno. The whole line of sea-girt land extending from Pozzuoli on the north to Salerno on the south would supply landscape subjects sufficient in number to fill a large picture gallery, and beautiful enough, if treated as they deserve to be, to win the admiration of all who might chance to see them. This region is the sketching-ground of many of our painters, as it was of some of the old Italian artists. The poet Rogers alludes to its loveliness, and associates one particular locality situated therein, Amalfi, with the name of Salvator Rosa:—

"There would I linger—then go forth again,
And hover round that region unexplored,
Where to SALVATOR (when, as some relate,
By chance or choice he led a bandit's life,
Yet off withdrew, alone and unobserved,
To wander through those awful solitudes),
Nature revealed herself. Unveild she stood,
In all her wildness, all her majesty,
As in that older time, ere Man was made."

Vietri lies at a short distance only from Amalfi, which at one period of its history—namely, in the twelfth century, when it was pillaged by the Pisans—contained a population of 50,000 inhabitants, and was a city of vast commercial importance:—

"The time has been
When on the quays along the Syrian coast
'Twas asked, and eagerly, at break of dawn,
'What ships are from Amalfi?' when her coins,
Silver and gold, circled from clime to clime;
From Alexandria southward to Sennaar,
And eastward through Damascus and Cabul,
And Samarcand, to the great wall, Cathay."

It has not been our good fortune to visit Vietri, but we find it described in that excellent tourist's companion, Murray's *Handbook of Southern Italy*, as "a small but delightful watering-place, of about 3,000 souls, beautifully situated at the extremity of a savage gorge, called the Val Arsiccia, in the northern angle of the Gulf of Salerno." Mr. Stanfield's picture shows but a small portion of the town, that which is immediately situated on the shore, from a point where the view is taken. The sea here assumes the form of a bay, the farther end of which is enclosed by precipitous rocks, terminating with hills, not very lofty, but gently sloping towards the beach. The principal object in the picture are the remains of an ancient tower, on the summit of which some buildings of a comparatively modern date have been erected, as a kind of dwelling-house. Stretching onward from this, and to its right, the various edifices are seen grouped in a most picturesque manner, almost as if intended to invite the pencil of the artist. Drawn up on the beach, underneath the tower, are a few fishing boats—all that now remain of the vast commercial navy that used to float on the waters of this and the adjacent ports; and in the foreground a few of the fishing population are occupied with their work.

Interesting as is the subject pictorially, Mr. Stanfield has given to it additional value by his skillful and able treatment: the sky is especially worthy of notice, from the elegant forms which the clouds assume, and their light, feathery, and floating appearance; their reflections in the water render the blue surface of the latter very transparent. In colour the picture is bright and very harmonious, with an entire absence of that "chalkiness," which is seen in some of this artist's works. We feel it would be an act of injustice to Mr. Miller, the engraver of this charming picture, were we to pass by, without notice, the admirable manner in which he has performed his task. The engraving is one of remarkable delicacy and finish, especially in the clouds, and the sands in the foreground; the texture of the latter is wonderfully preserved, soft, damp, and glittering in the sunbeams. We believe that the print of Vietri will be regarded as one of the best landscape engravings that has appeared in this series.

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The number of Art-works received at the *Salon* for this year already exceeds 4500, about 2000 more are expected—an extension of time for their reception having been granted.—We are here looking forward with hope to the invitation given to the English school.—The proposed exhibition of Ary Scheffer's works seems at present to meet with difficulties not easily surmounted.—A fine panoramic building has been erected in the *Champs Elysees*, where Colonel L'Anglois is now executing a picture of "The Taking of the Malakoff."—The commune of Vaucouleurs has voted 10,000 francs for a statue of Joan of Arc.—A petition, the object of which is to prevent the reproduction of engravings by photography, is about to be presented to the Emperor, who will have some difficulty, it may be presumed, to prevent these piracies.—M. A. Martiny has received a commission to execute a plate from the picture of "The Nativity of the Virgin," by Murillo, lately purchased by the Government.—Ary Scheffer's picture of "Christus Consolator," which was engraved in the *Art-Journal* several years ago, and which belonged to the late Duchess of Orleans, was recently sold for the sum of £2400 to M. Fodor, a well-known Dutch collector.

COLOGNE.—The society existing in Cologne for the purchase of works of Art intended to form the nucleus of a civic picture-gallery, has just added to the collection "Oliver Cromwell at the Bedside of his Dying Daughter," by Professor Julius Schrader, of Berlin. For the years 1858, 1859, 1000 and 1500 thalers (£150 and £225) were appropriated to the purposes of the society. The sum of £600 is fixed for the year 1860, and the pictures which are submitted in competition must be historical. In the first year this was not the case, and size, as well as subject, was left to the discretion of the artist.—A picture by Zimmerman, which was in the Great Munich Exhibition, and which we marked in our catalogue at the time on account of its excellence, representing French troops quartered in the magnificent saloon of a palace, has been bought by H. Steinfertstätt; and another, which we also remember intending to admire in the same exhibition—"Peasants Singing in a Church," by Benjamin Vautier, of Dusseldorf, has too been bought by Karl Stein.

DUSSELDORF.—No decision has yet been come to respecting the directorship of the Academy. It is thought that Bendermann, of Dresden, will be invited to fill the vacant office, but no steps have hitherto been taken to learn if he would be inclined to accept it. His amiable disposition would ensure him many friends.—Lessing, who left Dusseldorf to accept the offers of the Grand Duke of Baden, does not think of quitting Carlsruhe; on the contrary, he is much pleased with his position there. Those artists, however, who lately emigrated to Weimar feel many a longing for the Rhine.—In December last a New York merchant paid Dusseldorf a visit, to take measures for carrying out a long-cherished scheme—namely, to show, to the Americans what German art is. He intends, if possible, to arrange a great exhibition of the works of German artists; and a hundred pictures of the Dusseldorf school have already been obtained, and are indeed already on board ship to be sent to their destination in the New World. No desire of gain is mixed up with Mr. Aufermann's undertaking: it arose solely from the wish to introduce into the land which has now become his home, specimens of German mode of thought, of German poetry, and German feeling.

VIENNA.—On the 7th of February, the sixteen plans which are to contend for the prize for the monument to be erected in memory of Prince Charles Schwarzenburg, were exhibited in the Academy of Arts. They are still on view. The decision rests with a committee composed of Count Thun, the Director Ruben, and five professors of the Academy.

MUNICH.—The Russian battle painter, Kotzebue, who for some years has resided in Munich, has just finished one of his large works, which he was commissioned to paint by the emperor, representing "Suwarrow's Passage over the St. Gothard." It is placed in his atelier for the inspection of the public, and the proceeds of the exhibition are to be given to the Artist's Relief Fund.—Genelli, who is about to settle at Weimar, in accordance with the invitation of the Grand Duke, has not yet left Munich. Before his departure his brother artists intend to entertain him.

BRUSSELS.—M. Fraikin has just finished a piece of sculpture which is attracting large numbers to his studio, where it is exhibited: the subject is Venus in a shell, unfolding her veil for a sail; Cupid is the steersman, and he uses his bow for the rudder. It is one of those fanciful subjects which Etty used to paint with so much poetical feeling and such gorgeousness of colouring.



W MILLER SCULPT

C. STANFIELD, R. A. PINX

V I E T R I .

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRVUE

INDOORS AMUSEMENTS
AND
OCCUPATIONS OF THE LADIES
IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRDOLT, F.S.A.

EQUALLY in the feudal castle or manor, and in the house of the substantial burgher, the female part of the family spent a great part of their time in different kinds of work in the chambers of the lady of the household. Such work is attested to in mediæval writers, from time to time, and we find it represented in illuminated manuscripts, but not so frequently as some of the other domestic scenes. In the romance of the "Death of Garin le Loherain," when Count Fromont visited the chamber of fair Beatrice, he found her occupied in sewing a very beautiful *chainsil*, or petticoat:—

"Vint en la chambre à la bele Beatriz;
Ele cosoit un moit riche chainsil."
Mort de Garin, p. 10.

In the romance of "La Violette," the daughter of the burgher, in whose house the Count Girard is lodged, is described as being "one day seated in her father's chambers working a stolec and amice in silk and gold, very skilfully, and she made in it, with care, many a little cross and many a star, singing all the while a *chanson-à-toile*," meaning, it is supposed, a song of a grave measure, composed for the purpose of being sung by ladies when weaving:—

"I. jor sist es chambres son pere,
Une estoile et i. amit pere
De soie et d'or molt soutilment,
Si i fait ententevement
Mainte croisetete et mainte estoile,
Et dist ceste chanchon à toille."
Roman de La Violette, p. 113.

Embroidery, indeed, was a favourite occupation: a



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERY.

lady thus employed is represented in our first cut, taken from a richly illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII.). The ladies, too, not only made up the cloths into dresses and articles of other kinds, but they were extensively employed in the various processes of making the cloth itself. Our cut (Fig. 2),



Fig. 2.—A LADY CARDING.

taken from a manuscript of about the same period (MS. Reg. 10 E, IV.), represents the process of carding the wool; and the same manuscript furnishes us with another cut (Fig. 3), in which a lady appears in the employment of spinning it into yarn.

The ladies and maidens were at times released from these serious labours, and allowed to indulge

in lighter amusements. Their hours of recreation followed the dinner and the supper, when they were often joined by the younger portion of the gentlemen of the castle, while the older, and more serious, remained at the table, or occupied

themselves in some less playful manner. In the romance of "La Violette," already quoted (p. 159), we read of the father of a family going to sleep after dinner. In the same romance (p. 152), the young ladies and gentlemen of a noble household are

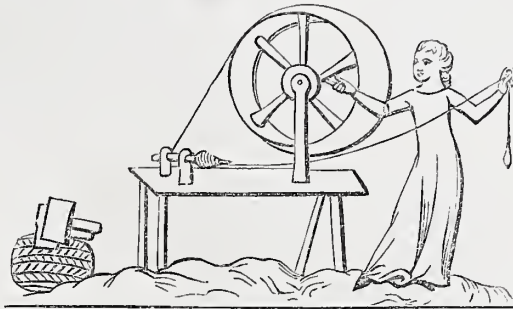


Fig. 3.—A LADY SPINNING.

described as spreading themselves over the castle, to amuse themselves, attended by minstrels with music. From other romances we find that this amusement consisted often in dancing, and that the ladies sometimes sang for themselves, instead of having minstrels. Sometimes, as described in a former paper, they played at sedentary games, such as chess and tables; or at plays of a still more frolicsome character. These latter seem to have been most in vogue in the evening, after supper. The author of the "Ménagier de Paris," written about the year 1393 (tom. i. p. 71), describes the ladies as playing, in an evening, at games named *bric*, and *qui fery*? (who struck), and *pince-merille*, and *tiers*, and others. The first of these

games is mentioned about a century and a half earlier by the *trouvère* Rutebeuf, and by other mediæval writers; but all we seem to know of it is that the players were seated, apparently on the ground, and that out of them was furnished with a rod or stick. We know less still of *pince-merille*. *Qui fery* is evidently the game which was, at a later period, called hot-cockles; and *tiers* is understood to be the game now called blindman's buff. These, and other games, are not unfrequently represented in the fanciful drawings in the margins of mediæval illuminated manuscripts; but as no names or descriptions are given with these drawings, it is often very difficult to identify them. Our cut (Fig. 4), which is given by Strutt, from a manuscript in the Bodleian



Fig. 4.—THE GAME OF HOODMAN-BLIND.

Library, at Oxford, is one of several subjects representing the game of blindman's buff, or, as it was formerly called in England, hoodman-blind, because the person blinded had the eyes covered with the hood. It is here played by females, but, in other illuminations, or drawings, the players are boys or men (the latter plainly indicated by their beards). The name hoodman-blind is not found at an earlier period than the Elizabethan age, yet the name, from its allusion to the costume, was evidently older. A

personage in Shakespeare ("Hamlet," Act iii. scene 4), asks—

"What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?"

Hot cockles seems formerly to have been a very favourite game. One of the players was blindfolded, and knelt down, with his face on the knee of another, and his hand held out flat behind him; the other players in turn struck him on the hand, and he was obliged to guess at the name of the striker, who, if he



Fig. 5.—A GAME AT HOT-COCKLES.

guessed right, was compelled to take his place. A part of the joke appears to have consisted in the hardness of the blows. Our cut (Fig. 5), from the Bodleian manuscript (which was written in 1344), is evidently intended to represent a party of females playing at hot-cockles, though the damsel who plays the principal part is not blindfolded, and she is touched on the back, and not on the hand. Our next cut (Fig. 6), which represents a party of shepherds and

shepherdesses engaged in the same game, is taken from a piece of Flemish tapestry, of the fifteenth century, which is at present to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. Our allusions to this game also are found in the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among the "commendatory verses" to the second edition of "Gondibert," (by William Davenant), printed in 1653, is the following rather curious piece of wit, which explains itself,

and is, at the same time, an extremely good description of this game:—

The Poet's Hot-Cockles.

"Thus poets, passing time away,
Like children, at hot-cockles play;
All strike by turn, and Will is strook,
(And he lies down that writes a book).
Have at thee, Will, for now I come,
Spread thy hand faire upon thy bomb;
For thy much insolence, bold bard,
And little sense, I strike thee hard.
'Whose hand was that?' 'Twas Jaspasr Mayne.'
'Nay, there you're out; lie down again.'

With Gondibert, prepare, and all
See where the doctor comes to maul
The author's hand, 'twill make him reel;
No, Will lies still, and does not feel.
That book's so light, 'tis all one, whether
You strike with that or with a feather.
But room for one, new come to town,
That strikes so hard, he'll knock him down;
The hand, he knows, since it the place
Has toucht more tender than his face;
Important sheriff, now thou lyst down,
We'll kiss thy hands, and clap our own."

The game of hot-cockles has only become obsolete in recent times, if it be even now quite out of use.



Fig. 6.—SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

Most readers will remember the passage in Gay's "Pastorals,"

"As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye."

This passage is aptly illustrated by the cut from the tapestry given above. The same Bodleian manuscript gives us a playful group, reproduced in our cut (Fig. 7), which Strutt believes to be the game



Fig. 7.—THE GAME OF FROG-IN-THE-MIDDLE.

of this kind. "One time," we are told, "there was play among ladies and damsels; there were among them both clever and handsome; they took up many games, until, at last, they elected a queen to play at *roy-qui-ne-ment* (the king who does not lie); she, whom they chose, was clever at commands and at questions."

"Une foi ierent en dosnoi
Entre dames et damoiselles;
De cointes i ot et de belles.
De plusieurs deduits s'entremestrent,
Et tant c'une royne fistrent
Pour jouer au *roy-qui-ne-ment*.
Ele s'en savoit finement
Entremettre de commander
Et de demandes demander."

Barbazan Fathicour, tom. i. p. 100.

The aim of the questions was, of course, to provoke answers which would excite mirth; and the sequel of the story shows the great want of delicacy which prevailed in mediæval society. Another sort of amusement was furnished, by what may be called games of chance; in which the players, in turn, drew a character at hazard. These characters were generally written in verse, in burlesque and often very coarse language, and several sets of them have been preserved in old manuscripts. They consist of a series of alternate good and bad characters, sometimes only designed for females, but at others for women and men: two of these sets (printed in my *Anecdota Literaria*) were written in England;

called, in more modern times, frog-in-the-middle. One of the party, who played frog, sat on the ground, while his comrades surrounded and buffeted him, until he could catch and hold one of them, who then had to take his place. In our cut, the players are females.

Games of questions and commands, and of forfeits, were also common in mediæval society. Among the poems of Baudoin and Jean de Condé (poets of the thirteenth century), we have a description of a game

one, of the thirteenth century, in Anglo-Norman, the other, of the fifteenth century, in English. From these we learn that the game, in England, was called Rageman, or Ragman, and that the verses, describing the character, were written on a roll called Ragman's roll, and had strings attached to them, by which each person drew his or her chance. The English set has a short preface, in which the author addresses himself to the ladies, for whose special use it was compiled:—

"My ladyes and my maistresses echone,
Lyke hit unto your humbylle wommanhede
Resave in gré (good part) of my symyille persone
'This rolle, which withouten any drede
Kynge Ragman me bad mesoure in brede,
And cristnyed yt the meroure of your chauce;
Draweth a stryng, and that shal streight yow leyde
Unto the very path of your governaunce."

i. e. it will tell you exactly how you behave yourself, what is your character. This game is alluded to by the poet Gower in the "*Confessio Amantis*:"—

"Venus, welche stant withoute lawe,
In non certheyne, but as mea drawe
Of Ragemon upon the chauce,
Sche leyeth no peys (weight) in the balauce."

The ragman's roll, when rolled up for use, would present a confused mass of strings hanging from it, probably with bits of wax at the end, from which the drawer had to select one. This game possesses a peculiar historical interest. When the Scottish nobles and chieftains acknowledged their dependence

on the English crown in the reign of Edward I., the deed by which they made this acknowledgment, having all their seals hung to it, presented when rolled up much the appearance of the roll used in this game; and hence no doubt they gave it in derision the name of the *Ragman's roll*. Afterwards it became the custom to call any roll with many signatures, or any long catalogue, the various headings of which were perhaps marked by strings, by the same name. This game of chance or fortune was continued, under other names, to a late period. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the burlesque characters were often inscribed on the back of roundels, which were no doubt dealt round to the company like cards, with the inscribed side downwards.

Sometimes the ladies and young men indulged



Fig. 8.—A GAME AT BALL.

within doors in more active games—among which we may mention especially different games with the ball, and also, perhaps, the whipping-top. We learn from many sources that hand-ball was from a very early period a favourite recreation with the youth of both sexes. It is a subject not unfrequently met with in the marginal drawings of mediæval manuscripts. Our cut (No. 8) is taken from one of the carvings of the *miserere* seats in Gloucester Cathedral. The long tails of the hoods belong to the



Fig. 9.—WHIPPING-TOP.

costume of the latter part of the fourteenth century. The whipping-top was also a plaything of considerable antiquity; I think it may be traced to the Anglo-Saxon period. Our cut (Fig. 9) is taken from one of the marginal drawings of a well-known manuscript in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 2 B. VII.) of the beginning of the fourteenth century. It may be remarked that the knots on the lashes merely mark a conventional manner of representing a whip, for every boy knows that a knotted whip would not do for a top. Mediæval art was full of such conventionalities.

A subject closely connected with the domestic amusements of the female part of the household is that of tame or pet animals. Singing-birds kept in cages were common during the middle age, and are both mentioned by the popular writers and pictured in the illuminated manuscripts. In the romance of "La Violette" a tame lark plays rather an important part in the story. Our cut (Fig. 10), where we see two birds in a cage together, and which is curious for the form of the cage, is given by Willemijn from a manuscript of the fourteenth century at Paris. The hawk, though usually kept only for hunting, sometimes became a pet, and persons carried their hawks on the fist even in social parties within doors. The jay is spoken of as a cage-bird. The parrot, under the name of *papejay*, *popinjay*, or *papinjay*, is also often spoken of during the middle ages, although, in all probability, it was very rare. The favourite

talking-bird was the pie, or magpie, which often plays a very remarkable part in mediæval stories. The aptness of this bird for imitation led to an exaggerated estimate of its powers, and it is fre-



Fig. 10.—BIRDS ENCAGED.

quently made to give information to the husband of the weaknesses of his wife. Several mediæval stories turn upon this supposed quality. The good Chevalier de la Tour-Landry, in his book of counsels to his daughters, composed in the second half of the fourteenth century, tells a story of a magpie as a warning of the danger of indulging in gluttony. "I will tell you," he says, "a story in regard to women who eat dainty morsels in the absence of their lords. There was a lady who had a pie in a cage, which talked of everything which it saw done. Now it happened that the lord of the household preserved a large eel in a pond, and kept it very carefully, in order to give it to some of his lords or of his friends, in case they should visit him. So it happened that the lady said to her female attendant that it would be good to eat the great eel, and accordingly they eat it, and agreed that they would tell their lord that the otter had eaten it. And when the lord returned, the pie began to say to him, 'My lord, my lady has eaten the eel.' Then the lord went to his pond, and missed his eel; and he went into the house, and asked his wife what had become of it. She thought to excuse herself easily, but he said that he knew all about it, and that the pie had told him. The result was that there was great quarrelling and trouble in the house; but when the lord was gone away, the lady and her female attendant went to the pie, and plucked all the feathers from his head, saying, 'You told about the eel.' And so the poor pie was quite bald. But from that time forward, when it saw any people who were bald or had large foreheads, the pie said to them, 'Ah! you told about the eel!' And this is a good example how no woman ought to eat any choice morsel by gluttony without the knowledge of her lord, unless it be to give it to people of honour; for this lady was afterwards mocked and jeered for eating the eel, through the pie which complained of it." The reader will recognise in this the origin of a much more modern story.

One of the stories in the celebrated mediæval collection, entitled "The Seven Sages," also turns upon the talkative qualities of this bird. There was a burgher who had a pie which, on being questioned, related whatever it had seen, for it spoke uncommonly well the language of the people. Now the burgher's wife was a good for nothing woman, and as soon as her husband went from home about business, she sent for her friend out of the town; but the pie, which was a great favourite of the burgher, told him all the goings on when he returned, and the husband knew that it always spoke the truth. So he became acquainted with his wife's conduct. One day the burgher went from home, and told his wife he should not return that night, so she immediately sent for her friend; but he was afraid to enter, for "the pie was hung up in his cage on a high perch in the middle of the porch of the house." Encouraged, however, by the lady, the friend ventured in, and passed through the hall to the chamber. The pie, which saw him pass, and knew him well on account of some tricks he had played upon it, called out, "Ah, sir! you who are in the chamber there, why don't you pay your

visits when the master is at home?" It said no more all the day, but the lady set her wits to work for a stratagem to avert the danger. So when night came, she called her chamber-maiden, and gave her a great jug full of water, and a lighted candle, and a wooden mallet, and about midnight the maiden mounted on the top of the house, and began to beat with the mallet on the laths, and from time to time showed the light through the crevices, and threw the water right down upon the pie till the bird was wet all over. Next morning the husband came home, and began to question his pie. "Sir," it said, "my lady's friend has been here, and stayed all night, and is only just gone away. I saw him go." Then the husband was very angry, and was going to quarrel with his wife, but the pie went on—"Sir, it has thundered and lightened all night, and the rain was so heavy that I have been wet through." "Nay," said the husband, "it has been fine all night, without rain or storm." "You see," said the crafty dame, "you see how much your bird is to be believed. Why should you put more faith in him when he tells tales about me, than when he talks so knowingly about the weather?" So the burgher thought he had been deceived, and turning his wrath upon the pie, drew it from the cage and twisted its neck; but he had no sooner done so than, looking up, he saw how the laths had been deranged. So he got a ladder, mounted on the roof, and discovered the whole mystery. If, says the story, he had not been so hasty, the life of his bird would have been saved. In the English version of this series of tales, printed by Weber, the pie's cage is made to hang in the hall:—

"The burgeis hadde a pie in his halle,
That couthe telle tales alle
Aperlich (*openly*), in French langage,
And heng in a faire cage."

In the other English version, edited by the author of this paper for the Percy Society, the bird is said to have been, not a pie, but a "popynjay" or parrot, and there are other variations in it which show that it had been taken more directly from the Oriental original, in which, as might be expected, the bird is a parrot.

Among the animals mentioned as pets we sometimes find monkeys. One of the Latin stories in the collection printed by the Percy Society, tells how a rustic, entering the hall of a certain nobleman, seeing a monkey dressed in the same suit as the nobleman's family, and supposing, as its back was turned, that it was one of his sons, began to address it with all suitable reverence; but when he saw that it was only a monkey chattering at him, he exclaimed, "A curse upon you! I thought you had been Jenkin, my lord's son."* The favourite quadruped, however, has always been the dog, of which several kinds are mentioned as lady's pets. The Chevalier de La Tour-Landry warns his daughters against giving to their pet dogs dainties which would be better bestowed on the poor. I



Fig. 11.—THE LADY AND HER CATS.

have printed in the "*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*" a curious Anglo-Norman poem, of the beginning of the fourteenth century, written as a satire on the ladies of

* The Latin original of this story is so quaint that it deserves to be given *ipsissimis verbis*. "*De rustico et simia*. Quidam aniam cujusdam nobilis intrans, vidensque simiam de secta filiorum vestitum, quia dorsum ad eum habebat, filium credit esse domini, cui cum reverentia qua debuit loqueretur. Invenit esse simiam super eum cachinantem, cui ille, 'Maledicaris!' inquit, 'credidi quod fuisses Jankyn filius domini mei.'"—*Latin Stories*, p. 122.

the time, who were too fond of their dogs, and fed them delicately, while the servants were left to short commons. (*Reliq. Antiq.* vol. i. p. 155). Cats are seldom mentioned as pets, except of ill-famed old women. There was a prejudice against them in the middle ages, and they were joined in peoples imagination with witchcraft, and with other diabolical agencies. The accompanying group of an old lady and her cats is taken from a carving on one of the *misereres* in the Church of Minster in the Isle of Thanet.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

If the ultimate success of any project is to be measured, at an early stage of its career, by a prosperous beginning, and by a popularity far exceeding what had even been hoped for, the CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION may be already pronounced successful. This is the more satisfactory, because this Art-Union possesses strong claims upon the public for sympathy and support. It is a good thing—aiming at really beneficial results, ably and judiciously conducted, and calculated to realize even more than it holds forth to its subscribers. It, therefore, *ought* to become popular. And, accordingly, it is with satisfaction we record the fair promise it already gives of success.

It will be borne in remembrance that this association has not been formed for the purpose of giving effect to any commercial enterprise. On the contrary, it is strictly what it professes to be—an *Art-Union*. It has been formed for the purpose of developing, amongst all classes of our social community, the love for works of true Art, and for leading to the general "advancement of Art-appreciation." The association has allied itself to the Crystal Palace, because its own objects it declares to be identical with those of that wonderful institution. "The resources of the Crystal Palace," the council of this Art-Union affirm, to "supply a means of aiding in a comprehensive educational progress, especially in reference to Art, altogether without precedent." It is, indeed, a just inference from such a conviction, that the Crystal Palace should be made to assist in the dissemination of works of Art, and productions of Art-manufacture, that will "confirm and enlarge the value of its own system of action." Once assume that the Crystal Palace is a great—the greatest—popular Art-teacher, and it follows of necessity that it must take that practical step in advance, which renders it the centre from which educational works of Art of a popular character should radiate. We rejoice to find the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company taking up a decided position as teachers of Art. They possess abundant resources in that capacity; and, since they have come forward with this Art-Union, we feel encouraged to look to them for a full development of the educational powers of the Crystal Palace. But this is too comprehensive a matter by far to be considered as incidental to an Art-Union, or, indeed, to any other subject; and, besides, it is our present object to place briefly before our readers what the "Crystal Palace Art-Union" is doing, and to invite for it their cordial and zealous co-operation.

"The works proposed to be included within the sphere of the society's operations comprise pictures, drawings, engravings, sculptures, bronzes, carvings, photographs, enamel and porcelain paintings, glass, as well as selected examples of the higher branches of ornamental art;" and "the distribution of these objects will be effected, first, by the selection of a work of Art, by the subscriber himself, from among those executed expressly for this purpose, and, secondly, by the annual drawing, within the palace, of the prizes, which will be carefully selected by the council, whose duty it will be to secure for the prizeholders objects of a varied character and of the highest excellence." These plans speak for themselves; and it can be easily understood that they are calculated to exert an unusual influence. Subscriptions may be either of one, two, three, or five guineas; and the objects to be selected, and the chances of prizes, are adjusted to the proportionate claims of those amounts. Amongst the works already prepared and awaiting selection by subscribers

of one guinea are two exquisite busts of Ophelia and Miranda (eleven inches high), executed after the original models by Mr. W. Calder Marshall, R.A., by Copeland, in ceramic statuary; a Renaissance vase; fine model reproductions of Græco-Etruscan vases, executed by Messrs. Battam and Son; a beautiful "swan tazza," and the "Ariosto vase," in Parian, by Kerr and Binns, of Worcester; a jewel vase;—and photographs: four large views (21 by 18 inches) of the Crystal Palace—two interiors, and two taken from the gardens. For subscribers of larger sums there have been provided a fine tazza in electro-bronze; model Greek vases; a beautiful vase and stand in Parian; life-size copies of the bust of Ophelia; the magnificent photograph of the interior of the Crystal Palace (54 inches by 24), by Delamotte, that lately attracted so much attention at the Photographic Exhibition; and a thoroughly Gibsonian version, in ceramic statuary, of Gibson's "Nymph at the Bath," which forms an exquisite statuette, prejudicially affected, however, by the introduction of gold and colour, after the present manner of the distinguished sculptor. Other works will be added in course of time. The objects for prizes are still under the consideration of the council.

We desire to express in the strongest terms our approval of what this Art-Union has already accomplished. Everything that is submitted to the choice of the subscribers must be good, since all bear the impress of a pure taste, and teach a refined appreciation of Art. In the selection of prizes we trust the council will extend their approval to worthy objects of every class that is specified in their most satisfactory prospectus. There is one point that we would press upon their attention with reference both to the prizes and to any future objects to be presented to subscribers; and this is, that their Art-Union should comprehend works no less varied in their *style of Art* than in the material in which they are produced and the forms they assume.

"The Crystal Palace Art-Union" will receive from us such future notice as may be consistent with its progress; and when hereafter adverting to this society itself, and to its proceedings, we shall be prepared to corroborate our present expression of admiration for the manner in which the duties of secretary and general superintendent are discharged by Mr. Thomas Battam, jun., F.S.A.—the Mr. Battam of the Ceramic Court. Having thus, at the outset of this project, given to it a warm and cordial support, we shall be the more free to comment upon any errors or short-comings, if, at any time, any such shall be found to exist.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—At a recent general meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, the following Associates were elected to the rank of Academicians:—Messrs. E. Nicol, Gourlay, Steell, and W. Brodie; the last-mentioned is a sculptor.

The Wallace Monument.—It having been decided by a number of Scottish gentlemen that a monument to the memory of this ancient hero should be erected on the Abbey Craig, Cambuskenneth, Stirlingshire, £5000 being subscribed for the same, the committee selected the design by Noel Paton, and so far the matter seemed settled, until, with that strange perversity which seems to attend the fate of all public monuments, the secretary of the committee endeavoured, at a subsequent public meeting, to get up a strong agitation, and entirely overthrew everything that has been done. Mr. Paton, who has long been favourably known as a painter of eminence, has now, for the first time, appeared before the world as a sculptor, and his notions have evidently been too artistic for the opponents of his design, some of whom seem to prefer a tall tower placed on the site, or a gigantic Wallace on a pedestal. Mr. Paton's design is now in the Edinburgh Exhibition, and is by him intended to typify "The triumph of Freedom and Bravery over powerful but unholy Ambition," which is done by symbolic figures of a lion and serpent-limbed giant. This prostrate figure holds the broken chain with which he would bind the lion, who has planted his feet upon him, and sounds forth his note of triumph. The design is exceedingly spirited, and if executed of the colossal proportions originally intended, would be one of the

most striking public monuments we know. It is completely out of the "conventional" style; hence it has alarmed some of the committee, who have the folly to talk of offending the English by such a display; for this purpose the monument, like Bottom in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," has been "translated,"—the lion is said to be Scotland, of course, and the figure beneath "England, crowned, brawny, and perfidious;" and English tourists are prophesied to fly Scotland in future in high dudgeon at all this; and perhaps intestine wars may again break out between north and south. For the comfort of all such alarmists, we beg to assure them there would be little difficulty in erecting such a monument in Smithfield, the spot where England disgraced herself by the execution of Wallace. Most certainly no Englishman is silly enough to take the ignorant and narrow view of the matter some Scotsmen seem inclined to take. A poetic work must not be put into vulgar and distorted prose for mere party purposes.—Mr. Patou's picture, "In Memoriam," exhibited in the Royal Academy last year, has been purchased by Mr. Hill, of Edinburgh, the eminent printseller.

GLASGOW.—At the examination of the students of the Normal Colleges by her Majesty's inspector, in December last, eighty-three prizes were awarded for the best works in the various stages of Art-instruction, viz. free-hand drawing, practical geometry, perspective, model drawing, &c. &c., being an advance of thirty-eight on those of the previous year. At the Paisley Educational Institute thirty-five prizes were given. The Art classes in these institutions are conducted by Mr. Edwin Lyne, of the Department of Science and Art, who displays great energy and skill in their management, since his connection with the Government School of Design. We believe that drawing has become much more general, being now taught on sound principles in many of the public schools of Glasgow; indeed, it is rapidly becoming a part of general education.

BANFF.—A lecture on "The Harmony of the Fine Arts" was recently delivered before the Banff Literary Society, by the Rev. J. B. Ritchie, of Aberdeen. We have seen an outline of the address in one of the local papers, from which we judge that the reverend lecturer treated his subject in a most able and pleasing manner.

CLONMEL.—On the 17th of February, the lecture hall of the Mechanics' Institute was numerously attended by the friends of the pupils attending the School of Art, and others interested in the welfare of the Institution, to witness the distribution of prizes to the successful candidates. A large number of the prizes were the gift of Mr. White, a gentleman resident in Clonmel, who has liberally aided towards the support of the school. One of the speakers, Mr. Fitzgerald, sub-sheriff, expressed his deep regret that the interest originally taken in the school had not been maintained; as a proof of the fact, he stated that the average attendance of pupils had decreased from ninety-one to thirty-four, the number attending about the period of the recent exhibition, since which period it had again fallen as low as thirty. Allusion was also made to the comparatively small attendance of the artisan classes at the exhibition, for whose benefit more especially it was intended. Such a statement is anything but complimentary to the operative classes of Clonmel, and argues indifference to their own welfare.

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting of the Manchester School of Art was held at the Royal Institution, Moseley Street, on February 22nd. The galleries were filled with the national drawings from all the schools of Art in the United Kingdom. We learn from the report that the debt of about £100, contracted three years ago, had since been almost paid off, chiefly by the additional progress of the school. The subscriptions had fallen from £295, in 1855, to £255 in the past year; but the fees from students had, during the same period, advanced from £313 to £513. The total income had been for the past year £1165 13s. 7d.; and though the year commenced with a debt of £120 2s. 9d., the amount owing at the close was only £10 13s. 1d. Mr. Hammersley, the head master, stated that the number of pupils who attended the School of Art was 549; 800 pupils of parochial schools had been taught by pupil teachers; and 2451 pupils of other classes had received instruction by the masters or certified teachers of the school: he also said that while no school of Art could receive more than thirty medals at an examination, the Manchester school had awarded to it twenty-nine at the last examination. Mr. Alderman Agnew paid a well-merited compliment to Mr. Hammersley for his management of the school. Among the visitors on this occasion was Mr. Ruskin, who addressed the meeting for an hour and a half upon the characteristics of Art and artists; his lecture—for so it may be called—was listened to with the utmost attention and interest, though, as

may be presumed, his remarks were tinged with his own peculiar feelings and opinions.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.—The friends and supporters of the School of Art here had their annual meeting on the 22nd of February, when Mr. W. Jackson, M.P. for the borough, was called to the chair. In the course of his address, Mr. Jackson made especial reference to the education of females in Art, and said, as an illustration of its importance, that a fashionable milliner of Regent Street told him that any girl who understood the elements of drawing was able to obtain much higher wages than a one who had not that knowledge, and that several young women in her employ, possessed of some information on the art of design, were of the greatest assistance to her. This fact is well worthy of consideration on the part of those who are seeking to ameliorate the condition of intelligent young females who have to earn their own livelihood. From the report it appears that the total number of pupils receiving instruction at, and in connection with, the central school, was 300: the number of students at the latter was 58, being an advance of 11 over the previous year.

LEEDS.—The School of Art in this town being in debt to the amount of about £120, attempts have recently been made to liquidate it by holding two *conversazioni* at the Town Hall: at one of these gatherings a paper, ably written, was read by the Rev. A. Bury, on "Art as an Interpreter of Nature." A concert, in connection with an Art-exhibition, is, we understand, to take place for the same object.

BRADFORD.—A School of Art was inaugurated in this town on the 1st of last month, when Mr. Ruskin delivered an appropriate address to the company assembled.

CANTERBURY.—A monument is being executed by Mr. Pyffers, whose works have been occasionally noticed in our columns, for the crypt of St. Augustine's Chapel, to the memory of deceased students of the college in this city. The principal figures in the sculptural design are St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert, the Saxon monarch.

PICTURE SALES.

A CONSIDERABLE number of pictures by the old masters, chiefly from the collection of the late Mr. L. Pryse, M.P., was disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on the 12th of March. We observed that none of the works fetched remarkable high prices, a fact tending to show that old pictures are not estimated as they used to be, or else that those submitted for sale on the present occasion were not of the highest character. The principal "lots," and the prices they realized, were as follows:—"Portrait of Helena Forman," Rubens, from the collection of Lucien Bonaparte, 101 gs.; "La Carita," Andrea del Sarto, from the Ruspigliasi Palace, 125 gs.; "Il Vaggio di Rachele," Salvator Rosa, from the gallery of La Contessa M. T. Spinelli, 240 gs.; "The Virgin, attended by Two Angels, appearing to St. Dominic," B. Boccacino, 101 gs.; it was stated that this picture is believed to be the only example in England of this old and rare Italian painter; it was formerly in the Church of St. Dominic, at Savona. "Venus Bathing," and "Endymion carrying Venus on his Shoulders," both engraved by G. Ghisi, about the year 1556, a pair, by Luca Penni, 245 gs.; "Landscape, with a Peasant driving Sheep over a Wooden Bridge," Ruysdael, 170 gs.; "The Holy Family," W. Mieris, 155 gs.; "Italian Seaport," J. Vernet, 100 gs.; "Italian Landscape, with a Large Party of Muleteers under a Group of Trees, &c.," a very fine picture, by N. Berghem, which was most keenly contested, £735; and a beautiful specimen of Canaletti's pencil, "The Grand Canal, Venice," 275 gs. There were more than 170 pictures sold; the gross sum they realized was upwards of £4550.

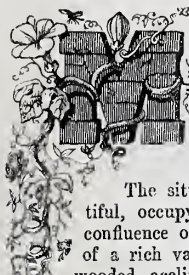
At a sale by Messrs. Foster, a small picture by Webster, called "The Hop-Garden," realized 126 gs.; "The Meadows near Canterbury—Summer Morning," by T. S. Cooper, 260 gs.; "Alpine Scenery—the Rocky Glen," T. Creswick, 145 gs.; "View near Arran, Scotland," and its companion, H. Bright, 114 gs.; "The Blind Piper, a Scene in Normandy," F. Goodall, 100 gs.; "The Wedding Mornung," R. Redgrave, 130 gs.; "Lake Wallingstadt, Switzerland," W. Muller, 320 gs. The number of pictures included in the catalogue of the sale was 138; the sum for which the whole were disposed of exceeded £4000.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART IV.—MONMOUTH.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

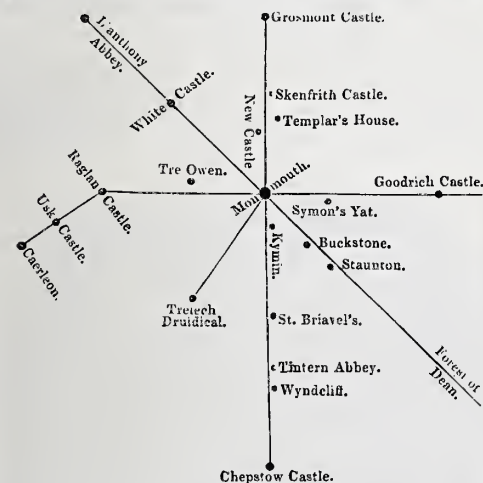


MONMOUTH rises from the river-side, occupying a slight elevation, which stands between the Monnow and the Wye, at the mouth of the Monnow, whence its name is derived. The effect is very striking from the bridge at which the voyager moors his boat.

The situation of the town is singularly beautiful, occupying a tongue of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers at the termination of a rich valley, surrounded by lofty hills, whose wooded acclivities, from the base to the summit, enrich a landscape rarely surpassed in any part of Wales or England.

Seen from the Monnow, the town seems perched on the height of a huge cliff; whilst from all adjacent places, the church steeple—the Church of St. Mary—towers high above surrounding houses.

The tourist has a choice of good inns—a matter of no small importance; for as Monmouth is the centre of many attractions to those who visit the Wye, it will probably be a resting-place of some days; hence they will make excursions to some of the most interesting objects in a locality full of them. We cannot, therefore, do better than supply the tourist with a GUIDE to the several leading "Lions" of the district.* Some of these we shall picture: but to describe



them all would be to enlarge this portion of our tour beyond the limits to which we are restricted.

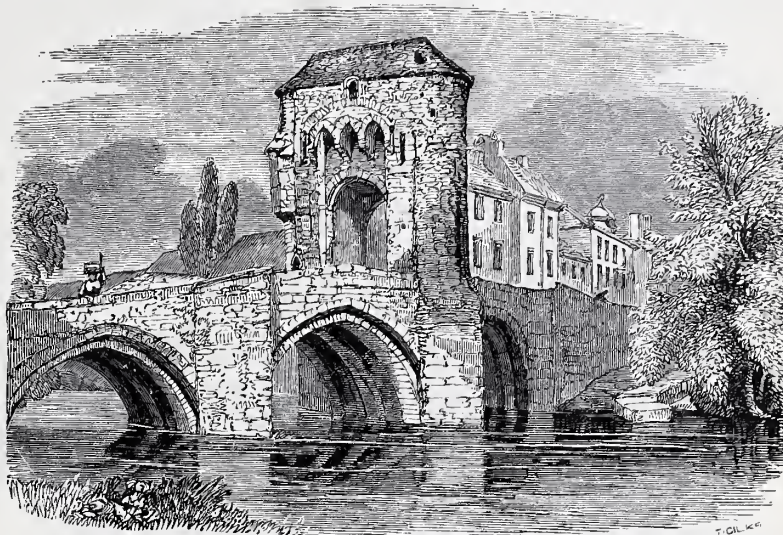
Monmouth is famous in history; and has been so from a very remote period; although its earliest existing charter is dated no farther back than 1549—granted by Edward VI. "to the burgesses of his burg and town of Monmouth, in the Marches of Wales, and in the Duchy of Lancaster."

It is surmised to have been a Roman station, the *Blestium* of Antoninus; but it was certainly a stronghold of the Saxons, by whom it was fortified, to maintain their acquired territory between the Severn and the Wye, and to check incursions of the Welsh; there was undoubtedly a fortress here at the Conquest. It is expressly mentioned in *Domesday Book* as forming part of the royal demesne; "in the custody of William Fitz Baderon," in whose family it remained for two centuries. *Lambarde* states that "the citie had once a castle in it," which, during the barons' wars, was razed to the ground. "Thus," quoth the chronicler, "the glorie of Monmouth had clene perished, ne had it pleased God long after, in that same place, to give life to the noble king Henry V., who of the same is called Henry of Monmouth." It is this castle, and this memorable "birth," that give imperishable renown to the town of Monmouth. The present castle—a miserable and shamefully desecrated ruin, yet one that vies in interest with that of imperial Windsor itself—was built, or perhaps rebuilt, by old John of Gaunt,—time-

* For this "Guide" we are indebted to a kind correspondent, W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth, an amateur artist, who, having long resided in the neighbourhood, is familiar with every portion of it. From him also we have received the minor sketches which illustrate this chapter,—the Naval Temple, Geoffrey's Window, Nelson's Summer-house, Staunton Church, and the Buckstone: Captain Carter having supplied us with a drawing of the "Castle from the Meadows."

honoured Lancaster,—to whom it devolved by marriage with Blanche, "daughter and heir" of Henry, Duke of Lancaster, whose title was inherited, with the estates, by the great nobleman who is immortal in the pages of history, and also in those of "the playwright"—William Shakspeare.

Passing subsequently through various hands—especially those of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke—it became the property of the Dukes of Beaufort: and the present Duke is now its



MONNOW BRIDGE.

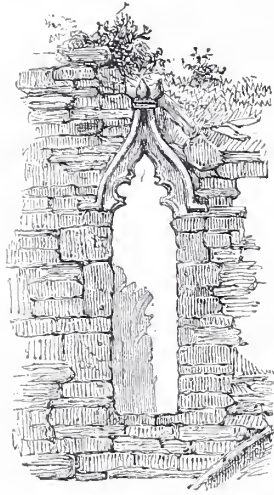
lord. We cannot believe him to be responsible for the shameful condition in which these remnants, left by old Time, are suffered to exist. The walls are crumbling away; "Harry's window" is breaking up; while the interior has been literally converted into a pigsty, where it is hazardous for a foot to tread. The state of this ruin forms so marked a contrast with that of



MONMOUTH CASTLE, FROM THE MONNOW.

Raglan, and also that of Chepstow—both of which are the property of the Duke, and remarkable for neatness and order, and due care to preservation—that we must suppose Monmouth to be, in some way or other, out of his jurisdiction. At all events, Monmouth Castle is discreditably to the local authorities; and argues very short-sighted policy, no less than shameful indifference to the source whence the town derives its glory and its fame.

The hero of Agincourt was born here, on the 9th of August, 1387. The chamber in which "he first drew breath" was a part of an upper story, 58 feet long by 24 feet broad, and was "decorated with ornamented gothic windows," one of which, the only one that remains, we have engraved. The "county magistrates" erected a statue to "Harry of Monmouth" in the front of the Town Hall, the only authority they could find for "a likeness" being a whole length portrait in the cabinet at Strawberry Hill; this they copied, and the result is a very miserable production, considered as a work of Art, although an undoubted proof that his fellow-townsmen recollected him some four centuries after his death.*

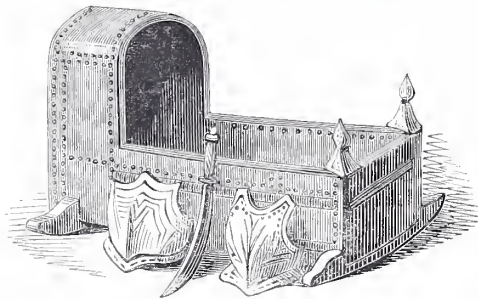


HARRY'S WINDOW.

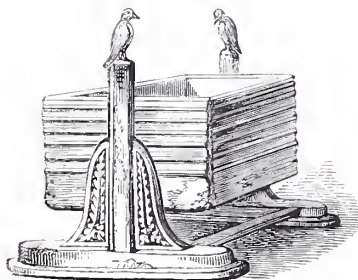
Monmouth is believed to have been the birth-place of another famous man—"Geoffrey of Monmouth;" little is known of his history, except that he became archdeacon of his native town, was "probably" educated at one of its monasteries, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1152.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was also called "Galfridus Arturius," but whose proper name was Geoffrey-ap-Arthur, is known chiefly by his romantic history of England, a work "altered and disguised" from a history of British Kings, written by "Tyssilio, or St. Teilan, Bishop of St. Asaph, a writer who lived in the seventh century." It has been long regarded as a collection of fables, to which no value can be attached; but it originated the tragedy of "King Lear," was the source from which Milton drew the beautiful picture of "Comus," and to which other poets have been largely indebted.

* On the great staircase at Troy House is preserved an old cradle, which is called that of Henry V. It is certainly not as old as the era of that monarch; we engrave it, together with some pieces of old armour apparently of the time of Elizabeth, which stand beside it. A comparison of this cradle with that upon the tomb of the infant child of James I. in Westminster Abbey, with which it is almost identical, will satisfy the sceptical as to its date. It is covered with faded and tattered red velvet, and ornamented with gilt nails and silken fringe; from its general character we may believe it was constructed about 1650. The late Sir Samuel Meyrick considered it of the time of Charles I., and the archaeologists who visited the house recently, repudiated the notion of its being that of the fifth Harry.



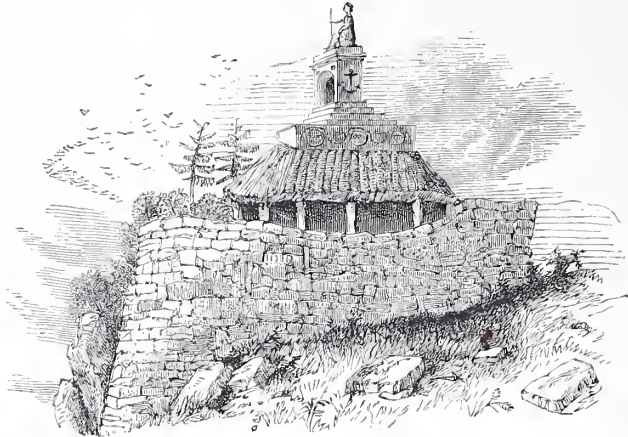
We engrave a representation of another old cradle long preserved in Monmouth Castle, and which had better claims to be considered as that in which the baby-king was rocked. It has all the characteristics of cradles of his era as represented in ancient drawings; and was entirely made of wood. It was merely a wooden oblong box,



which swung between posts, surmounted by carved birds, with foliated ornament beneath. It has been figured in books devoted to antiquities, and recently in Murray's "Handbook of Mediæval Art," where it is stated to be preserved in Monmouth Castle; it has, however, long passed from thence into private hands, and, at present, we are unable to say where the relic may be seen, or whether indeed it be in existence.

There yet remains, in a very good state of preservation, a tower of the ancient Priory, founded during the reign of Henry I., for black monks of the Benedictine order, by Wyhenoc, grandson of Fitz Baderon, and third Lord of Monmouth. In this tower exists an apartment, said and believed to have been Geoffrey's study; but it is evidently of a later date. The building is now used as a National School—remarkably neat, well ordered, and apparently well conducted.

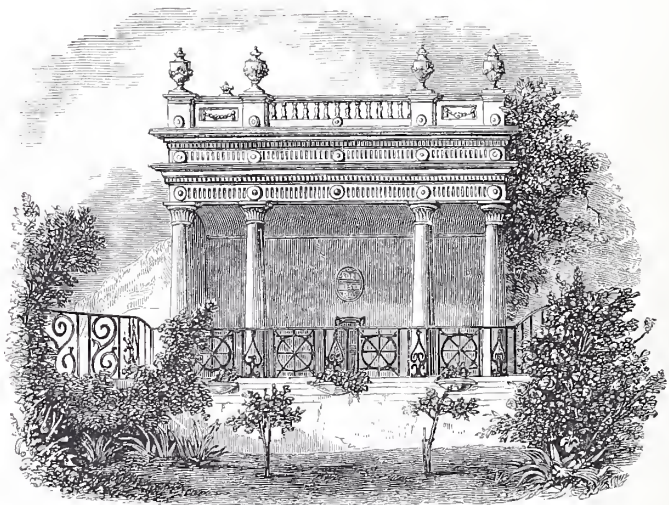
The MONNOW BRIDGE is an object of considerable interest; so also is the Gate-house—a singularly picturesque structure, "the foundation of which," according to Grose, "is so



NAVAL TEMPLE.

ancient that neither history nor tradition afford any light respecting its erection." Obviously it was one of the most formidable defences of the town in "old times." The venerable Church of St. Thomas stands close beside the bridge: it is of high antiquity; "the simplicity of its form, the circular shape of the door-way, and of the arch separating the nave from the chancel, and the style of their ornaments, which bear a Saxon character, seem to indicate that it was constructed before the Conquest." It has been carefully and judiciously "restored."

There are few other "remains" of note in the ancient town of Monmouth, although in its suburbs and "within walking distance" there are many. We may, therefore, be permitted to introduce on this page an engraving of a building which is considered and shown as one of its "lions"—a summer-house consecrated to the memory of the great Admiral Nelson, and which



NELSON'S SUMMER-HOUSE.

contains an old carved chair—his seat during a visit to the neighbourhood, in 1802. But that which attracts most attention in this interesting locality, and to which all tourists will make a pilgrimage, is the Kynin Hill, the ascent to which commences immediately after passing Wye Bridge. It is partly in Monmouthshire and partly in Gloucestershire, and on its summit is a PAVILION, which we picture, less for its intrinsic value (for it is clumsy, and little worthy of the proud position it occupies), than as the spot from which a view is obtained, equal, perhaps, to any that may be obtained in Wales or in England: from this point are seen no fewer than nine counties:—those of Monmouth, Gloucester, Hereford, Worcester, Salop, Radnor, Brecon, Glamorgan, and Somerset. Of this exciting scene thus writes the county historian:—"I shall not attempt to describe the unbounded expanse of country which presents itself around and beneath, and embraces a circumference of nearly three hundred miles. The eye, satiated with the distant prospect, repose at length on the near views, dwells on the country immediately beneath and around, is attracted with the pleasing position of Monmouth, here seen to singular advantage, admires the elegant bend and silvery current of the Monnow, glistening through meads, in its course towards the Wye, and the junction of the two rivers."

The Pavilion was built in 1794, and "a Naval Temple" was added to it in 1801, the purpose being to accommodate the numerous parties who visited the hill to enjoy the view: from its windows and neighbouring seats the whole country, near and distant, is commended. It is impossible for language to render justice to the delights supplied from this spot to all lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature.

A road leads from the Kynin to THE BUCKSTONE—one of the most famous druidic remains

to be found in a district abounding with them: it is a singular relic of the wildest superstitions of our British ancestors—

“Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could not cast from its base!”

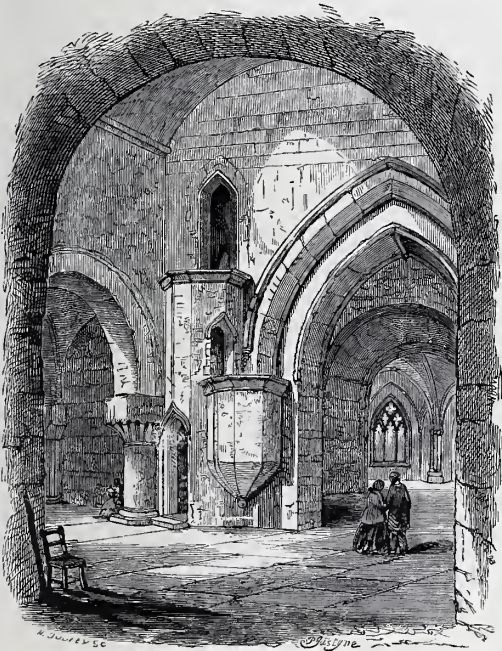
Such is the poet's reading; and they were usually so con-



GEOFFREY'S WINDOW.

structed, or so placed, as certainly to “rock” when but lightly touched—hence their popular name of “rocking-stones.”*

The CHURCH OF STAUNTON, in the immediate neighbourhood, is highly interesting in character, and very picturesque.



STAUNTON CHURCH.

We introduce an engraving of the interior, from the pencil of our friend Mr. Old.

We have already made the reader familiar with those attractions which neighbour Monmouth and border the Wye—Goodrich Court and Symond's Yat; Ross is distant only a few miles—by land, that is to say. Others we shall describe as we resume our voyage—downward to Chepstow: the venerable Church of St. Briavel, the gloomy Forest of Dean, and the Abbey of Tintern—the majestic ruin that glorifies the banks of the fair river. Regal Raglan

* “The form of the stone is an irregular square inverted pyramid, The point where it touches the pedestal is not above 2 feet square. Its height is about 10 feet; S. E. side, 16 feet 5 inches; N. side, 17 feet; S. W., 9 feet; and its south side, 12 feet. The rock pedestal is an irregular square; S. E. side, 12 feet; N., 14 feet 9 inches; W., 21 feet 5 inches; S., 14 feet.”—FOSBROKE.

we shall treat in the Part that follows this. A reference to our Plan will show that other interesting objects are accessible by short drives or walks from the town. Llanthony Abbey, Grosmont Castle, Usk Castle, and “shadowy Caerleon,” are too far away to be reached easily. Skenfrith Castle, the Templar's House, and New Castle, will supply material for much thought and interest, if the tourist take but a health-walk. These “strong dwellings” of the old border lords are illustrations of its history, when the district was a continual seat of war; each is now a broken ruin, but each had renown in its day as—

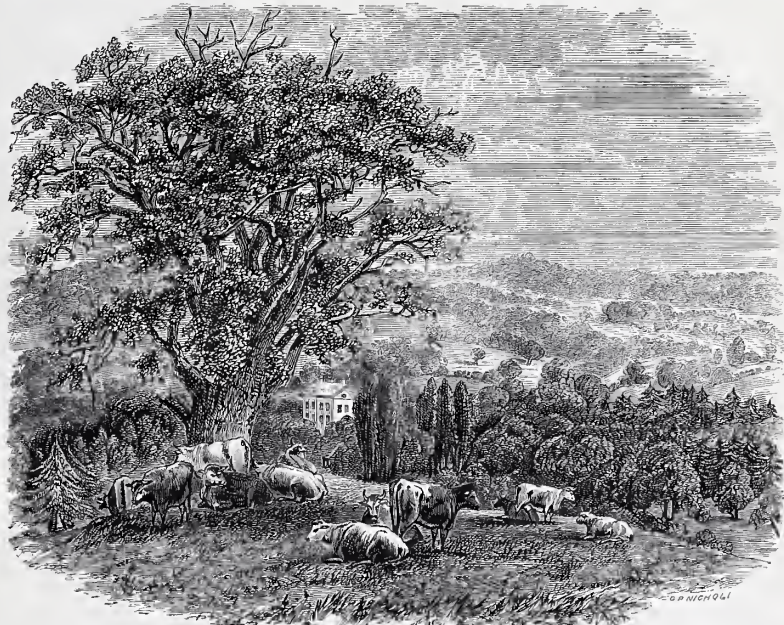
“A statelie seate, a loftie princelie place.”

White Castle (“Castle Gwyn”) was, so far back as the reign of James I., described as “ruinous and in decay time out of mind,” and Skenfrith as “decayed time out of the memory of man.”



THE BUCKSTONE.

It is said to be the oldest castle in Monmouthshire. The Templar's House is now a farmhouse. Tre Owen, an ancient mansion, is now also the abode of a substantial farmer. It is, however, a remarkably fine specimen of Tudor domestic architecture, said to have been added to by Inigo Jones. Close to New Castle—a castle now “old”—is the famous fairies' oak, a singularly grown tree, with pendent branches. The druidical monument, the three stones from



TROY HOUSE.

which some learned antiquarians have derived the name of Trelech (*Tri lech* or *Tair llech*), is a relic of much interest.

Troy House, one of the seats of the Duke of Beaufort, is situated about a mile from Monmouth, to the east, near the small river “Trothy,” corrupted into Troy. It is said to have been built by Inigo Jones, but is by no means a pure example of the great architect's genius.

On our fourth page we give also a view of the Leys, a mansion and domain we visited and noted on our way down the Wye. To that division of our tour it properly belongs, although seen from any of the heights that neighbour Monmouth, from which it is distant only about four miles, and of which, consequently, it is one of the leading attractions.

There is, however, one interesting structure in Monmouth of which we have as yet taken no note—the Almshouses founded by “William Jones”—a common name, but one to which is due the gratitude of a long posterity in this town.

Monmouth seems more proud of its William Jones than Ross of its John Kyrle. There is a degree of mystery about the former that increases the interest felt to know what are facts and what fancies of the good man’s history. The “facts” are clear enough: the Free Grammar School and pretty almshouses tell of the liberality and benevolence of their founder. The “fancies” cannot be better given than in the words of a woman we met at the entrance to one of the houses, and who volunteered to tell us “more about them than any book or body in Monmouth.” Our informant could not have been *very* old: her small form was erect and firm; her step brisk and elastic; but her face was lined and re-lined—a wonderful specimen of “cross hatching”—not at all, it would seem, of the same date as her keen, earnest, restless blue eyes—eyes that were still full of the untamed fire of energetic youth. She was respectfully dressed; the steel buckle in her high-crowned hat was bright, and her jacket and petticoat, of the true Cambrian cut and colours, fitted to a hair.

“Many say one thing, and as many another,” she commenced; “but I have good right to know the truth. My gran’mother came from Newland, where Master Jones his parents, if not himself was born; for the Monmouth people say he was a Monmouth lad, and my gran’father—or maybe it was my great-gran’father—knew and lived in the same house wi’ the shoemaker King. If I don’t know the truth about Master Jones, all I say is, *Who does?* and no one ever tells me.”

The old lady was too decided for us to question her veracity, so we meekly asked for the story.

“But will you believe it?” she inquired, sharply, “and not go looking after it into books, that never tell a word of truth.”

As we were well up in “authorities,” we could assure her we did not intend looking into books, but rather at the almshouses. No charities so enduring as those recorded in brick and mortar.

“Master Jones’s family could do little for him,” she continued, “or they would not ha’ let him be a ‘boots’ to an inn in Monmouth. A very gay, lightsome, spirity lad he was. And, though my gran’mother did not hold wi’ it, some did say that he fell in love wi’ a girl above his rank, and, finding it would not do, he left Monmouth in despair like; but before he went he owed Master King, the shoemaker, the price of a pair of shoes. He got them only a night or two before he ran right away from the inn; and when many called him a rogue, Master King laughed, and said, ‘Will Jones is a good lad, and whenever he can he’ll pay me.’ Well, years and years went away, as they always do, rolling one after the other. The old people at Newland died in less than ten years after their son left; and whenever Will Jones was mentioned, it was as the lad who ran away with Master King’s shoes; but still the shoemaker said, ‘The lad’s a good lad, and when he can he’ll pay me.’ Well, after a while even the shoes and Will Jones were forgotten. The slips of elder that old Master Jones and his missus planted in the garden of their little cottage at Newland had grown into trees, and the whole look of the place was changed. It was a fine spring morning, and the elder-trees were in flower, when a poor man, doubled like a bow, and shaking under a ragged coat, crept through the village, and sat on the grass, under the shadow of the trees, for they spread far beyond the rails. The woman who lived in the cottage only scoffed at his questions, and would not answer civilly, and told him to go away, but he would not. He entreated her to let him rest there, and give him to drink of the water of his father’s well, but she was without feeling, and set her dog at him. So rising up, he went to the almshouse; and when the master found he sat on the bench at the door, and ordered nothing, he told him there was an overseer then at the poorhouse, and he had better go there at once, and not take up the room of a good customer. Well, there he went, and declared himself to be Will Jones, who had been nearly thirty years away, and who had returned, ragged and penniless, to claim relief from the parish where his parents lived and died, and where he was born; but they declared that, after having lived at Monmouth, and been long away, he had no settlement in Newland; that he should have no relief from them, but that they would send him on to Monmouth. He tried to win their pity; said he was footsore and weary—an old worn-out man, who only craved to end his days where he first drew breath, and be buried in the grave where his parents lay. But no pity was shown him; he was taken before Mr. Wyndham, of Clearwell, who sent him, hungry and footsore still, to Monmouth, as his right settlement. I always heard that in the Monmouth poorhouse he wore the pauper’s dress, and eat the pauper’s

bread; and yet there was that in the man which went to the hearts of those about him. He soon made his way to Joe King the shoemaker, and found him living in the same small house, next door to the ‘King’s Head’ inn, where he had served when a lad. Joe was always a kindly fellow—my father said all Joes were kindly—it comes to them from Joseph, who put gold money in his brothers’ sacks: that’s in the Bible, and if you won’t take my word for it, you may go to the Bible and look. And Joe, thinking the strange man was above the common, pitied him because of the pauper dress, and asked him to have a bit; and they had a long chat together. And after awhile, Master Jones asked the old shoemaker if he remembered a good-for-nothing scamp of a boy who lived next door, years ago—one Jones, who had cheated him out of a pair of shoes, and gone to London? And the old man looked kindly, shook his head, and said he remembered Will Jones,—‘Wild Will’ some called him,—but he was *no* scamp; and would pay him yet—if he could; if he could not, he was not going to sin his soul by not forgiving a poor fellow the value of a pair of shoes.

Next morning the pauper was gone, and of course there was great fuss and talk in the poorhouse that he had gone off with the workhouse clothes: but a month after that a gentleman’s coach drove right up to the door, and a gentleman got out; a fine broad-shouldered gentleman he was, firm on his limbs, with a back as straight as a poplar tree; he carried a bundle under his arm, and asked for the master of the poorhouse. The news spread, as they say, like ‘wild-fire,’—great news, that the pauper, old Will Jones, had turned out to be William Jones, Esquire, of the city of Lon’un, and ever so many foreign cities—who had a right to stand upright before the Lord Mayor of Lon’un and the King—a man full of money. And after that he drove straight to Master King’s, the shoemaker, and it was no easy thing to make him believe that the great gentleman, or the old pauper—one or the other—was the boy from Newland, who ran away from



THE LEYS.

the inn, and owed him for the shoes. And they had a deal of chaffing about it. And my gran’father said a purse, heavy with gold, was left on the shoemaker’s table. Ah, there’s many a ready-made gentlemans has worn the pauper’s coat! He did intend to have done for little Newland what he did for great Monmouth, but never forgave their turning him over to Monmouth parish—how could any one forgive that? Sure there’s no pleasanter sight than the houses he built, and the comfort he gives year by year to many who, but for him, would be comfortless: and such was his love for this town of Monmouth, that he left thousands of pounds in Lun’on to build almshouses for twenty blind and lame people of the town, who might find themselves in that far-away city. Surely, Monmouth was near his heart! But he was too pure a Christian to bear malice, and left even to the poor at Newland five thousand pounds, with directions about their having the Gospel preached—to teach them charity!”

Such is the popular story of William Jones, and such the origin of those admirable almshouses which supply food and homes to many who have “seen better days.” We may safely believe it—tradition is rarely wrong; and though there are even in Monmouth some cold-brained folk who seek to prove that William Jones never was poor, they do not deny that he was a native of the district—that he made a fortune in Loudon—and that he has been for two centuries the benefactor of Monmouth town.

INSTITUTION OF FINE ARTS,
PORTLAND GALLERY.

To the exhibition of this Institution the landscapes again give colour and character. It must also be observed that the majority of the subjects is derived from the inexhaustible fund of the picturesque which we possess at home; and truly our own home varieties, with all their garden-like freshness, are much more difficult to paint than continental scenery. Long ago every peep, from the Monte Pincio and the august Palatine, has been made as familiar as the Piazz di Pimlico; and he who cannot tell the number of bricks in the Doge's Palace must have sadly forgotten his arithmetic. But these Welsh and Highland mountains laugh or weep according to the humour of our skies; and at the same best they are brown, grey, or green. We have now been enabled to see some of the habitual exhibitors at this institution through various phases of their practice, and of them nothing but what is honourable can be said. During the summer they labour earnestly from nature; and that it is with profit, there is evidence enough in the results; in some the minute imitation of surface cannot be carried farther, while in others the lights and darks are alternated with the happiest effects. There is a deficiency of figure pictures suitable for the line, the majority of the best figure studies being very small; and in some of these compositions so resolute is the feeling for an unqualified daylight effect, that the backgrounds cannot be kept from patting the figures on the back. This exhibition has always had many small interiors and *genre* pictures very highly worked out, and of these there is now a considerable proportion; but it is to be observed that many artists who are indebted to this institution for what reputation soever they may enjoy, exhibit here no more as soon as they find themselves established in the public good-will. This is neither grateful nor grateful; but hence it is that we find here so many painters in the transition state.

No. 4. 'Follow-my-Leader,' J. A. FITZGERALD. The point of the incident is the preparation of the "leader" to conduct his following, Will-o'-the-Wisp like, into a pond. Being "clothed in rags," he is a most picturesque illustration of that vulgar paradox. The principle which the artist has proposed to himself is that of securing the greatest measure of daylight, relying for his oppositions on variously graduated colour. In this he is successful; and the picture is otherwise very minutely finished.

No. 5. 'The moon is up, and yet it is not night,' H. MOORE. A small picture, composed of that peculiar combination to which the painter shows a marked preference—a sea view from an upland shore, studded with trees. It is a passage of unaffected natural truth.

No. 6. 'Left in Charge,' J. D. WATSON. A little girl stands here as curatrix of a sleeping baby. They seem to be the sole occupants of the cottage. An effective picture.

No. 12. 'Salmon Fishing, Wales—ascertaining the Weight,' A. P. ROLFE. A party of four sportsmen are here engaged in weighing their fish. The artist declares himself a piscator, for the stream looks likely, and in good condition.

No. 24. 'A Woodland Pool,' B. W. LEADER. The trees here, and their foliage, are painted with great firmness, and that independence of feeling which is arrived at by close study of nature alone. The whole of the objects perfectly maintain their places.

No. 31. 'The Spring,' N. O. LUPTON. This is also a sylvan theme, shaded in a great measure by dense leafage, and selected with some taste for romance. It is generally low in tone, but the parts are well defined.

No. 34. 'Gathering Bark,' H. MOORE. The virtue of this excellent work lies in the sea, which is not presented as a flat smooth surface, but infinitely rippled, and with the nicest elaboration. The foreground, shaded and partially shut in by trees, is enriched with a variety of wild flowers, which contribute much to the interest of the picture.

No. 37. 'St. Paul's, from the Thames,' S. A. SLEAP. A small upright picture, painted much in the feeling of the French school. It is uniformly low in tone, and in parts—as the water—not sufficiently careful.

No. 38. 'Church of St. Pierre, at Caen,' W.

PARROTT. This is the view so frequently painted—that of the back of the edifice, where it is washed by the river Orne, after passing under the main street. The place is depicted most accurately. The 'Old Clock-tower at Rouen' is equally exact.

No. 40. 'The Idlers,' C. DUKES. We are introduced here to a group of rustic gossips, each and all very characteristically supporting the title. The background—a woodland screen—is freely and firmly painted, and gives value to the colour and execution of the figures.

No. 44. 'Thames Barges,' E. C. WILLIAMS. They are moored at the water's edge, the perspective carrying the eye down the river, each successive object diminishing in substance, until the distance is lost in the morning light. In colour the picture is most unassuming; the frankness of its treatment is its great charm.

No. 53. 'An October Morning—clearing the Ground for Winter Sowing,' J. PEEL. The morning effect is rich, and perfectly successful, save that the shadows are here and there slightly too strong. The subject is difficult to paint. It has not been selected for its prettiness, being a ridge of arable land—perhaps somewhere near Conseliffe, on the Tees, as we presume that is the river which appears below.

No. 56. 'Gathering Kelp—Evening,' G. A. WILLIAMS. The distances are very skilfully dealt with; they are removed by the evening mists, which at once veil the background forms, and give substance to the near figures, engaged in collecting sea-weed. The quantities, and the substance of the quantities, in the composition, are so adjusted, that we feel that nothing could be added or subtracted without being felt. Below this, by the same artist, is a winter sunset, a phase which he renders with great truth.

No. 61. 'Trifling with Affection,' C. J. LEWIS. There are three figures, but so studiously perfect are the accessories, that the eye wanders from the love-lorn fisher-boy and the two mocking maidens to the thatch, the pigeons, the masonry, and even the straw. Curiously painted accessory will, in nine cases out of ten, supersede the figures.

No. 67. 'On the Thames, near Goring,' T. J. SOPER. A characteristic passage of Thames scenery, brought forward under clear daylight.

No. 71. 'Falsehood, and a Mother's Admonition,' J. M. BARBER. This picture is unequally painted, as if it had been ultimately hurried; but there are certain passages which are unobjectionable. It is one of those domestic scenes of humble life, of which there are perhaps too many.

No. 73. 'Saintfoin and Clover in Flower,' J. H. RAVEN. The time has been when the painter of such a picture as this would have been pronounced irremediably mad. The subject is simply what the title imports, with a very low horizon. The picture is fragrant, not only with clover, but with all the wild flowers that stud and star the summer fields, from the giddy flaunting poppy to the humblest individuals of the family of *gramina*. Of the foreground we can only say that every item of the wild luxuriance is most conscientiously painted. The actuality of the minute elaboration, and the patience necessary for it, are equally surprising.

No. 78. 'The Rehearsal,' J. L. HIXON. A peripatetic acrobat is here educating some kind of terrier puppy for a future public career. The point of the incident is forcibly dwelt upon.

No. 80. 'In the Meadows, Pyrford, Surrey,' F. HULME. The nearest section of this composition presents a stagnant pool, fringed with aquatic weeds; and hence the eye passes to a ruin, a feature which assists the picturesque quality of the view. His apprehension of the simple beauties of nature qualifies the works of this artist as among the most graceful of our rising school.

No. 91. 'The Tranquil Stream,' H. B. GRAY. An old pasture, studded with gorse and trees, with a secondary section—a wooded distance, closing the view. Such are the materials of this picture, which appears in every passage to have been worked immediately from nature.

No. 95. 'The Church of St. Germain, Amiens,' L. J. WOOD. This, and the 'Beffroi, at Calais,' are two street views, not perhaps so elaborate as others that have preceded them, but still very interesting.

No. 98. 'The Turnstile,' C. ROSSITER. A composition showing a knot of children assembled at a

turnstile, on which a boy with an infant is mounted, and turned round by girls. The proposition is an unqualified daylight, with brilliancy and variety of colour, in the realization of which the success is perfect. The *locus* is Hampstead—that paradise of painters, where every kind of rustic background material is found at their doors.

No. 102. 'The Majesty of Night,' ELIJAH WALTON. This is a study of a nude lady, enthroned on a moonbeam, and backed by the crescent. The figure, as being too heavy, has been painted from an ill-selected model, but the flesh painting is unexceptionable.

No. 105. 'Farm Yard—the Pet Team,' J. F. HERRING, and A. T. ROLFE. The artists show great knowledge of the points of the animal; and the other department of the composition is made out with much freshness.

No. 110. 'On the Hills, near Hastings,' S. R. PERCY. We are placed here on a section of broken foreground—an elevation studded with trees, and overlooking the sea—*se non e vero e ben trovato*—that is, if it be not all truth, it is most judiciously disposed. It is painted with an effective touch, and an agreeable harmony of strong natural colour.

No. 111. 'The Raft,' W. UNDERHILL. This subject has been very frequently treated; but the incidents of the theme may be varied infinitely. There are but few figures, and the single life motive is a man helping a woman out of the sea to a miserable refuge from the yet howling tempest. On the raft are two men, apparently dead, and if so, not from starvation. It is a large picture, put together in a manner sufficiently telling as to the immediate incident. In the figures much of the nude is shown; the slightest inaccuracy in proportion is therefore at once declared. It is, however, a daring essay, successful in many points.

No. 113. 'Woodcock and Spaniels,' G. ARMPFIELD. The excitement of the dogs in this picture is a faithful piece of portraiture.

No. 122. 'Red Wheat and Wild Flowers,' J. S. RAVEN. This is a small picture, of which the subject is a hedge nook in a cornfield, the citadel of a community of rabbits. The subject is simple, but it is beautifully brought forward.

No. 144. 'The Red Tarn, Helvellyn,' G. PETTIT. The impressions which this work conveys to the mind are various. It has been clearly the purpose to express vastness, which had been further promoted by some imposing feature in subdued tone. The hard and stony truth of the foreground is a passage of which the importance is at once acknowledged, and thence the eye passes to the lustrous mirror-like tarn, with its marvellous reflections. If there were more of shade in the picture, the eye would scarcely dissent from its uniform greyness, and, without the episode of the lost excursionist, the whole would be qualified with a sentiment more penetrating than that by which it affects the mind.

No. 159. 'A Mermaid,' G. RUNCIMAN. There is no story or point, as far as we can see here; the sky is divided between effects of sunset and moonrise, both lights falling on the figure. It is painted in the feeling of a foreign school.

No. 167. 'The Rose of Lucerne,' F. UNDERHILL. The refinement that is often attributed to impersonations from the lower strata of society is a mockery and a delusion. The characters, on the contrary, in this work might have had more of interesting form. We only make the observation because the picture is highly successful as a study of sunshine and shadow; a great advance on its predecessors.

No. 170. 'Scene on the Coast,' F. MONTAGUE. A very large picture, showing the coast line going into the picture with an expanse of dry sand and shingle as at low water. The effect is that of broad daylight, with appropriate incidents, telling according to the degrees of distance represented. It is the largest composition we remember to have seen under this name, and although the objects are not numerous, the interest is sustained.

No. 181. 'Benvoirlich,' B. L. LEADER. This is as wild a passage of scenery as any in the Highlands, and such is its semblance of reality that it suggests the idea of having been painted on the spot, with every attention to local colour and sunny effect.

No. 190. 'Primulas,' THOMAS WORSEY. These flowers are painted with much freshness and delicacy, but the sky does not in anywise assist the group.

No. 195. 'Clovally, by Moonlight,' H. C. WHAITE. With all the power given to the burning kiln, in the middle of this composition, the force and character reside, nevertheless, in the moonlight, as treated in the lower part. We submit, that with conception so just, and a manipulation so true, the moonlight alone would be sufficient.

The screens in the first room contain many works of much interest and beauty, but as many of the artists have their superior works distributed on the walls, where they are noticed in their numeral sequence, we give only some of the names of the authors of these smaller pictures, as Mrs. Withers, A. Moore, Sleaf, Smallfield, G. S. Hall, Sarah Hewitt, Carrick, Fitzgerald, Burgess, Dukes, Sark, Pettit, Needham, Fraser, Naish, &c.

No. 319. 'Early Lovers,' F. SMALLFIELD. To speak of this work as a picture, without reference to the narrative, it must be pronounced an essay of real power in the essentials of Art. It contains two figures, a youth, and a girl much his junior: but the correlative expression of the two, as read in the earnest features of the latter, and the pressure of the hands of both, supersedes the necessity of a title. They meet at a stile, and, as it is evening, the tones are generally low, with the exception of a hedge of eglantine which, with its extravagant luxuriance, fills the right of the composition.

No. 329. 'Roslin Chapel,' J. D. SWARBRECK. One of the best pictures of this famous relic that we remember to have seen.

No. 336. 'The Romp,' C. DUKES. There are four figures in this composition, two women and two children. It is generally low in tone, and thence much force and reality are obtained for one of the figures, which is painted up to a light tone. The background is unexceptionable.

No. 348. 'A Dream of the Gouliot Cave, Sark,' J. G. NAISH. There is great power of colour in this work, but, for want of definition, the story is obscure.

No. 351. 'Spring-time in the Woods,' S. J. LEWIS. The principal object here is the bole of an ancient oak-tree, which, with its surroundings, is very successfully delineated. It looks the portrait of a veritable *locale*.

No. 354. * * * * * D. PASMORE. The scene of the incident here is the ruin of a chapel or monastery; it is now turned into a cuisine, the business of which is carried on by a *chef*, who is receiving a dish of fine trout from a female attendant, while a boy is occupied in attending to a sirloin of beef at the fire. It is spirited throughout, and ingenious in composition.

No. 359. 'Samuel,' BELL SMITH. Samuel may be here received as about to minister before the Lord, "girded with a linen ephod." The features are lighted up in a manner that may be accepted as allusive to the spiritual condition of the child; and this, with a significant action and elevated expression, establishes a character according to the letter of the sacred text. Near this is a 'Rnstie Group,' by the same artist, the best of his productions in this *genre*.

No. 368. 'A Quiet Valley,' S. R. PERCY. A composition of lake and mountain scenery; presenting features of much romantic beauty, with a system of colour extremely harmonious.

No. 371. 'Her Ladyship's Pets,' W. HORLOR. These are two spaniels of the King Charles's breed, crouched upon a table with, near them, the head of a greyhound, that stands on the floor; the heads of the spaniels are well painted, and characteristic.

No. 379. 'The Popular Song,' F. SMALLFIELD. This is a miniature in oil, finished to a degree of infinite nicety. It contains but one figure, that of a girl, who holds before her a ballad which she is singing.

No. 392. 'A Cottage Door,' A. PROVIS. Also a small picture, remarkable for the most delicate manipulation. We stand within the cottage door, looking outwards on the bright sunshine of a summer's day, amid which stands a girl holding discourse with another within. The result is the utmost force of contrast.

No. 397. * * * * * R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. The subject is a section of a lofty range of mountains, as seen from the lake which washes the base. It is a mountain solitude without sign of life, hrought forward with a tone of exaltation amounting to

grauder. The green of the mountain-side is extremely positive, but from the apparent truth of the general detail it must be accepted as true.

No. 399. 'A Summer Evening,' A. GILBERT. This is a small view on the Thames, brought forward with a warm treatment, in perfect accordance with the proposed effect.

No. 403. 'The Woods in Spring,' G. HARVEY. The subject is a forest glade, in which the trees and their leafage are described with masterly feeling.

No. 407. 'Itinerants,' C. ROSSITER. These present themselves as an agroupment of four, three boys and a girl, their instruments being two tin pipes, an accordion, and a triangle. Their sweet music may scare a would-be charitable public, but the irresistible appeal of their faces, with its superior centripetal force, must extract the bawbees from the pockets of the passengers. It is, as usual, powerful in colour.

No. 410. 'Yew Tree, in Lorton Vale, Cumberland,' B. RUDGE. 'This is the yew which Wordsworth tells us may have supplied weapons to the stalwart bowmen who fought at Agincourt—nay, even at Crecy. The tree is certainly most skilfully painted, but it stands alone, a melancholy spot in the picture, entirely unsupported by any shred of sympathizing shade.

No. 413. 'Ice Cart—Hazy Winter Morning,' G. A. WILLIAMS. Of all the winter subjects painted by this artist, this is by far the most intense. There is no tricky execution to amuse the eye; it is a freezing reality.

INNLR ROOM.

No. 427. 'Morning—on the Jersey Coast,' W. E. BATES. The entire section of land and water in this picture presents a low-toned breadth, that contrasts effectively with the sky lighted by the sun, which is rising behind the castle. This simple treatment is so successful as to constitute the picture one of the best we have seen by the artist. Near it is another, 'The Emigrants,' an incident from "David Copperfield," by the same hand.

No. 431. 'The Discovery after the Duel,' M. J. LAWLESS. The discovery is that of the body of the cavalier, who has fallen in mortal strife with a rival in the affections of the lady who is now bending over the dead man: the scene of the incident seems to be the roof of Haddon Hall.

No. 434. 'The Morning after the Gale,' J. E. MEADOWS. We see here a transport which has been cast ashore on a rocky coast; the sea is yet rolling heavily in, and the incident is accompanied by all the probable circumstances of such an event.

No. 439. 'A Summer Day—Hoylake, Cheshire,' H. WILLIAMS. The subject is a flat expanse of sandy shore at low water, in the management of which the distances are skilfully aided by the sunny haze that pervades the locality.

No. 463. 'La Creux Harbour, Island of Sark,' painted on the spot by J. G. NAISH. The principle on which this work has been painted seems to be to show how far execution can supply the place of picturesque quality. The drawing of the rocks, of the jetty which forms the harbour, and the sprinkling of shingle on the shore, is as minute and circumstantial as photography; but the most unfortunate element of the composition is the water, of uncompromising green, and this, without grey, direct or allusive, is an unmanageable anomaly.

No. 466. 'River Conway,' F. W. HULME. Whether flowing between low or high banks, the scenery of this river is always attractive. The stream divides the composition in the centre, the left bank rising into bluffs in the middle distance. The aspect is reduced to the tone of a clouded summer day.

No. 474. 'Leading Hay near Winchelsea, Sussex,' A. W. WILLIAMS. The simplicity, substance, and concentrated power of this work constitute it one of the best of the productions of its author. The scene is a breadth of hay-meadow, sloping gently upwards to the left, with the mown hay running in lines into the composition. A laden hay-cart is ready to be drawn off, and the oxen are being yoked. In comparison with those that have preceded it, this picture is characterised by a valuable and salutary difference.

No. 482. 'Coming from the Farm,' N. O. LUTPON. The wayfarer is a little girl, and she approaches us by a bowery path through a wood:

the thin drooping sprays of elm, with their sparse leaves individually painted, form the best feature of the picture.

No. 506. 'Cottage Interior,' A. PROVIS. If this, in all its parts, be a veritable habitation, it is more valuable in a picture than in the reality; hence it will be appropriated as subject-matter by every artist who might see it. It has much of the excellent feeling with which the painter qualifies his works.

No. 507. 'Night,' J. E. COLLINS. This is a profile-study of a female head and bust, relieved by a dark sky. The features are painted with solidity, but the face and shoulders should not have been identical in colour.

No. 508. 'A Sprig of Plums,' H. CHAPLIN. Portions of the little picture are studiously worked, but the bloom on the fruit does not look as if likely to be swept off by a bee's wing.

No. 522. 'An Easy Conscience,' J. HAYLLAR. This is a study of a child's head, on which is a chaplet of hawthorn flowers. Pretty and childish, but it would have told with much greater force relieved by a dark background.

No. 529. 'Grouse on the Wing,' D'ARCY BACON. These birds appear to be represented as at the end of their flight, and about to drop just beyond the shoulder of the mountain over which they are flying. The grouse are definite enough, and the composition is wild in character, but it might have been a little wilder in its tones.

No. 531. 'The Light of the Cross,' Dr. COLLINS. We turn to Revelation for the interpretation of this mystic composition; but it would have been well if the painter had assisted the spectator by giving the direct source of his inspiration. It is a large work, in the upper part of which the cross appears, diffusing a dazzling effulgence around it; in the lower part crawls the serpent, the last inhabitant of the world, the human race having disappeared. There is some good painting in the picture, but mysticism in Art is always unsatisfactory.

On the screens in the third room are distributed some works of merit, as—

No. 543. 'Caddon Forest in June,' A. FRASER. In this picture the shaded passages of the leafage are somewhat heavy, from being painted with colour too opaque. The dispositions are effective, but they would have been yet more so had the ground lights been of a higher tone.

No. 546. 'A Summer's Eve at Sonning,' E. C. WILLIAMS. The subdued and tranquil feeling in this work is most agreeable; the time is sunset, merging into twilight.

No. 549. 'Lane near Frankley, Worcestershire,' P. DEAKIN. The subject is simply a piece of rough bottom shut in by trees, painted with some success.

No. 552. 'The Bird's Nest,' W. S. ROSE. A small picture, pleasantly coloured as to the lower passages; but the trees are of a weird green, exceptional in nature.

No. 566. 'Toothache in the Middle Ages,' H. S. MARKS. The sufferer wears the hood and camail of the fourteenth century; he holds a handkerchief to his face, and rocking himself on a low stool, thus appeals to your sympathies. It is a small picture, powerful in colour.

No. 569. 'Gilsle and Trout,' H. L. ROLFE. The fish painted by this artist continually draw forth our unqualified praise; we have again to call attention to the very close imitation of nature in this work.

Besides the works we have noted, there are on these screens, and worthy of mention, flowers by RIMER; a landscape by DEAKIN; 'Pear Blossom,' WORSEY; an interior by PASMORE; 'Cologne,' DE FLEURY, &c.

The number of works exhibited is about the same that has been hung for some years past. It is desirable that the upper parts of the walls should be filled with larger works, but the days of life-sized figures are gone, whereas miniature in oil increases year by year. The quality of the landscape works improves from year to year; a very important feature of the improvement being that desirable diversity of manner and feeling which characterises many schools rather than one. The landscape painters are more constant to these walls than those who paint figures, and some of their productions would be attractive to any exhibition.

OBITUARY.

MR. T. K. HERVEY.*

ANOTHER of the links that connect literature with the Fine Arts has been severed by the death of Mr. T. K. Hervey, the author of some very graceful poetry, the editor for many years of the *Athenæum*, and a frequent contributor to the *Art-Journal*. We have been surprised to have met with no biography of this accomplished writer in the columns of any of our daily or weekly contemporaries, and hasten to remedy the omission, so far as we have it in our power, by recording such particulars of his life as we have been enabled to collect.

Thomas Kibble Hervey was born at Paisley on the 4th of February, 1799, and was brought to Manchester in his fourth year by his father, who settled in that town as a drysalter in 1803. He received the rudiments of his education at a private seminary, whence he was removed in due time to the Free Grammar School of Manchester. After the usual course of study, he was articled to an eminent solicitor in that town, to whose London agents he was afterwards transferred, with the view of obtaining for him a wider professional experience than could have been afforded him in a provincial town. The articled clerk of a metropolitan solicitor, unlike his salaried colleague, is seldom overburdened with work; he does, in fact, pretty much as he pleases, and has often more liberty at his command than is either expedient or wholesome. This was especially the case with young Hervey, who, having a precocious taste for the lighter branches of literature, was little disposed to fatigue himself by a too earnest devotion to the dry details of law; and his friends soon ascertained that although you may bring a horse to the water, to make him drink is a much more difficult operation. Certain it was that his draughts from Blackstone, or Coke upon Lyttelton, were of a thoroughly homœopathic character. So soon as he was supposed to have profited sufficiently by the accustomed term of probation, he was placed with Mr. (afterwards Serjeant) Scriven, in order that he might be inducted into the mysteries of conveyancing and special pleading; of which, however, he imbibed such infinitesimal quantities as seemed by no means likely to avail him for any practical purpose. But he could "pen a stanza" if unable to "draw a plea," and his dexterity in this respect appears to have excited the undisguised admiration of his preceptor, who assured his father that his son's genius was of too high an order to be wasted upon the desert air of a provincial attorney's office; and who recommended, accordingly, that he should be permitted to qualify for the Bar. A suggestion so flattering to the honest pride of an indulgent parent was tolerably secure of acceptance; and the young poet was entered about the year 1818 at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he quitted, after a residence of two years, without taking a degree. The success of a little poem entitled "Australia," which he published in the second year of his collegiate life, and which drew him once more to London, had well-nigh turned his head. It was, indeed, an attempt of no ordinary promise, and if a little too much of an echo of a well-known model, possessed merits of its own which were calculated to create a favourable impression of its author. It seems to have been commenced as a prize poem, but Mr. Hervey's muse having lured him considerably beyond the limits to which collegiate poets are ordinarily restricted, he resolved to work out his idea without reference to his original object, and his poetical honours appear to have fully compensated, in his estimation, for the absence of those to which he ought to have entitled himself at Cambridge. Nor were the praises bestowed upon this first offering of his muse by any means undeserved. It contains passages which, for vigour, melody, and curious felicity of diction, have seldom been distanced by modern writers of the heroic couplet, and are still more rarely to be met with in the *primitia* of a young poet. A second edition followed quickly on the first, to which was appended various lyrical effusions of considerable merit. Some of these pieces

have been included in very many volumes of selected poetry, and are thus known to thousands who might have had no opportunity of possessing themselves of the collected writings of their author. "The Convict-Ship" made its first appearance in the *Literary Souvenir* for 1825, and in after years many charming lyrics from Mr. Hervey's pen were published from time to time in that periodical, *The Amulet*, and the *Friendship's Offering*; of which last mentioned annual he was for one year (1826) the editor. Many of his poems display an intimate acquaintance with the best models, and are graceful, melodious, and what is not without significance in these days of stilted nonsense, *intelligible*. We are, indeed, hardly acquainted with an instance in which the first efforts of a youthful poet have been more entirely free from the vices of style and the solecisms of taste which ordinarily characterise such compositions, than the poetical *Juvenilia* of T. K. Hervey.

In 1829 Mr. Hervey published a third edition of his "Australia," and a series of his minor poems (including those which had appeared in the *Annals*), under the title of "The Poetical Sketch-Book;" but a great number of his shorter lyrics remain still unedited. About the same time, he produced a tasteful collection of fugitive poetry under the title of "The English Helicon," and a volume of very graceful poetical illustrations of the *chef-d'œuvres* of some of the most eminent modern English sculptors. This work affords ample evidence of the cultivated taste in matters of Art of its author, and many of his essays in the *Athenæum* and the *Art-Journal*, several years afterwards, may be taken as conclusive proofs of his competency as an Art-critic.

For upwards of twenty years prior to 1854, Mr. Hervey had been an extensive contributor of critical essays to the *Athenæum*, and for the last eight years of that interval he was its sole responsible editor. He was, indeed, the means of raising that publication to an enviable position in the periodical literature of the country; and were any considerable number of his articles to be reprinted in volumes of the ordinary size, they would present evidence of an amount of industry for which few people have hitherto given him credit. It is but fair to his memory to remark that very many of these criticisms are characterised by a correctness of taste and an intimate acquaintance with the literature of his time, which has been exhibited to the same extent in few other contemporary periodicals. The knowledge which long experience, and a love of literature for its own sake, can alone supply, superadded to a sort of intuitive appreciation of what was good, would have rendered him the *beau idéal* of an editor for a literary periodical, had his perseverance and powers of application borne anything like a due relation to his critical taste and judgment. But we must hesitate to condemn a want of energy in the later years of his life, which he might not have had it in his power to control. For a long period antecedent to his decease, he had been afflicted with a chronic asthma, which, under the influence of a cold, would often assume a most alarming character. Although greatly relieved, from time to time, by the skill and zealous attention of his medical friends, its harassing recurrence had a most injurious effect on, not only his bodily health, but on his mental and moral energies. For many months together, at different intervals during the last few years, he has been unable to take rest in a recumbent posture, or to procure even a temporary alleviation from extreme suffering, excepting from remedies which were almost as bad as the disease. During these paroxysms, mental labour was out of the question. Some of his literary acquaintance who can discover an excuse for no shortcomings but their own, had been accustomed to denounce this physical incapacity as wilful negligence or indolence (Coleridge was for many years the victim of a similar reproach); but those who, like ourselves, were acquainted with the physical condition of the man, have been able to assign a more charitable ground for much of his inertia. In the autumn of 1853 his disease assumed a most distressing aspect—one, indeed, which filled everybody about him with dismay, and wholly incapacitated him for any literary labour whatsoever. During that interval a *locum tenens* in the *Athenæum* became indispensable, and one of his friends who had learned from him some portion of his knowledge

of the editorial craft as his assistant, was appointed in that capacity, and towards the end of the year superseded him altogether in his post. Thus struck down by severe illness, and deposed from an employment which so entirely accorded with his tastes, he had to contend with the combined evils of a present incapacity for labour, a decaying purse, and a comparatively hopeless future.

On the partial recovery of his health, Mr. Hervey became a contributor to this *Journal*, and during the last four years, its pages have been enriched by many admirable papers on various Art topics from his pen. On subjects connected with the Fine Arts, and with Sculpture more especially, his judgment was remarkably sound. Many of his lyrical and descriptive poems were written to commemorate paintings and sculptures by English artists; and no more conclusive evidence could be adduced of the purity and refinement of his critical taste than is to be found in these poetical exertions.

To his prose criticisms on books, it has been objected that they were sometimes too incisive; but his conversation was genial, good humoured, and, we may add, instructive, when the topic afforded him any opportunity of pouring forth the stores with which he could invest it from his extensive, if desultory, reading. We have, indeed, rarely encountered a literary man of the present day, the geniality of whose manner or the charm of whose conversation were more fascinating than his. Although an idler in one sense of the term, he was an indefatigable reader of English and French literature; and in poet-land, there was hardly a spot of ground which seemed capable of yielding him a nugget, however insignificant, into which it had not been his pleasure to penetrate; extracting often from forsaken diggings treasure which had been wholly overlooked by previous investigators.

His scattered poems will, we hope, be collected and published in an integral form; accompanied by such a notice of his life as may render justice to his genius without concealing those failings which would subserve the interests of morality and truth, if set forth as a beacon to his younger successors in literature, would indicate to them the rocks and shoals to which it was his misfortune to be exposed without, on his part, the prudence that might have enabled him to avoid them. That his career was, to a certain extent, a *vie manquée* can scarcely be denied; but those who have experienced the remorse which must sooner or later attend the issue of opportunities unimproved, and talents comparatively unconverted, may readily understand how severely the consequences may have pressed upon him, and how large an amount of atonement may already have been offered for shortcomings which have marred but too often the fame, and alloyed the happiness, of literary men who have possessed every qualification for success, save that defined principle of action and undeviating perseverance in the pursuit of an honest aim, without which no substantial success can be achieved.

The death of Mr. Hervey took place on the 17th of February, 1859; on the 4th of which month he had completed his sixtieth year. Its immediate cause was a recurrence of the chronic disease which had so long oppressed him, arising from the effects of a severe cold. He was married on the 17th of October, 1843, to Miss Eleonora Louisa Montagu (herself a poet of no mean order), who (with their only son, Frederick Robert, born on the 11th of March, 1845) still survives him.

M. FRANÇOIS LÉON BÉNOUVILLE.

The French school of painting has to deplore, in the recent death of M. Bénouville, the loss of one of its most promising and popular artists. He was born in Paris in 1821, and studied under M. Picot. His principal works are, "The Christians in the Amphitheatre before their Martyrdom," bought by the French Government; "St. François blessing the Town of Assise," purchased by the Emperor Louis Napoleon; and "The Death of the Disobedient Prophet;" portraits of Queen Hortensia and the Emperor Napoleon, painted for the Minister of State; "The Two Pigeons," the property of M. Benoit Fould; "Raffaëlle's First Meeting with the Fornarina;" "Poussin on the Banks of the Tiber," and several smaller works now in the *Hotel de Ville*. In 1855 he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

* We are indebted for this biographical sketch to an intimate friend of the late Mr. Hervey: for the valuable services we derived from his pen, we refer with gratitude to his memory, and are induced to give to the subject greater space than we usually allot to such notices.—*Ed. A.-J.*

THE PRODIGAL SON.

FROM THE GROUP BY J. MOZIER.

IN one of a short series of papers sent to us from Rome, and published in our Journal four or five years since, the writer says, "People at Rome, and in England, have a very mistaken appreciation of the development of Art among the Americans. They are generally supposed to be of too positive and practical a turn of mind, too much engrossed with the stern realities of life, to waste the precious hours in worshipping at the shrine of Art; yet this is a great mistake; whether arising from prejudice or ignorance we cannot say, but, at all events, it is utterly false. The American School of Art, as developed at Rome, evinces both excellence, earnestness, and true feeling for Art; it is a school of promise, bidding fair to take its place and hold its head aloft in the great artistic republic. Consistently carrying out their national views, or, rather, more profoundly speaking, founding their impressions on the same broad basis on which rest their religious and political creeds, the American artists are essentially eclectic. Untrammelled by the dogmatism of any particular school, ranging at pleasure through the accumulated treasures of hygone centuries, spread before them in the wondrous galleries of Italy, they faithfully and earnestly propose to imitate all that is beautiful, without considering whence it comes, or whither it may lead them. They surrender up their souls to the guidance of their artistic conscience, and, like true republicans, refuse to bow down before any graven images of conventional tyranny. The gods of Greece are to them no gods at all, unless they lead them towards an ideal heaven, where their imagination may revel in contemplation of unalloyed natural beauty. There is something grand and elevating, as well as fresh and enthusiastic, in this simple worship of Art for its own sake, contradistinguished to the dogmatic subjection of prescribed rules enforced by antagonistic schools."

Mozier, the sculptor of the group here engraved, is one of those American artists referred to in the foregoing observations; he is a gentleman of independent property, who follows Art more from love of it than as a profession, and who has taken up his residence in Rome to avail himself of all those facilities for study and practice which this renowned Art-city affords. The "Prodigal Son" belongs to the naturalistic school of Art, which the sculptor has evidently followed, rather than the examples left us by the great Greek sculptors and their immediate successors; there is no attempt to idealize or give a poetical version of the subject; it is simply an aged Eastern man embracing a youth, whose somewhat attenuated form and ill-clothed limbs are signs of want and misery; but the group is presented with a feeling of genuine pathos which is most striking: the faces of the two figures are highly expressive; that of the father, is loving, yet worn with sorrow; the erring son's is confiding and little else; the remembrance of the past must be too deeply engraven on the memory to admit of any coin-cination of joyous feeling.

We have said this group is of the naturalistic school, the remark appears to be borne out as much by the attitude of the young man as by any other part of the composition; this is simply *natural*, produced by the act of embracing, but it is not graceful, the lines flow inelegantly, a fault that could not possibly be avoided, circumstanced as the figure is. If the sculptor had studied Art rather than nature he would have adopted a less constrained and formal attitude, yet, perhaps, it would have been one which told the story far less effectually than that he has adopted. The upper part of the group is very beautiful, and *sculpturesquely* rich.

One of the most remarkable works executed by Mozier is a statue of Pocahontas, the daughter of an Indian king who ruled over Virginia at the time when the English first settled there. She was married to a Captain Smith, one of the settlers, who had been taken prisoner by her father, and condemned to death, but at the intercession of the young Indian girl, who offered her life for his, he was pardoned. Smith converted her to Christianity, and brought her to England, where she died. Mozier has represented her meditating upon the cross, the symbol of her new faith; those who have seen the statue speak of it in very high terms.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE public is at length informed as to what course the Government mean to pursue in reference to the Royal Academy—for good or ill, the matter is at all events settled; the National Gallery will be exclusively used for exhibiting the national pictures, and the Academy will receive from the country a set off for the advantages of which it has been considered expedient to deprive them—that set off being a piece of ground situate in Piccadilly, and now occupied by Burlington House.

We are, and have ever been, among those who maintain that the Royal Academy had a moral, if not a clearly legal, right to their holding in Trafalgar Square. To have sent that body adrift without compensation would have been to commit an act not only indefensible but dishonourable: the country was bound by an implied if not an actual contract; and although some unthinking or prejudiced persons in the House of Commons have desired to ignore it altogether, we rejoice that neither the dignity of the Crown nor of Parliament is likely to be compromised, but that the Academy will receive to the full an amount of liberal justice, which equity as well as policy demands for them.

For ourselves (and we represent the views of many), we should have been better pleased to learn that the whole of the ungainly structure in Trafalgar Square had been left to the Royal Academy, while the country had erected a Palace of Art at South Kensington, that would be what the present National Gallery never can be—worthy of the Nation. A time will come when England will lament to have lost a chance that can never again offer. Much, however, may be done with the large space the Government may allocate in Trafalgar Square, by removing the barrack to more fitting quarters, and also St. Martin's Workhouse—entirely out of place—taking in, indeed, the whole of the ground that intervenes between the present front of the National Gallery and Leicester Square, and erecting an entirely new building on the site.

We are not now called upon to consider this matter: our present business is with the Royal Academy alone. That body has found an able and eloquent advocate in Lord Lyndhurst. They have been singularly fortunate. At an age that few men reach, and in the possession of faculties on which time seems to have had no prejudicial influence, this venerable peer rises in the Upper House to explain and to excuse, to defend and to enlighten, to destroy much of prejudice, to give evidence of great good, to prove strong claims upon public sympathy, to supply conclusive proofs of public service—in a word, to show that the "CLAIMS" of the Royal Academy upon national support are large and many, and that they have continued—increasing year by year—since the time when George III. gave them his patronage, and a few poor chambers, needed for no other purpose, in Somerset House. There can be no doubt that Lord Lyndhurst proved his case,—but it is quite clear, to those who heard him, and to those who have read his speech, that he treated his case as an advocate, and not as a judge. All that was in his brief he stated with consummate skill; and if the issue had rested with "twelve good men and true," he would have obtained damages to any amount he had asked for—£70,000 worth of land in Piccadilly, or as much more as they were "laid at."

Fortunately, however, the matter is not to be settled quite so easily. Lord Derby, on his part, protests against granting the "too much" that has been asked; and Lord Montague steps forward to interpose—shrewdly, and with a long look forward—his counsel of prudence before that is done which cannot be undone.

If we are to render justice to the Royal Academy, justice is due also to the public. Fully admitting, and readily conceding as a *right*, the demands of the Academy to the full value of their holding in Trafalgar Square, it is neither reasonable nor just that they should receive a value much beyond it, especially as they resolutely and perseveringly determine that, wherever they may be, however they are considered, and whatever is to be their compensation, they will permit no interference, no guardianship, no surveillance, either of the public or the Parliament—responsible in no degree to the Legislature,

caring nothing for public opinion, amenable hereafter, as they have been heretofore, only to the Crown—the Crown being now, as ever, merely a nominal—or, if it sound better, an honorary—control over their proceedings, and of which they are, to all intents and purposes, as really and practically free as any other society self-elected, self-constituted, and answerable for themselves only to themselves.

It was in the brief which Lord Lyndhurst held, that, while other Art-institutions in every state of Europe were upheld and maintained out of the public purse, the Royal Academy of England was in no way a tax on the nation, sustaining itself solely by its own exertions, and deriving its funds exclusively from public exhibitions, instituted and conducted by its members. It was in his Lordship's brief also that the Academy supported schools, pensioned decayed brethren, relieved suffering professors, and did many other good things, which it was in reality the duty of the country to do. But it was *not* in his Lordship's brief to state the case on "the other side;" that is yet to be done. And of a surety it will be done in the House of Commons, if not in the House of Peers, when the shortcomings of the Royal Academy—its sins of omission, if not of commission—may receive illustration and explanation also.

It will be matter of deep regret if the country loses, once and for ever, all chance of exercising a salutary control over the Royal Academy; if it require no change of any kind in its laws, no alteration whatever in the system by which it is omnipotent over the destinies of artists, and almost over those of Art, in England.

Lord Lyndhurst is a very aged gentleman—a man of large mind and of singular ability; but time lessens much a desire for "experimenting," and to those who have lived long there is always an apparent peril in change: we appeal therefore from his authority to that of men who believe that what was wise and fitting to an institution in the year 1780 can be neither wise or fitting for that institution in 1850.

It is probable that the Royal Academy, which repudiates all interference with its privileges or principles on the part of Parliament, and distinctly intimates that it will receive no public grant that is trammelled with a right of public inquiry, will itself set about the work of reform. We know, indeed, that among its members are several enlightened men who see, and have long seen, the necessity of so altering their constitution that it shall be commensurate with the advancing spirit of the age—that where all is progress they dare not stand still; indeed, already there are rumours afloat which induce a belief that regulations adhered to with a pertinacity absolutely marvellous for nearly a century will be forthwith abrogated, and that the Royal Academy will anticipate all the public might do by doing all the public could desire to have done. This is indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished. We know too much of commissions, and have too wholesome a dread of blue books, not to feel that much danger might be the result of "pressure from without,"—but that would be a less evil than a warrant to the Royal Academy to continue for the next half century the plan and policy on which it has existed during the last eighty years, and by which it has been placed perpetually in a position of hostility, if not to Art, certainly to the public.

As this subject will be, ere long, again canvassed in the House of Commons, and as we shall then be better able to consider it in all its bearings, it is unnecessary to give to it at present larger space. We shall probably soon know also what concessions the Royal Academy design to make, for although they may concede nothing to coercion—nothing as matter of bargain—there can be no doubt that in a short time information will be conveyed in some way or other to the public that certain changes in the character and constitution of the Royal Academy will bear date from the day on which they enter on their new possessions, and are no longer, as they have either been or been thought to be for nearly a century, at the mercy of a caprice.

The other claimants for "ground,"—whose demands will be undoubtedly considered, and, we presume, admitted—such as the "Water-colour Societies," &c., &c., we shall have to notice in due course.



THE PRODIGAL SON

FROM THE GROUP BY I. MOZIER

THE
ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

THE Architectural Exhibition has undergone two changes of considerable importance since we last invited attention to it in our columns. It has established itself in a new locality, and it appears at a different season of the year. Instead of seeking, as heretofore, a temporary resting-place in the galleries of the "British Artists," in Suffolk Street, it now has a home permanently its own in Conduit Street, under the roof of the Architectural Union Company; and it has taken its place amongst the spring exhibitions of the London season in preference to a companionship with the pictures in the French Gallery as a winter exhibition. In both of these matters the Architectural Exhibition most decidedly gains by the altered arrangements.

The collections that are now open to the public in Conduit Street will be found to pronounce a very emphatic opinion upon the much-vexed question of style in the architecture of the day. So completely has the *set* of the architectural mind (so far as it is apparent from this exhibition) been in the direction of Gothic art, that drawings in other styles here appear almost in the character of exceptions to a general rule. More than a little, indeed, of the Gothic is singular enough, and a still larger proportion of it as far as may be from being either satisfactory or promising; yet all this must be entitled Gothic, or at any rate, Gothic it was intended to be, and it certainly cannot be assigned to anything else. But then there are some drawings that worthily vindicate the honour of the style, while they no less clearly express the divided feeling which prevents a cordial union amongst the ablest of its adherents. Mr. G. G. Scott, in addition to some minor subjects, exhibits his very judicious and effective design for the restoration of St. Cuthbert's Tower, Durham Cathedral. Mr. Street, in the little that he vouchsafes to place before us, is as clever and as mediæval as ever—if possible, even more mediæval, and therefore more retrogressive than is his wont. Mr. Ashpittel gives us a somewhat striking design for what he terms "a restoration of St. Margaret's, Westminster." The restored church would approximate in style, as closely as in its present condition it does in site, to the Chapel of Henry VII., and it would supply the central deficiency of the Abbey with a very lofty spire after the Fribourg type. Mr. J. K. Colling has several drawings of great beauty and interest. Those that represent his admirable new church, now erecting, for Mr. R. C. Naylor, in Hooton Park, Cheshire, are amongst the very best in the collection, as the edifice itself is evidently a work of the highest order of architectural excellence. It is constructed of red and white sandstone, with polished red granite columns to nave and chancel, entrance doors, and porches. Mr. Colling's two drawings of parts of West Walton Church, Norfolk, recall vividly to our remembrance one of the most remarkable edifices that the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries produced in England. Mr. G. Truett, in his designs, is clever and original, as usual, and his drawings are executed with his customary ability. Mr. J. R. Withers has a group of agreeable drawings, architecturally good, of churches in Hertfordshire and Essex, showing new works projected or which have been completed. Mr. Goldie, Mr. T. A. Lewis, Mr. A. M. Dunn, Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. A. Billing, and Mr. J. Clarke, exhibit meritorious designs for new churches. There are several designs for schools, and others for villas, mansions, and their lodges, which justly claim commendation, without evincing any very decided originality of either conception or treatment. The best (and we are compelled thus concisely to group them together) are by Messrs. C. F. Hayward, W. Lightley, J. Blake, W. G. Habershon, G. R. Clarke, J. Norton, E. Roberts, J. Mackland, R. J. Withers, S. S. Teulon, J. James, E. Ellis, D. Brandon, R. Hesketh, and C. Gray. Mr. J. D. Wyatt exhibits a clever and effective drawing of Pippbrook House, near Dorking; and Mr. J. B. Phelp a photograph from the column executed by him with great ability as a memorial of the late Sir C. Hotham. Both of these works are from designs by Mr. G. G. Scott. Mr. W. Burges does not exhibit anything architectural; but he shows

his intense mediævalism in a group of furniture such as Piers Gaveston might have ordered, had his London residence been in St. James's Square. Of buildings not in any sense or degree Gothic, Mr. D. Burton's "United Service Club, Pall Mall," is the *facile princeps*. We do not consider it to be necessary to specify any works that we should have supposed their authors would have been anxious *not* to have exhibited; but we cannot refrain from expressing our regret at finding in the collections such productions as occupy the greater part of the screen in the east gallery.

The almost supercilious neglect with which it is treated by so many architects, has evidently awakened in the minds of some of their professional brethren the idea that they may advantageously convert the Architectural Exhibition into a species of school for the display of architectural drawings. "Sketches," both at home and abroad, accordingly, abound; and many of them—particularly those by Mr. Street, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. F. P. Cockerell, Mr. Christopher, and Mr. Graham—are excellent productions of their class. They are also peculiarly valuable in these photographic days, since they demonstrate the fact that studious and elaborate architectural drawing from old edifices has not been altogether superseded by instantaneous sun-pictures.

From what has been said, it will have been inferred that in such original works as display the higher grades of architectural genius, this exhibition is signally deficient. Mr. Owen Jones, indeed, with his *Muswell Hill* romance, almost engrosses this department to himself. His large drawings and careful plans for the proposed new Crystal Palace in northern London, have been executed by him with the utmost freedom and effectiveness; and they declare, in a most impressive manner, the rich fertility of his artistic resources. So attractive are they, in fact, that it is almost impossible for any one (not practically interested in the existing Sydenham Institution) to withhold the wish that Mr. Jones were a veritable Aladdin, endowed with full powers to realize a vision well worthy to take rank with the fairest fancies of the Oriental enchanter. With Mr. Owen Jones's drawings, we are tempted to place in contrast another design, without any enchantment whatever about it, and for an edifice of a very different character: this is Mr. Pennethorne's version of the new Government Offices, with the actual erection of which it is devoutly to be hoped that Mr. Pennethorne will have nothing to do. A duller, less artistic, less inviting edifice it would indeed be difficult to produce.

The small drawings of stained glass, with the cartoons of full size, are not many in number; but amongst them there are works of a very high character. The designs for stained glass exhibited by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, Lavers and Barraud, and Hardman and Powell, show with what ease these three great establishments maintain their position at the head of their profession.

A small court has been fitted up by Messrs. Cox and Son with ecclesiastical plate and embroideries, and with the productions of the patent wood-carving works, now their exclusive property. Here are specimens of the carving processes in every stage and condition, all of them deserving thoughtful attention. We propose very shortly to consider in detail the capabilities and the great value of the patent machinery that the Messrs. Cox are employing with such beneficial effect in the execution of every variety and class of carvings in wood.

Messrs. Hardman exhibit a case of works in various metals, chiefly of an ecclesiastical character, in every respect worthy of their reputation; but Messrs. Hart are not represented, neither are there any contributions from Coventry. Messrs. Johnston, of London, however, are exhibitors of works of this class. The other collections of architectural accessories comprise numerous and admirable specimens of the tiles of Messrs. Mintow, Messrs. Maw, and others; of carvings in that beautiful material, serpentine; with Hobbs' and Pugli's locks and keys, Botten's and Howard's valves, Thumble's paper-hangings, Kershaw's imitative woods, parquetry, and various bricks and other similar productions. Messrs. Thumble's paper-hangings are singularly meritorious in design as well as in quality; but no fresh designs appear to have been introduced by the serpentine companies.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—At a recent meeting of this society, held for the purpose of electing new members, the occasion passed without an election. The candidates were twenty-eight in number, and the common inference is that none of these were worthy of election; yet among the aspirants there were mentioned before the day of election, names of established reputation, on which a slur is cast by rejection. Yet if, individually, the members of the society were appealed to, a large majority would pronounce each of the two or three most favourably-known candidates fully eligible, on the score of accomplishment in their art, to the distinction of nomination, and hence the inevitable conclusion that such a resolution must have been effected by some interested diversion. The number of members in this society is not limited—their election is annual, and hitherto their straightforward policy has ever been the recognition of merit. Their laws requires two-thirds of the votes to establish election—and this is liberal, when it is remembered that in some bodies one black ball in ten excludes. We revert with pleasure to the antecedents of the Old Water-Colour—none of our Art-bodies have sustained themselves during their long and brilliant career less questionably than this society: they have occupied for a long series of years a distinguished place in public estimation, which it would now be most unwise to damage. They are amenable to no outside tribunal—their business is within their own nutshell; yet they are what is called a "public body," and hence should public opinion be an item in their consideration.*

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—An important collection, lent by Matthew Uzielli, Esq., of antique and other engraved gems and cameos, is now to be seen in the Museum, South Kensington. It comprises nearly 500 specimens, many of great excellence and value, including upwards of 350 of those recently dispersed at the sale of the Hertz collection. There are examples of the best periods of Greek and Græco-Roman work; also some of the Cinque-cento, in settings of the time. The reception "on loan" of fine works of Art from private persons, who are willing to give the public some benefit from their collections, is a characteristic of the Museum of Art at South Kensington.

THE SHEEPSHANKS GALLERY.—The *Critic* starts a suggestion that application should be made to Mr. Sheepshanks to rescind that stipulation, in his munificent deed of gift to the nation, which limits the exhibition of his pictures to a building at West Brompton. Steps should certainly be taken to accomplish so desirable an object. When the arrangement was made, no doubt Mr. Sheepshanks believed, either that the British Art-palace would be at South Kensington, or that a very long period would elapse before space was obtained in Trafalgar Square. The case is now entirely altered: it would be a calamity to separate the Sheepshanks gift from the gifts of Vernon and Turner. The National Gallery, be it where it may, will surely be the fitting place for collecting and exhibiting these evidences of British genius and British patriotism: to separate them would be a serious evil.

THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL, to be placed at the bottom of Waterloo Place, is progressing; the design, as our readers have already been told, is by Mr. John Bell, who has modelled one of the figures which are introduced into the composition, and sent it off to the foundry of Messrs. Elkington, at Birmingham, who have undertaken to cast all the bronze work: the artistic execution, by them, of Mr. Foley's statue of Lord Harding, shows their capabilities for the performance of work of this kind. The metal to be used for the "Guards' Memorial" is that of a quantity of brass guns captured at Sebastopol, which are now being broken up at Woolwich for the purpose.

* Since the above was written, we understand that a meeting of the Society has been held, at which, among other resolutions passed, was one stating that if more space was at its command, they would gladly open their gallery to artists who are not members; and it was also resolved to memorialize the Lords of the Treasury for apartments in the intended building on the site of Burlington Gardens. Lord St. Leonards, in his place in parliament, brought the latter subject to the notice of the Government: a similar step has been taken by the New Water Colour Society.

BRITISH PICTURES IN PARIS.—There is much speculation in the Art-world as to results that will follow the invitation to contribute pictures to the exhibition in Paris; it would seem there is a probability of their being such as will do credit to our country; for no fewer than thirty artists, at the head of whom is Sir Charles Eastlake, express a wish that the arrangement may be conducted by M. E. Gambart, who has their "full confidence." M. Gambart has large experience, and is a gentleman of integrity, as well as ability, and, if he be encouraged to set himself heartily to the task, we cannot doubt his success. The artists acting with him will be enabled to borrow from "proprietors" such paintings as may favourably exhibit our school, and uphold the reputation it has already obtained in France. We trust M. Gambart will exercise stern resolution in rejecting, as well as in selecting, for a few bad works would more than counterbalance the effect of many good. Better few or none, than a number of "mediocrities."

PANORAMA OF CANTON.—Mr. Burford has recently added to the other panoramic attractions at Leicester Square a view of the city of Canton, as it appeared after the bombardment and assault of the allied English and French troops, in December, 1857. The picture is painted from photographs taken by the officers of the Royal Engineers, for military purposes, and lent to the artist by General Peel and General Sir J. F. Burgoyne. The view is taken from a spot now known as Captain Mann's Battery, a newly-erected work on one of the highest points on the northern side of the city, within the walls. It consequently embraces the whole of both the old and new towns, the east and west suburbs, the river, with the island of Honan in the distance, and, towards the north, a considerable extent of country, bounded by a picturesque range of lofty mountains, called the "White Cloud Mountains." This point of view must be best for showing the extent of the city, and the surrounding scenery, but it leaves the spectator with a very unfavourable impression of the architectural beauties of Canton, if it really has any. As far as the eye reaches, the ground is covered with a dense mass of low houses, looking more like ranges of cowsheds than human habitations. They are all built with sloping roofs, and have only ground floors; there are no chimneys or apertures for getting rid of smoke; the doorways are low, and the windows few and small: in fact, the whole aspect of the place is wretched and miserable. Towards the river, which, in the picture, is far in the distance, there are signs of a better class of houses, while, here and there, the tower of a pagoda rises up. Looking to the left, and a little behind, as the spectator stands with his face to the city, the country is most picturesque, it seems well wooded, and the paddy fields, or rice grounds, give to it the appearance of being carefully cultivated. There are many interesting localities introduced into this portion of the panorama which we have not space to point out. We can only recommend our readers to pay a visit to the picture, which is painted with Mr. Burford's accustomed care and artistic knowledge. He has not here availed himself of the usual means of enriching his work by groups of figures or other similar recognised privileges of a painter, and he has adopted throughout rather a low tone of colour. The picture looks a transcript of nature—of a place nearly deserted, save by those whose valour has given them possession of it. A few soldiers of the allied armies are almost the only living beings to be seen about.

MONUMENT TO THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON.—A monument is to be erected in St. Paul's to this excellent prelate, a sum of £1200 being at the disposal of a committee for the purpose. They have issued invitations to compete to no fewer than eighteen artists; the cost of the competition, divided between the eighteen, will, therefore, amount to the sum that one of the eighteen will receive, and the committee, we humbly think, might have limited their application to half a dozen, with quite as much probability of a satisfactory result. The list contains two painters, Mr. Dyce and Mr. Richmond, both admirable artists, and men of unquestionable ability, but they are no more sculptors than Messrs. Foley and McDowell are painters; if these two were asked to compete with Messrs. Dyce and Richmond in decorating the walls of the House of Lords, we imagine they would receive the application as either a "hoax"

or an insult. We cannot doubt, that in such a spirit Messrs. Dyce and Richmond protested against a requisition to compete with Messrs. Foley and McDowell, in designing and executing a recumbent figure to constitute a monument to the memory of Dr. Blomfield. We can only suppose that, in the confusion incident to examining a Royal Academy catalogue, the committee supposed Messrs. Dyce and Richmond to be sculptors, and not painters, and that they did not discover their mistake until the two painters informed them of it. If it be not "a mistake," it is about as gross an error as the history of Art records; but we are now so accustomed to "blunders" concerning competitions that we can scarcely marvel at any absurdity or injustice connected with them.

LANGHAM CHAMBERS.—The first of the annual series of exhibition meetings was held in the Langham School on the evening of the 26th of February—the contributors being Duncan, W. Hunt, Smallfield, Higgins, Pidgeon, Fitzgerald, Calderon, G. L. Hall, J. H. Mole, E. Hughes, Marks, Pearson, Hixon, C. J. Lewis, &c. The oil pictures sent here are generally recently executed, and intended for the public exhibitions.

THE HERTZ COLLECTION.—This very extensive collection of classic antiquities, formed after many years by Mr. Hertz, and sold by him to Mr. Mayer, of Liverpool, was again scattered during the last month in a sale that occupied sixteen days. The collection attracted much attention when exhibited last at Manchester, and its value was estimated in its collective form: the sale has shown that this was just, for though large or fair prices have generally been secured for the whole of the 3,137 lots, a loss has resulted on the total. The collection was purchased for £12,000—the sale has realized £10,011. Some few lots have been reserved; but if set against the auction expenses, it will still make the difference of about £2,000. The larger quantity of articles comprising the collection consisted of gems, set as rings, in cameo and intaglio. It was thought that so large a number at once brought to sale would produce low prices; but they all sold better than they usually do at sales; and some few fetched extraordinary prices. Thus, a ring, with an intaglio of Apollo, less than two inches in height, sold for £90. The general run of prices was from £15 to £20 for fine rings; but a large number sold from £2 to £5. The statistics of the sale have some interest for collectors, and it tends to show that even fine Greek and Etruscan vases will fetch prices much beneath rings and jewels. The British Museum very properly made some cheap purchases of really remarkable works. Thus they obtained, for £26, the beautiful Greek vase engraved by Lenormant, having a draped Victory painted upon it; and, for £34, the well-known metal mirror found at Chiusi in 1826, and which has been engraved in three of the best works devoted to ancient glyptic art. The largest prices have been paid for articles which scarcely should have been catalogued with classic works: a set of bronze Buddhist deities sold for £225, and a pair of horrible human skulls, inlaid with coloured stones, the work of the old Mexicans, sold for £30 and £40 each. Collectors therefore evidently look to rarity, rather than beauty, in their purchases. Such of the public as care to study some of the finest of the gems from this collection may now have a good opportunity of doing so at the South Kensington Museum, as stated above.

HERR CARL WERNER.—This gentleman will open his studio, with an exhibition of his works, early in the present month; and, at the same time, he will be prepared to receive his pupils in his classes for the study and practice of drawing in water colours.

PHOTOGRAPHIC DISSOLVING VIEWS.—Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, the photographers to the Crystal Palace Company, have adapted transparent photographs on glass to the dissolving view apparatus with which Mr. Pepper illustrates his lectures. The pictures thus obtained are very effective, and they give quite a new, as well as a more elevated, artistic character to this favourite exhibition.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—Mr. Stevens is busy preparing the work committed to his charge, and we understand it will be ere long shown to "a select few." There is still, however, a degree of mystery, not calculated to allay suspicion, pervading

the affair; and, if rumour were to be credited, the public might be alarmed as to the form which, after all, this "monument" may yet take; at present it would be equally unwise and unfair to notice the various "whispers" that reach professional ears.

DAVID COX.—There is, we believe, some intention to have an exhibition in London, during the season, of the works of this admirable landscape painter, whose water-colour pictures, especially, are among the finest of our school, for originality, truth, and beauty. His small drawings, of a few years since, are veritable gems; while there is a grandeur and a poetical feeling in his large works which few landscape artists have ever reached, and none have surpassed. We anticipate a treat in renewing our acquaintance with many old pictorial friends which still live pleasantly in our memory, while we are sure the exhibition will be hailed with delight by every lover of genuine art.

THE NELSON COLUMN.—Since our last number was at press this matter has once more been mooted in the House of Commons, Mr. Laurie having inquired of Lord John Manners when the lions were expected to be "placéd in position," and why the execution of them was entrusted to Sir E. Landseer instead of Mr. Lough, the sculptor originally appointed by the committee. His lordship replied that Sir Edwin was at present engaged in modelling the animals, which, it was expected, would be in their places at no distant day, and that the Government had selected him for the task because they considered him the most competent to undertake it.

SEDGFIELD'S STEREOGRAPHS OF ENGLISH AND WELSH SCENERY.—We have examined a very large collection of stereographs produced by Mr. Sedgfield, who, we understand, holds a prominent rank in this "branch of Art." An important branch it has become, considered even commercially; but it is also an essential element in education, opening up many new sources of delight, while adding materially to our power of deriving instruction from the great book of nature. If these examples be, as they certainly are, "cheap," they are "good;" as good, perhaps, as any that have been submitted to purchasers. We have here delicious scenery—"bits" from the lakes, and charming passages from the river-banks in Wales, and old abbeys—Bath, Tintern, and Netley; cathedrals—Bristol, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, York, Canterbury, Winchester; venerable ruins—Kenilworth, Raglan, Pevensey, and Hurstmonceaux: in short, a series of interesting British views, to the number of nearly a thousand, every one of which is of value to the antiquary, the lover of Art, or both. The publisher of these stereographs—Mr. Bennet—has produced a new stereoscope especially designed for their use, but applicable also to any other views. It is very simple in construction, being open at the sides, so as to obtain the largest available quantity of light. The focus is easily obtained, and altogether it is convenient as well as elegant in construction and design.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.—Mr. Wass informs us that this exhibition is closed for a month, in order that it may be re-opened on the 1st of May; and the directors desire publicity to their earnest wish to render this division of the Crystal Palace largely beneficial to artists. Many sales have been effected during the past year; as a source of enjoyment and an element of instruction, there is nothing in the great edifice that renders so much public service. The gallery is always crowded; and it is certain that knowledge concerning Art is by this means generally and usefully spreading. It is, therefore, most desirable that the collection should consist only of works of excellence. We know how impossible it is to gather together anywhere a thousand pictures all "first-rate;" but it is the duty as well as the interest of the directors to keep that object continually in view. And in their superintendent, Mr. Wass, they have an able and experienced auxiliary, who has done, and is doing, "his best." Some additional help from collectors who are disposed to "lend," in order to gratify and teach the many, with a little more consideration on the part of artists to benefit themselves and the institution, will render this exhibition—what it is so well calculated to be—one of the most meritorious and popular of all the picture exhibitions of the metropolis.

REVIEWS.

Mr. POTTS OF BIRMINGHAM is exhibiting, at 56, Lincoln's Inn Fields, various of his combinations of metal with marble—Art metal-work—adapted principally to mantel-pieces, but applied also to various architectural purposes. It is some time since we directed attention to this novel and very valuable branch of Art; but on more than one occasion we have described its peculiarity and its merit. Mr. Potts has been many years labouring to bring it to such a state as may render it available for practical purposes, and he has succeeded. Many of the reliefs in bronze or in metal *doré* are admirable specimens of pure and high Art, that may certainly rival in design, as well as in execution, the best of those which have been produced, for purposes akin to these, in France. As we shall ere long treat this subject at some length, we for the present content ourselves with such notice as may direct to it the thoughts of architects, artists, and amateurs.

MONUMENTAL EFFIGY OF QUEEN KATHERINE PARR.—This work, now nearly completed by Mr. J. B. Philip, is in white marble, and is designed to be placed in Sudely Castle by Mr. J. C. Dent, its present proprietor. The original monument of the queen, who was so fortunate as to survive Henry VIII., was destroyed when many similar memorials fell victims to the wild zeal of iconoclasts. Mr. Philip has studied his figure from the best portraits of Katherine Parr, and his treatment of it realizes all the purer sentiment of mediæval effigies; and, at the same time, he has clearly shown that his work belongs, not to the middle either of the fourteenth century or of the sixteenth, but of this present nineteenth century. Mr. Philip is also completing a monumental memorial, of unusual artistic importance, to the late Dr. Mill, which is destined to take its place amongst the fine early monuments in Ely Cathedral; and the new work will be found a worthy associate for the early ones. Mr. G. G. Scott's monument to the late Duchess of Gloucester, and his Crimean Memorial which is to appear near the western front of Westminster Abbey, we propose to notice with care when they shall have been completed: both are in course of execution by Mr. Philip. This artist's studio is also occupied with many highly interesting works of architectural sculpture, the most important of which are four statues of the Evangelists of colossal size, to be placed at a height of about fifty feet in the tower of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. Having devoted himself to architectural and monumental sculpture, Mr. Philip is gradually developing the principles which guided the late lamented Geerts, of Louvain, in the production of his exquisitely beautiful works. In their style of art, accordingly, the productions of Mr. Philip are essentially and emphatically Gothic; and they, therefore, provide a practical reply for any inquiries into what the Gothic of our own day desires to do, and is able to do, in its application of the greatest of the arts that are in alliance with architecture.

THE CELEBRATED STATE-BED FROM STOWE.—We understand this magnificent and valuable bed, which was designed and executed by Signor Borra in 1737, and during 108 years formed the resting-place of the many royal personages who visited Stowe, including her present Majesty and the Prince Consort, is now exhibited in London for the first time at the picture gallery of Mr. Walesby, in Waterloo Place.

THE SPURGEON TABERNACLE.—The second premium of £30 has been awarded by the committee to Mr. W. W. Pocock, of Knightsbridge, for his design, bearing the motto "Metropolitan." It is presumed that, as matter of course, Mr. Pocock will be entrusted with the erection of the edifice.

FLAXMAN'S WORKS.—The condition of Flaxman's casts in University College is by no means creditable to the authorities. They are loaded with dust, inasmuch as entirely to destroy their effect. We have an impression that a hundred pounds were voted to the College for the creditable custody of these works; but since they are so neglected it is to be regretted that they have been placed where they are, as they ought to form a prominent feature in a gallery of British sculpture; this must not be forgotten in the arrangements about to be carried out.

THE ROYAL GOLD MEDAL of the Institute of British Architects has been awarded this year to Mr. Gilbert Scott, A.R.A.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC PICTURES. Published by G. ROWNEY & Co., London.

A large number of chromo-lithographic prints have recently been put before the public by Messrs. Rowney and Co., who seem of late to have paid especial attention to this particular branch of Art-illustration, and with more or less of success in their productions. Several of those which have come into our hands are printed at the establishment of Messrs. Rowney; the others are printed by Messrs. Hanhart: we will first notice the former.

Mulready's "Crossing the Ford," from its size and character of the picture, claims our first consideration. The print is as large as the original, of which it conveys a very favourable idea: in colour it is remarkably brilliant—far more so, we should imagine, than the picture was, even when it came fresh from the painter's easel; it is, in truth, *hot* to a degree of intensity. Considering the difficulties of copying by any mechanical process, such as this is, the peculiar manipulation of Mulready, the print may be accepted as a good imitation; and, certainly, when framed and glazed, it will make a very pretty decoration to any well furnished apartment. "The Canal of the Guidecca, Venice," from the picture by Stanfield in the Vernon Collection, is also a large print, and, as a whole, pleases us better than the Mulready copy; all the principal points of the original are faithfully preserved, and the general effect is rich and powerful; the sky and the water are admirably managed. This print is also well worth framing and hanging up. "The Cathedral Porch, Evreux," after E. Dolby, is a good representation of that fine old architectural specimen; it is warm in colour, and has throughout that aspect of nature which cannot be mistaken. A little more attention to the details of the architecture would have been a decided improvement. "The Church of St. Jacques, Caen," after W. Callow, is not so pleasing. It seems, however, to have been copied from a sketch, or unfinished drawing: there is a general want of harmony in the picture—the principal shadowed part falling on a low mass of shop-roofs at the base of the church, a conventional rather than a natural method of treatment, for which the original artist is answerable, not the copyist.

Passing on to the prints from Messrs. Hanhart's presses, we commence with a large one—"The Andalusian Letter-Writer," from the picture by F. W. Topham. It is excellent,—so good that one would almost as soon possess it as the original. In colour and texture the imitation is inimitable, and the beautiful harmony apparent throughout the work is among the highest attractions it offers: this is certainly one of the best chromo-lithographs we have ever seen. "Mount St. Michael," after Stanfield, is a far less successful copy; it is heavy, and entirely deficient in half tones; the transparency of oil-colours can rarely be obtained by the process of chromolithography, and for this reason the deep shadows which the artist chooses to put into his work should be kept lighter in the printed copy, and thereby such defects as we observe here would be avoided; there is, moreover, a manifest coarseness throughout for which no power of colouring, even if more agreeable than it is here, could compensate. "The Lake of Lugano," and "The Rhine, near Cologne," a pair, after drawings by T. M. Richardson, and both good, though we prefer the former; there is a sweet and tranquil atmospheric effect pervading the lake and distant mountains, while the foreground, broken up into rich masses of colour, tells admirably against the blue waters; the few stunted trees which crown the banks are, however, too black, and from this cause meet the eye too intrusively. There is scarcely material enough in the "Rhine" subject to demand so much space as the artist has given to it, but he has treated it with much taste and feeling. "Pallanzo, on Lake Maggiore," from a drawing by Rowbottom, is one of the best of the number before us, delicate in tone, sunny, and picturesquely treated: the quiet surface of the lake is, however, ruffled—to the eye, at least—by the reflected forms of the nearer hill; surely, Mr. Rowbottom, you could not have seen them assume the inverted pyramidal shape you have given to them: there is little in the outline of the hill itself, still less in its shadowed indentations, to justify your mode of treatment, besides, these lines "compose" awkwardly with the white ripples left by the row-boat close by. "The Coming Shower," a marine-subject, after Meadows, deserves a word of commendation: the distant water and the clouds are true to nature, and the composition of the picture is pleasing: we have no doubt it has been faithfully copied by the lithographer. Another marine view—"Beating up Channel," after J. Callow, is not good—the forms of the waves are dis-

agreeable, and unlike anything we have seen in nature, and the colouring is poor and crude. "Pass of the Grimsell," after T. M. Richardson—the last we have to notice, is likewise the least interesting: it was a grand mistake upon the part of the artist to make an oval-shaped picture of such a scene—those mighty mountain elevations require a more substantial base than is here allotted to them—they seem as if they would topple down and crush all beneath them; as a print, too, it looks thin and poor, although parts are heavily coloured.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN. Painted by H. LEJEUNE; engraved by JAMES FAED. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This is a fine print, of a class somewhat rare of late; for Art is not often now-a-days made "the teacher." Lejeune is a painter of high order, thinking ever, as well as working continually; not content to accept as themes the commonplaces of life and character, but searching for subjects in sources the most elevated and the most instructive. Such an artist is ever welcome to the critic. This divine subject he has treated with sympathy as well as understanding—we had almost said with prayer; and perhaps it is so, for he has evidently felt it, and his pencil has been guided by no ordinary sentiment while picturing one of the most touching and beautiful of all the episodes in the Saviour's pilgrimage on earth. It is not a little singular that none of the old and great masters in Art should have selected a point in the history of His career, so peculiarly suited for Art. We cannot call to mind one: yet there is no incident so inviting, and none to which there was so much certainty of recompense of fame, for its appeal is universal to the human heart; and, perhaps, there is no passage of the Bible so familiar as that which records the words of Christ—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,"—when he rebuked His disciples, who would have kept them back. Mr. Lejeune has, we repeat, felt his subject, and treated it with great ability. The figure and countenance of the Saviour is a fine conception; no artist has ever, or will ever, reach our ideas of the Divinity—but Lejeune has not failed, and that is saying much. The mothers and the children are beautifully rendered; they supply, indeed, the strength of the picture, while the apostles, standing by, pondering and wondering, are true to the text. A picture better suited to English homes, where Art is loved and appreciated, and where a perpetual lesson for good is, as it ought to be, derived from Art, has been seldom issued by any publisher; for the engraver has done his work well, and essentially aided to make this print a favourite, as it cannot fail to be, with all classes.

GETHSEMANE. Painted by H. LEJEUNE. Engraved by CHARLES TOMKINS. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

Here Lejeune has dealt with the Saviour alone; at that awful moment when "agony" was the prelude to death. It is a bold essay: the artist here treads on ground that has been occupied by mighty predecessors; challenging comparisons that no living painter can bear unscathed, and if we much prefer the subject to which we have just adverted, it is because from no hand, in our day, can we expect a portraiture that realizes our conceptions of the Divine Master. There is no incident of His life so difficult to Art. It is, indeed, all but impossible to convey to the mind that terrible suffering which the apostle records in a few burning words. Lejeune has treated it, perhaps, as well as it could be treated: he has made a touching picture, a picture that produces profound reverence, and aids the Christian teacher in his task. That may have been the utmost of his aim, and in so far he has succeeded.

PRAYER. Painted by W. C. T. DOBSON. Engraved by HENRY COUSIN. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Here are two children merely, a sister and brother, their hands resting on the sacred book. They are at "Prayer"—a simple prayer, no doubt, but one that is ever heard, for the heart utters it. Of such slight materials the artist has made a most effective picture, charming in feeling and in treatment; the faces are beautiful, with that holy tranquillity which is in harmony with the occupation of the moment, and which gives a truer zest to the gaiety that naturally and wisely follows thought. The print is one that all will look upon with pleasure: one which the engraver, as well as the painter, has felt; it is an Art-companion that all will comprehend, and which all may enjoy.

COMING EVENTS. Painted by THOMAS FAED. Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

This picture is simply that of a graceful Scottish girl—graceful in spite of her rustic jacket and bare feet—standing by a stile, and waiting; waiting for what? No other figure is seen; but there is a dog bounding from out a pass of underwood—we may be sure his master is not far off, although the trees hide him for the moment from her sight. The "Coming Event" is one that may by possibility be guessed at by all who are young, and love. The picture is very pretty, and very pleasing; it is the work of a charming artist, skilfully engraved, and will be regarded as an accession of value to all who desire pleasure from Art.

PUNCH. Engraved by H. LEMON from the Picture by T. WEBSTER, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of Glasgow.

We have a profound veneration for Mr. Punch, and his worthy spouse *Judy*, and a loving regard for their wonderful dog *Toby*, the pattern of meekness and submission to insult;—from our childhood to the years we have now reached, the show-box of the glorious trio has been an object of our interest, and we confess, without a blush on the cheek at our apparent childishness, that we never see it elevated for exhibition but we involuntarily stop to refresh our memories and our spirits with the welcome drolleries of the actors. We consider Punch as a legitimate part of the national constitution, and should fear that the country was falling into irretrievable ruin were any calamity to befall him; as staunch conservatives of all that is venerable and worthy to be maintained in our institutions, we strongly protest against any attempt to introduce reform into this estate of the realm: Punch requires no Act of Parliament to "alter and amend" his domestic economy; it works admirably, and to the entire satisfaction of the crowds to whose notice it is daily submitted in the public highways.

Stimulated by the success which last year attended the issue of the engraving from Mr. Webster's picture of "The Playground," the Art-Union of Glasgow purposes to give the subscribers of the current year another work by the same artist—his "Punch," a picture painted as far back as 1840, in which year it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. It is a composition that shows as much of individual character as any picture this artist has produced at any period of his career. The scene is laid in a country village, and Punch is being exhibited on the high-road, skirted on one side by, probably, the rectory-house—for we have only sight of the railed-in garden—and on the other by the village school-house, a fine old gable-ended house. By the side of the show-box stands its owner, "distilling sweet music" from his Pandæan pipes and big drum: this man is a most admirable impersonation of the character. In front is gathered a group of spectators, old and young, giving undivided and almost breathless attention to the dialogue between Punch and his wife. The venerable schoolmaster has left his pupils to take care of themselves, and stands leaning on his stick in perfect admiration; his "better half," by his side, lifts up her withered hands at the marvellous exhibition; the postman delays the delivery of his letters—the baker is allowing the dinner he carries home to get cold—the public-house lad is seated quietly on his beer-tray—a gaping farm-boy looks aghast: in short, there are a score of incidents all worthy of note in this remarkably humorous picture, where all seem as much interested and amused as the occasion demands—all but the widow and her orphans, who wait the coming of the daily waggon that is to bear them away from their loved home, and have no heart for laughter. This latter episode is most judiciously introduced, contrasting, as it does, effectively, though painfully, with the mirth of the others.

The engraving of the picture is, upon the whole, good and telling. Mr. Lemon has evidently made the figures his first consideration, and they stand out well. The print is large, and will no doubt attract many subscribers to the society that publishes it.

THE BOOK OF THE THAMES. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL. Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., London.

The readers of the *Art-Journal* need not be informed of the nature of this work: we speak of it here merely to announce it as a separate publication in a handsomely bound volume. Every attention has been given in the way of paper and printing to produce the illustrations in the best possible way, while the authors have made considerable additions to the text, in order to render their tour of the river as complete in all its departments as could be done.

THE WORKS OF ISAAC DISRAELI. Edited by his Son, THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI. AMENITIES OF LITERATURE. Vol. II. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This volume completes the new edition of the writings of the elder Disraeli, which Messrs. Routledge have published in seven volumes, well printed and neatly bound, and published at a very moderate price. It is now nearly seventy years since the author made his appearance before the public, when the first volume of the "Curiosities of Literature" was produced; the third and last of this series was not published till 1817; subsequently a second series appeared, also in three volumes. His other writings are "Literary Miscellanies," "Quarrels of Authors," "Calamities of Authors," "The Character of James I.," "The Literary Character," and "Amenities of Literature." These books, severally and collectively, evidence a highly cultivated mind, much antiquarian study and research, as well as an intimate acquaintance with things not generally known in history and literature. Though philosophically written, the essays or dissertations are by no means dry reading; and however much unsuited to the prevailing taste of the day, which, unfortunately, demands books that require but little attention and less thought, there are few persons possessing the sense to appreciate what is really worth reading, who will not derive pleasure and instruction from their perusal. It is fair to presume that this neat and portable edition will make the writings of Isaac Disraeli far more widely known than they have hitherto been.

POPULAR HOUSE ACADEMY. By the Author of "Mary Powell." 2 Vols. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

No author of fiction writes more, and few write so well, as the author of "Mary Powell." Her *fictiones* may be *facts*, because of their perfect truth to character. She never distorts, never exaggerates, never calls up bitterness or acidity for the sake of flavour or contrast; is earnestly sorry when her men and women "come to grief," but never risks a principle to avoid the result of misconduct: her peculiar element is truth, her happiness that charity which "suffereth long, and is kind." Her books are all "fresh," because their source is *pure*. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this charming narrative. Three sisters—*ladies*—meet with a reverse of fortune, and rather than be dependant upon a brother "*John*," resolve to establish a "boarding school for young ladies." The house they inherit is admirably suited to the purpose, and they set about "sacrificing a position" with different degrees of hope, fear, and pride, according to their several dispositions. The three sisters are sketched with a broadness and yet a minuteness that would enchant a literary "Ruskin," fine, natural women are the three, the second not of so high a nature as her sisters, but coming out bravely, as proud women often do, in the hour of trial. The incidents arising from the different characters of the pupils grow without forcing; and it is impossible to lay down volumes containing so much pathos, such quiet humour, such keen observation, until they are finished; and then a second reading becomes a necessity, for there are holy and sacred thoughts and lessons grafted on many a page that deserve to be treasured in our heart of hearts. Long may the author live to write, and we to read.

THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID; OR, THREE YEARS IN THE HOLY CITY. Edited by the Rev. PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, Rector of St. John's Church, Mobile. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, and Co., London.

Some two years ago, we recommended the "Prince of the House of David" to a publisher who was anxious to reproduce some able work of "Brother Jonathan's," but, after a careful perusal, and sundry consultations, he said, "He was afraid there would be such an uproar in the religious world against the very semblance of fiction connected with the life of our Saviour, that he would have nothing to do with it." We regretted this extremely, for we felt assured that, on the contrary, numbers of the "religious world" would hail the volume as calculated to be most valuable, from the purity of its object, the beauty of its style, and the information so poetically conveyed of the scenes of our SAVIOUR'S labours.

It was certainly with no small degree of pleasure that we received our old favourite in its English dress from the hands of our own publishers, who better understood the temper and tone of the "religious world," and who have laid the public under a great obligation by thus placing within their reach a work which, we are persuaded, every denomination of Christians cannot fail to appreciate. There is no story—so to say—to analyze, no mystery

to solve, no "new thing" to tell, and yet from the first page to the last, the volume overflows with interest; the characters are well developed, the scenery is in accordance with "Bible History," the incidents flow out, without an effort, and we consider it, as we would a beautiful and holy dream—if not inspired, certainly suggested by "ministering angels." In America, its author, Professor Ingraham, has achieved great popularity; and, as there they count the circulation of a book by thousands, where we should be well content to number hundreds, so "The Prince of the House of David" has passed through sixteen or eighteen large editions: it is now in the hands of our own public, and we look forward to its exciting the deepest interest wherever it is read.

TOWN SWAMPS AND SOCIAL BRIDGES. The Sequel of "A Glance at the Homes of the Thousands." By GEORGE GODWIN, F.R.S., Editor of the *BUILDER*. With numerous Engravings done from the life. Published by ROUTLEDGE and Co., London.

There is ample food for melancholy meditation in Mr. Godwin's little book, and an ample field set forth for the labours of the Christian and the philanthropist in the work of ameliorating the condition of those classes of our countrymen and countrywomen to which its pages refer. It seems almost incredible—and is enough to damp the energies of the most ardent regenerator of those whom we call the "masses"—that so much of vice and misery should still exist, notwithstanding the vast efforts that have been made within the last few years for their suppression: evils are put down in one place, only to rise up in greater numbers and strength at another, so that the only chance of ultimate and lasting improvement seems to be the united action of all in a position better than those whom it is designed to benefit. Individual interference, and that of societies, have done much, but infinitely more than has been already accomplished is still undone. On reading over Mr. Godwin's fearful narrative, one is well-nigh tempted to ask whether a curse does not rest upon a city where such iniquity and such squalor prevails without any universal attempts being made to eradicate them root and branch. "Verily, we are guilty concerning our brother."

LONDON IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Drawn by N. WHITTOCK. Published by LLOYD, BROTHERS, London.

This is a large "bird's-eye" view of London, taken from a point, as it seems to us, near Bethlehem Hospital, St. George's Road, Southwark, though by what means the artist could in that locality have attained such an elevation as enabled him to draw his plan, we are at a loss to conceive. However, here is London, the modern Babylon, stretching out in its length and breadth into almost interminable distance, its public buildings, squares, streets, and alleys, too, delineated with marvellous accuracy. Intersecting the dense mass is the Thames, winding its way from Lambeth Palace to Limehouse. It is a work on which immense labour must have been bestowed, and will stand as a record of what London is in the year of grace 1859. What it will be at the end of another century none can foresee; we only know that in every direction it is enlarging its boundaries, and year by year sheltering beneath its ample wings additional thousands of human beings to swell its already overgrown population. A "key" is published with the map, which is useful to point out particular localities.

THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF HARMONIOUS COLOURING IN OIL, WATER, AND PHOTOGRAPHIC COLOURS, ESPECIALLY AS APPLIED TO PHOTOGRAPHS. By an ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER. Published by J. NEWMAN; and CASSELL & Co., London.

With the improvements in photography there has arisen a new art—the art of colouring the pictures which light has drawn. The conditions were necessarily novel, and whether the painter had to deal with sun-drawn pictures on paper, glass, or silver-plate, some inventive power was necessary to secure the true effect of colour, without sacrificing the photographic detail, and harmony of light and shadow. The author of this little work appears to have studied all the peculiar conditions of this new art, and he communicates the results of his experience in a very clear and satisfactory manner. There is great room for improvement in the large majority of pictures, whether portraits or stereographs, which are now produced; and we think this "Artist-Photographer" has conferred a benefit on his brother photographers, in placing before them the principles upon which they should proceed, and in teaching them the details of the manipulation of colouring photographs.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1859.

PERUGINO, FRA BARTOLOMEO,
AND OTHER PRE-RAPHAELITES.

THE collection at Florence in the Pitti Palace, the grand duke's residence, consisting of little more than five hundred pictures, is not so numerous as that of the Uffizii, but more select; most of the works being very good indeed, and scarcely any bad. They are hung in twelve very splendid halls, of which the six principal ones are in straight perspective, and the others divergent on the left hand. The magnificent inlaid floors are of variegated marbles. Here are tables of the costliest *pietra-dura*, representing antique utensils and fruits and flowers and shells, enriched with the glorious lapis-lazuli, and sardonyx, and amethysts and topazes fashioned into grapes, purple and yellow, and stones whose delicate gradations of shade-like colour are most ingeniously made available for the rounded forms of different objects of the same hue. What marvellous elaboration is here, too, of the most delicate flower painting, on huge Sèvres vases, the finest we ever beheld, throned on these tables, at the end of little silky boudoir-like passages and recesses, luxurious with ottomans and chairs of delicate brocade, embedded in gilt scroll frames!—Tourists may well be diffident of reclining on them in travelled vestments, which perhaps have gathered some soil from sitting amongst the gentians on the Alpine stones. The paintings around, also, are varnished so as to have an unusually brilliant and lively appearance: indeed, the delicate and softly harmonious colouring of the many large pictures by Andrea del Sarto, which are a most conspicuous and showy part of the collection, has somewhat suffered from this very lustrous heightening. And, finally, if these treasures on the wall will ever permit your eyes to range so far, you will not come away unimpressed with the sumptuous ceilings, painted in the seventeenth century, by Pietro da Cortona, and supported at the cornice by demigods and nymphs and satyrs, in white alto-relievo, displaying, some of them, much animation, spirit, and grace of fancy. Five of these apartments are named after planets denoting virtues attributed to Cosmo, the first grand duke; and thus we have the Halls of Venus, Apollo, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, in which those deities are represented as taking the kindest interest in the advancement of that odious youth, cold-blooded, treacherous, and ferocious, as he was, and capable of almost any atrocity. They are assiduously training him in those virtues which he so systematically avoided; and hence the allegories have, at any rate, this advantage, that in the

eyes of those acquainted with Cosmo's career, they will pass for very discriminative and biting satire. The collection beneath is chiefly of the Augustan age of Italian art; the works of the earlier masters, especially, being neither numerous nor remarkably interesting. Amongst so many treasures of the very highest order, it is not until the second or third visit that you can settle long or composedly on any one of them. Rather, you hurry about from one picture of world-wide renown to another, already something known to you through the cold, cloudy reflections of the engravers, just to salute it, as it were, and mark it out for future rumination; better pleased at first to take a general and comprehensive survey of the whole banquet before you. Certainly, no bee blown by a north wind from a bare mountain to a hundred parterres, each equally alluring, or from Laverna down to Careggi, could be more puzzled than ourselves, where first to bury himself, and cull nectar with sufficient patience and steadiness. Having regard, however, to what we have already offered of our Florentine impressions, we think there are good and sufficient reasons for beginning—at length—with the earliest work which it seems desirable to notice; and this is an exquisite Perugino in the first room you enter.

Our last paper, that on Da Vinci, related to one who laboured profoundly to combine with a more subtle and varied truth and expression, an unexampled elegance and harmony of style and composition; and it is pleasing to bear in mind that in this advancement he smoothed the way for Raphael. But at the self-same time, there was progress making in another great essential which distinguished Raphael. We mean that more enthusiastic and delicate spiritual tenderness and grace which he was the first, and indeed the only one, to unite, fully and largely, with the physical requisites of Art, and so accomplish, at last, the union of all that is needed for the highest order of religious painting. Here, as is universally known, his precursor was his own personal instructor, Perugino, whose fancy acquired an exclusively devotional cast from the influences predominant in the land where he was born and bred—the very Holy Land of Monks. Assisi, near his native place, had become the Medina of Italy; for there innumerable pilgrims flocked to the tomb of St. Francis, the Spouse of Poverty, the Apostle of voluntary sores and mortifications, the great supplementary Mediator, almost the second Redeemer. Dante, with a huge monstrousness of metaphor, says the mountain slope where he first saw the day, Assisi, should be called nothing but the East, since there a sun rose on the world; meaning this seraphic teacher. Formerly wise men came from the East: here, (to accept Dante's new style,) fools went to it. Thither, too, dupes gifted, almost all the most eminent religious painters had repaired in their turn, not only to decorate the shrine itself, but in many instances to enrich the country around with the work of their pencils; so that the strong early bias of Perugino's imagination need in no way surprise us. His more immediate instructors were in all probability, Nicolo di Foligno and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, who derived much of their feeling through Angelico, and Taddeo Bartolo, the Sienese. Perugino came to Florence at a very early period of his career, and was there influential in developing spirituality in painters of congenial minds, in opposition to that naturalism, which was then, with especial force, the prevalent native tendency.

His picture in the first room of the Pitti, which has given rise to these preliminary observations, is certainly one of the most interesting and most characteristic of him we ever met with. The Madonna, with a pensive melancholy expression, is kneeling in a meadow, be-

fore a beautiful landscape, under a sky of surpassing clearness and serenity. She is adoring the Sacred Child, laid low on the earth, significantly, and held by an angel, who looks on her with upturned sentimental eye, most *Peruginesquely*. And another little child, wholly naked, is behind her, kneeling and likewise adoring, with touching infantine simplicity—a little thing thrown helpless on the world, for pity and tenderness to profit by. An intense serene repose, the deepest feeling, pervades every part of the picture; the colour of which is tranquil purity itself. The landscape—a distant river retiring under green lawny slopes, and crossed by a bridge flanked with picturesque spires amidst delicate trees, the sunshine on which is expressed by touches of gold leaf—is of a deep beauty and tenderness; the aerial perspective being remarkably good. The receding hills, like semi-transparent azure crystal, melt away into the silvery brightness of the distant atmosphere, even like the remote Apennines, near Carrara, at the end of the green Val d' Arno, when we saw them the afternoon before from the height of Fiesole. The landscape seems influenced by the same calm spirit of holy love as the figures—seems gently conscious of the sacred presences. We know of no earlier or even contemporaneous painter who has displayed so sweet and delicate a feeling of beauty in landscape. Rio tells us, that when Perugino was tempted by the most brilliant prospects to settle at Rome, his love for his native mountains, and his wish to return and live amongst them, prevailed over every other consideration. In this picture we seem to see evidence of the truth of that assertion. It is, on the whole, a most perfect and poetical example of the tender dreamy enthusiasm which constitutes the chief charm of the painter.

The Madonna, the Bambino, and angels, are the same in general design as those in the centre of the triptych by Perugino, lately added to our gallery; but the second child is there omitted; and the landscape is far less interesting and important. The Pitti picture too has, we think, a more simple impressiveness from the absence of the three choral angels standing in the sky; and our present notion is that the Madonna's face is more expressive and beautiful than in our version: the colour is certainly of a clearer and more luminous tranquillity. The comparative heaviness of our repetition, and its marked resemblance in this, and also in other respects, to the Spozalizio at Milan, may support the suggestion that the youthful Raphael chiefly painted the centre compartment from the Pitti picture; Perugino himself executing the wings. The right one, of the angel leading the boy Tobit, he certainly never surpassed. The spirit-like placidity of the winged Raphael, imbued yet undisturbed by such mild tenderness and pity as angels feel, and the simple wondering reverential love with which that delightful lad in the quaint Urbinese costume looks up at him, as he is handed along, are the very quintessence of the master's finest thought, the very flower of his meditations in that Umbrian valley, where, (they say,) the spirits of St. Francis and Sta Chiara still hovering, blest their votaries with heavenly visions.

In the Pitti Palace is also his "Deposition of our Lord," a large picture of many figures, stiff and jejune artificial in composition, but seldom equalled for its expression of calm sacred sorrow. A number of saints are gathered around the crucified Redeemer, supporting and lamenting him. The Madonna, worn and shaken by the depth of her sorrow, looks steadfastly in the face of her dead son: other saints stand around, hanging the head pensively, (tender elegiac figures,) or raise their solemn groaning looks towards the spectator, as if in direct appeal to him; thus giving the work something of an expressly didactic character. Behind is

an elaborate but not very significant landscape. This precious work is unfortunately much injured. There is now no longer in it that pure strength of splendid luminous colour, which is so characteristic of Perugino, and so appropriate to his spirituality of conception; the picture being much faded, from long exposure to the sun in the Church of Sta Chiara, for whose nuns it was painted. Soon after it was finished, a wealthy Florentine offered them thrice as much for it as they had given, and to procure them another exactly similar from the same hand; but they declined, inasmuch as Pietro himself, on being referred to, could not undertake to equal it by any second effort.

Perugino's spiritual lackadaisicality, (we wish to use the word in the least disrespectful sense it will possibly bear), or rather, we ought perhaps to say, his *lucanamaranthness*, is not absent even from this solemn and pathetic work. The figures, conscious of the spectator's presence, spread their hands, and hang their heads on one side, as if desirous to be an edifying spectacle of sacred sorrow. The female saints, too, are clad in caps with graceful loops for ears, and gauzes wreathing their shoulders with that studied elegance which is one of this remarkable painter's fascinations. These ornaments are, in this dreadful moment, precisely *point de vice*, entirely unrent and undisturbed by their gentle wearers, whose grief is doubtless too entirely spiritual to entangle itself with base matter of any kind. Nevertheless, despite these peculiarities inseparable from the artist, the grief in the countenances,—a grief tempered by tenderness and faith, as if already the Holy Spirit were descending to comfort them,—evinces a profound and rare depth of feeling on the part of the painter. Perugino, generally, was so wrapped up in imaginations of seraphic longings, "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace," as to seem scarce conscious of anything out of harmony with them, and to invest even objects in themselves of opposite character, when thrust unwelcomely in his way, with their attributes. For instance, in that beautiful fresco at Panicale, of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,—for an acquaintance with which we are indebted to Mr. Layard, and the humane exertions of the Arundel Society,—the executioners are amiable, slender youths, who seem using the arrows of *love*, not *death*, in postures of suitable grace, only a little too fantastical. The hall around, all golden with festive antique grotesques, is a hall for a bridal; and the landscape beyond its arches, placid delightfulness. But for the exquisitely appropriate face of the martyr, it would seem some lovely tale of mild enchantment; the agents of Venus subduing Adonis at last, by some unheard-of and inconceivable stratagem; or, at the best, a beatification without pain—no martyrdom. In Pietro's "Battle of the Amazons," too, in the Louvre, the fair warriors look back on their adversaries like that coquette, pretty Phillis, whose lingering eyes were so much at variance with her fugitive feet. On the whole, the great and delightful principle, so admirably exemplified by his pupil Raphael, of objects being harmonized and reconciled by all-embracing gentleness, and the emphasizing whatever beauty is in them, was often carried by this painter to a puerile and fantastical excess. His narrow monotonous view of things, his constant subjection of them to the same type, violated the grand law, by virtue and by privilege of which the mind requires variety. Too much Perugino sequestered his fancy, fed it on one most dainty kind of food; and it was, we think, most probably from this lack of varied diet, more than from any other cause, that his mind sunk into a prolonged feebleness, which his warmest admirers do not question; for even Rio relates that the last twenty years of his life were passed in "multi-

plying with a deplorable fertility, the proofs of his intellectual prostration."

The accusations against his moral character, repeated by Vasari, form a remarkable antithesis to his works. He says that Perugino, having with the energy inspired by his kind conductress Poverty, raised himself from most penurious beginnings to considerable wealth, became distinguished for avarice, and placed all his hopes in the goods of fortune. It is added by the same biographer, that he was envious and untruthful, plagued with a brain of marble hardness, and that he denied the immortality of the soul,—had very little religion. Holy St. Francis! Thy Laureate of the Pencil, the Visionary of holy sorrows, possessed of but little religion! This stream, emanating from the sacred heights of Dante's new Orient, the first tributary to the young river of Raphael, enriching it with calm waters, which, lingering, reflected a holy brightness, and the hues of tender seraph wing-like clouds, said to have soaked and lost itself in a foul bed of mortal clay! His enthusiastic admirer, Mr. Ruskin, avails himself of this report characteristically. Comparing him with Angelico, he speaks of "a short-coming undefineable about his noblest faces, an absence of the full outpouring of the sacred spirit that there is in Angelico; traceable, I doubt not, to some deficiencies and avaricious flaws of his heart, whose consequences in his conduct were such as to give Vasari hope that his lies might stick to him, (for the contradiction of which in the main, if there be not contradiction enough in every line that the hand of Perugino ever drew, compare Rio)." Then, if so, why reiterate the imputation; why give it increased currency; why bring it forward, just for a poor foil to brighten Angelico withal? Perugino might here well say, "The six St. Catherines, and the blessed Sta Umilida, Sta Scholastica, and Sta Placida to boot, defend me from my friends! If, after all, (thanks to my weak paintings,) he believes my heart free from these avaricious flaws, is it right in him to break it, himself, into a mere foil to set off the blessed Fra Giovanni's scatheless purity and holiness, and to decorate his own pitiless style with the bleeding fragments—that style in which he seems ever, I do think, to be making up for the weakness of his reasons, by the strength of his images?" In support of which protest,—for indeed we think the painter has some right to complain,—we recommend the reader to examine well the triptych by Perugino, in our gallery, already alluded to, the young Tobit's and Raphael's faces especially, and try to discover what flaws of an avaricious heart are there to be traced, in conformity with Mr. Ruskin's "I doubt not."* But, to speak

* There is, it seems to us, but little discernment in this comparison depreciative of Perugino. The countenances characteristic of the two painters being essentially different. Perugino's saints are still sorrowing and aspiring, and Angelico's, beyond them in their course, have attained serene felicity. Perugino's "short-coming undefineable," shown by unceasingly longing beaming forth from sorrow, constitutes, in fact, the very pathos of his beauty. "The full outpouring of the sacred spirit" is not yet vouchsafed. With regard to the general charge of avarice against Perugino, it has indeed been considerably weakened by the production of some particular instances of liberality in his dealings with religious bodies; and the assertion that he was denied Christian burial because of his infidelity, refuted by the discovery of a church document which establishes the contrary. It is certainly highly desirable that so delightful a painter should have the full benefit of any weakness in the evidence against him. But the idea that such accusations may be held as simply refuted by the works of his pencil is puerile, and involves a principle fraught with such gross injustice with respect to our conclusions as to the conduct and character of others, that we would protest against it. For who does not know how anomalous a being is man—how refined and lofty may be the intellect, and how gross and mean the passions of the same person?—a creature divided between two principles: one moment aspiring above the stars, and looking steadily with vision beatific through the gates of heaven itself; the next crawling in the mud, and fascinated, charmed with it; in his intellectual operations following pure incitements of his reason and most lovely imagination; in his actions too often the degraded slave of a

seriously, such is remorseless rhetoric, which sweeps on, sacrificing right and left, for the sake of the indispensable brilliancy and strength of effect! Had the chief theme, (or whim), been Perugino, something the reverse of all this might just as easily have been said.

Perugino revisited Florence at an advanced period of his career. Provoked by his caustic remarks on the works of the painters there, in that more advanced style which was superseding his own, Michael Angelo told him publicly that he was a blockhead (*goffo*) in Art, for which he summoned him before the justices, who, however, dismissed the complaint. As Buonaroti cannot have been insensible of the Umbrian's high merit, we must suppose that his contempt merely pointed at the indolent mannerism into which he was more and more sinking, and his disregard of that extended knowledge of truth and nature, which could alone redeem him from it. His feeble drawing, his shanky legs, his rheumatic feet and hands, must have been quite irritating to that mighty Florentine. The works of Da Vinci, six years his junior, though gaining an immense influence immediately around him, had but little effect on the imperturbably dreamy Pietro. Their aptest Florentine admirer was a fellow pupil with Leonardo of Verocchio, Lorenzo di Credi, who in the companionship of both Perugino and Da Vinci, enjoyed facilities for combining their different merits according to his prevalent aim. In the Uffizi are several pictures by him of saints, graceful, amiable, sweet-souled personages, standing before copious green landscapes of soft lawn hills and trees. Thus far all may be called *diluted Perugino*; only the manner is fuller, and more Da Vincian. Indeed, in other pictures by Di Credi, this interesting novelty of roundness is pushed to a preposterously fleshy and clumsy excess; and some of his Bambinos are even hideously obese: as in the toad-like one in our own gallery. The grace of the motive and pensive tenderness of the sentiment, however, constantly atone for this hippopotameian type of limbs, and the frequently heavy, ill-proportioned faces. This gentle and pious painter, an ardent follower of Savonarola,

perverted will, and all its grovelling habitudes. Moreover, we may sometimes meet with individuals, who, in matters ethical, resemble Perugino in his art—persons so absorbed in the contemplation of a pure, abstract spiritual ideal, as to trouble themselves very little about mere ordinary, practicable, every-day morality; in which they have been betrayed into strange hardness and paltriness, from sheer inattention to matters they have brought themselves to consider but trivial and ephemeral; in such instances, the natural instincts of *meum*, (as indeed might be expected,) prevailing over the more foreign and artificial claims of *tuum*. Besides, in the constant endeavour to climb the coldest, and most sequestered pinnacles of purity, (but thinly aired for poor human lungs,) the fall into muddy places is sometimes, (lamentable to relate,) very sudden and humiliating. On these grounds, and others, for which we lament we have no space, we cannot consider the painter's character vindicated by the pictures; nor do we think it safe to trust any man simply because of the divinity of his musings.—We cannot imagine it right that any paintings of angels and saints whatsoever, or seraphic sonnetings, or gorgeous treatises in prose, full of high-sounding abstractions of sentiment, should be received as proofs, or even evidences, of moral firmness, self-command, or practical goodness, any more than that, on the other hand, such painters as Teniers, Salvator, and Caravaggio, for representing subjects of a different kind, should be grandiloquently assigned to pits of imaginary perfidion, in that meek, modest, and charitable style of criticism, which has recently been introduced into our literature.

With regard to the present "teaching" of Perugino, (to use the term now brought prominently forward in Art criticism,) we consider that where the mind is balanced by the robust and more rational sympathies, and well grounded in beauties of the sublimer order, his influence may refine the fancy and the sentimental faculty delightfully. But, otherwise, his fascinations, which are undoubtedly great, may tend to enasculate and narrow the imagination to something of a spurious Franciscan tone. If our own son, Percival, who delights in a rich and massy mediævally bound church-service, a narrow white collar, and long double-breasted coat close buttoned, were constantly admiring prints after this master, and we found that over-pleasant fellow, his younger brother Tom, had meanwhile been ornamenting his chambers with subjects by Titian or Correggio, not quite allowable or creditable to his choice, why we think we should feel rather more fidgety about the Peruginos than about the others, considering them likely to have a prejudicial operation much more subtle, obstinate, and lasting.

is celebrated by Rio for his filial tenderness to his instructor Verocchio, whose remains he fetched all the way from Venice for interment at Florence, his native city. He was, however, his legatee as well as friend, and brought his goods together with his body.

A somewhat later student of Da Vinci, and on the whole perhaps the equal of that master, was Fra Bartolomeo, several of whose pictures are amongst the largest and most magnificent ornaments of the Pitti collection. His expressions have by no means the intense seriousness, the abstracted, dreamy, unearthly longing of Perugino's. His feeling is indeed sometimes solemn and pathetically tender, but in several important instances highly characteristic of him, it tends, within certain limits, to what we will call a sacred *allegro*. Devotional cynics have impressed Bartolomeo into their service; but we feel convinced, on examination of his works, that he is a livelier and more liberal-hearted painter than they would make him out to be. His saints are a much more genial, pleasant, and sociable order of beings than the Umbrian's: the weakness is, that they are sometimes somewhat too consciously graceful, too artificially elegant. There is, in these instances, rather too much flutter, too much *ado*, as they arrange themselves round the throne of the Madonna; whose canopy is held by converted Cupids flying in the air, and whose footstool is perhaps sweetly accorded to a most enthusiastic little winged Lutist, singing some holy anaerontic, or canticle, full of bright tenderness and joy. The persons who form this elegant tableau are by no means deficient in piety and tender feeling. Heaven forbid that we should say the contrary; but perhaps they are thinking a *little* too much of showing their sweet gifts and graces; though, no doubt, still from amiable motives: for the sake of beautiful appearances, (as gentle lovers of beauty,) and for an edifying effect conceived as resulting on those who regard them.—Yet, after all, may it not simply be, that they are some light-hearted, innocent race, so nurtured on beauty, and on the vivifying climate of the south, that what to our cold stiff northern ignorance and insensibility seems artificial grace and frivolity, is with them unconscious nature, and the mere sweetness of unfettered joy?

Bartolomeo's *technical* power was extraordinarily great, and, in all but colour, marks an epoch in advance of Perugino, than whom he was twenty-three years younger. His composition, more interwoven and united than that of the older schools, is an admirable subordination of easy variety to harmonious order and symmetry; his drapery, (for which he originated the lay figure,) being especially noble and beautiful. His lines, from the large contours down to the lesser details, are as a labyrinth in which beauty is secretly and assiduously worshipped. His light and shade is broad, vigorous and novel; his colour clear and powerful, though too much abounding, we think, in green and hard ill-toned red, and sometimes too black in the shadows, from his, thus far, following Da Vinci even in the use of changeable pigments. His union of a light freedom with force in the manner of painting is unprecedented. In short, in all things, we have here an approximation to the true picturesque principle, in opposition to the formality and disconnectedness of the old manner. His single figures of prophets, painted late in his career, under the influence of Michael Angelo, especially the gigantic St. Mark seated under a niche, are imposing figures, magnificently draped; but emulation here led him beyond his proper sphere; and the result is something forced and imperfectly felt. He shines far more in calm and gentle grace; as in that figure of St. Stephen, at Lucca, a charming

idealism of a gentle young priest in Romish vestments, and the very elegantly elevated Madonna della Misericordia, in the same city, protecting a number of votarists with her mantle. An interesting picture of his in the Pitti, is, nevertheless, of a pathetic cast—a Dead Christ, with the Magdalen impetuously embracing his feet, the Madonna holding his hand, and gazing in his face with a calmer grief, and the Apostle of Love, with softened sorrow, supporting his figure at the back. The Pietà of Perugino is not here rivalled. Yet even that is, we think, transcended by our Pictorial Blessing, (if so bold a term may be pardoned,) Francia's Pietà, the soul of our National Gallery, a spark of the highest and sweetest spirit of Italy translated into the great body of our metropolis, making it a place of pilgrimage to divine beauty more precious than the Assisian hill, and vying with the Florentine shrines and halls themselves. The Bolognese has, it seems to us, more heart, a more human-like tenderness and beauty in his pathos than the abstractedly dreamy Umbrian: those quivering lips evince a sorrow more like ours; those eyes, even of the angel, where love and comfort seem clearing through the tears, look at us more warmly, with a more genial sympathy; and in the incomparable beauty of the dead Saviour's face, the beauty of His soul may still be wonderfully traced. We have seen nothing like it elsewhere.

But to return to Fra Bartolomeo for a few moments; for his life presents much interest. Born at a village near Prato, of obscure parents, and dwelling near one of the gates of Florence during his first studies under Cosimo Rosselli, he was called Baccio della Porta; nor was he known to his companions by any other name. The youth was loved for his upright, orderly, and devout life; and his delight in the society and preaching of learned and pious men soon led to so ardent an intimacy with Savonarola, that he almost lived in his convent, and unhappily became a foremost assistant in the first of his more fanatical, self-ruining excesses. We allude to the notorious public burning, on the first day of the Carnival, of works of Art, of the unveiled and mythological kind, which arose from the ill-judged rigidity of the heroic, but headstrong, arbitrary, and far too meddling reformer—that funeral pile of antique and natural beauty, mingled no doubt with grosser matter, for which he provided the flames; his own reputation for sense, and all that commands the confidence of cautious and discerning men, being essentially, and most lamentably indeed, the apex of it. In the outset of these proceedings, processions of children belonging to the schools he had benevolently established, were sent by him from house to house, to demand in the names of Jesus and the Madonna, that the *anathema* should be given up to them—meaning all objects which he had denounced as licentious or profane; and many of the citizens so aided this exaction, as almost to enforce compliance. A scaffold was erected in the public square for the reception of these condemned spoils. At its base were false hair, carnival dresses, musical instruments, cards, dice, and trinkets of every description. Above, were books and drawings, busts and portraits of the most celebrated Florentine beauties, and even pictures by great artists, condemned, in many instances on insufficient grounds, as indecorous and irreligious. The fabric was diademed aloft by several admirable antique statues, to which the names of contemporaneous fair ones had, in a frivolous bad taste, been given; as La Bella Beucina, La Bella Bina, La Lena Morella, and others. What a beautiful pile it must have been! With what a plenitude of melancholy admiration we should have walked round and round it! Hither had come Baccio della Porta, and contributed those

drawings of the nude, without which he could never have advanced his art. And there came Lorenzo di Credi, and poor Sandro Botticelli, whose fine fancy became paralyzed by this fanaticism, so that he was ground down by it to a pitiable renunciation of his art, to an old age of lugubrious indigence, to absolute beggary, in which he must have perished, had not the profane Medici relieved him. These and several other distinguished *Piagnoni*, or Weepers, as they were nicknamed, followed the example; and the pyre was kindled amidst hymns and rejoicings, although a grave by-stander, a merchant of Venice, had offered to redeem it at a cost of twenty thousand crowns. This was a sad bonfire, burning many beautiful things, and with its fumes, no doubt, intoxicating still further the high-wrought brain of him who contrived its kindling. From that time, many of the prudent fell away from him; and his stimulated rashness and extravagance increased, till a still more foolish recurrence to this odiously-abused, life-nourishing element of fire accomplished his ruin. The Franciscans, with the pope's approval, challenged him to submit his cause to the test of fiery ordeal. With reluctant weakness he gave way to the enthusiasm of his coadjutor, the Dominican Friar, Pescia, who rushed forward as his champion. Accordingly, a dismal pile of fagots and broom rose in the public square, eighty feet long, intersected by a lane two feet wide, along which the ordealists were to pass, concealed in raging flames. Almost the whole population of the republic was heaped and piled around the square. At length, when expectation was motionless, mute, raised to the highest, canticles were heard in the living lane beyond the pile; and the Dominicans were seen arriving; but the host was immediately discerned borne high amidst them. The Franciscans sprang forward. They would not allow the Holy Presence to be carried through the fire; perhaps really fearing in their hearts that its sanctity might save its bearer, and so give triumph to their adversaries. The Dominicans insisting on the contrary, a wrangle of several hours ensued, and the populace were losing patience; when suddenly, an admirable downfall of rain so debilitated the combustibles that the immediate consummation of the tragical absurdity became impossible; and all separated, wet through, and disgusted at the loss of that exquisite and thrilling excitement which they had confidently promised themselves. From that hour Savonarola completely lost credit; and a few days afterwards even the friendly Signoria betrayed him to his enemies. Oh Superstition and Fanaticism, it was simply *ye* who destroyed that high-hearted, pious, and patriotic man! Borgia and his Franciscan hounds were but instruments in *your* hands! But for the disgust arising from the work of *your delusions*, the Florentine people and government would not have so abandoned him; and his cause, so great and admirable in the main, might have eventually prospered! Never was there one in which the failure is more distinctly to be traced to the failings and weaknesses of its representative, with a severe and melancholy retribution. When Savonarola's enemies attacked his convent, for the purpose of delivering him to the papal power, the affection of Baccio della Porta made him one of the five hundred citizens who had undertaken to protect the now doomed reformer. But when danger thickened, and blood actually began to flow, he was reduced to a pitiable condition. Being, as Vasari tells us, of a chicken-hearted temperament—poor dear man, in one so gifted for quietness, we may readily forgive, however much we may lament, an inaptitude for scenes of violence and peril—his courage and presence of mind altogether gave way; and in the extreme flutter of his trepidation, he vowed, if he escaped, to renounce the world altogether, and assume the

Dominican habit. This vow he punctually fulfilled; and when soon after, that ominous fire (which his friend himself had unhappily kept in use, sanctioned, in some degree,) consumed Savonarola's strangled body, in the self-same place which had witnessed the former degrading spectacles, Fra Bartolomeo, utterly spirit-broken, relinquished his art, as well as his secular freedom. Four years he kept this second vow, till the youthful Raphael visiting Florence, sought his acquaintance, and lamenting a mysterious unfathomable loss in this sad idleness, persuaded him to resume the pencil; and then a delightful interchange of intellectual gifts took place between them; the Frate communicating his acquirements in light and shade, and colour, and receiving in return, not merely lessons in perspective, but a deeper feeling for grace and suavity from him who was of all who ever used the "silver point," the master of them. Bartolomeo afterwards went to Rome, and there studied Michael Angelo also; but from an excess of modesty, the quiet timid man soon returned, bewildered and humbled by the prodigious quantity and variety of artistic excellence he had met within the eternal city—though the greater part of it was, no doubt, incomparably inferior to his own productions. Thus losing heart, he even left a picture he had begun, for Raphael to finish. Subsequently, being twitted at Florence with his inability to paint the nude,—told perhaps that he did quite right in formerly burning his studies of that kind, though on grounds different from those pretended, namely, his incapacity,—he so far departed from his recent strictness as to paint a St. Sebastian without drapery. The soft and vivid figure was a signal triumph, indeed too beautiful; for the monks found in the confessional that it stirred light thoughts; and so it was removed, and soon afterwards sent to the King of France. The good Frate's last years must have been pleasant to his convent and to himself: pleasant to his convent, partly because the profit of his works, which were numerous and important, was entirely its property; pleasant to himself, inasmuch as improving to the end, he went on painting, with infinite love, delightful works, which he brought to a felicitous conclusion—enjoying that quiet retirement which even in youth he had most desired, and occupying his leisure with music, and singing to himself, for which recreations his fondness increased as he grew older. But this enviable life, (which we could almost ourselves covet,) was unhappily not of long duration. In consequence of his painting beneath a window where the hot sunbeams continually poured on his back, he became partly paralyzed; and an imprudent excess of figs, of which he was exceedingly fond, adding a fever to this malady, he finished his course, with pious consciousness and humble trust to the last, not later than his forty-eighth year.

Early in his career, there was a painter with whom he formed so close an intimacy that they lived and worked together, till their style became so similar, that it was sometimes difficult to trace their several hands. Yet their temperaments widely differed. Mariotto Albertinelli was jovial, a lover of pleasure, and especially hated monks; so that when his loved Baccio became one, he was almost beside himself with grief and vexation. Bereft of his friendly support, tired of the endless difficulties of Art, and tormented by the cabals and captious criticisms of the painters around him, he, too, soon afterwards, abandoned his calling, but strange to relate, to keep an hotel and eating-house, not to meditate in a cloister. And for some months he even discharged his new functions with spirit and gusto. "Ah! formerly," said he to his guests, "the object was to imitate flesh and blood; here we make them—surely a higher vocation! And those tiresome cavillings on

muscles and foreshortings, to which I had constantly to listen with imperturbable meekness, are pleasantly exchanged for the good-humoured praises I hourly receive for my good wine, golden Verdea and ruby Monte Pulciano." Nevertheless, he soon resumed the pencil, and for the rest of his days, which however were not many; for, in consequence of over exertion at a *giostra*, or tilting-match, at Viterbo, in the eyes of his *inamorata*, he brought on a malady, which terminated fatally in his forty-fifth year. The monkish cynicism of Rio casts on him much unfounded opprobrium. It styles him profoundly vicious, although in the authority cited, nothing is laid to his charge beyond what we have stated: it imputes to him gross habits of debauchery, in mere fertility of style, as it were, and mildly substitutes for the *giostra* at Viterbo, a fatal excess of intemperance. Poor Mariotto! This scrupulous doctor of criticism scribbles thee but a sorry epitaph! A determined opponent of Savonarola, and a *bon vivant*, must have been a bad and vulgar man, and such a man must have handled sacred subjects in a mean and commonplace manner, whatever illusory appearances there may be to the contrary. We believe this gentle species of inference has led Rio to form a lower estimate of Mariotto's works than he merits. The extraordinary force, clearness, and softness of his colour and light and shade, in which he vies with Bartolomeo, are fully admitted; but we think his types and expressiveness would have been thought more highly of, had the circumstances of his life been agreeable to the writer—had he, in short, been one of the "Weepers," instead of one of their adversaries. We have scarcely space left for Ghirlandajo's son, Ridolfo, also a scholar of Bartolomeo's, and an admirable painter. His two pictures in the Uffizi, of miracles by St. Zenobius, have an energy of action and expression rare at this period, and a fine remnant of the old spiritual fervour combined with a singular clearness and intensity of colour and light and shade. And magnificent is his ceiling in the chapel of the Florentine Palazzo Vecchio—a rich invention of sacred figures and emblems, adapted with delightful ingenuity and significance to the number and grouping of the ornamental compartments which enclose them. Here the style is truly noble and refined, and denotes one of those lesser luminaries which shone in the heaven of Italian Art by the side of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Indeed, Raphael, who was Ridolfo's personal friend, so highly esteemed his talents, that he urged him to come to aid in his great works at Rome. But Ridolfo did not respond to the call. We are told that he was one of those who loved "not to lose sight of the Cupola," that is to say, liked best his native air, and so at Florence he remained.

Such—the heroes of these last two articles—were the *real Pre-Raphaelites*. In carrying out a parallel between them and our own painters of the same title, we suppose we must take Mr. Millais for our Leonardo, Mr. Holman Hunt for our Peruginò, and Mr. Wallis for our Fra Bartolomeo. These gentlemen have surely drawn their *nom de guerre* from a too recent period; for in the noblest principles of Art, they are demonstrably Pre-Masaccios and Pre-Giottos. But in fact they ought not to be compared to any Italians; since the Italians aimed at beauty, or at all events, where it was otherwise, at grace and dignity—of all which our Pre-Raphaelites have no notion. From their astonishing awkwardness and hideousness of conception, we should rather compare them with the more ungainly of the early Flemings; not calling them Pre-Rubenses, however, since they are nothing in that glorious direction, but from their remarkable inferiority in all that constitutes pure and harmonious painting, Pre-Mabuses, Pre-Van Eycks.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE SPANISH SISTERS.

J. Phillip, A.R.A., Painter. D. Devaehez, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 8½ in. by 1 ft. 4½ in.

Of the numerous pictures of Spanish life which Mr. Phillip has painted, this, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1835, under the title of "El Pasco," is one of the most pleasing and elegant. The figures are, probably, portraits, and, by the richness of their costume, belong to the upper classes of society. The contour of their faces, their bright black eyes, the deep olive and red of their complexions, identify them at once with the race whose blood is of Moorish origin. They are habited in embroidered silk, apparently of the costliest manufacture; their veils, richly laced, fall gracefully over their persons; while the indispensable fan—without which a Spanish lady's walking costume is never complete—and the stringed beads appended to the crucifix, put the finishing touches to this picturesque group. The national coquetry, for which the younger ladies of the country have so distinguished a reputation, has not been forgotten by the artist in the demeanour and expression with which he has presented his subjects.

Byron (to whom England and everything English were but dust in the balance, when weighed against other countries with which, and their inhabitants, he had formed acquaintance) pays such compliments to the ladies of Spain, even at the expense of his own fair countrywomen, as ought to have for ever banished him from the presence of the latter. He says, in his "Childe Harold," after eulogising the exploits of the Maid of Saragossa,—

"Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love;
Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate;
In softness, as in firmness, far above
Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as great."

* * * * *
"Match me, ye elmes which poets love to land!
Match me, ye harems of the land where now
I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
Beauties that e'en a cynic must avow!
Match me those hours whom ye scarce allow
To taste the gale, lest Love should ride the wind,
With Spain's dark-glancing daughters!—deign to know,
There your wise Prophet's paradise we find—
His black-eyed maids of heaven, angelically kind!"

The pæan which Byron here offers to Spanish feminine beauty is more creditable to his genius as a poet, than to his estimate of that moral and intellectual worth which alone constitutes real beauty, and to his taste and judgment, when he would compare the daughters of Spain with those of his own land. We prefer the picture which a prose writer has sketched of this subject to that drawn by the poet:—"It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the tint of her complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of her person, nor the costly dress and decorations, that compose woman's loveliness: nor is it the enchanting glance of her eye, with which she darts such lustre on the man she deems worthy of her friendship, that constitutes her beauty. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affability and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comforting and relieving the poor in distress, and, above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitute true loveliness." And what a gem of a picture has Shakspeare left us in these few words—

"Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"

Fascinating and attractive as are the maidens whom Mr. Phillip has delighted to honour—true types, doubtless, of "Spain's dark-glancing daughters"—they would never carry off the golden apple from her whose portrait is sketched by our great dramatist, in which mind and heart constitute the truest elements of its beauty.

The "Spanish Sisters" is in the collection at Osborne.



J. PHILLIP. A. R. A. PINXT.

D. DEVACHEZ. SCULPT.

THE SPANISH SISTERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

LAWRENCE IN LONDON DRAWING ROOMS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

WE enter the Lawrence world on tiptoe, over carpets of three-pile velvet, softer than the flowriest turf that fairy ever tripped on, in those moonlight games, where a mushroom was the maypole. On the mantelpiece there is a cloak of gold and amber, which ticks off the moments with a silvery chirrup, as if moments were not of the smallest consequence in fashionable life. There are gorgeous Titians on the wall, lapped in a luminous atmosphere of Venetian sunshine and sea air; there are Rembrandt scenes where Jewish Rabbis and Dutch cavaliers seem holding some mysterious meeting in a cellar, where but one ray of light comes; there are radiant Cuyps, and angelic visions of Murillo. As for the sofas, they are soft as clouds; and the curtains frame the windows with a rose-coloured light, as of sunshine penetrating through flowers.

It gives me rather a chill to step mentally out of this rose-leaf world, and to go back in memory to that faded genteel house in the parish of SS. Philip and Jacob, where the young genius was born. It is in the most wretched quarter of that city which the slave-trade enriched, that this raw brick house, with its square parallel windows and smoky walls, now stands. It is in the very centre of that whirlpool of mud that is called Bristol, far away from the stately street where pompous merchants, fresh from the Exchange, talk over bygone business; far from the old mediæval gateways and sculptured towers; far away from Chatterton's dim room above the porch; far from the silent quays and the old deserted squares, once the centre of wealth and fashion. The city that let Savage pine in prison, and Chatterton poison himself in Brook Street, is probably ignorant that it ever gave birth to so small a genius as even Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Like all parvenues, who never rest till they irritate an accidental want into a disgrace, and who spend their first guinea in going to the Herald's for one of those absurd parchment ground-plans, where, from a central lie, branch a dozen hypotheses, Lawrence, the well-known phenomenon son of the landlord of the Bear Inn at Devizes, was enabled, by the imagination and exertions of kind antiquarian friends, to trace himself up to a crusading knight, whom that great king—half lion, half wolf—Richard the First, dubbed at the siege of Acre. His mother they proved to be of the gentle blood of the Powisses. Bygone estates were showered upon these dug-up ancestors; and baronets were proved to be traceable on both sides of the House. We all know now that these heraldic tracings are purchasable by money, and amount to nothing more than an expensive catalogue of all known persons of your own names who have grown rich since the Conquest.

The rich people who associated with Lawrence in his time of prosperity and wealth, finding him handsome, well-mannered, a clever actor, a good billiard player, a good shot, and nearly everything but a good rider, could not rest till they had proved the good taste of their friendship by showing that the landlord's son was no plebeian born. Only one taste of their *protégé's* they did not care to remember, and that was his early love of pugilism, and how, with all his native city's passion for bruising, he used to take a boy—afterwards his model for Satan—and go out into a field where they could pummel out their grievances like two young blacksmiths.

Lawrence's crotchety, restless father was just the man whose son might have been expected to be clever. His life was a web of half-begun schemes and incomplete studies. It was a mind unfocussed and undirected strongly to a given point. In the son the bias came early, from the twofold fact of his father having been once an artist, and his inn at Bristol being adorned with good engravings; from such twofold advantages of innate faculty and youthful direction sprang the genius. He has been a solicitor; then a travelling poet and artist; he married a clergyman's daughter; ran through his money; became a supervisor of Excise at Bristol, in the gloomy house we have described; he gave up this to take the White Lion Inn, to which he added a coffee house and small farm; in due time became, as might be expected of such a rolling stone and feather-brain, bankrupt; emerged again as landlord of the fashionable posting inn, the Bear, at Devizes; and there was absorbed into the superior effulgence of his child's genius.

The father seems to have been a vain, restless, bustling, good-humoured man, with the scholar and gentleman curiously peeping out sometimes through the landlord. Dressed in black, with enormous powdered periwig and starched ruffles, he would bustle in to his hungry, irritable, newly-arrived guests, with, instead of the bill of fare, Milton and Shakspeare under his arm, out of which he would insist on reciting special passages. In the mother we find the quiet, gentle, English lady, honourably lowering her spirit to her humble duties, and submitting with touching patience to the insults or impatience of the rich or insolent.

Long after, Lord Kenyon used to relate how the father would come into private parlours, and say how the phenomenon, only five years old, would either take their likenesses or repeat Milton's "Pandemonium." At that moment the door opens, and in bursts the beautiful child, careering round the room on a stick. He was asked if he could take the gentleman's likeness. "That I can," he said; "and very like too." So he drew Lord Kenyon "very like too," told Mrs. Kenyon her face was not straight, and was coaxed and praised, as might be expected.

Once a year the inimitable Garrick stopped at the Bear, and was instantly off to the summer-house with his French wife, to hear "the one or two speeches Tommy had learned since last time." Prince, Hoare, Sheridan, Wilkes—everybody—heard the little boy with the antelope eyes, patted him on the head, and had their likenesses taken. The phenomenon was a boy of extraordinary beauty, with a Grecian mouth, a perfect nose, woman's eyes, prettily surprised eyebrows, and rich hair, falling in curling torrents on his boyish shoulders.

How could such a genius—so double-armed, so beautiful—but be spoiled. The only wonder is he did not grow up a monster, without heart or stomach. The father had sixteen children; one of them was already at Oxford when Thomas, the genius, was sent to a small school near the old fortifications, on St. Michael's Hill, Bristol. A real live earl was among his schoolfellows. A scrap of French and a mouthful of Latin was all the landlord's son learned. Five years of this school, and he was taken away by his foolish, impracticable father, again to paint and spout. Not yet of him could it be said, as Fuseli afterwards foolishly said, intending, by a volley of undue praise, to cover a stab of unjust detraction, "But, by Got, he paints eyes better than Teeshian."

At six Lawrence painted his first remembered portrait. At seven he was so well-known that his likeness was engraved by Sherwin. The same year that Mrs. Siddons declared the boy's voice was just and true, Garrick made a face at him, took him on his knee, and asked

Tommy if he would be actor or painter. "Which was it?" But this precocity, though dangerous, is not rare, but it is only in special cases that it is recorded. At eight Reynolds drew Plympton Church; at seven West sketched his sleeping sister; and at six Morland was renowned.

Lawrence's father would not let him, as he called it, cramp his genius by reading books or rules,—and here he was wise; but he took him round to gentleman's seats, to see the old masters that rusticated there. These sights came as healthy "coolers" to the boy's rising vanity. The glory of a Rubens made him sigh, and say, "Oh! I shall never paint like that." From reciting Joseph's story, and Pope's "Ye nymphs of Solyma, begin the song," at the mature age of ten, little Tom began to aim at high Art and religious history—"Christ reproving Peter," for instance. He had yet to learn his limitations.

The boy began to go the round of the country houses. His drawings were the playthings of the drawing-room table, and furnished topics for those bewigged *dilettanti* and *cognoscenti* whom Herne describes as twaddling about the Correggiosity of Correggio; one special king of Twaddledom even dilated, in his book, on the clever boy who drew strong likenesses of any one with freedom and grace in exactly seven minutes.

The rolling-stone of a father evidently now discovered that his true mine was his son. He threw by his inn, and first wandering about Oxford and Weymouth, as if he had been a showman, and his son a learned pig, he settled down in Bath, where, if his son prove a genius of the true mint, his future is easy: no more frothing up ale, or shouting stern directions for the "Blue Parlour," for Mr. Lawrence now—no, no! A deformed sister of peevish Cumberland—Sheridan's Sir Fretful Plagiary—comes and lives with them. The Oxford son gets a Bath lectureship. The daughters go to school, and the eldest becomes companion in a baronet's family. His house cost him a hundred a-year. The son's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as Zara, was engraved. Sir Henry Harpur wanted to adopt him as his son; and a painter even proposed to paint the future flattering fashionable portrait-painter as Christ. His oval crayon likenesses at a guinea and a half became the rage; and, to crown all, besides the patronage of Lord Cremorne and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, the boy made himself famous by drawing Miss Shakspeare, the "toast" of the day, from memory: his cultivated memory of the human face had become a genius.

There was one shoal, however, he seemed likely to split on: he fancied he was more actor than painter, and being least successful in this art, grew more anxiously proud of it; on the same principle on which Milton preferred his "Paradise Regained" to his "Paradise Lost." If he had become an actor, he would have returned to painting, but with mind soured and warped, and time lost. His father, thinking the brush more profitable than the buskin, arranged a plot with the comedians Palmer and Bernard. Old Lawrence and friends are in the back room, the unblushing phenomenon and the two actors in the front; the blow is to be struck heavy and sudden—no second one will be required. The scheme was dramatic: Palmer took an armchair at one end of the room, while Bernard, opening "The Brides of Venice," began a scene in which he was Priuli, and Lawrence Jaffier. The tyro went on for some time, then stopped; no one prompted him; he hemmed, he coughed, he was lost. At this moment, Palmer, rising gravely from his chair, took the boy regretfully by the hands, and assured him that the stage was not a safe undertaking for him; and while he was still talking, the father burst in, crying, "What!

Jaffier! why, Tom, they would not let you murder even a conspirator!" then the friends chimed in a chorus about the advantages of Art, and the shame of neglecting and treading under foot natural genius, and the thing was done; the father and the winking actors felt, as they left the crushed and tearful boy, that they had won the game.

It was at this time, when a lady describes him to a friend as a handsome boy, with collar thrown back, and with his dark curls falling and almost hiding his face as he drew, that he obtained a medal and other honours from the Society of Arts for a crayon copy of the Transfiguration. And now, too, he met the great Barry, was bewitched by his fervid words, and determined to come to London and study oil-painting. He took a house in Leicester Square, where Reynolds lived, and had an introduction to the great president. It was a solemn interview; the great man was just snubbing a pert young artist, and dismissing him with the cold and safe valediction of "Well, well—go on, go on." The president was kind to Tom, said he saw he had been studying the old masters, and advised him to go to Nature:—to Nature he went, but it was to the nature of the drawing-room. West and Westall were fellow-students at the Academy, at the time when the bright-eyed country genius was drawing the Apollo and the Fighting Gladiator.

Already, Lawrence had told his friends that no one but Reynolds matched him in heads; and now he came up to London to measure weapons with Reynolds, Opie, Hoppner, and Gainsborough. For the wantonness of Hoppner and the elegance of Gainsborough he was a match; Opie, beside him, was coarse and wooden; but Reynolds he could not touch,—he could paint women with fawn's eyes, creatures fair and graceful as flowers, but he could not paint majesty, thought, and intellect like Reynolds. For a year or two, at this time, the young painter seems to have been intoxicated with success, and to have been as affected a youth as could well be imagined. At parties with Farington, Smirke, and Fuseli, he would rise up whenever there was a lull in conversation, reeking in a soft, bland, conceited voice long-winded speeches from Milton, as Fuseli, always violent,—which he thought was to be strong,—cruelly said, "Very like Belial, but deuced unlike Beelzebub."

Lawrence's first great picture, after leaving Leicester Square for Jermyn Street, was ambitious, but in a mistaken direction. He painted for Payne Knight—who poor Haydon had so much to do with—an Homeric picture; the young pugilist Jackson, afterwards Byron's Mentor, sat as a model; but his first great triumph was a successful portrait of a beauty and a celebrity—Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby. This was a legitimate omen of his success in every way. It was a portrait in the first place, and secondly, it was a female portrait—here was his strength. He painted the beauty in a white John cloak; critics tried to make mischief by comparing it to old Sir Joshua's Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia—her thin bare arms and winter muff the critics spit at, till Burke said that "painter's proprieties are always best"—a very poor argument for irrational conventions.

But the crown of the young man's success was painting portraits of the King and Queen, to be sent out by Lord Macartney for the Emperor of China. It was quite enough: the King had said, 'This is a genius, he shall paint for me:' at once the air round No. —, Jermyn Street grew yellow with the flying swarms of guineas.

But in one thing the young Deizes genius was unlucky. He had sown nettles of debt, which would grow round his easel, till that day he should be lifted from the floor, and the doctor

feeling his pale pulse, should look vacant, and say, with cold, practised mechanism, *dead*. His father was always starting impracticable schemes. He allowed his father and mother £300 a-year. He had perpetual accommodation bills to answer; his domestic outlay was careless and neglected. He kept two houses, one in Jermyn Street for himself, one in Greek Street for his parents. Mr. Angerstein lent him money, on condition he should receive all his earnings till the debt was paid off, allowing the artist £20 a-week. His father had been reckless—expensive, and the son suffered from that same mental disease. Late in life, when borrowing money, Sir Thomas said, "I began life wrongly—I spent more money than I earned, and accumulated debts at heavy interest."

In spite of all his success and ambitious, Lawrence did not exhibit in the Royal Academy till 1787; then, though only eighteen years of age (the year Reynolds exhibited thirteen portraits), Lawrence broke out "forty thousand strong," and sent seven. In 1790, the year he painted the little Princess Amelia, he sent twelve paintings, and took a showier house in Old Bond Street. He still had Hoppner, the favourite of the Prince of Wales, to compete with, and their adherents formed two factions. But there was no stopping Lawrence, who was too prudent to make a fool of himself by painting great pictures that would not sell; he was not going to split his handsome head against the classical rock, like poor frantic Haydon; he was not going, entangled in a net of debts as he was, to drive himself mad by painting huge cartoons of unmeaning mythological dreams stolen from Lempriere. He wanted to carry out the success he had begun at six years of age. He saw that though portrait-painting may, in unworthy hands, be a mere degraded, flattering manufacture, it had been one of the ideals of Art from the time Giotto painted his friend Dante. What he wanted to do was to mow down that prickly underwood of nettles debts that grew so thickly round his easel, and vexed him as he worked. And this was strong and noble in the painter of beautiful women: he did well in not setting up a sham and dead ideal—only another name for his own vanity—and burning incense before it, and worshipping it perpetually. No; he, like a true man, found out his limitations, and what he could do, and did it, and did nothing else:—did not, as some men I know do, pine and fret out their lives, trying to do just what God never meant them,—turning away vexed and discontented with the simple work they could do so well and easily, and straining for the impossible excellence that lures them to poverty and ridicule. Faucy Teniers giving up his quiet skittle-players and snug inn revels, and growing thin as a thread-paper with envy, staring his life away before Raphael's "Transfiguration." No, no, not he: he was satisfied with his own triumphs in his own humble world, and remained the easy king and lord of it, as he deserved for his wisdom. Before those erring men let the vision of Haydon, dabbled in blood before his unfinished picture, come sometimes as a terrible warning. Let them think of dead Wilkie being let down into his deep, still grave, among the laving waters of the Spanish seas; and remember how the man who was born to show us the piety and simple happiness of the Scotch peasant's cot, sold his birthright for the miserable satisfaction of painting bad historical pictures,—streaky, smeared, flimsy, empty wind-bags of pictures, without feeling or without life.

Lawrence was too cold of blood, and too *blasé* with early success, to throw away his fame and income to feed such nightmare Sirens as these. He went on working bravely and hard, believing in no glory to be picked ready-ripe from the tree—no fame to be built up without blood, tears, and sweat, as the

cement. This lady's man, in spite of his soft, dark eyes, and taper, white hands too, could work still in a way that his eruding ancestor (if he ever lived), pounding away at the gates of Aere, at the head of the Red Crosses, might not have sneered at. On one occasion (I think when painting tremendous Lord Thurlow's portrait), Lawrence, walking about all the time (for he seldom sat down to work), painted two whole days and one night without stopping. Professor Wilson loved to write at a breathing, and, with a cigar and some sherry, he shut up till he had thundered out one of his "Noctes;" but the feat is scarcely so wonderful as the strain of body and mind thus successfully, and without any recorded injury, borne by the fashionable painter. Not in vain, we should think, had been those strippings to the waist, and those lashing out fights in the Bristol fields; well those rough sunburnt cricketings and tumbling wrestles of early days. There was stamina for work in this graceful pet of drawing-rooms; pith in this quiet, equable man, who could have moved unruddled in any court of Europe, and not have passed for the worst bred man either, landlord's son though he was.

Now, as the sun of popularity grew hotter and brighter on that favoured Jermyn Street house, in spite of West's growing fame, with his tame history and rapid religion,—in spite of Opie and Hoppner,—the painter would daily hear, as he set his palette of early mornings, faster and louder roll the wheels of coroneted chariots, louder and more fulminating beat the volleying knocks of fat-legged footmen, with strawberry leaves on their glittering buttons. Vanity, vanity, all is vanity indeed, he might have cried with the wise king; but then, why should he rave at Vanity, who fed upon the crumbs that fell from her table! Not, mind, that we would drag Lawrence, who had been the correspondent and friend of Reynolds and Cowper, down to the level of the mere flattering portrait painter: the smooth man whose duty it is to improve nature—to turn bilious yellows and dyspeptic lividness to maiden earnation and the light that burus within the rose; who pares off warts, irons down wrinkles, puts the dial of age back half a dozen degrees, leaves the white streaks out of the hair, plumps out the sinking cheeks, refills the mouth with its lost pearls; in fact, that fools and flatters you that others may also come to be in turn cheated, fooled, and flattered. He was not the mere smirking empty-headed coxcomb, who paints coxcombs and feather-brains so well from pure sympathy,—who, as he flicks on his carmines and rose madders, trips out his commonplaces and miserable compliments, which only people more foolish than himself would simper at, in that ridiculous way peculiar to people who know they are being flattered.

No; Lawrence was too early satiated with praise, too early, as the phenomenon landlord's son, accustomed to all the sillinesses and triflingisms of people of fashion, to care much for such ephemeral fame as the glitter of a May exhibition could give him. He, who at thirteen had considered himself second only to Reynolds, and superior to Opie and Hoppner—whose ambition, with occasional outbreaks not specially successful, had been sensibly content with portrait-painting fame—was too *blasé* with small success to care for anything but real eminence in Art. Above his easel, Rembrandt's Jew Rabbi looked ever gravely down on the fops and "toasts" who filled his studio, inciting him to higher efforts; not sufficient for him was the legendary dying speech of Reynolds, "that Lawrence begins where I leave off."

He, the fashionable painter, who was welcome in any society,—who knew everybody and was seen everywhere,—who had none of

the dust and sordor of the struggling pioneer genius about him, but was to all the equable, coldly-warm, perfect gentleman, who could flirt, or gossip with the best, was all this time, when money poured in, and every paper brayed out its foolish praise, not really happy or content. No, not even at Rome, when in the Vatican the gracious successor of St. Peter descended, from his throne, to go to his room, and put on the real Fisherman's ring;—no, not when, after the Peace, two emperors sat to him, and the autocrat of Russia "graciously condescended," as the phrase goes, to shift his picture, and alter the easel pegs;—no, not when Metternich invited him to go and see the Colosseum by moonlight. No; he knew his weakness as well as the merest youngster who but yesterday cried ready to break his heart over the first picture returned from the Academy, with the fatal R chalked upon the back. He knew that though he could give sunshiny eyes, dewy with tears of joy and laughter,—hair falling in golden cascades over shoulders that Venus might have envied,—that he could not build up a senatorial head like Titian; that he could not infuse into his painted eyes the thought and wisdom that Raphael knew how to infuse. What was his Mr. Angerstein, and his oracular Payne Knight, who did not think much of the Elgin marbles, to Vandyck's Gevartius, on which Rubens is thought to have painted, and which Vandyck is said to have kept in his paint box, like a precious amulet? He knew the witchery of blushing flesh, of the glow of health, of sea-blue eyes, of vermilion lips, dewy as flower leaves after rain; but he felt that his art was somewhat of the meretricious and flimsy,—that it wanted the solidity and thoughtfulness of the old masters,—that, compared with Titian, that Homer of painting, he was a mere clever child, who drew pretty faces.

That dreadful npholstery picture of George IV. by Lawrence shows us how dangerous it is for a man of limited powers to ever attempt the grand, historic air. There was nothing grand in the padded, worn out, fat old gentleman; but then, that is no reason the painter should have buried him alive with sofas, curtains, and console tables.

Yet, small as the ideal of Lawrence was, is not the whole world of Art contained in the oval of the human face? Are not all phases of day and night to be looked in the dark sea of the human eye, where rain and sunshine, and all transitions from noon to twilight, flit and change? Are not all the curves of geometry to be found in the changes of the lips? all the varieties and gradations of colour in the rose-tints of the cheek? The alchemist called the human body "the little world," believing it had its own sun and constellation, sea and air—might not the name be more appropriately given to the human face?

Let us not, then, call the great portrait-painter's ideal a mean one.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES STARK.

THIS artist, whose landscapes have, with the exception of one rather long interval, for a period of nearly forty years, been contributed to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the British Institution, died, in the sixtieth year of his age, at his residence in Mornington Place, Hampstead Road, on the 24th of March: he had long been in a declining state of health, but the illness which terminated in his death was severe, and rapid in its results.

In the volume of the *Art-Journal* for 1850 appeared a portrait of Mr. Stark, with a biographical sketch of his career. Those of our readers who desire to acquaint themselves with the history of

his life will find it recorded there. It will be sufficient for us now to repeat only a few leading facts. Mr. Stark was a native of Norwich, and was placed as a pupil with the elder Crome, whose son, the late John Crome, had been his schoolfellow and companion. Soon after the term of his articles had expired, he came up to London, and was admitted a student of the Royal Academy in 1817. His first picture—"Boys Bathing"—was exhibited about this time, and was purchased by the then Dean of Windsor. Other works followed in succession, and found their way into the collections of Sir J. G. Egerton, the Marquis of Stafford, the Countess de Grey, Sir F. Chantrey, T. Phillips, R.A., Lord Northwick, Mr. Watson Taylor, Sir G. Beaumont, Sir F. Freeling, &c. &c., patrons whose well-known taste and judgment suffice to evidence the merits of this artist's pictures. In the very midst of his success, however, he was compelled, by a severely painful affliction, to leave London, and return to the care of his family at Norwich, where he remained twelve years, the first three of which he passed without the ability to practise his profession. In 1830 he returned to London, remained here ten years, and then, in consequence of the death of his wife, took up his residence at Windsor, the neighbourhood of which supplied him with subjects for numerous pictures. About the year 1850 he once more was established in London, being induced to remove from the country by the desire to afford his son, Mr. A. J. Stark—who, by the way, has recently exhibited some small pictures of considerable merit—the advantages derivable from the Art-schools of the metropolis.

It cannot be denied that the later productions of the deceased painter found less favour with the public than his earlier works. Other patrons of Art arose, "who knew not Joseph." His quiet, unpretending, and unobtrusive style, true as it was to nature, did not suit the prevailing taste of the last few years; but still his works were looked for and appreciated by those who relish genuine English landscape delineated with a careful, firm pencil, and clothed in a garb of sober colouring, which attracts and satisfies, but does not dazzle, the senses.

MR. WILLIAM EVANS.

We recorded, in the early part of the year, the death of Mr. William Evans, which occurred on the 7th of December last, after three or four years of intense suffering. We are now enabled to offer to our readers a brief sketch of his life, from the pen of a brother artist who knew him intimately.

Mr. Evans was an associated member of the old Society of Painters in Water Colours, and was better known as "Evans of Bristol," in order to distinguish him from "Evans of Etou," another well-known and earlier member of the same society. It is with infinite pain we bow ourselves to that fiat which in this instance strikes out, by an irresistible necessity, from the list of living painters, a man of such original powers and depth of feeling as Mr. Evans.

In landscape painting, his chief and most successful pursuit, we have never had a man since the origin of our water-colour school, running in a parallel course of Art, and with the same successful results, with that of the one whose demise we now deplore. His originality was perfect and unique; so much so as to induce the impression that he might have come amongst us already a painter, without previously seeing the works of any other painter. He certainly had, among other things, the one great advantage of pursuing his subject from the first, without the warp so often received from the ordinary elementary tuition. His sole contests were those with Nature, and he soon found, from hard knocks received alone in these encounters, that she must be resolutely seized to be made to yield. He, like all of us, commenced with small arms, and found that his spoils were necessarily small. Earlier than any student we have known, he relinquished his first mode, and assumed a broader front; and sooner than any other whose career we have followed, did he realize larger and more general concessions to his artistic power.

It will be already perceived that our prepossessions are highly in favour of the subject of this memoir; and, under this circumstance, it would

perhaps appear injudicious, in the present state of the critical press, to say, that we cannot call to memory a single instance in which we ever made a microscopic study of a *piece of lichen, moss, thistle-down, or cherry-blossom*; but we have a vivid recollection of a passage introduced in one of his landscapes, in which the fragile and beautiful minor convolvulus winds for support its elegant and graceful binding stem around the scarcely less fragile stem of one of the reed-like grasses: a true picture of frailty leaning on frailty, and which, being as true a picture of the frailty of the moral and physical world leaning for support on its equally frail sister half, outweighs in moral and poetical beauty three acres of lichen, six bushels of thistle-down, or an orchard of cherry-blossom. Evans, in his treatment of these things (for all true Art is some specific treatment of some specific thing, productive of some one specific beauty, belonging to it or deducible from it, without disparagement to its essential nature or quality), closely follows out the precepts of the great and illimitable Book he was closely reading during the whole of his life. He found, from the varied pages of this great book, that the initial forms imposed by creation on our world were first the largest, and that the secondary forms occurred in descending sequence; and though vegetable life might have been initiated by the smaller, yet to descend in Art much more than half way towards these would he to lose much of the impressiveness resulting from a treatment in which the larger and more general is kept in the ascendant. His treatment, however, of these extremes betrayed his true appreciation of both, the one being only subordinated to the other. His sense of close character, again, induced a natural mode of execution, by which, while attending to the ultimate realization of the principal forms, the secondary incidents became sufficiently indicated.

In treating hill and mountain scenery, he would appear to have never emulated the beautiful, the light, the graceful. He often said, "There are already too many doing this." But he never, on the other hand, omitted to give a large equivalent in character and rugged grandeur, supported by a wondrous force and "presence" of the things represented. Hill crests, under his management, become natural ramparts, to scale which would require high physical force and hardihood: they were not places for picnics, nor for strolls; and the gloomy depth of the valley would be immeasurable but from the flashing light from the undulous mirror-surface of the low and far-off torrent, which enables the eye to measure its remoteness. If one simple phrase would more than any other serve to realize a just idea of this style, it may be said of it that it is "essentially male;" and, by way of mere illustration, that upon scanning attentively one of the sides of his nearer hills, you would instinctively throw off your dress boots, and arm your feet with the iron-bound mountain-shoe of the district.

Many circumstances of Mr. Evans's life contributed, if not to create, to nurture this proneness to robust Art. He domiciled himself for many years in the centre of a grand gorge of this mountain scenery in North Wales, at a farm called Tyn-y-Cai, on an extensive pool forming the junction of the Iledr with the Conway. A Cyclopien cottage formed the farm-house; and while accommodating himself to the habits of its primitive inmates, his mind became more and more unaccommodating to any but the impressions furnished by the stern features around him. Isolated thus from schools, and studios, and exhibitions, it was only to be feared that he might fall into the trite, circumscribed, or minute, or have evaporated into the unreal and flimsy; but his original impulse never left him, and during this period of his career he produced what must perhaps be considered his finest works, and amongst them a small one, of superb merit and pathos, called "Trath Mawr." A continuation of the dreary Trath forms the foreground, in which, at a distance, a figure on a pony—uneasy and restive under the combined annoyance of wind, rain, and no footing—waits for, and hails, the unseemly ferry-boat.

He was not less felicitous in grappling with the true characteristics of the torments that stir the gloom of these dreary regions, threading their downward course in a thousand more or less defined rills, collecting themselves into tranquil pools, rushing

with darkening force through gloomy gorges, fretting their margius amongst minor impediments, and leaping with surging bound the larger obstructions to their career, at once trammelled and impetuous. Nothing can be imagined much finer than his occasional treatment of the cottage scenery of the same district; and not limited to the exteriors, but frequently furnished by the views of their interiors, which rival, in force, colour, and light and shade, some of the finest works by the great Dutch masters of the same style, bearing closer upon that of Rembrandt than any one else, though they are felt at once to be neither imitations of one nor the other.

The last three years of Evans's studies from nature were spent in Italy, ranging between the extreme north, or lake districts, and as far south as Salerno; wintering at Genoa, Rome, and Naples, from which places he accumulated stores of material which will now never be realized in the form of completed works. His treatment of Italian subjects was again perfectly original, when compared with the general staple of other men's works, and he may be said to have made it bend in an extraordinary manner to that same masculine genius which sustained him so triumphantly through the best of his English subjects.

In the earlier portion of this notice it was said, "it will already be perceived that our prepossessions are highly in favour of the subject of this memoir." It is true; and if Mr. Evans may have had, in common with the great painters of every age, some few points to detract from this large catalogue of pictorial powers, let the microscopic critic of the day detect them—logically or illogically attempt to prove, multiply, and enlarge them. We can only say, with a genuine love of true Art and real grandeur before us, it is impossible to do so without first flinging aside the infinitely greater enjoyment of his beauties, and that the loss and error by this process would be too flagrant and too palpable to submit to for the mere purpose of flinging a few sun-spots upon the glowing front of genius.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The lottery at the *Salon* is definitively fixed at one franc the ticket; we hope next month to give some report of the exhibition. It is said the jury, composed of the first class of members of the Institute, has been excessively severe in their rejection of proffered works; our correspondent states that works by Chaplin, and other eminent artists, have been refused.—M. Duprenoir, a landscape painter of talent, is dead; he was a great traveller, and executed many views of Russian, English, and Scotch scenery: he was born about the year 1800.—The splendid buildings of the Boulevard de Sebastopol advance rapidly; this spring will witness the destruction of nearly the whole of the Rue de la Harpe, and all the buildings which surround the Sorbonne.

MUNICH.—There are few authors who understand well the invention or the recitation of a story; in German literature we can scarcely name one other besides Giun and Musæus: and so also is it in painting; indeed, we can mention but two such artists, E. Neureuther, of Munich, and A. Richter, of Dresden, who understand this representation in a truly artistic manner. But lately still a third is solving this problem in a new, original, and surprising manner—Moritz Schwind, who is surely obtaining an elevated rank. The fame of the painting of the "Seven Ravens," which adorned the German Exposition at Munich, has certainly extended beyond the Channel. Before this, Schwind had represented the well-known charming tale of "Aschenbrödel," in a series of drawings. This work, executed in three great divisions, now in the possession of the Baron von Frankenstein, has been engraved by Professor Fules Thaeter, and published by Piloty and Evehle; to this engraving I would direct your attention. The story, I presume, is well known. Schwind's arrangement divides it into three parts, an introduction to the departure for the princely (*royal*) feast, and the neglect of Aschenbrödel; her appearance at it, and abrupt departure, leaving behind her the golden slipper—forming, as it were, the *allegro* and *adagio* of the symphony; and finally, in the third picture, the discovery of Aschenbrödel by the prince, and the universal rejoicing of the people. Besides the minor scenes appertaining to the story, two others are added in the ornamental bordering, representing

the final triumph of oppressed and persecuted innocence, viz. the Grecian fable of "Amor and Psyche," and the German legend of "Doruroeslein," the maiden thrown by an angry fairy into an enchanted sleep, and imprisoned in an enchanted castle, from which a valiant young prince rescues her. In the first picture we see the richly apparelled sisters entering the litter which is to bring them to the royal ball; the father follows, bearing the lap-dog in his arms: the mother is yet absent, engaged in confining the poorly-clothed Aschenbrödel in the kitchen. A small picture, preceding this one, gives us a view of the sisters' dressing-room, while one following represents Aschenbrödel mourning over the pile of grains which she is charged to *sort*, with the doves assisting her, and the good fairy entering with her gifts. In the second drawing Aschenbrödel, richly dressed by the fairy, appears, resplendent with grace and beauty, at the prince's ball; the prince, on his knees, is greeting her, and her sisters, affrighted, are staring at their rival. Joy and brightness, beauty and love, are to be found in that painting, which, as a contrast, is followed by the night in the second one, where the prince is looking for her who so suddenly vanished, but discovers only her elegant shoe. Between happiness and grief—for she cannot be found, as the fairy has carried her through the air—is merely a small painting, showing the watchman on the palace tower, with piercing gaze seeking through the night traces of the refugee: finally she is found. We have seen the unfortunate prince, full of grief, looking at the golden shoe, and now Aschenbrödel is discovered to be the happy and charming one to whom the shoe belongs, and she becomes his bride, amid the astonishment of the step-parents, the rage of the sisters, and the acclamations of the populace. It is engraved from the drawing which Feid Piloty has made of Schwind's picture, in which also attention is paid to the distinction of light and dark colour. We know not which deserves the highest praise, the beauty and elegance of the drawing, the well-defined character of the figures, the representation of mingled emotions, or the highly humorous *intermezzo*. The richness and clearness of the composition make the work a source of pleasure to the artist, or an elegant adornment for the drawing-room.—The Album of King Louis, which is, so to speak, a general German exposition of Art, will be finished during the present summer, in the same establishment as the faithful and exact portraits of the beauties of King Louis' Gallery.—The historical painter Joseph Anthony Fischer died here on the 20th of March.—Franz Adam, the son of the celebrated battle-painter, has just finished a portrait, the size of life, of the veteran Marshal Radetzky on horseback. The picture, painted by command of the emperor, is destined for the arsenal in Vienna. The marshal is on his well-known grey horse, and though the animal is standing still, there is much life and vigour in every part. As a horse-painter, Franz Adam has long enjoyed a high reputation. The usual quiet look of the marshal is preserved in the old soldier's countenance; he seems thoughtfully waiting the result of some well-laid plans. There is something touching in the filial veneration which the young emperor cherishes for the memory of his old and faithful servant. At his death and at his funeral there was no mark of honour or of personal respect omitted which it was possible for the survivor to show the dead. The picture is greatly praised, and is considered one of the best works of the master. The best proof of the faithful individuality of the portrait is to be found in the manifold recollections which the sight of it calls forth in all the old companions-in-arms or acquaintances who come to look at the well-known features.—Another picture which has made quite a sensation here is the work of Ludwig von Hagn, and is at the present moment the cynosure on which all eyes are directed at the exhibition of the Art-Union. It represents a *matinée musicale*; the scene is the terrace—the pleasant, shady terrace—of the pleasure-grounds pertaining to a baronial castle, which, with all its rich ornament and tracery, is seen in the background. The actors consist of a circle of *dilettanti* who are occupied with their music; and the air and dress of the figures denote the high rank of the performers. The costume is that of the last century. In the great Munich Exhibition of last year the artist had a striking picture of the same sort—"A Promenade at Versailles," which gave him, as here also, an admirable opportunity of portraying with delicacy and skill the characteristics of the individual, in addition to that pomp and brilliancy which the court-life of the time presented.—The sculptor Halbig has just completed a bust of Freiherrn von Aufsess, the founder and indefatigable president of the "Germanic Museum." The bust was commanded by his majesty King Louis: the likeness is considered most faithful.

VIENNA.—In one of the churches here, the so-called "Alt Lerchenfeld" Church, a series of fresco paintings has been in progress for some time, and this year it is expected the whole will be brought to a conclusion. The same artist who was entrusted with the execution of the figures in the newly-restored cathedral at Speyen, namely, Joseph Gasser, has been commissioned to undertake the sculpture around the portal of this church. The figures from his hand at Speyen are finely conceived, and a natural ease, as regards the attitude, and a simplicity of treatment in the drapery and other accessories, are the characteristics of his work. The interior of the edifice is also to be restored, and in pulpit, organ, and altar, much of interest will be brought to light which has hitherto been but little heeded.—The artistic world in Vienna gives sign of renewed life and vigour; indeed, it is striking how much progress has been made here in all that relates to Art in the last few years. The changes now going on in the appearance of the city itself will afford many an opportunity for the display of artistic taste and invention. New buildings will be erected, both public and private, and before long we shall have the old Vienna before us with quite a new face.—The casting has taken place of the monument to the memory of the Archduke Charles. Three hundred weight of bronze flowed into the pit, four fathoms deep, in which the mould stood, and all went on successfully. Since the great cast of the upper part of the "Bavaria," at the Munich Foundry, nothing on the same enormous scale has been attempted.

FRANKFORT.—A well-known picture, by Dietz—"The Destruction of the Castle of Heidelberg by the Freuch, under General Melac"—is now exhibiting here. The first time we saw it was at Munich, just after its completion, and again at the great exhibition of works of Art held in that city last year. Although on these pages no reference to politics finds a place, we cannot help observing that this picture, with all its truthful delineation of human woe and wanton destruction of a monument of beauty, is the very fittest reply that could be offered to certain phrases lately disseminated anent "Liberty," "Civilisation," and "Regeneration of the Peoples." The name of Melac is so execrated to this very day in Wirtemberg, that we have ourselves heard in the Black Forest many a dog called so. The deep curse of a whole people fell blasting on that man's head, and popular feeling gave itself vent by thus applying the name of him who, more like a demon than a human creature, had brought woe into every homestead. The picture is a street scene. In the background, high over the houses, rises the Castle of Heidelberg, as seen from that side fronting the terrace, and looking down on the town and the river. Smoke and flames are pouring forth from the windows of the castle, and vast volumes of smoke roll away over the other parts of the magnificent building, filling the sky with terror equal to that seen in the thronged street below. There is an ill-boding look in the wild shapes sailing along high above the devoted heads of the agonised burghers. In the foreground rides Melac through the crowd: he looks down with a demonic calmness on a group composed of a young mother, an old man, and two weeping maidens. The groups of soldiery hastening through the town are animated, and there is life in the composition. We could wish, however, that the colouring were other than it is—the flesh of most of the figures has none of the warmth and vitality of flesh; it is waxen and unlife-like. Crowds of visitors flock to see the picture, for it is especially interesting at this moment, when philanthropic intentions are unfolding, thus to behold in a palpable shape the work of "regeneration."—The Kunst Verein of this city has just purchased a small picture of Annibal Caracci, representing the Holy Family, and another of Ribeira, named "Spagnolletto," the subject of which is the Good Samaritan. Both were bought for a very moderate sum, the uncertain state of the financial world having already begun to exercise its influence even in this direction.—From the above-named society the Grand Duke of Baden has obtained a charming little picture by Overbeck, for the sum of 2500 florins.

DRESDEN.—Bendermann is about to depart from here, to begin his duties at Dusseldorf. There is but one feeling of regret at this event, for he has been more than twenty years a member of the Academy, and his beneficial influence has made itself felt, and has been acknowledged by all.—Ludwig Gruner, the keeper of the print-room in our museum, has been appointed professor of engraving in place of Herrn Steinla, lately deceased.

STUTTGART.—A collection of old German pictures of the Swabian school has just been purchased by the government of Herrn Abel, in order that they may be incorporated with the national collection. There are seventy-nine in all.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.*

PART I.—EDIFICES.

"The Niobe of nations, there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now,
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
Old Tiber, through a marble wilderness?
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress "

Childe Harold.

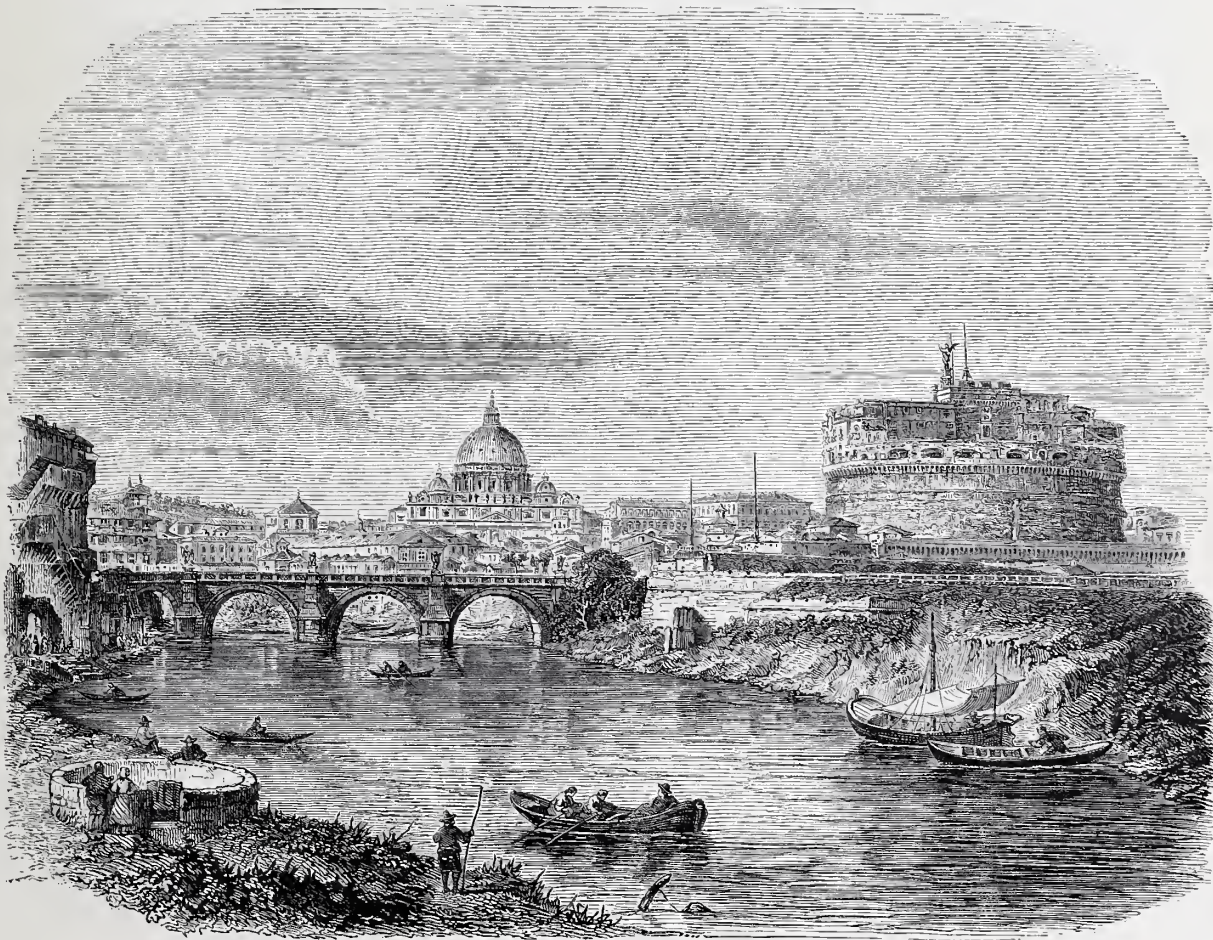


ITALY is the country, and Rome the city, to which for ages the foot of the traveller has turned, who desires to see the noblest relics of ancient grandeur, and the finest monuments of a nation's genius in Art. Century after century has served to make desolate her palaces, and lay waste her heritage of greatness; the Goth and the Christian have by turns trampled down and destroyed the landmarks of past glories; foreign wars and intestine feuds have aided in the work of spoliation; and yet Italy stands alone, as a nation, in the magnitude and costliness of her Art-treasures. Almost denuded of political power, a reproach to herself, a derision to her neighbours, her very name partially blotted out from the independent governments of the world,—fair and beautiful without, but unsightly within,—still from all parts of the world men are attracted thither by the memory of what she has been, and by what is yet in her possession. The marvel is that, with the vicissitudes and changes to which the country has been subjected for nearly fifteen hundred years, it retains anything to invite a pilgrimage to its shrine,—that it has not become like Greece, an almost deserted land, and like the

cities of Palestine, where the owl and the hither find a habitation,—that the serpent does not hiss in the ancient halls of revelry, the springs of her rivers are not choked up, and her vineyards do not grow wild grapes. It is from the forbearance of other nations, and the reverence felt for her former magnificence and glory, that such results have not happened, more than from any efforts made by her own children to preserve the inheritance bequeathed them by their forefathers. It will be our purpose, in the series of papers of which this is the commencement, to describe and illustrate some of the most remarkable of these Art-monuments—architectural, sculptural, and pictorial—which Rome contains. To many of our readers the subject, doubtless, will not be altogether new: the ground has been often travelled over; but it will bear revisiting, and a renewal of old acquaintances, through our pages, we hope will not be unacceptable to any who may have wandered through the streets, or contemplated the galleries, of "imperial Rome."

There are two phases of Art which people visit Rome to see: one, what is left of the works of the old Romans; the other, what has been created in the city, or gathered within its limits, during the last five or six hundred years: the former is almost entirely restricted to architecture and sculpture; the latter adds to these, painting in its most elevated character. In this article it is proposed to deal only with the subject of its ancient architecture, though one of the illustrations which now accompany our remarks we have selected because it represents a principal view of Rome as it now stands.

What a train of memories must pass over the mind of the student of Roman history both past and present, as he walks through the city, still grand amid its comparative desolation, or extends his visit of inspection through the surrounding suburbs. How, as he surveys each shattered ruin of some noble building celebrated in its annals, will he repeople the scene with the men whose names are chronicled in the most famous pages of the world's history; and the events with which those names are connected will rise up before him in all their glory or infamy. Every foot of ground is eloquent with the stories of truth or tradition. There, is pointed out to him the actual or presumed spot where the Roman populace, in the majesty of a righteous indignation, kindled



MODERN ROME FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE TIBER.

at the altar on which an insulted matron was sacrificed, rose up and expelled from his throne the last of their kings;—he sees the city filled with hordes of wild, ferocious, but warlike barbarians, and the venerable senators waiting in their official robes the fate of the vanquished from the hands of the infuriated Gauls;—he traces on the locality where Caesar, the crowned conqueror, fell

beneath the daggers of Brutus and his fellow-conspirators against the man whose valour, genius, and success excited the jealousy of his countrymen;—he stands, perhaps, upon another spot of ground, which once, according to tradition, opened, and then closed again, over the body of a self-immolating patriot;—he remembers that in the midst of the city the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and his fellow-labourer, whose assumed successor now sits enthroned on the Seven Hills, suffered martyrdom at the bidding of a tyrant and fiend, and that thousands professing the Christian faith yielded up their lives, in every possible form of violent deaths, amid the rejoicings of assembled multitudes;—and, if he be an Englishman, he will not forget that an ancient British sovereign was led captive through those streets, exclaiming as he passed along and saw the

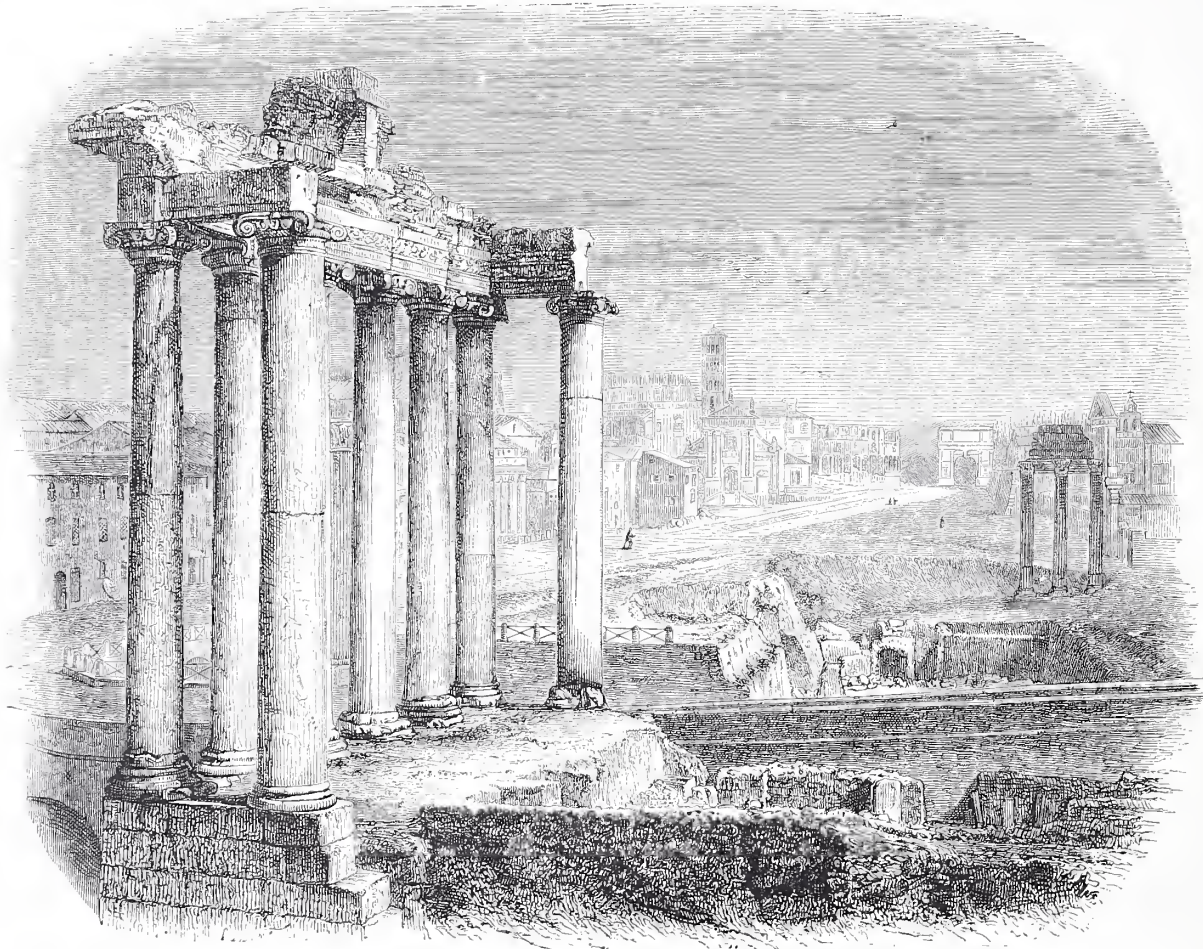
* We commence, with this article, a series of papers on the principal Art works in Rome: the illustrations which accompany them are from the large and costly work of M. Amengaud, of Paris, one of the most enterprising publishers in Europe of illustrated books of a high character, and with whom we have entered into an arrangement for a supply of such woodcuts as will best answer our purpose, and maintain the position which our illustrated pages have long secured to us.

grandeur of the proud and haughty city, "How can a people possessed of such magnificence at home envy me my humble cottage in Britain?" These, and many recollections of similar import, will crowd upon the mind of a stranger as he meditates on what is left to recall the histories associated with old Rome.

It is a fact upon which all writers now agree, that during the early part of the republic the Romans possessed few architectural works of much pretension. The people and their rulers were too intent upon establishing and consolidating the power of the government to give time or attention to the adornment of the city: the private residences of the citizens were simple in structure, and their public buildings were scarcely of a higher character. During the reign of the kings Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus, the last of the race, who was dethroned about two hundred and fifty years after the building of the city, or about 510 B.C., the architecture of the city made considerable progress. The great Temple of Jupiter, in the Capitol, the Circus Maximus, the Romanum Forum, vast aqueducts, the Mamertinus, or prison of Tullius, were among the most remarkable of the public works raised by the kings; but not a vestige of any of them now remains, except of the Mamertinus. The long period which elapsed between the death of Tarquinius Superbus, and the establishment of the empire under Augustus, a period of nearly five hundred years, and designated by historians as the "Commonwealth," was not remarkable

for much improvement in the architectural beauty of Rome. Intestine disputes and foreign wars seem to have engaged the sole attention of the Romans: it was a period of gigantic wars, vast conquests, and wide extension of dominion throughout the three quarters of the globe. Still some edifices not unworthy of this great and powerful nation were erected, especially during the latter portion of the time referred to; but of these, as of those of earlier date, scarcely any traces exist: the only remains which, it is believed, can with any probability be reckoned among them, are the substructures of three ancient temples below the Church of San Nicola in Carcere; the so-called Temple of Fortuna Virilis, near the theatre of Marcellus; and, perhaps, also the three columns in the Forum, by some called the Temple of Jupiter Stator, and by others the temple of Castor and Pollux; of the last mentioned we shall speak hereafter.

The empire being firmly established in the hands of Augustus, and the doors of the Temple of Janus closed—the signal of universal peace—the Emperor directed his thoughts to the social condition of his Roman subjects, and to the state of the city. Under his patronage—which was in a great measure instigated by his friend Mæcenas, whose name is to this day synonymous with that of a liberal patron of literature especially—artists and men of letters flourished; and Rome became as renowned for its magnificence as the people were for their military prowess. Augustus is said to have remarked towards the close of his



THE FORUM.

long reign, that he found Rome a city of bricks and should leave it a city of marble: and this was no vain boast—aqueducts, temples, arcades, theatres, and public buildings of every kind, rose up in all directions: the whole plain between the Quirinal hill and the Tiber became a new town, which in splendour far surpassed the City of the Hills: it was entirely covered with fine public edifices only, not a single private dwelling was allowed there, lest by its comparative meanness it should destroy the grandeur and uniformity of the whole plan. The wealthy Romans, like our own citizens, had their mansions and villas in the suburbs; they were placed in gardens within the fields between the high roads which issued from the city, and principally in the district round about the Esquiline hill, contiguous to the Quirinal. Among the many noble edifices constructed at Rome in the time of Augustus, may be enumerated, according to Suetonius, the Temple and Forum of Mars the Avenger; the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, which the Chevalier Bunsen calls the "Temple of Saturn;" the Temple of Apollo Palatine; the Portico and Basilica of Caius and Lucius; the Porticoes of Livy and Octavia, and the Theatre of Marcellus. And, during the Emperor's absence in distant parts of the Roman empire, his friend and son-in-law, Agrippa Vipsanius—who had been mainly instrumental in raising him to the imperial throne, and whom he left to direct affairs at home—erected, at his own expense, the Porch and Temple of Neptune, the hot baths called *Thermæ Agrippæ*, and the magnificent Pantheon, whose portico is generally allowed to be "the most sublime result that was ever produced by so little

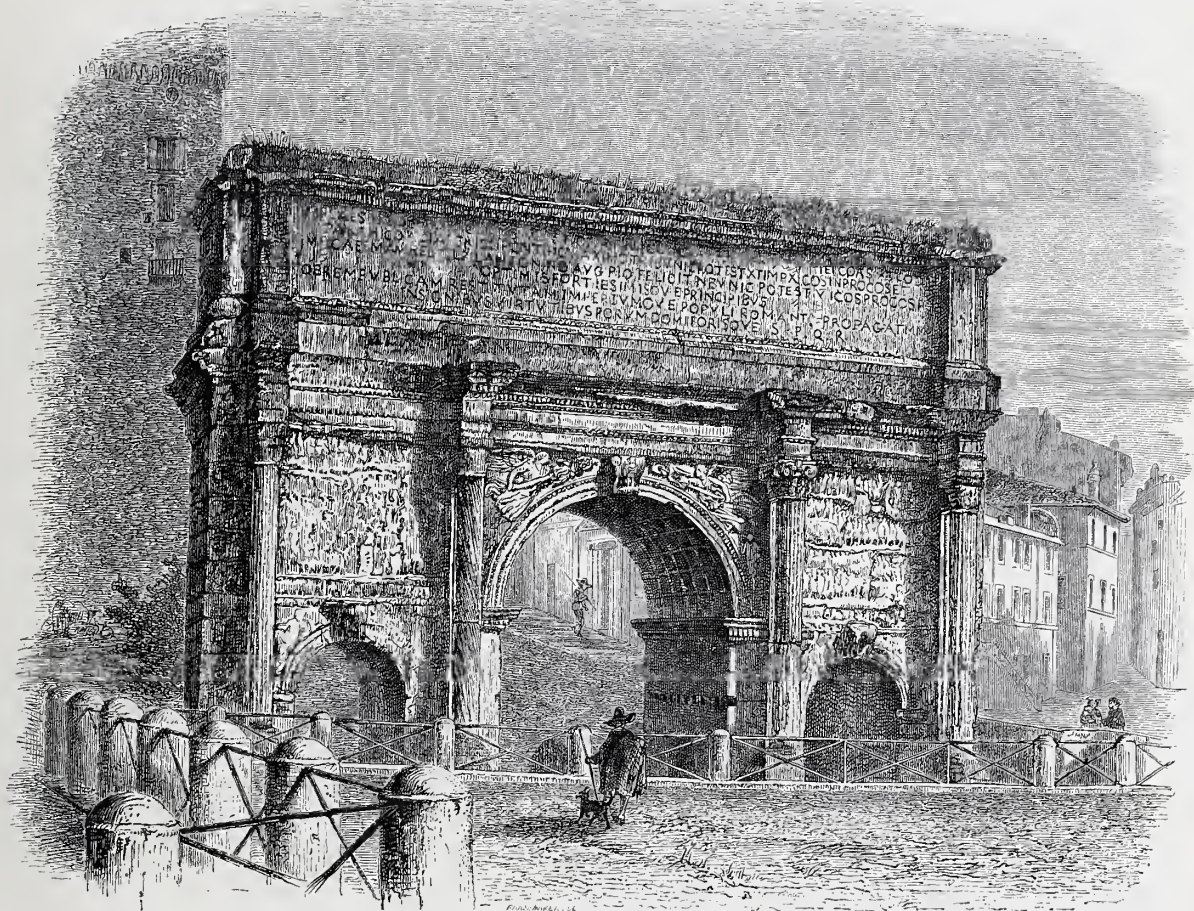
architecture." He also conveyed the waters Virgo, Julia, and Tepula, to Rome, by aqueducts of stupendous length, decorated with large and beautiful columns of marble, besides repairing those which brought the waters Appia and Marcia to the city. Mrs. Creery, in her translation of Milizia's celebrated work, *Memorie degli Architetti Antichi e Moderni*, writes,—"The reign of Augustus was the golden age of science and the fine Arts. Grecian architecture at that period was so encouraged at Rome, that Augustus could with reason boast of having left a city of marble where he had found one of brick. In the time of the Caesars, fourteen magnificent aqueducts, supported by magnificent arches, conducted whole rivers to Rome from a distance of many miles, and supplied one hundred and fifty public fountains, one hundred and eighteen large baths, besides the water necessary for those artificial seas in which naval combats were represented; one hundred thousand statues ornamented the public squares, the temples, the streets, and the houses; ninety colossal statues, raised on pedestals, and forty-eight obelisks of Egyptian granite, adorned various parts of the city. Nor was this stupendous magnificence confined to Rome, or even to Italy. All the provinces of the vast empire were embellished by Augustus and his successors, by the opulent nobles, by the tributary kings and the allies, with temples, circuses, theatres, palaces, aqueducts, amphitheatres, bridges, baths, and new cities." How insignificant is all that we see and hear of the works of modern times, and especially in England, in comparison with what we read of as existing in old Rome. But ours is an age of iron rather than of gold in every-

thing pertaining to Art: we build, it is true, but we first count the cost, and our expenditure is regulated more by what we choose to spend than by what we ought, to maintain our position among the great and intellectual nations of the world. Private patronage does more for Art in England than public.

That Rome borrowed her ideas of Art from Greece there is no question; large numbers of Greeks had, even prior to the time of Augustus, settled in various parts of Italy, and carried with them a knowledge of those arts which had raised their own country to so elevated a position. The Roman emperors are supposed to have employed the Greeks who resided in Rome, both as architects, sculptors, and decorators; while it cannot be doubted that the Roman artists of all kinds acquired their respective arts from their teachings and practice. Vitruvius, the earliest of the Roman architects whose name has descended to us, and who is now called the "father of architecture," lived in the time of Augustus, and probably designed some of the edifices built in his reign, though there is no authenticated record of the fact. It has been asserted that he designed the Theatre of Marcellus, but Milizia is of opinion that its arrangement is not consistent with his precepts, as laid down in his work on architecture, which has descended to our own times. Vitruvius disapproved of details in the Doric order which are used in this theatre. In his treatise he gives the rules of Grecian architecture, so that it is evident he had made them his study, and, doubtless, he followed their principles in whatever work he executed.

We shall conclude this introductory article by a few remarks on the subjects introduced as illustrations, reserving our observations on the various edifices, both ancient and modern, to future papers.

The VIEW OF MODERN ROME, taken from the left banks of the Tiber, is very fine. Stretching across the river is the Bridge of St. Angelo, not in itself an imposing structure, especially when compared with our own metropolitan bridges, but of vast historic interest; to the right is the Castle of St. Angelo; and beyond the bridge, a mass of palatial residences, above which rises the dome of the noble Church of St. Peter: between this and the castle is seen the Vatican. The bridge, except the parapets, and a small arch at the end nearest the castle, is of ancient construction; it was built by the Emperor Hadrian about 130 A.D., and was originally called *Pons Ælius*. In 1450 Pope Nicholas V. thoroughly restored the masonry; Clement VII., about 1520, decorated it with some statues; and Bernini, about the year 1660, by order of Clement IX., added two others, and the parapet. Bernini's figures are the two angels—one hearing the crown of thorns, the other with the inscription on the cross. Hadrian constructed the bridge to enable him to reach, from the opposite side, his mausoleum and the gardens of Domitia, which he much frequented. This mausoleum is now the Castle of Angelo; it stood within the gardens of Domitia, and consists of a circular tower, whose present diameter is 188 feet, placed on a quadrilateral basement, each side of which is



ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS.

253 feet. Originally it was highly decorated, according to Procopius, who, in the sixth century, speaks of it as built of Parian marble, and adorned with statues, both of men and horses, of the same material; but no vestiges of these works now exist. In the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era it is stated to have been converted into a fortress, though the decorations were left intact; but during the latter invasions of the Roman territories by the Goths, the Romans, besieged in the castle, were compelled to hurl down the statues on the heads of the besiegers. Rosilini, a Florentine architect,—much patronized by Pope Nicholas V.,—and other architects, during the respective pontificates of Alexander VI. and Urban VIII., extended and strengthened the castle as a fortified place; it is now used almost exclusively as a state prison. Its utility as a fortress, under the modern system of warfare, is valueless. On the summit is a colossal bronze figure of an angel, armed with a sword.

The FORUM has been in all times the most celebrated part of Rome, the scene of the greatest events connected with the history of the city. Here were discussed those great questions on which at one period hung the destiny of the world. Under its porticoes were heard the eloquent orations of Cicero; and there the Græchi inflamed the passions of the multitude by their seditious harangues: now it is little more than a desert, for grass and rank weeds grow up at the base of its ruined edifices. The range of columns in the foreground of the engraving is all that remains of the Temple of Fortune, according to Nippy, but which Bunsen calls the Temple of the Vespasiani; it now consists of

an Ionic hexastyle portico of granite columns, the bases, capitals, and entablature being of white marble; on the latter is the following inscription:—

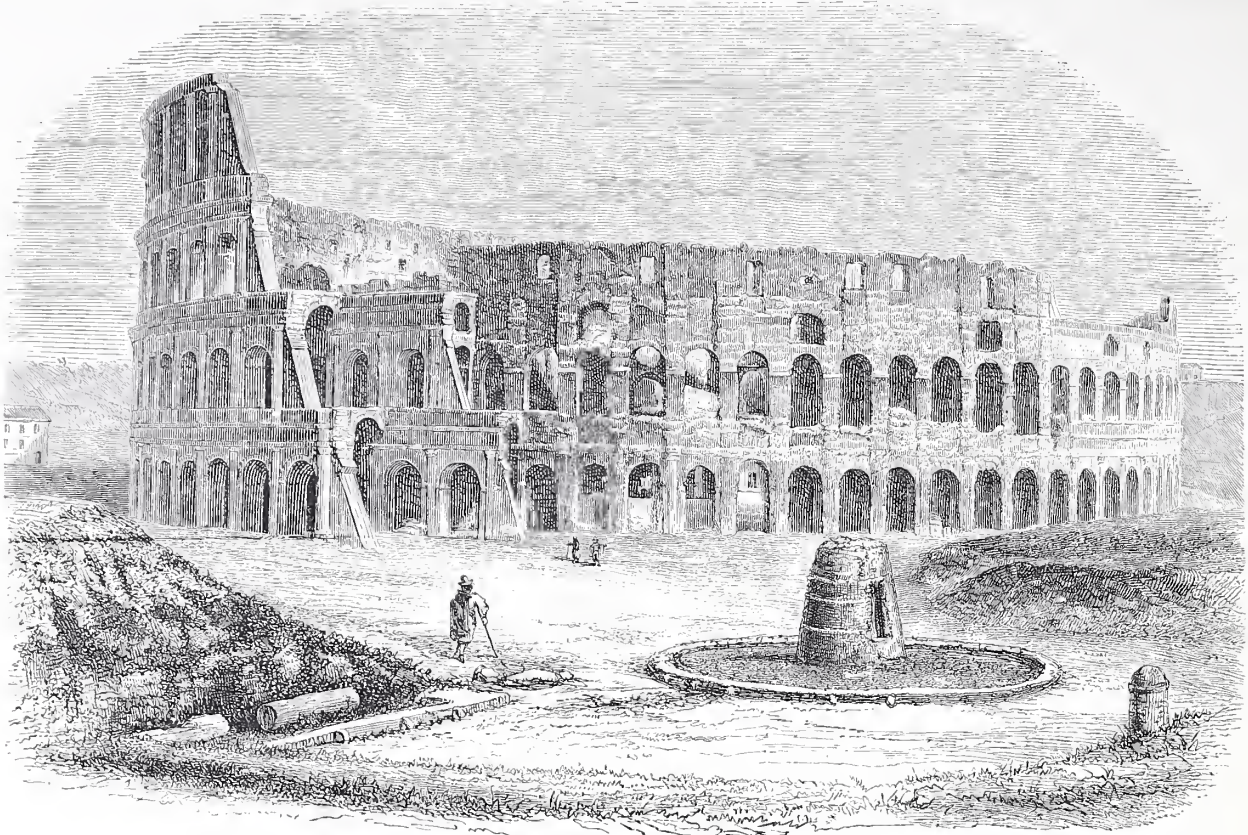
SENATVS POPVLVSQVE ROMANVS
INCENDIO CONSVPTVM RESTITVIT.

The internal part of the frieze is ornamental, but this is assumed to be some of the old masonry used in the rebuilding.

The ARCH OF SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS was erected in 205, by order of the Senate and Roman people, to commemorate the victories of Severus, and his sons, Caracalla and Geta, over the Parthians, the Arabs, and other oriental nations. It is built of Pentelic marble, and has three archways, with transverse archways through the piers of the centre arch. Each pier is decorated with four fluted Corinthian columns, and a series of bas-reliefs, representing the modes of Roman warfare. Towards the end of the third line of the inscription and throughout the fourth, the spectator may trace the alterations made by Caracalla, one of the most infamous of the Roman emperors, after he had assassinated his brother Geta: he then erased his name from the arch. The whole of the mouldings and the vaulting are highly enriched with sculptured ornaments.

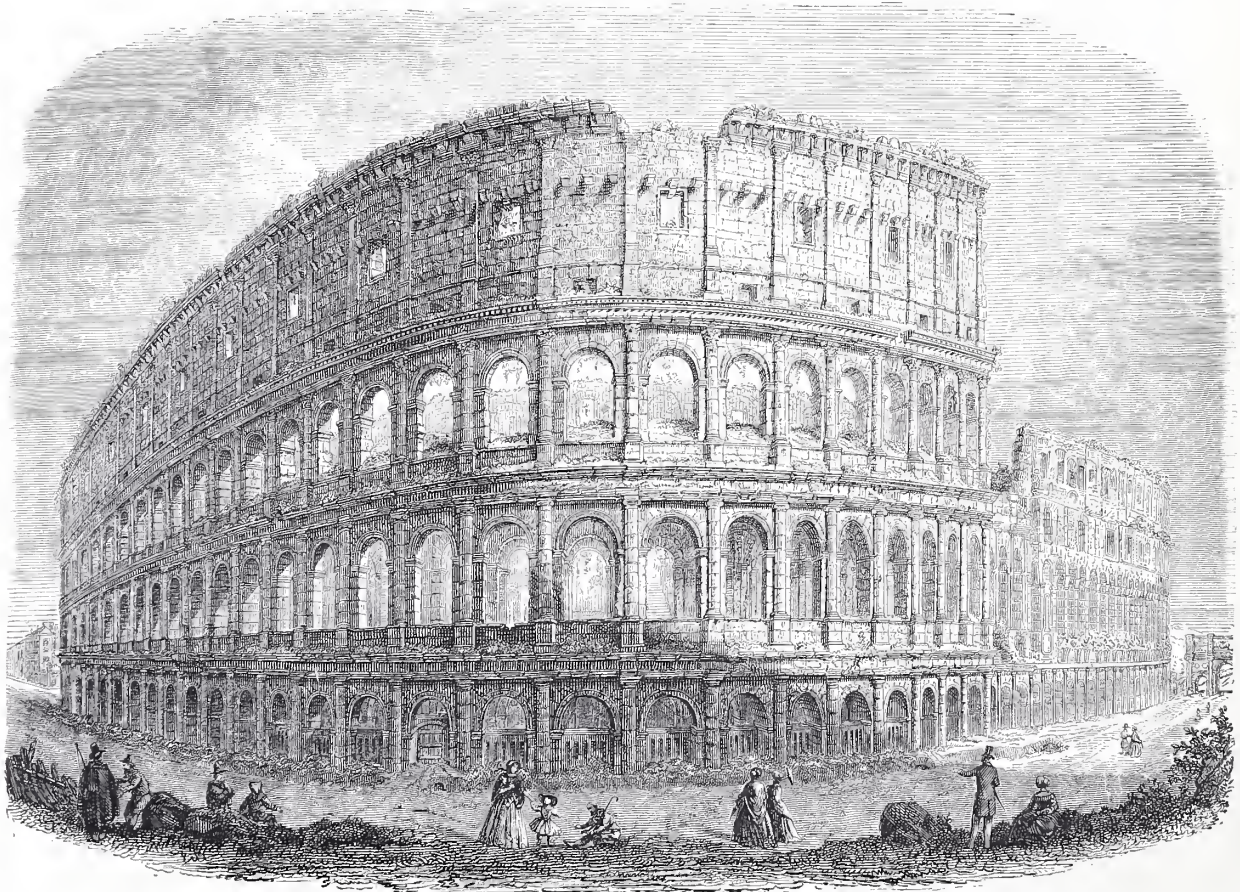
The COLOSSEUM, or *Flavian Amphitheatre*, has generally been considered the most imposing building, from its magnitude, in the world. When the Emperor Vespasian restored to the Roman people the lands which the execrable Nero had taken from them, he laid the foundation of the Colosseum on the

site where stood Nero's *Domus Aurea*, or "Golden House;" it was finished by Vespasian's son, Titus, about A.D. 79. The form of the edifice is oval; the



THE COLOSSEUM: SOUTH SIDE.

greatest diameter is 620 feet, and the transverse $513\frac{1}{2}$ feet, measured from the outer face of the walls, from which the columns project 1 foot 10 inches. As



THE COLOSSEUM: NORTH SIDE.

a work of architecture, there is in it nothing to excite admiration, though internally this amphitheatre must have been singularly grand and impressive.

THE
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THIS Society opened its rooms to the public on the 28th of April, with a catalogue of eight hundred and twenty-two pictures and drawings, and seven sculptural works. Of figure subjects—the *forte* of many exhibitions—there is a considerable proportion, the members having exerted themselves to good purpose to represent every class of Art. With, therefore, a long list of minor aspirations in all kinds of *genre*, the miscellany affords thoughtful instances of poetry and history. We have always observed of this institution, that it has less of the leaven of the new school than is found elsewhere. There are two or three of what are called Pre-Raffaellite essays; but these are all, for there is no tendency among the members themselves to the new manner. Careful drawing necessarily leads to careful painting, but faithful execution does not necessitate hardness, a commonplace truth illustrated by many of the smaller figure pictures here. The best of the landscapes will bear comparison with the best of the landscapes in other institutions: they speak for themselves, as spoils patiently won from the great garner of nature. But this is now the character of all our landscape art; in such pictures we can breathe and live; their freshness is life; while the brown and yellow sadness of the studio landscapes of bygone years was the chronic malady of the art and its professors. But to proceed to an analysis.

No. 6. 'The Abandoned,' J. A. FITZGERALD. This is neither a ship, nor a lady, *in extremis*, but a little girl asleep on the seashore, perhaps somewhere near Pegwell Bay. The flesh tones are of remarkable purity; indeed, the little picture is a pleasant breadth of natural daylight.

No. 7. 'A Cavalier,' A. H. VOUBRIER. He sleeps, extended in his chair, but not at his ease, as no man can in corset and baldric. There is merit in the work; but it would have been well had the artist made out the face a little more, and toned down the outlines on the tapestry.

No. 9. 'Sunny Moments,' W. BROMLEY. The title is open to an interpretation more poetic than could be realized in the cottage, in which two country girls are here presented to us. There are forms in the composition that reduce the importance of these figures: the removal of these would improve the picture.

No. 11. 'Heather Bells,' E. J. COBBETT. This might be a botanical study—class *Genista*; but the individuals of the group are of another order—nothing less than a company of Cottiers' daughters, with such (!) petticoats for colour and texture, and standing on a piece of hillside bottom, rich in grasses, and fragrant with the sweet heath-bloom. The figures are made to tell powerfully against the sky and distances.

No. 19. 'A Summer's Morning among the Mountains,' H. J. BODDINGTON. This is a composition of lake and mountain, with the sun rising near the centre of the picture. It is frequently difficult to determine between morning and evening effects, but the paler misty aspect of the scene speaks here of morning.

No. 23. 'Cam's Park, Fareham Leak, Hants,' G. COLE. A tranquil breadth of summer daylight, full of what painters and critics used to call "repose," with a sky full of idle *camuli*, and a water surface which any sportive gnat might break up into tiny ringlets.

No. 29. 'Good News,' J. HENZELL. The colour of this composition is much assisted by the yellow wall of the cottage, at the door of which are two girls, one reading a letter to the other.

No. 34. 'Spring Time,' VICAT COLE. The foreground of this picture testifies to extraordinary devotion to the face of nature as the principle of this artist's practice. It would be most difficult to carry minute imitation further than we find it here. It is a landscape, consisting of many parts and various successive distances, painted from the side of a broken bank—fresh in colour, but the colour is the green of nature, at the time of the year which it is proposed to celebrate.

No. 35. 'Entrance to the Port of Havre,' J. J. WILSON. The place declares itself at once. The spectator looks outward, having on his right the Tower of Francis I., with an opening leading to the Rue de Paris, and a distant glimpse of the cliffs beyond St. Adresse. The sky is clouded and windy, with a corresponding effect on the sea.

No. 36. 'Alexander Huth, Esq.,' C. BAXTER. A very brilliant portrait, sedate in treatment, but forcible in effect. The face is most carefully painted, but the elaboration is successfully concealed. The features are earnest and eloquent.

No. 42. 'Scene at Bethlehem,' J. STEVENS. This "scene" is the infant Jesus sleeping, watched over by an angel. Near the group is a butterfly, an incongruity which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for in Christian Art. The arm of the angel forms an angle immediately impeding over the sleeping child in a manner injurious to the composition. The treatment and tone of the picture seem to be suggestions of the Bolognese school.

No. 43. 'The Chequered Shade,' A. J. WOOLMER. The *locale* is a garden avenue of trees, so dense as entirely to exclude the sunshine, save here and there, where an unusually obtrusive beam penetrates the gloom. In the foreground are placed two or three of those figures that through the compositions of this painter—impersonations that seem to be conjured down from dreamy spheres of never-ending luxury and ease.

No. 44. 'The Sea-bird's Summer Home,' H. MOORE. A coast view somewhere, perhaps, on the southern shores of our island. It has evidently been worked out on the spot, and with singular assiduity.

No. 48. * * * * T. ROBERTS. The point of this bright and effective little work is a little girl seated in a churchyard culling flowers among the tombs, and decorating her hat with them. The face is in clear shade, and the sunlight falls on the shoulders, bringing the figure out with great force. A work of much excellence.

No. 49. 'The Wearied Shepherd,' J. J. HILL. The boy and his dog are grouped together, both sleeping in an open scene, like a section of the South Downs. The picture is broad and harmonious.

No. 53. 'Hamlet Prince of Denmark,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. In all his readings and interpretations this artist emphasizes a desire to place before us his impersonations in their everyday aspect. As to their dress, Hamlet and his mother may be very commonplace people, and the Queen is not a beauty. It is situation, action, and expression that here fix the attention. The artist has done his best that there shall be nothing of the merely interesting—no debilitating prettiness to alloy the grave sentiment of his work. The subject is from the fourth scene of the third act, wherein Hamlet addresses the Ghost:—

"Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings," &c.

The Ghost is seen in the right of the picture, looking somewhat large in comparison with the other figures. Hamlet occupies the centre of the picture, excited by the apparition to an orgasm of emotion, while the wondering Queen pronounces him mad.

No. 60. 'Going to the Telegraph Hill, Llandudno, North Wales—the River Conway and Penmaenbach Mountains in the distance,' J. TENNANT. This seems to be an earnest and literal rendering of one of the most captivating prospects that North Wales can boast. It is sunny, without effort, and the forms in the foreground, strong in tone and firm in line, effectively rarefy the distances.

No. 61. 'Margate Harbour,' W. E. BATES. The view is taken somewhere near Buenos Ayres, just taking in the lighthouse and the end of the pier; and although there is so little in the picture, the local identity is unmistakable.

No. 63. 'Via Appia Vecchia, near Rome, commonly called "the Street of the Tombs,"' J. B. PYNE. A small picture, in which the artist, bearing in mind the "*iter Brundisium usque*," proposes to reverse Horace's description,—

"Minus est gravis Appia tardis,"—

by making the road as much as possible assimilate with the place of a skull. But we have a canopy of glory overhead, for the sun signalises his "good night" with surpassing splendours.

No. 70. 'The Confiseation of Sir Walter Raleigh's Estate,' W. SALTER, M.A.F., &c. The impersonations introduced here are those only necessary to the narrative, which assumes the form of personal relation rather than that of the recital of an act of the state; and this distinction reflects the more pointedly on the character of the chief of the *personae* before us. On the left of the composition sits James I. in the act of giving to his minion Carr, Earl of Somerset, the deed whereby he became seized of the estate of Sir Walter Raleigh, then a prisoner in the Tower. Lady Raleigh, with her children, supplicates, on her knees and in tears, the restoration of the property; but the "sorry king" says he "maun hae the lands for Carr," and accordingly gives them to him. The story is told with perspicuity, and the characters are of appropriate conception. The principle on which the work has been coloured reverses the common practice of placing the most powerful tints in the centre. Here the middle of the composition is the black satin dress of Lady Raleigh, and the extremities present the brightest hues of the palette. The work is full of expression, and it is the best its author has ever produced.

No. 77. 'Beach Scene,' W. SHAYER. A large picture, with numerous figures, darker than the usual tone of the works of this painter.

No. 85. 'Uncertainty,' J. NOBLE. In this composition, the principal of the two persons that are introduced is a lady, who is writing; while behind her, and entering her boudoir, is a man, who pushes aside the curtain that hangs at the entrance. The dispositions are made with much elegant taste.

No. 87. 'The Torrent-sculptured Bed of the Conway, North Wales,' J. P. PERRITT. The earnest purpose of the artist in this view has been to realize the "wave-worn" masses of limestone that compose the walls of the gorge through which the water-course is cut. The picture is, in truth, a geological study; but it has been thus worked out at considerable sacrifice. The variegated lichens, the points of the rock outwards, and their "smooth bore" inwards, are most scrupulously described.

No. 95. "'Tis but Fancy's Sketch,' W. D. KENNEDY. Simply a young lady wearing a plain white satin dress, which she extends at the sides, as if rehearsing the *minuet de la cour*. It has rather a portrait than a pictorial character; its merit is its execution, justifying only the last word of the title given to it.

No. 103. 'A Heath Scene in Sussex, with Cattle,' T. F. WAINWRIGHT. This, by some mistake, is a misnomer, the scenery being a passage of something like Highland lake and

mountain. The cattle are sheep and kine, which, with the other components, are disposed in a manner to form an effective composition.

No. 108. 'The Mountain Path,' J. HENZELL. The ground in this picture is a section of hillside, very like a reality. It is a rather large composition, in which, as a principal, a girl is descending with her gatherings of ferns.

No. 109. 'Distant View of the Entrance to the Pass of Naut Frangon, North Wales,' J. TENNANT. The eye here traverses a basin shut in by hills, and lying below the point of view. The distances are most skilfully defined, with a large detail of objects, yet with a breadth the most satisfactory.

No. 110. 'The Idle Embroiderer,' J. F. PATTEN. A study of an *odalisque* reclining on a couch, in which all the components are made out with extraordinary neatness of touch; but there is a certain general yellowness of hue pervading the picture which is anything but agreeable.

No. 113. 'News from my Lad,' J. CAMPBELL, Jun. The arrival at a conclusion such as this, manifests an independence of feeling well supported by the power of asserting it. The subject is an old blacksmith reading a letter in his smithy, the wall of which is immediately behind him, hung with implements of his craft, and coming forward to the same plane as the figure, which is entirely unrelieved. Painters only will praise the work, but they will not imitate it.

No. 125. 'The Hon. Mrs. Edmund Phipps,' R. BUCKNER. This is an elegant portrait, but too tall and too young for the lady intended to be represented. The secret, after all, of portrait painting, is to keep down all, if possible, except the head; even the lace here is put in with a middle tint of umber. Mr. Buckner profits by looking at Gainsborough, carrying his suppressions even further than Sir Joshua's rival.

No. 130. 'Sunset—Coast of Devon,' ALFRED CLINT. The line of coast runs into the picture from the left, gradually softening until lost in the light of the setting sun. This is an effect which the artist paints with much force and precision.

No. 132. 'Mountain River View, Caernarvonshire,' J. C. WARD. A passage of romantic scenery, which nearly fills the canvas as a foreground composition. The artist eschews excursive colouring, in his desire to communicate palpability to his material.

No. 146. 'A Mountain Pastoral,' G. COLE. This is a large picture, essentially a cattle composition; but it is more of a carefully executed romantic landscape than is usually found in association with flocks and herds; and so agreeably is the scene painted, that even without the cattle it were an attractive picture.

No. 158. 'Little Red Riding Hood,' C. BAXTER. A study of the head of a little girl, cloaked and hooded to the letter of the story. The face is an irresistible reality; its childish innocence and earnestness are memorable characteristics.

No. 167. 'Genoa, from the New Terrace,' J. B. PYNE. *Ecco!* here we are in *Genova la Ricca*, with the terrace on the right, backed by that bewilderment of hotels running in a line into the picture, until they seem to meet in fellowship with the snow-capped mountains which are ever ready to assist the Genoese glaciers to produce those famous ices that are the boast of their *cafés*. The port is open on the left, with a crowd of craft that always look well in pictures; and the distance is closed by the mountains, that we wot of, being taken up into the sky by masses of menacing clouds. But where is the Dogana? has it sunk into the sea by the stroke of a brush, as fell the walls of

Jericho at the blast of the trumpet? Nevertheless it is Genoa, there is no other consummation like it; besides, here is the Croce di Malta: and all is so sunny, the vessels look like pleasure-boats, and the people seem to play at business. It is a work of many splendours, one of the best the artist has ever produced: by the way, he celebrates himself in the corner painting this very picture, working on the sky in a frenzy, because the colours dry so fast.

No. 173. 'The Opinion of the Press,' T. ROBERTS. In this picture appears an artist, overwhelmed with grief at the announcement that a patron, by whom he has been commissioned to execute a commission, declines completing the purchase, in consequence of an unfavourable notice that has appeared in some of the newspapers. The subject has been suggested by the alleged occurrence of an incident of this kind last year. The narrative is pointed and perspicuous; the young wife attempts to cheer her husband, but he has cast his palette on the floor, and is inconsolable. It presents an admirable adjustment of forms and quantities.

No. 176. 'Evelyn, second daughter of Captain George Cooke,' F. B. HURLSTONE. This is rather a picture than a portrait; it is somewhat hard in surface, and wants warmth of colour, but the little face is extremely quaint and engaging in character and expression.

No. 182. 'Clifden—the Twelve Pins of Connemara in the distance,' ALFRED CLINT. The view commands the village, beyond which the mountains rise like a grand amphitheatre into the full power of the sun's light, the bases and lower terraces being diversified with broken lights and flitting shadows. This is comparatively new ground—a worthy example of Irish landscape.

No. 187. 'Tintern Abbey,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The whole of the lower part of the composition is in shade, while the sun yet gilds the high ground that bounds the prospect on the left. The effect is perhaps commonplace, but the depth and clearness of the shades, and the brilliant tenderness of the lights, constitute it a production of much beauty.

No. 188. 'Children Nut Gathering,' E. J. COBBETT. This is one of those compositions in which this artist excels all, and one of the best of its kind he has produced.

No. 195. 'The Rose,' W. SALTER, M.A.F., &c. There is a singular purity and sweetness in this study—that of a fair-haired, delicately-complexioned girl, having her back turned to the spectator, and looking over her shoulder. It is the most graceful single figure the artist has ever painted.

No. 196. 'The Storm on the Hills,' T. F. WAINWRIGHT. The storm is a pretty *divertissement*; the reality is a couple of sheep standing together, and gravely debating some expastoral matter, for they have thoughtful and intelligent heads. The fleeces are painted up to the nicest identity.

No. 206. 'North Coast of Devon—Storm clearing off,' W. WEST. The colour is not veritably local, which it might be, and the truth would then be more impressive; yet the material is dealt with to excellent purpose. It is a large picture, with an iron-bound coast line running into distance; the gradations are well executed, but there is a prominent piece of rock in the sea which the composition were better without, as its only office is to exclaim continually, "Look at me."

No. 213. 'Samson and Delilah, from the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton,' F. LEIGHTON. It would seem that the artist has been much troubled with the background of his work, having, after all, left it heavy to the last degree. It is an extremely dark picture, conceived in the taste of the earlier Venetian school, and worked out with somewhat of

the feeling of Giulio Romano. It has some good drawing, careful painting, and striking character, but there are long and important courses of outline entirely lost in the background. Is it impossible for this artist to return to something like the feeling of his 'Procession of the Madonna?'

No. 232. 'Tynemouth,' J. DANBY. The subject being viewed from the shore towards Cullercoats, rises with good effect against the sky. The South Shields shore is lost in a sunset, which would appear to be rather south than west; but if the artist paints here what he has seen he must be right. The eye is won by the light and gladsome colour.

No. 233. 'A quiet spot on the Thames,' W. W. GOSLING. The picture is worthy of a better title: we have had a catalogue of "quiet spots." Wherever it goes it will be considered a *meisterstück*—that is, one of the few best things that a man does in his lifetime. But let us say what it consists of: there is a breadth of water reflecting the sky on one side and the trees on the other, so faithfully, and with a surface so tranquil, that the dip of the May-fly would be registered in far-extending circles. Then there is a piece of the shore with the trees, which in form are not all that could be wished, but this shows that all was painted as it appeared. It is a work of rare quality.

THE SOUTH-EAST ROOM.

No. 241. 'Secue in Conway Bay, North Wales,' J. TENNANT. A composition of few quantities, but simplicity is always effective. A deep and natural colour, with firmness and precision of touch, tell here to great advantage.

256. 'A River Scene—Cattle reposing,' T. F. WAINWRIGHT. We are forcibly reminded here of Paul Potter, and other bucolical essayists of the Low Country schools. They are, after all, the classics of the cattle painter.

Nos. 257 and 258 are respectively entitled 'Sunshine' and 'Clouds,' M. W. RIDLEY—and present, the one, a young man and a young woman, either as devoted lovers or an affectionate married couple; the other, a similar pair quarrelling, with angry gesticulations. We seldom notice such works: in this case we do so simply to instance the singular poverty of thought which could afford nothing more worthy as subject-matter for a picture.

No. 267. 'Whitby, from Uppang,' E. NIEMANN. This view is from the north beach, whence we see only the cliff, the castle, the pier, and a few other notable features, the town lying towards the bay on the other side. The sky shows a storm passing off, the effect being supported by judicious dispositions in the lower part of the view.

No. 277. 'East Prawl, South Devon—Crab and Lobster Pots,' W. PITT. There is apparently merit in this work, but it is too high for satisfactory examination.

No. 286. 'View (Autumn) on the Dee, North Wales,' J. C. WARD. The treatment of this close scene looks very like a suggestion of nature, the conscientious deference to which has excluded all tendency to prettiness.

No. 294. 'Ground Swell on a Summer's Day, South Wales,' ALFRED CLINT. The title affords the inference that the description is that of a calm after a storm, with the influence of a sea yet unsubsided; and such is the literal reading of the composition, which is so bright and real that it is to be regretted that the picture is not larger.

No. 295. 'Young Nurses,' W. HEMSLEY. A group of children, one of whom sits feeding a baby, while the others earnestly look on. This work illustrates some of the best principles of composition. The primary forms and quantities are the children; and although there is nothing to detract from the interest with

which they are invested, there is yet ample and careful detail to satisfy the eye. Although so simple, it shows abundantly that kind of knowledge which is more demonstratively power, in Art, than in anything else.

No. 301. 'Welsh Rustic,' J. J. HILL. A small study of a girl at a spring, brought forward with more taste than usually distinguishes this kind of subject.

No. 308. 'Bray Strand—Evening,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. There is much here to admire: there is evidence of an "educated eye" and a ready hand; but, in the desire for a light breadth, there is a tendency to fall into insipidity. The remedy is a well-disposed passage of dark.

No. 309. 'Labourer's Rest,' J. CAMPBELL, Jun. This, it may be presumed, is to be regarded as a "Pre-Raphaelite" essay: as such, it is eminently successful. It represents a cottage family—father, mother, and children; and they are grouped so close that it cannot be understood how they can be so placed. The recipes for colour and execution are very fairly carried out, and there is the proper absence of relief and substance as to the bodies.

No. 321. 'The Way to the Mill,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The stony bed of the shrunken summer rill is here set forth with all the weeds and bearded herbage which, with water, is one of the few features whereof the eye is never weary. A graceful composition.

No. 325. 'Lyme Cob, Dorsetshire—Beaching boats in a flood-tide,' J. B. PYNE. And it might have been added, "in a heavy sea," for the waves roll in with a force and volume that would imperil the fragile constitution of any fishing-boat, were she left but a few minutes to the will of these roaring billows. The picture is slight in material, but masterly in the use to which the material is put; the result being more than interesting—it is exciting.

No. 339. 'Near Capel Curig,' J. SYER. The prominent passage here is a rough nook, abounding in stones, weeds, and rank grass, and divided by a thread of water, all of which are rendered with becoming truth.

No. 350. 'Beech Trees in Weston Wood, Albury, Surrey,' VICAT COLE. When foliage is sparse, and does not fall into effective masses, there are few things more difficult to paint, and this is especially the characteristic of the beech. This picture seems to have been worked out on the spot, touch by touch, with the most exemplary patience and earnestness.

THE SOUTH-WEST ROOM.

No. 356. 'Sunset on the banks of Loch Katrine,' A. GILBERT. There is impressive sentiment in this picture: it is more than tranquil—it is solemn; a feeling which is even enhanced by the departing light. The reflections look somewhat strong, the sun being on the horizon.

No. 373. 'Apple Blossoms,' T. WORSEY. This, in its way, is really charming. The feeling of the little picture is fascinating, and its truth unimpeachable.

No. 375. 'Highland Sheep,' G. W. HORLOR. In the immediate foreground of rather a large picture stands a group of the animals, with a handsome collie lying on the ground. The composition confines the eye to the group, which has been painted from veritable ragged mountaineers, just before the season for shearing.

No. 383. 'Scripture Musings,' L. WALTER. A study of a female head, well drawn and effectively painted.

No. 388. 'The Favourite,' J. HENZELL. This favourite is a calf, which a girl is feeding at a cottage door. The work is bright in colour, and successfully carries out its propositions. Certain of the markings are perhaps too positive.

No. 389. 'Boppart on the Rhine,' J. B.

PYNE. A small picture, beautifully mellow in colour, and altogether of a high order of excellence.

No. 406. 'Entrance to Shields Harbour,' J. P. PETTIT. The time is sunset, and we look from the cliff at Tynemouth, near the lighthouse, over to South Shields. An attractive picture.

No. 423. 'Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' J. J. WILSON. A representation of this little church that cannot be mistaken. No. 439, 'Cottage Home, Kent,' is also an interesting picture, although the subject is so simple.

No. 424. 'Glenariff, Ireland,' G. SHALDERS. A well-chosen subject, rendered with a feeling appropriately romantic. The various forms approach each other with the most delicate gradations; it is, in short, the best landscape that has ever been exhibited under this name.

No. 433. 'A Fisherman of Folkstone,' J. ZEITZER. A very effective sketch; the manner of execution is happily adapted to the subject.

No. 440. 'Beatrice listening in the Bower,' A. J. WOOLMER. The figure would have composed better if reversed; as it is, however, it is perhaps the most real and most carefully rounded that the artist exhibits.

No. 460. 'Wood-cutting, Rivington, Lancashire,' W. C. JOHNSON. The subject is one of ordinary class—meadows and trees—interpreted with freshness of feeling and colour.

In the north-east room the most noteworthy pictures are—No. 484. 'A Scene near Clifden, Connemara,' ALFRED CLINT; No. 484. 'A Bit of Luncheon,' E. J. COBETT; No. 497. 'Autumn—the First Snow on the Hills,' H. J. BODDINGTON; No. 498. 'Pilot Boat near Mount Orgueil, Jersey,' W. E. BATES; No. 500. 'Deer Hounds,' T. EARL; No. 501. 'A Pleasant Chat,' G. SMITH; No. 502. 'The Fair Musician,' C. ROSSITER; No. 516. 'Rocky Glen, near Lake Ogwen, North Wales,' No. 543. 'Highland Mary,' C. BAXTER; No. 544. 'At Llanbedr, North Wales,' J. P. PETTIT; No. 549. 'The Parsonage Window,' Mrs. RIMER; No. 562. 'The Blackpool, on the Lleder, North Wales,' No. 590. 'French Fishing Lugger eastward of Dover,' J. J. WILSON; No. 610. 'The Caher Mountains, Glenariff, Ireland,' G. SHALDERS.

The water-colour room contains, as usual, an extensive variety, of which a few of the most meritorious drawings are—No. 629. 'Study of a Girl's Head,' ISABEL NAFTAL; No. 632. 'Fruit,' A. FINLAYSON; No. 642. 'Woolwich Reach,' R. H. NIBBS; No. 643. 'Little Nelly showing the Monuments in the Old Church,' Miss E. MACIRONE; No. 666. 'The Death Watch,' G. BARNARD; No. 672. 'Forty Winks,' E. GROOM; No. 677. 'Moel Siabod, from Tyn-y-Coed,' G. S. KEYS; No. 698. 'Fruit,' P. BROWN; No. 699. 'An Italian Peasant,' T. COPE, Jun.; No. 717. 'Study from Life,' Madame NOA; No. 726. 'Just after Sunset,' A. W. WEEDON; No. 727. 'Late Supper—full of Horrors,' F. SMALLFIELD; No. 738. 'The Amazon,' after Winterhalter, enamelled on porcelain, A. ROGERS; No. 741. 'A Study of Roses,' Miss E. WALTER; 'Old Lighthouse at Sunderland,' Mrs. E. D. MURRAY; 'The Happy Family,' Mrs. WITHERS; No. 768. 'Sunset at Mullion, Cornwall,' G. WHITTAKER; No. 780. 'Reproach,' W. AYLING. And the sculptural contributions are by E. G. Papworth, Sen., E. G. Papworth, Jun., C. Wilke, and W. Barker. And of the whole it may be said, that, although better exhibitions may have been seen on these walls, there has never been an exhibition here that has in certain departments of Art borne more immediate reference to nature.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

THE sixth annual exhibition of the works of French artists is now open at No. 120, Pall Mall. There are 175 pictures, with some examples of those charming "conversation" subjects which are the gems of these exhibitions. We have seen here admirable examples of the poetic translations of Scheffer, of the more material narratives of Delaroche, and even of the substantive power of Vernet, the mysticism of Ingres, and of others who have ascended almost to the same plane of exaltation, but of certain of whom the earthly labours are ended, while of the survivors the names do not appear on this year's catalogue. There is, however, in small figures, and other works, a fair representation of the French school by Rosa Bonheur, Meissonier, Chavet, Frère, Plassan, Tassaert, Troyon, Bida, Auguste Bonheur, Brion, Couture, &c. The excellence of many of the small pictures does not consist in minute and precise execution, but in very tasteful composition and pictorial effect; indeed, a large proportion look like costumed studies set in schools. The subjects taken up by Frère and others, who paint low-class life, have one sentiment, and their force and truth lie in their vulgar domesticity; but very far removed from these are the higher caste themes of Plassan, Meissonier, and those who follow them, and it is in this section of their school that the French stand alone; there is no other school in Europe that can show anything like these. Upon this occasion the collection has been more judiciously formed than those which have preceded it. Landscapes are few, and there are no marine pictures, in the naturalness of both of which departments the French are very far behind us; for whereas now we esteem nothing that is not animated by the living impress of the woods and fields, and the voices of the ever-toiling waves, the French content themselves extensively with studio colour and with studio form.

The most ambitious picture is No. 74, by Gallait, 'The Brussels Archers paying the last respects to the Counts Egmont and Horn,' a small composition, looking very much as if painted as the initiative of a larger work, or a small copy from one. The two Counts lie on the same couch after their execution; near the bodies stands a Spanish officer in armour, and the archers crowd near the bottom. It is a solemn subject, treated with solemn colouring, the two heads of the counts being relieved by a white cloth, a resource which we have seen before in Gallait's works. The story is affecting, and the artist establishes his point. By Leys there is a remarkable picture, No. 108, 'The Early Days of the Reformation—Weisseling, the Carpenter of Antwerp, secretly expounding the Scriptures.' The first feeling that this picture conveys is the uneasiness occasioned by the restless impertunacy of the local circumstances, and the still-life of the composition. The carpenter and his audience are in a courtyard, and it is sufficiently evident that the meeting is secret. The work has many merits, and it has been worked out with earnest inquiry and patient labour; but it would have been better in character if the painter had not deferred with such self-abandonment to Lucas Cranach, and the dry German painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Another work by Leys is No. 109, 'Scene from the Siege of Antwerp—Lady interceding for the preservation of a Church,' a dark picture, in the taste of the later Dutch masters. 'Early Morning on the Rhine,' No. 31, is a large picture by Brion, the immediate subject being a Rhine raft with its motley crew. The raft winds into distance,

and is lost in the morning mist. The nearest groups are palpable and characteristic. No. 39, 'The Chess Players,' by Chavet, is, as a small figure composition, the gem of the collection. It represents two ladies playing chess, with two gentlemen as spectators; it is a *coup-de-maitre*, all brilliancy and elegance. 'The Toilet,' No. 129, by Plassan, is also a performance of infinite sweetness and grace. It contains two figures—a lady seated at her dressing-table attended by her maid. The delicacy of the colour and the softness of the manipulation acquire great value from the general treatment. There are also by Plassan, 'The Bouquet' and 'The Tired Sempstress.' Nos. 77 and 78 are two single figures, by Gerome, very small, 'An Albanian Soldier,' and 'An Amant Soldier drinking.' The white drapery of the former falls into a form extremely objectionable, but otherwise the figures are excellent in everything. This is the artist, be it remembered, who painted the really wonderful picture, 'Tragedy and Comedy.'

'The Decadence of Rome,' No. 41, by Couture, is a small composition, very full of figures; but we have some remembrance of having seen a very similar subject here last year. It is a voluptuous allegory, masterly in arrangement, colour, and descriptive point, and looks like a sketch for a larger picture, or a fresco. By Rosa Bonheur there is No. 17, 'Landscape, with Sheep,' a small picture, presenting a group of three or four of the animals in a piece of rough pasture, painted without any parade of execution, and with much softness of manner. There are also two studies, 'An Apple-tree in Blossom,' and 'A Cherry-tree in Blossom.' Edouard Pierre Frère exhibits Nos. 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, and 62, which are classed as 'Scenes in Humble Life.' 'The Toilet,' 'The Breakfast,' and 'The Artizan's Family,' are compositions of one or two figures, in which always the materfamilias is the prominent figure, busied with her household cares. In the execution of these figures there is no pedantry, but the actualities of composition give them substance and presence. In 'The Wood-gatherers,' the background, a wood scene, is vanishing in mist, an untrue but favourite resource of French artists. Theodore Charles Frère paints principally Oriental scenery, as the 'Caravan crossing the Desert,' 'Constantinople,' &c. No. 75 is a second picture by Gallait, 'The Evening Prayer,' a composition very like one of the Madonnas of Raffaele. A mother holds her infant in her arms, and in the place of St. John there is another child at her side. No. 143, 'The Last Prayer,' by Tassaert, contains a group of two female figures in humble life, the elder of whom may be supposed to be dying. The picture is painted with little else than white and black, but the figures are ingeniously circumstanced, and the balance of lights prevents their appearing at all heavy,—a skilful method of treatment, which shows that colour is not a necessary condition of power. No. 142, by Leignac, 'The Grandpapa's Portrait,' is somewhat formal in composition, but is distinguished by many valuable points. No. 110, 'Peasants going to the Fields,' by Lies, is a small crowded composition, perhaps too strictly local in its scene, but yet very careful in all its parts. No. 111, 'The Smiles,' by the same hand, is a superior work, containing foreground rustic figures, relieved by a dark and very Dutch landscape.

By Guillemin, is No. 84, 'A Girl at Prayer,' a single figure, that of a peasant, with a chair before her as a *prie-dieu*, relieved by a plain background, but with an exquisite taste that enhances every touch in the figure. It is the skilful treatment of these commonplace subjects that gives such value to material so insignificant. No. 36, 'Curiosity,' by Chaplin,—a lady listening, standing by a curtain, which

she partially draws aside,—is more artificial than the preceding. Nos. 35 and 38, 'The Toilet' and 'The Album,' are by the same hand. No. 85, 'The Convalescent,' by Guillemin, is a girl who has just risen from a sick couch, and is contemplating in a glass the waste of her features—a study of great power, but not so successful as No. 84. No. 152, Ulysse, is 'Three Jolly Fellows of the Time of Henry the Third,' a small picture, containing three figures, in the costume of the sixteenth century—*fou Scotticé* and *fous Gallicé*. The principal contribution of Troyon is No. 147, 'A Country Fair in France,' presenting in the foreground a flock of sheep, with an assemblage of characters as may be supposed to figure at such a scene. It is not so striking a picture as some we have seen by M. Troyon, whose other works are, 'The Hay-cart,' 'Cattle driven to the Pond,' 'The Rainbow,' and 'Crossing the Brook.' No. 17 is a 'Landscape with Sheep,' by Auguste Bonheur. It is a large picture, containing an oak-tree in the centre, with which exception the scene is for the most part open. Beneath the tree there is a female figure, with several sheep that here and there catch the sunlight that penetrates the masses of foliage. This is extremely well managed; the lights might have been forced a little more, for they will lose power as the picture acquires age. A second work by the same artist is No. 18, 'Cattle Watering.' 'The Cradle,' No. 103, by Lassalle, is one of the humble life subjects, of which there are so many admirable examples here. It shows a woman tending a child in a cradle; but the composition is too full, and hence becomes commonplace. It is much more easy to crowd a picture than to effect a proper adjustment of quantities. In No. 25, 'Sunset in the Bay of Naples,' by Bouquet, all the components of the scene itself are painted with studied softness, as a contrast to which there is a boat brought forward with considerable body and sharpness. The delicate colour and tender treatment of the subject are very successful. No. 175, by Ziem, is entitled, 'The Grand Canal at Venice;' but the view is taken from off the Riva degli Schiavoni, with the Grand Canal, of course, far to the left. The view is comprehensive; and although sketchy here and there, we find every remarkable object in its place tinted over with prismatic hues, and idealizing Venice as a city of mother-of-pearl—the scene of a never-ending holiday. No. 174, 'The Place St. Mark, Venice,' by Wyld, is another subject, taken abreast of the Palace. We know of no artist who paints Venice with such painstaking veracity as Wyld; all his views of the place are local identities. No. 136, 'Environs of Barbison,' presents two or three apple-trees; the subject, in fact, is an orchard frontier, of which the prominent apple-trees are the outposts. A difficult and unpromising semi-subject, like to which there are some fifty between Lisieux and Caen. The artist seems to propose the work as a *tour de force*, for a more unpicturesque selection he could not have made. There are some drawings by Bida, especially 'Egyptian Recruits removed from their Village,' a foreground crowd of miserable wretches driven off to military bondage. The other subjects are, 'An Albanian Baker,' an 'Arnaut Soldier,' and a 'Cairo Donkey-driver.' They are, like his former works, drawn with composite black lead on white paper; but the manipulation is so soft, that they have the appearance of having been made on cotton or silk. The style and manner are unique in tenderness and easy finish; they transcend all engraving and lithography. As a whole, the selection has been made with much tact; in those works of the French school which are most interesting to English artists and amateurs it is especially rich.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

MORNING ON THE NILE.

J. Jacobs, Painter.

T. A. Prior, Engraver.

Size of the Picture 3 ft. 1½ in. by 2 ft. 2½ in.

This picture is the companion work to one, by the same artist, entitled "The Golden Horn, Constantinople," an engraving from which appeared in a former number of this journal. M. Jacobs is, as was then stated, a distinguished member of the Belgian school.

A few years ago Egypt was a country which was comparatively unexplored by artists—now it has become a sketching-ground almost as much frequented by them as foreign lands nearer home; and as a result we have become familiarised, through their works, with its scenery, and with the manners and customs of its inhabitants. Moreover, it has been made the great high-road to our East Indian possessions, and the wild Arab of the desert may catch the shrill sound of the steam-whistle as the fleet engine whirls panting and puffing along the burning solitude. People, too, find their way thither who have no other object than the pleasure derived from a summer or autumn tour—wbo, having explored Europe from Paris to Cape Spartivento, and exhausted all which they consider worthy of attention within these limits, sail over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, disembark on the African coast, and *malgré* all discomforts and personal inconvenience, follow the windings of that wondrous river, the Nile, till they recline under the ruins of old Thebes, or press onwards to witness the fall of the far-famed Cataracts.

A mysterious river is this Nile, defying every attempt of the traveller to trace out its origin. Winding its way from the high lands north of the equator, in three streams of considerable magnitude, which pass through Abyssinia, and other regions to the westward of it, they meet in one vast channel in the country of Sennaar. These united waters then flow northwards through Nubia and Egypt, and after a course of more than eighteen hundred miles from the farthest explored point of its principal branch, the Bahr el Abiad, or White River, they enter the Mediterranean by several mouths, which are termed the Delta. An American traveller who some years ago formed one of an exploring expedition to Dongola and Sennaar, thus describes the appearance of the river in its course through upper Nubia:—"The Nile, below the point of junction of the Abiad and Azrek"—(that is, the White and Blue Rivers—"presents a truly magnificent spectacle. Between Halfay and Shendy the river is straitened, and traverses a deep and gloomy defile formed by high rocky hills, between which the Nile runs dark, deep, and rapidly for about twelve or fifteen miles. On emerging from this defile the river again spreads itself majestically, and flows between immense plains of herbage, bounded only by the horizon." After entering the Egyptian territories, the Nile runs through the whole length of the country, which it waters and fertilizes—and to it alone is it owing that Egypt exists as a productive and habitable region; hence the ancient Egyptians worshipped the river as their tutelary deity. The rise of the Nile, occasioned by the periodical rains of Central Africa, commences in June, about the summer solstice, and it continues to increase till towards the end of September, and sometimes, as in the last year, till October, overflowing the low lands along its course.

We have not been able to ascertain the name of the place that occupies so prominent a position in M. Jacobs's picture, but it is evidently in the vicinity of the Great Pyramids, which are seen in the distance; it is, not improbably, a part of Jizeh, a small town standing opposite to Cairo—or, perhaps, Beni Souef, a place of rather more importance, which is situated south of Jizeh. On the river is a number of coasting-boats, one of which, laden with camels and passengers, is preparing to quit her moorings, for a sailor is "weighing anchor" in a way which a British seaman would regard with a contemptuous look. The time of day is morning. The colouring of the picture is its least commendable quality, especially in the shadows, which are opaque and heavy.

It is in the collection at Osborne.



T. A. PRIOR, SCULPT.

J. JACOBS, PINY.

MORNING ON THE NILE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

EXHIBITION
OF
THE WORKS OF DAVID COX.

THERE is no more severe trial to which the pictures of any painter can be subjected, than by collecting them together, and, when thus combined, by viewing them as a whole, or comparing them with each other. The critic is then in a position to observe and test the progress or retrogression of the artist, to compare him with himself, to scan his merits or defects, and to ascertain whether he has been conscious of either, and if so, whether he has laboured to correct the one and maintain the other: in short, the Art-life of the man is placed before the spectator, and laid open to his judgment in indelible characters, which are the seal of his reputation: how few are there who can undergo the ordeal without apprehension of the result.

To such a trial, however, has the veteran landscape-painter, David Cox, been submitted by his friends and admirers—an exhibition of about 170 of his works having recently been opened at the "German Gallery," 168, New Bond Street; and a rich treat the exhibition is to all who can appreciate thorough English scenery, represented in a style of art which is as original as it is true. We have sometimes heard people say they cannot understand David Cox; we could only offer to such our pity,—pity that they had not eyes for Art or nature; that they could not see his glorious sunshine, the motions of his clouds as they

"Float through the azure air;"

pity that they could not inhale the sweet breath of his hay-fields and purple heaths, nor see the rushing on of his tempests, nor hear the pattering of his summer showers, nor repose with him under shadows of his thick, umbrageous elms and his graceful ash-trees. Not understand David Cox? why, there is not a peasant in the land who goes to his daily toil by the hedge-rows or in the fields, who could not comprehend and thoroughly *feel* the truth and beauty of his landscapes; who would not acknowledge that what he shows them is just that which every villager sees above and around him each summer of his life. The highest quality of Cox's works is their truth of nature, not in her minute and microscopic details, but in her broad, grand, and comprehensive character, in the majesty of her forms, the brightness or the darkness of her countenance, and the richness of her vesture. Let those who hitherto have been unable to understand him, visit the gallery in Bond Street, look well at what is there, and if then they come away unenlightened, we may safely affirm there is no remedy for their mental or visual obfuscation.

David Cox was, if we mistake not, a pupil of John Varley, but there is nothing, even in his earlier works, to remind one of his master: from the first he seems to have founded a style of his own, and rarely, if ever, to have departed from the principles he had laid down for his guidance. One of the few early pictures now exhibited, "Meadows on the river Lugg, Herefordshire," from the collection of an early patron, Mr. Allnutt, of Clapham Common, reminds us, in colour and handling, of the works of the late George Barrett, the water-colour painter; but this is the only work in which can be traced the slightest resemblance to any other artist, living or dead. From the same collection is also another picture of his earlier time, and one which has always been regarded among the best of his productions, "George IV. embarking for Scotland at Greenwich," a kind of subject very rare from the hand of this artist: it is an elaborate composition, gorgeous in colour, and picturesquely treated.

Cox, as most of our readers must be aware, is known chiefly as a water-colour painter. He is, we believe, one of the oldest members of the elder Society; but the gallery in Bond Street contains a considerable number of oil-pictures, most of which have been painted within the last ten or fifteen years. These have rarely been seen in London, or even at any of the provincial galleries, unless, perhaps, in Birmingham, near to which place he has latterly resided. Among those now exhibited we would especially point out a large picture, No. 1 in

the catalogue, a view of the town of "Rhyl," on the Welsh coast, a marvellously fresh and life-like representation. The subject is little else than a large open bay, with a line of sands traversed by a few figures, and the small town in the distance; but the effect of light, the motion of the silvery clouds, and of the clear grey waves, form one of the most beautiful representations we have ever seen. It is painted in a remarkably free manner, and must be looked at from a distance. No. 31, "The Vale of Clwyd," another large work in oils, is a highly meritorious production; so also is No. 134, "Cutting Vetches," bright and sunny. No. 153, "Bettyws-y-Coed Church," also a large oil-picture, will attract attention, as much by its real truth as by the daring manipulation employed by the artist. Nos. 18 and 19, small companion pictures, and respectively entitled "Twilight," and "Bridge near Bala," are wonderfully rich and transparent in colour. No. 156, "Wind, Rain, and Sunshine," another small oil-picture, is a brilliant gem, though the effect seems to be produced by the most careless and indifferent handling, as if roughly sketched on the spot.

Of the water-colour drawings we especially noticed No. 20, "Deer Stalking, Bolton Park;" No. 75, "Hay-carting," a delicious, quiet rural scene; No. 83, "Mountains and Sheep," grand and stormy; "The Bull," a highly poetical composition,—one may almost hear the roaring of the affrighted animal, and the splashing of the heavy rain, as it pours in torrents down upon the meadows, and the seething mists rise up as from a boiling cauldron; No. 116, "Bolsover Castle;" No. 117, "Vale of Clwyd," a rich autumnal scene, with gleamers; No. 118, "A Wreck on the North Coast," an evening after a storm, the rocks painted with extraordinary solidity; No. 124, "A Mountain Pass," through which a troop of armed men is passing; No. 125, "Chatmoss—Broom-gatherers," at work on the purple plain, under a canopy of whirling, fleecy clouds; No. 140, "Lancaster Castle," towards which a detachment of troops with baggage-waggons is wending its way, amid heat and dust.

Among the numerous small drawings are "bits" of great value. His productions of this class, executed fifteen or twenty years ago, when the pencil of the artist was used with less freedom of manner than it has since been, have never been excelled, scarcely equalled, by any painter, for their truth of character, and the pure, genuine feeling with which the rural scenery of England and Wales is invested: they are gems of landscape painting. To those who love and reverence such pictures the exhibition now open in Bond Street cannot fail to prove a rich treat, and will convince any sceptic, if he has eyes, that David Cox must always stand in the very first rank of British landscape painters.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF
GREAT ARTISTS.

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 2.—FUSELI.

IT was in the year of my *début* as an artist—in the year I produced my picture of "The Country Post-office" (God save the mark!)—just forty years ago, that I made a visit to Fuseli. He then inhabited the Keeper's Chambers, in the old Royal Academy of Somerset House, and was not only in the schools an object of great terror to the pupils, but out of them few persons who were not well backed by those who undertook their introduction would venture to approach him. I had heard a good deal of him, and had seen him in public—that is, his pictures; but I had the curiosity to wish to see him in private, and to hear him speak. I had not the vanity to think he would talk with me, a green fellow of twenty. I had some difficulty in accomplishing this ambitious object, for the first two or three persons I asked appeared overcome with my femerity, and flatly refused. At last a courageous fellow I knew something of consented,

and the project appeared to be taking the right course until we came to the flight of stone steps leading to the Keeper's apartments, and then I perceived a *lelle* demur and hesitation. My friend, poor fellow, was as deaf as a post, and when we came to a stand-still, to my surprise, he put his hand to his ear, and in a whisper, which was usual with him, he asked me "what I was going to do?" The question was a *poser*, and seemed to me to inquire whether I meant to persevere or turn back. However, this was not exactly what was meant. It meant, had I any letter of introduction? or should the peril be encountered simply on the plea of asking to see Mr. Fuseli's pictures? This was determined on, and my friend very gingerly lifted the old-fashioned knocker, and gave a tap or two, so gentle, that I was quite sure, unless somebody was on the watch, nobody would hear. At last the door was opened, and a ladylike person, whom I understood to be Mrs. Fuseli, came to learn our business. It was explained that I, a countryman and a stranger, begged to see Mr. Fuseli's pictures and sketches, and we were accordingly shown into his studio. My friend was well acquainted with them all, gave me the history of many, and we proceeded to look about us, and to make our comments pretty freely. There was certainly a great deal to speculate upon in the choice of subjects chosen, in the treatment they had received, and in the style and manner adopted by the artist. To one of little experience, and who had seen but little of the various modes by which nature and a conception of the objects of Art impress those who study and profess it, there was something, in what was before us, exceedingly puzzling. It was clearly difficult to decide whether what we saw were the steps to something which was to succeed, or the accomplished thing itself. In both cases the mind was perplexed. Anything so accomplished in conception—a proof that the mind has long studied and reflected upon the subject—was never before, perhaps, seen in connection with such crude and unformed execution. There was evidence enough of well-considered principles, deduced from an examination of the highest and best examples, but all at once they appeared to stop short, or to be left, while the aspirant was running into the wildest extravagances. Drawing put forth its claims; composition, in some cases, was learned; expression and character were not without pretensions, but both were found every now and then wild and licentious in the extreme. My friend and myself were both getting very deep in our critical investigation, and I was shouting my notions into his ear, when I heard a latch-key rattling in the lock of the door. As I looked towards the opening door, not quite at my ease, my friend turned his face and his eyes in that direction with evident alarm. At the same moment a figure entered in black clothes and white hair—all that the terror of the moment would permit us to see—with the air of a man who had detected in his house a couple of burglars. I was pushed forward to bear the brunt of the explosion, which, from appearances, threatened to be rather violent; but as I made my bow, and stood up to explain myself in the best way I could, the surprise, which had given an angry stir to the feelings, had subsided, and a quiet and severe dignity, with some slight symptoms of courtesy, had taken its place. "We have availed ourselves," I said, "sir, of the kind permission of Mrs. Fuseli to see your pictures." Something like a slight bow was attempted on the part of the painter, and, in a voice anything but encouraging, he growled forth, "I vornder you did nort go upstairs."—"We have been upstairs" (it was exhibition time).—"Den I vornder you should koomer down." I stood,

crumpling my card of address in my fingers. He put out his hand rather abruptly, and taking it, not waiting to have it given him, said, "You harve your name dare?" While he was attempting to read my name, written very small, through a pair of heavy gold-rimmed spectacles, I ventured to suggest that I was a beginner in Art, and was anxious to examine the works of one who had preceded me by so many years, and pursued so different a course. "O aye!" he said; "you are de hainter of a picture obstairs? Val!" he said, "do nod led dem perswade you dat you harve done all dat is to be dorn in Art. And dis gendelman is a bainter too?" he asked. My friend, not hearing, looked at me, whilst I answered, "Yes, he is, sir, but he is deaf."—"No, he is nort deaf, but deafish." My friend then spoke, and remarked, that he was a student at the Royal Academy, and had to thank Mr. Fuseli for his admission into the school. "Val," he said, "den perhaps I have done a goot ting, or perhaps nort." My companion then spoke of some pictures he had painted and exhibited: this brought forth a very, very long "Aw-aw-awoa!"—a sound which appeared to me of a very equivocal character, or rather more sarcastic than a simple "I understand." In order to say something, I remarked, "I do not see, sir, that you have any pictures this year."—"Nort obstairs, you mean?" I nodded. "No, I have nort. I am nort a bairder of bordraids. My lord and my lady have nort sat dis season, so I have nording. Dese are subjects from Meeltorn. You have heard of Meeltorn?" This was a little too much, and I could not refrain from laughing. The look of my deaf friend, who did not understand one word, although listening with his hand to his ear, was perfectly ludicrous, so completely was he posed by my mirth, and the suppressed, savage glee of the Keeper, who looked as if he was resolved not to enjoy his own joke. Before either of us had recovered ourselves the satirist was going on with a description of his works, much in the way the housekeeper proceeds with the visitors in a private collection when she expects but a small fee. "Dis is de Minataur, Adam and Eve, de Lazar-house, de—" I could not stand this; so, with the best grace I could muster, and with something of an altered manner, I broke in with, "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are giving us a catalogue of your pictures. I hoped to hear you say something of the philosophy of Art, and the principles—"—"Aw! very val," and he sat down upon a high stool, saying to himself, "Very val! veary val!" For a minute or two we were silent; and my companion put on a very inquiring, and, as I thought, rather disturbed, look. I had fixed my eyes upon the Adam and Eve, was examining it with some earnestness, and, I dare say, with some symptoms of pleasure; my companion, with his hand to his ear, was dividing his attention between us, and watching to catch what might fall from the Professor. "Dat will show," he said, "I have been in de lyfe?" (studied from the living model.)—"Yes; and to some purpose too."—"I had dorts once to form myself upon living forms and living tints, but I have been denied colour—colour has flown from me, and I have pursued in vain. I had dort to fill her place vid oder matter, bud I know nort. Der is somting in drawing, in fine form, eggsprasion, and character, and in avoidance of de vulgar and commonplace." I looked towards him, smiling at the sarcasm that was again oozing out. "Val, once I dort so." And I fancied I saw a shade of melancholy cross that severe face, but it fled in a moment. At the next he rose from his seat, planted his feet firmly upon the floor, drew himself up to his full height, and assumed his fierce and defiant look. Much of this was

habitual clearly, for he spoke unmoved, and said, in the tone of voice he had used all along, "Datt is a scene in a lazar-house. Tell me wart you tink."—"I do not conceive I am capable of criticising such an extraordinary work."—"Val, how you are impressed, den."—"I am not capable of judging of the composition impartially."—"Val, of de arction, of de character, of vart you will."—"I see," I timidly observed, "that the actors are unknown to me, and of a class I have never seen about the streets; they do not at all belong to the familiar or to common everyday life."—"Dart you find?" he asked. "Den you have discovered vart de world has meest. I knew you saw character."—"I have great enjoyment in the search for it."—"You vill fynd it, take my vort."

Having made my way so far in safety, I thought I would venture on an ordinary subject, and see what it would produce. Remembering a dear old friend, a countryman of the painter having often spoken of him, I mentioned his name, his marvellous acquirements, and, above all, his genuine, sterling, and boundless humanity, and asked if he was remembered by him. He could not recollect at the instant, but repeating his name once or twice over, "King, King, of Clifton; yas, he was de broader-in-law of Dr. Beddois; O yas, I was staying at de house of Meester Coutts, and de doctor used to koom dare every day for his guinea. Val," he said abruptly, "have you seen all you vish?" The question took me a little by surprise, and appeared the more harsh because entirely unqualified by any change of expression, the same cold, hard, and stolid face attending every change of sentiment, criticism, wit, sarcasm, &c. I have talked to people intimate with Fuseli, who have declared that, with all his apparent bitterness, there was great gentleness and kindness in his nature. I must say I left him without any such impression being made on me.

The personal character of Fuseli was completely exotic; there was not a particle of the Englishman about him. His shoulders were narrow, his chest flat, and his petit figure the type of what is vulgarly associated with a Frenchman of the old school. There was a hustling look of activity about him, devoid of dignity and of the force which appeared capable of being directed to any great purpose; his head betrayed something of intelligence, but nothing of sentiment or of imagination. He is said to have been learned, to have known a good deal of Greek and Latin; but that he was well read in the humanities and philosophy of things is very doubtful. In estimating the art he practised there is some difficulty; it is impossible to see how the learning he boasted bore upon what he practised; no evidence of it is to be found either in the choice of his subject, or in the treatment of it. He appears to have practised Art upon the broad grounds upon which it is exercised and pursued by artists of every class, from the highest to the lowest, not upon any inherent property or quality of propriety possessed by it, but by the mere bias of inclination, or by the direction of whim or caprice. He chose his subjects and painted them, not because there was anything in them peculiarly adapted to the province of Art, or anything that specifically recommended them to the respect of taste, but because they pleased him, and were congenial with the nature of his mind and feelings. Looking at his works with this truth in our minds, we feel that his learning was useless, and exercised no influence whatever over the thing he professed, adopted, and practised, and that he might full as well have been without, and as ignorant as his brothers. Learning, in Fuseli's case, was of no more advantage to him as an artist than as if he had been a good

chessplayer or a mathematician. These remarks are not made to undervalue learning, but to lead those who think on the subject to consider how it may be applied, and in what way directed. In the study of Art it behoves all aspirants to learn and to apply all and every kind of knowledge which truly belongs to it, and which furthers excellence in it. In considering the subject before us, certain points and particulars come out quite clearly, and are practically proved. It is seen and demonstrated that pictures may be painted by men of the most limited powers and acquirements. That it is the same in Art as in Music, in which singers and fiddlers are made by gifts of nature, by possessing fine voices or mechanical aptitude. Such cases as this we have been considering, if reflected upon, are apt to flatter men, in their ignorance, by exhibiting instances in which great acquirements were productive of no great results. Perhaps, in so comprehensive a pursuit as that of Art, a sufficient number of departments will ever be filled by operators equal to the taste of the public, and who, as they find patronage, will never care to make acquirements. A mackarel upon a deal board, painted to the life; a patch of blue sky, with a run of water in a meadow and among green trees; the eyes-nose-and-mouth resemblance in a portrait, will ever be matters of satisfaction to a certain number of painters and patrons: but the aspirant in Art, bent upon higher achievements, as he learns to know that a poverty of acquirement will certainly cramp his progress, and defeat success, will, in studying the opposite, take no small pains to learn *what it is* that will facilitate, give advantage, and ultimately lead him to the great object of his ambition. He will at least see that such attainments as those of Fuseli will not make him a painter.

PARQUETRY.

WE have already noticed the Architectural Exhibition, and we return to it now for the purpose of making a few remarks on the interesting display of parquetry exhibited by Steinitz & Co. Some time since (*Art-Union Journal*, 1845, p. 169, and 1846, p. 70) we gave two articles, with plates of illustrations, on the manufactures of this firm; and more recently (*Art-Journal*, 1855, p. 151) we directed especial attention to the solid parquetry introduced by the Messrs. Arrowsmith, of Bond Street. It is not necessary, therefore, that any large space should be occupied by our present notice. The specimens of parquetry which are exhibited by Messrs. Steinitz & Co. are exceeding good examples of this ornamental manufacture. These consist of parquet floors and borders, and parquet-marquetry borders, veneered panellings, and wall decorations in various kinds of wood, ecclesiastical decorations, ornamental, inlaid, and panelled ceilings, and a beautifully executed expanding table in parquetry. These sufficiently illustrate a kind of decoration which we desire to see adopted more frequently than it is, and which, we believe, is becoming more fashionable (for the "deformed thief, Fashion," has rule also here) than it has been within our time. It is, of course, understood by our readers that parquetry consists, ordinarily, of cementing pieces of ornamental wood in geometric figures upon a plane of solid wood. The cabinet-maker is enabled in this way to introduce woods of varied colours and beauty, which, as they can only be obtained in small pieces, could not be made available for ornamentation by any other means. Thus, not merely can wainscot, walnut, maple, and such-like woods, be employed, but the purple-wood, tulip, sassafras, zebra, and numerous other varieties derived from tropical plants, which never attain to any larger growth than that which is designated by the term *shrub*.

Another process is that known as solid parquetry, which we have, as we have already said, previously described. This, however, it may be stated, consists of interlocking and firmly cementing together solid

pieces of the woods employed, of the required thickness, for floors or any other purposes. The first is essentially *venering*, and the second a process of *binding together*. Upon this point we cannot but quote a passage from the circular of Steinitz & Co., which we could desire to see corrected. In reference to the parquetry table, they say, "The peculiarity of this table, the design of which can be equally well applied to a parquet floor or border, is, that, instead of being merely *venered*, like usual first-class tables, which cannot resist either heat or wet, or being made *solid*, like the more ordinary work, which seldom stands, it is plated with quarter-inch hard woods upon solid groundwork, by which means the greatest beauty of design can be combined with the perfect durability of a parquet floor."

The italics are as we find them, the object being to convey an idea that this table is not *venered*. What *plating* can mean but *venering* we do not understand, and the whole system of parquetry by this process is one of *venering* and nothing else. We must object to two other statements calculated to mislead. They say their "Patent *venered* panelling and wall decorations in wainseot, maple, and walnut, offers no inflammable material in case of fire." That "this advantage possesses likewise a certain degree of importance may be inferred from the fact that the serious calamity which occurred some years ago at Windsor Castle, and has been repeated in many churches and other buildings, arose from the *ignition of the solid panelling*, which had been placed in too close proximity to the heated flues." Woods may differ in their degrees of inflammability, but if Messrs. Steinitz's *venered* panelling is placed in "too close proximity to the heated flues," it will as certainly take fire as will any other ligneous structure. Their woods, again, according to their own statement, will not swell if placed on a damp wall or a wet floor; and hence, say they, the superiority of their parquetry over the solid parquetry, which, they admit, obeys the law of all fibrous bodies, and will swell. We know not in what forest this Company grows their non-inflammable and non-absorbent wood; the naturalists would be interested to learn something more about this very abnormal condition of a product from the vegetable world.

Our impression is that both the solid parquetry and the *venered* parquetry are liable to precisely the same conditions in relation to fire and water. It is greatly to be regretted that, advancing beyond the fair circle of competition, statements of so absurd a nature should be made, since but few who think will receive them, and those who receive them will be misled.

The works of this company are very beautiful; and, as they say truly enough, they are enabled "to form curvilinear as well as geometrical designs, of a richness utterly impossible to be produced in 'solid' parquetry, except at an enormous cost," and they can "introduce rich fancy wood, the use of which would preclude their use in solid work." We have on former occasions done full justice to both manufactures; and we feel that it is a duty which we owe to our readers to place them right where they may possibly be led astray.

We clearly perceive that *venered* parquetry may, in the hands of the skilled workman, be rendered far more ornamental than the solid parquetry, and, therefore, for many purposes it has the advantage. At the same time, there are many very important situations in which solid parquetry may be applied with far more certainty and propriety.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1861.

If we are not altogether disposed to sympathize with the individuals with whom the proposal for a Great Exhibition in the year 1861 has originated, we cannot withhold from these gentlemen our admiration of the steady and determined perseverance with which they have maintained their views. Nor do we differ from them in opinion as to their project; of its being made productive of great practical utility, we are fully persuaded. The project, in fact, must be now held to have been accepted; and the question which, therefore, remains for consideration has reference rather to the means that may be most

advantageously employed for its realization, than to the proposed Exhibition itself. At the same time there are certain arguments in support of this Exhibition, and of the decennial gatherings, of which this is to be the first, that require to be clearly set forth and fairly discussed. We propose, after having declared our own sentiments, to offer a few practical suggestions with reference to the ultimate working out of the plans that may be adopted.

The only opposing argument of any weight is the one that a powerful daily contemporary put forth, as soon as the proposal of the Society of Arts in its columns was made public. That argument was based upon the supposition that the Exhibition that had been suggested for the year 1861 should be a repetition, a kind of duplicate of that which has made 1851 an era of its own; and it was urged that the 1851 Exhibition was an exceptional affair altogether, a thing of itself, and to be left by itself, which it would be impossible to repeat, and any imitation of which must inevitably lead to a discreditable failure. Perhaps, if the premises were to be granted, the conclusions drawn from them in this view of the Society of Art's proposition might be accepted as correct. But it has been satisfactorily shown (assuming the exceptional character of the Exhibition of 1851, and the consequent impossibility to repeat it) that a series of Decennial Exhibitions might be held, which would possess qualities, and aim at results, altogether distinct from those that characterized the wonderful assemblage of the world's produce in 1851. In two respects the 1861 Exhibition would essentially differ from its predecessor: it would omit much that had been before introduced, and it would introduce much that before had been omitted. It would also be designedly and expressly *educational* in its character. Instead of merely showing as many objects as possible, and seeking to stimulate curiosity by placing a few wonderful rarities in the midst of vast masses of the miscellaneous productions of human industry, the 1861 Exhibition would bring together, under a simple yet strictly systematic classification, specimens of what Art, and Science, and Manufacturing enterprise will have accomplished within a period of ten years, for the purpose of leading and encouraging all who are engaged or interested in any such work to still more perfect and more beneficial achievements. The Exhibition of 1851 may indeed be said to have conveyed a certain amount of teaching, since it demonstrated both the admirable skill and dexterity of the workers in the different processes of production, and the short-comings in the far greater qualities of thoughtfulness and design, which on every side but too evidently characterized their productions. This teaching, such as it was (and all teaching is valuable that brings our imperfections and faults faithfully before us), would fail to lead to more advantageous issue, unless there should be provided some comprehensive means for testing its effects. We profess to have set ourselves in earnest to the work of bringing Art into alliance with Manufactures, and to have studied Art itself in all its higher aspirings, with the view to the attainment of a progressive proficiency in our practice and in our appreciation of it. The proposed Exhibition in 1861 is intended to exemplify what we have accomplished both in Art and Art-manufacture. It will invite all artists, all Art-manufacturers, all producers of whatsoever works, to place before the world specimens of their success. Repudiating all that savours of mere display, it will classify everything, and everything will have its place determined by its merit and its ability to convey valuable information. Such an exhibition must be the appropriate *result* of the Exhibition of 1851, as, in its turn, it will lead, with strict consistency to its own successor, when another decade of years shall have been fulfilled.

In addition to the progress that will have been made since 1851, and which requires to be made known more widely than is possible by any other means, the ten years that will be completed in 1861 will have almost enough of what is directly and specifically their own to justify a great Exhibition at that time, even if it were to contain nothing beyond specimens and illustrations either of fresh discoveries or of new and improved applications of inventions previously known. And then, again, since the wonderful advance in social and commercial intercommunication that has been realized by the electric telegraph, and by the improved application

of steam machinery, a new sentiment of both fellowship and rivalry has arisen and established itself in action amongst the inhabitants of different regions of the earth, which demands periodical opportunities for that mutual interchange of ideas which is obtained in great artistic and industrial Exhibitions. It has been said also, and with good reason, that the younger portion of our population will require once in ten years a great Exhibition, that they may be old enough to understand that with which they may themselves become personally familiar. Many other reasons might be advanced in addition to those at which we have briefly glanced, all of them in favour of the project of the Society of Arts; and, since there appears no really sound argument on the other side, we repeat our conviction that, with the year 1861, a great Exhibition may be expected, that will be distinguished by excellences and also by characteristic features peculiarly its own. In the meantime much remains to be said upon every practical point connected with the accomplishment of this great enterprise. To one most important matter we would at once invite the serious attention of all who are interested in the project under our consideration,—and this is, that *preparations of every kind be commenced in good time*. Even now it would be well that the place for the Exhibition, and the building in which it should be held, be considered with a view to some decision upon these preliminaries being formed. And from the present moment it would be most desirable that all artists and manufacturers should form their several plans, and thus give themselves space for that careful and well studied preparation which alone can render the Exhibition a complete success, through being thoroughly useful and beneficial.

That there should have been delays and hesitation on the part of the contributors, when the Exhibition of 1851 was in the course of formation, was only natural. A great Exhibition then was not a subject upon which any appeal could be made to experience. No one knew exactly what it might be expected to prove, or in what manner contributions might most advantageously be prepared for the purpose of appearing in it. But now the case has assumed an aspect entirely different. There can no longer exist any doubt or any uncertainty. Every person can understand what kind of an Exhibition it is that the Society of Arts has proposed, and all who think of taking a part in it know exactly what they ought to send. The two years that precede the first of the decennial Exhibitions, do not provide at all too long a period for the formation of arrangements, and for their realization. These preparations are calculated to be more important in their effects than any others that each individual or each establishment have ever made: they have to be made, too, in addition to the customary avocations and engagements of each; and there will not be in another year a less amount of those habitual claims upon time and thought, which might leave for the great Exhibition of the next year an undivided attention. If they propose to contribute to the gathering of 1861, let *both artists and manufacturers immediately enter upon a course of preparation*. When the interval shall have passed away, we feel assured they will acknowledge the soundness of the advice, that urges upon them promptness as well as energy of action.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham has been spoken of, in certain quarters, as the edifice in which the 1861 Exhibition ought to be located. The Crystal Palace might allege a strong claim, should those who are in authority there desire to have such a suggestion carried into effect. Still, upon mature reflection, it must appear that for many cogent reasons the proposed Exhibition must have a building provided for it nearer London, easier of access, and more completely available for its own requirements. The great aim and purpose of the Decennial Exhibitions the Crystal Palace might indeed carry out to their full development, by strengthening its own position as a permanent museum of Art-manufactures and of industrial productions of every description.

There remains one other point to be particularly noticed with reference to preparations for the proposed Exhibition: we allude now to the catalogues, and to the organization of a system of popular lectures in explanation and illustration of the various collections. All Museums, all great Exhibitions, and we are disposed to add, every Exhibition of

whatever kind, ought to be rendered clearly intelligible, and to have their teaching qualities made known in the most popular manner, both by simple descriptive notices and by lectures. The Great Exhibition of 1861, beyond all others, will require to be *described*; it will, in fact, in a great measure rely for its success upon its application through descriptions of its contents. And let us not again have a catalogue in course of preparation at the very time that it is most needed in a complete form. Detailed notices of the collections, such as will be better calculated for memorials in future times than for hand-books of present reference, must necessarily be written after the Exhibition shall have been formed. But it is essential that the arrangements should include some really good and trustworthy catalogue, that may be had when it is wanted, and used while it may be useful. The Art-Treasures Exhibition at Manchester has left behind it, as almost the only memorial of its existence, this ad-mouition to all who undertake the direction of Great Exhibitions:—that the formation of their Exhibition constitutes one-half of their duties,—and that the other half consists in *exhibiting* it.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

SUBJECTS FOR PREMIUMS.

LONG titles and compound names may be very expressive things, but they also are very inconvenient. Hence they very generally are subjected to a process of abbreviation, which so grievously curtails them of their fair proportions that, in their practical application, they become remarkable for an unusual brevity. Such a fate has befallen the institution that is so well known as the "Society of Arts." It is, in reality, the "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce;" but this is by far too cumbersome a title for everyday use, and so the "Manufactures and Commerce" are dropped with "the Encouragement," and the society thrives, and is supposed to fulfil its vocation, as the "Society of Arts." We have not the very slightest objection either to the abbreviated title, or to that which sets forth the society's style *in extenso*; nor have we noticed the fact of this discrepancy between the society's accepted title and its real one, with any other purpose than as introductory to the expression of an opinion, that if the society in any sense is a "Society of Arts," the Arts ought, in common justice, to have their full and fair share in its operations, and in "the Encouragement" which certainly it professes to hold out to the Arts on at least equal terms with "Manufactures and Commerce." Without doubt, the prevailing opinion is that this institution is a "Society of Arts," and the Arts, consequently, are very generally supposed to engage exclusively its fostering care. And yet, on reflection, either it must be admitted that the Arts are very ungrateful, or this society will be found sadly wanting in the discharge of its duty towards them. The fact is, that the Society of Arts does, and has done, but little for the Arts; little indeed, in itself, and a little which becomes still less when brought into comparison with the "encouragement" that is systematically given to Manufactures and Commerce.

Amongst the agencies employed by this society in the practical working of its scheme of action, are certain prizes and premiums which it annually awards for communications on subjects, which it duly publishes to the world. Of these prizes and premiums we submit that the Arts, in good policy, as well as in most strict equity, have a right at least to a third. Indeed, as the society itself derives from lovers and patrons of the Arts the larger part of its income, and from the Arts alone, what we may designate its working title, we should not consider ourselves to have exhibited any unwarranted partiality had we claimed for the Arts the best of the prizes, and rather more than an even third of the premiums. We are content, however, to place the honourable and ever-to-be-honoured trio side by side in strict equality, thus seeking an uniform and impartial encouragement for Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce from the society, which claims a right to them all in its title, though, in practice, it rarely uses the name of more than

one of them. Both the public and the subscribers to the society, we are assured, will adopt our own views in this matter, and will indorse them with their approval. All that now remains for us to do, then, is to request that the public and the subscribers will have the great kindness, with us, to take up the society's "Premium List," and to observe how the Arts are shown by that document to be dealt with.

This "Premium List" commences with setting forth the objects for which four "special prizes" will be awarded, and the terms of the several awards in accordance with the wishes of the donors of these prizes. The first is for a "Treatise on Jurisprudence;" the second, for "The Discovery of a Substitute for Cotton" (this prize having been placed at the disposal of the council, the subject has been chosen by that body); the third for the "Production of an Incombustible Paper for Ledgers, &c.;" and the fourth, for "A Design for an Institute." The Arts, as it appears from hence, have not much concern with these "special prizes." Then follows the "General List." We are not about to inflict upon our readers even an abstract of its hundred and forty-five subjects; but while in this list there is opened up a wide and diversified field of scientific inquiry and research, and while both Commerce and Manufactures may hope to derive advantages of the utmost importance from anything resembling a satisfactory treatment of the proposed subjects, the Arts are almost entirely left out of the question, or they at best only appear indirectly and under subordinate conditions. If the Society of Arts is to profess one object, and to aim at the realization of another, this list must be pronounced a singularly appropriate production. In this case, let us have a society that, perhaps, may bear some name that cannot be easily associated with the Arts, but which, after what would seem to be the fashion of the times, may devote itself to them. By all means let our societies be entitled after their own fancy; if in their titles we can discern their actual object, so much the better—the better, that is, in our opinion; but if this is not to be expected, at any rate the Arts ought to secure for themselves the encouragement of *some* society that will be found worthy of such a duty, and competent to discharge it successfully. We believe, indeed, that this is the true mission of the institution established in the Adelphi; if so, we look to that institution for the fulfilment of the trust that devolves upon it—such a fulfilment of that trust as will extend over the entire range of those diversified, yet united, operations, that ought to constitute the distinctive characteristics of a "Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce."

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—Gainsborough's celebrated portrait of Mrs. Graham has recently been bequeathed to the Scottish National Gallery. The history of the picture and the bequest is stated thus in the Scottish papers. At the mature age of forty the late Lord Lynedoch, then Mr. Graham, married a lady of the Cathcart family, and of great beauty, to whom he was devotedly attached; the lady died not very long after her marriage, and her portrait, taken when she was in the full bloom of youth, was carefully locked up by her husband, after her death, and deposited in the hands of a person in London, where it remained unopened till his lordship's decease, a period of fifty years. None of his friends ventured, during his lifetime, to allude to the picture, but after his death search was made for it: it was recovered, and exhibited at the British Institution a few years ago, where it attracted universal admiration. The portrait had been entailed by Lord Lynedoch, but Mr. Graham, of Redgerton, Perthshire, the gentleman who bequeathed it to the Scottish gallery, and who died on the 11th of March, was exceedingly anxious to secure it for the purpose mentioned, and arranged with the next heir of entail to pay such sum as it might be valued at by Mr. T. Nisbet, of Edinburgh: the sum of £2000 was fixed as its price, and it has now found a resting-place where its merits will be seen and appreciated.

BRISTOL.—The Report emanating from the committee of the School of Practical Art for the

last year, shows that the number of pupils attending the classes of the central school during that period was 820; and the number of children and adults in the classes of the public and parochial schools, the diocesan training college, and the district school in Spon Lane, was 1163. Twenty-five medals were recently awarded, at the annual examination of the works of the students, by Mr. Bowler, the government inspector, to 21 pupils.

BRISTOL.—The first general meeting of shareholders of the School of Practical Art in this city was held at the end of March. The president, Mr. P. W. S. Miles, addressed the meeting, and in the course of his remarks stated that the school had now been in operation five years; and the report showed that great credit was due to the master, Mr. Ferrier, for the success which had hitherto attended it, for he had, unfortunately, received very inadequate support from the public. When the school was first established there were 62 pupils only, now the number had increased to 300 males and females.

NORWICH.—The recent sale of the pictures and objects of *virtu* belonging to the late Earl of Orford, at Wolterton Hall, near this city, attracted a large number of amateurs and collectors, including many from London. The pictures which buyers were mostly in search of were some valuable family portraits; but prior to the sale, Mr. Butcher, the auctioneer, announced that, although the directions in the will of the earl made it necessary that the whole of these paintings should be put up for sale, he had commissions from members of the family to purchase them, and consequently there was a large reserved price put upon them. After such an intimation the biddings were merely nominal, and the works, with the exception of one, were all bought in at merely nominal prices; the exception being a portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, by Vanloo, which was knocked down to Mr. Scott, of the firm of Colnaghi & Co., for the sum of £175. Other pictures bought in were a portrait of William III., by Sir Godfrey Kneller; one of Lord Nelson, by Lane; and a "Hunting Scene on the Beach at Brancaster," with portraits of Sir R. Walpole, on the horse taken from the Pretender, Colonel Churchill, &c., by Wootton, a famous painter of such subjects in the early part of the last century. Two fine portraits of Sir E. and Lady Faulkner, in crayons, by Listard, were purchased by Mr. Scott, for £86; Mr. Faulkner, of London, bought one of Lady Robert Spencer for £36, and one of Archbishop Laud for a similar sum. The antique furniture, tapestries, wood-carvings, china, &c., realized prices that showed their value in the estimation of the buyers: the principal "lot" among these objects was a set of twelve Louis Quatorze elbow fauteuils, carved in walnut, the backs and seats covered with fine Gobelin tapestry, representing scenes from Æsop's Fables: they were knocked down for the sum of £323 13s. The catalogue contained 1500 lots in all, and the sale lasted four days.

CARLISLE.—A small monument has recently been erected in the cathedral church of this city to the memory of Musgrove L. Watson, the sculptor, who died in 1847; a short biographical sketch of his career appeared in the *Art-Journal* for January, 1848, with a notice of his principal works; one of these, an exquisitely beautiful bas-relief, representing "Death and Sleep bearing off the dead body of Sarpedon," was also engraved. The monument in question includes a medallion portrait of the lamented artist—one of true and original genius—and, at the base, are a few modelling tools, a hammer, chisels, &c., symbols of his art, grouped together. We understand that the monument has been erected at the cost of a few brother sculptors, who have—and all honour to them for it—thus testified to his worth. Watson was born near Carlisle.

HANLEY.—On the 21st of February the annual meeting of the supporters of the Hanley School of Art was held. The report was deemed quite satisfactory, both as to the position of the institution and the progress of the pupils. Workmen had come forward with subscriptions, proving thereby the interest felt in the success of the school.

SUNDERLAND.—A monument is to be erected to the brave and good General Havelock at Sunderland, for which the following artists have competed. The design of Mr. Behnes has, it is said, been selected by the committee:—Mr. G. G. Adams, Mr. W. F. Woodington, Mr. Bell, Mr. J. C. Lough (an equestrian statue and others), Mr. E. G. Papworth (an obelisk with figures at the base), Mr. R. Jefferson, Mr. Thornycroft, Messrs. Oliver and Lamb, aided by Mr. Beall (a Gothic canopy crocketed), Mr. Noble, Mr. Behnes, Mr. Camroux, and Mr. Rowe, of South Shields. The monument is to be erected on the hill in the Park. There were twenty-six statues, two busts, and an obelisk, and several designs for statues and canopies among the competition works.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

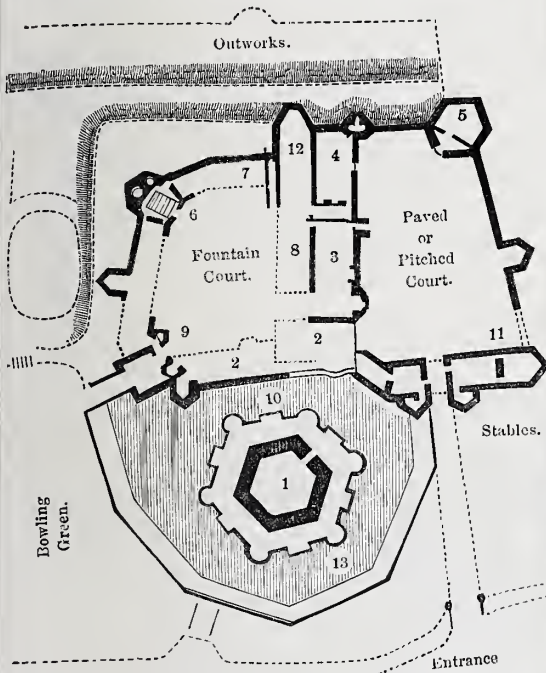
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART V.—RAGLAN CASTLE.



ALL who are wanderers of the Wye, and rest in the old town of Monmouth, will certainly visit the picturesque yet very magnificent remains of Raglan Castle; and a "Part" of our Tour may be properly devoted to a description of its attractions.* The visitor, however, will find "on the spot" a guide, such as he will rarely encounter in any "notable" place of any district. The Warden of Raglan Castle is a gentleman and a scholar, although circumstances have placed him in a position somewhat under that to which he is entitled of right. His appointment to the office by the Duke of Beaufort is, at all events, an advantage to those who visit this beautiful ruin; he is ever active and ready in communicating the knowledge—large and accurate—he possesses concerning its remarkable and interesting history. To him—acting as the Duke's representative—we are no doubt indebted for much of the care and cost expended to prevent further encroachments of the destroyer—Time. It is but just to commence our notice of Raglan by giving expression to the gratitude that cannot fail to be felt towards his Grace by all who visit this fine relic of a great epoch, to which all visitors are freely welcome, and where a liberal and judicious management is perpetually exercised to preserve without "restoring," to arrest decay while excluding evidence of "newness,"—so that all is in perfect harmony and "keeping."

A ground plan of the castle will enable the reader, better than any written description can do, to ascertain the distribution of the several buildings of which it consists.

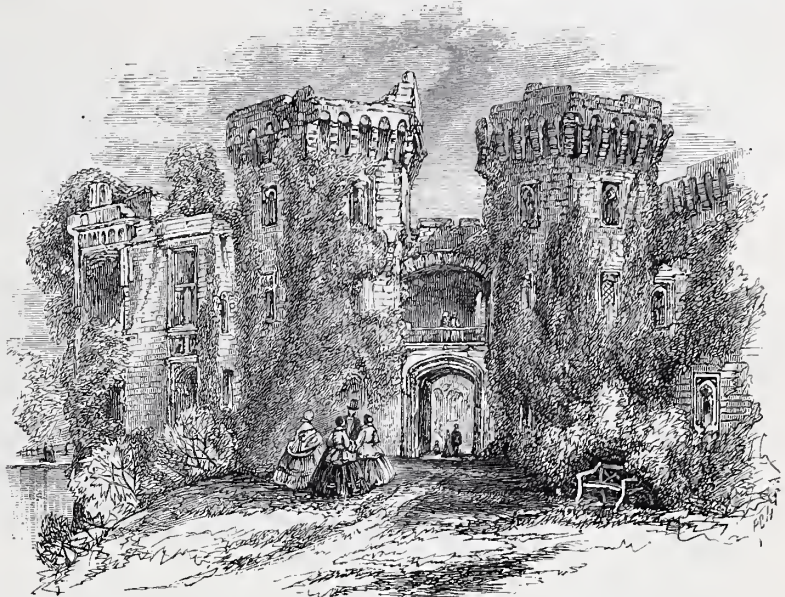


1. Keep, or Yellow Tower. 2. Chamber, famous for its elaborate oak carving. 3. Great Hall. 4. The Buttery. 5. Kitchen. 6. Gateway and Staircase. 7. Galleries and State-rooms. 8. Chapel. 9. Gateway leading to the Bowling-green. 10. Spot formerly crossed by a bridge. 11. Breach made during the siege. 12. On the upper story is King Charles's window. 13. Moat surrounding the Keep.

It is obvious that the space to which we are necessarily limited will enable us to do little more than introduce a brief outline of its history, with some explanations of the various circumstances and several objects that cannot fail to interest the Tourist. This we shall do as carefully as we can; endeavouring to enhance the enjoyment of those by whom the venerable and beautiful ruin may be visited.

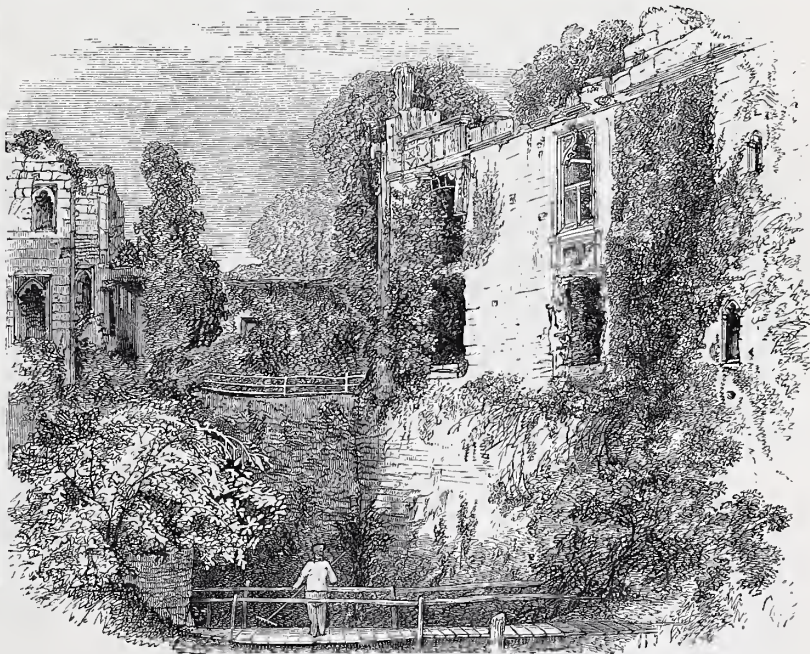
* We have borrowed some of the illustrative woodcuts for this Part from "The Castles and Abbeys of England," by William Beattie, M.D., a work of great merit and value. The subjects are of objects which do not now undergo change, and are excellently engraved from drawings by an admirable artist, the late W. H. Bartlett. It may be desirable to add that several very beautiful photographs, produced by Mr. Earl, of Worcester, may be purchased in one of the lodges appertaining to the castle.

Raglan is "of no great antiquity," as compared with its neighbours, dating no farther back than the fifteenth century. In the reign of Henry VIII. it is described by Leland as "fair and pleasant, with goodly parkes adjacent;" and later, by Camden, "as a fair house, built castel-like." There is no doubt, however, that the citadel, or "Yellow Tower of Gwent," is of a period much more remote, and that a "Lord of Raglan" held sway here as early as the time of the first Henry. Subsequently it received various additions by succeeding lords, until, during the civil war, it was besieged, taken, dismantled, and finally destroyed. For nearly four centuries it has been the property of the Earls and Marquises of Worcester; and from this



THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

venerable family-seat the late commander-in-chief in the Crimea took his title. The history of the princely race of the Somersets is almost that of England during its most eventful periods, from the wars of the Roses to that of the Crown and the Parliament: they were foremost among the nobles of the realm in every reign, always gallant gentlemen, often accomplished scholars, and very frequently the patrons of Letters, Science, and Art,—on many occasions holding rank among their most eminent professors. The memoirs of this great "house" are indeed full of incidents akin to romance; furnishing to the throne and the country brave soldiers, skilful ambassadors, loyal subjects, stout defenders of national rights, and men who considered that to increase popular knowledge, as well as civil liberty, was the first duty of a nobleman. This



FROM THE MOAT.

house is, therefore, illustrious in a higher sense than even that which is derived from rank, wealth, and antiquity. After the Restoration, the then Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of the second marquis, "the author" of "A Century of Inventions"—a work that "went far beyond its time"—and the grandson of the gallant soldier whose defence of his castle is among the most stirring incidents of the age, was advanced to a dukedom, being created, in 1682, Duke of Beaufort, "with remainder to the heirs male of his body," in consideration not alone of his eminent services to the crown, but also of "his noble descent from King Edward III., by John de Beaufort, eldest son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by Catherine Swinford, his third wife." The present—the eighth—Duke, Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, was born in 1824.

The reader will advantageously traverse this ruin if we give him some idea of the duties of leading subordinates in the defence of a castle in the olden time.

Among its retainers there was no more important personage than the **WARDER**. He kept the gate, and he only arranged all entry or exit. He lived in a small room beside the portal, which was usually protected by bolts, bars, and a formidable portcullis. The folding gates were on ordinary occasions shut, and the smaller wicket door in one of them opened for foot-passengers. A grated opening, or loop-hole, was provided in the gate

for the warder to observe and take note of those who demanded admission.

Notification of danger was given to the neighbourhood by lighting the **BEACON** on the topmost tower, which, as castles were usually placed on eminences, might be seen around for many miles; so that retainers, or soldiers, from other strongholds might be sent as aids. These beacons were open fire places of iron, affixed to the ramparts, and to tend them was a service of danger, when bowmen could hit with an arrow as certainly as rifle-men now do with a ball.

The **ARMOURER** was an important denizen of the "stronghold of stone," and his services were constantly in request, from the first hour when the young knight had "his suit of mail" ordered, to that of the battle-field.

In the days when archers were the chief warriors, plate-armor was a coveted defence; and in "piping times of peace" the skill of the armourer was devoted to the decoration of the noble's suit, which was so valuable, when inlaid with gold and silver and enriched by Art-workmanship, that instances are on record where the wearer was slain merely to obtain the suit as plunder.

When gunnery became general, the **MUSKETEER** manned the ramparts of the old castle, and his steel cap and cuirass were the only relics of "the panoply of steel" that once encased the soldier, and which was found of little avail against the bullet. These were among the foremost subordinates of a castle such as that of Raglan; there were others of equal note, and of perhaps greater importance, but to picture them would be foreign to our purpose; those we have introduced on this page may, however, enable

the reader to people the old ruin with its old guards, as well as its ancient lords and governors.

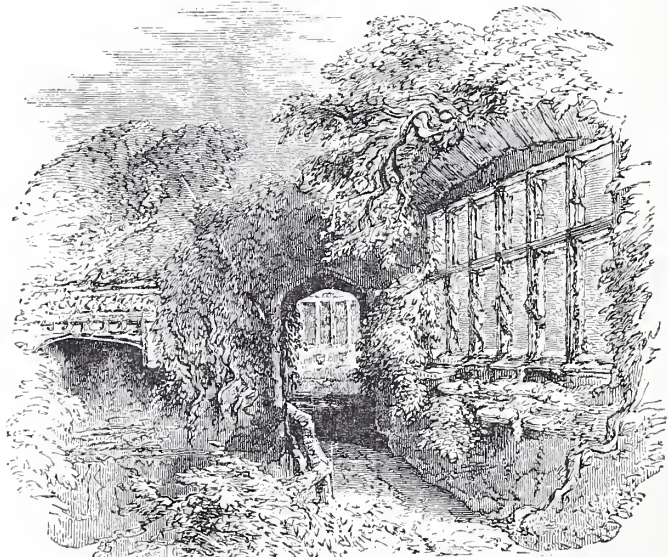
Raglan Castle is indebted for much of its renown to the events that made it a ruin—its brave defence, in 1646, when assailed by the army of the Parliament. The good and gallant Marquis, a loyal gentleman and a true man, when summoned to surrender in the June of that year, returned for answer, he would "rather die nobly than live with infamy." The besiegers were rapidly augmented by troops "released from Oxford," and, headed by Fairfax, they compelled a surrender, but not even then until the venerable soldier had twice received the commands of the king to abandon further defence. On the 17th of August, 1646, "the officers, soldiers, and gentle-



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

men of the garrison marched out with horses and arms, colours flying, drums beating, trumpets sounding, matches lighted at both ends, hullets in their mouths, and every soldier with twelve charges of powder and ball," choosing any place they pleased to deliver up their arms to the general of the Parliament. The gallant old marquis was then eighty-four years of age, and his castle was the last in England that "kept to" the cause of the unhappy king. The siege was followed by sequestration and sale of the whole estate, Cromwell obtaining a large share of it. The lead was taken from the roofs; the walls, broken by the cannon, soon let in the weather; timber was removed by every greedy hand, and Time was left to "do his worst" with the valuable and beautiful castle-mansion that had been so long the glory of Monmouthshire. Unhappily, no effort was made to restore it when restoration was practicable; it has, therefore, been a ruin during two centuries, but it is, beyond all question, the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom: other ruins there are, grander and more imposing, but none so graceful in decay, none that so pleasantly, yet so forcibly, recalls a period when the Baron's hall was a continual scene of hospitality, and the Baron at the head of his retainers in all hut name a king.

Our description of the castle, its towers, its dilapidated staircases, its groined windows, its arched doorways, its once proud keep, and the gorgeous remains of its lofty halls and stately apartments,



ROYAL APARTMENTS.

must be necessarily brief. A sufficiently accurate idea of them, in their present condition, will be formed from the appended woodcuts; which exhibit the more striking and interesting parts of the yet magnificent structure.

"A famous castle fine
That RAGLAN high, stands moated almost round
Made of free-stone, upright, as straight as line,
Whose workmanship in beautie doth abound;
With curious knots, wrought all with edged toole:
The stately tower that looks o'er pond and poole,
The fountaine trim, that runs both day and night,
Doth yield in showe a rare and noble sight!"

"The famous castle" was scarcely more "fine" in its glory than it is in its decay.

The county historian, Cox, and the Rev. John Evans ("Beauties of England and Wales"), describe the ruin fully; but Dr. Beattie has devoted to the subject a large portion of his interesting and valuable book, "The Castles and Abbeys of England." From these sources we borrow our details. The ruins stand on a gentle eminence near the village; including the citadel, they occupy a tract of ground not less than a third of a mile in circumference. The citadel, a detached building, was a large hexagon, defended by bastions, surrounded by a moat, and connected with the castle by a drawbridge; it was called *Melyn y Gwent*, or the Yellow tower of Gwent, and is five stories high. The shell of the castle encloses two courts or areas, each of which communicated with a terrace walk, to which residents resorted for "out of door" exercise and enjoyment, and which communicated with the bowling-green. The GRAND ENTRANCE is formed by a gothic portal, flanked by two massive towers; they are still in a good state, gracefully clothed with ivy. The porch, which retains the grooves for two portcullis, leads into the first court, formerly paved, but now carpeted with cleanly shorn grass, and "sprinkled with shrubs." On the eastern and northern sides are the range of culinary offices—the kitchen being remarkable for the great size of its fire-places, indicating the hospitality of its old lords. The southern side seems to have formed a grand suite of apartments, and the great bow window of the hall, at the south western extremity of the court, is "finely canopied with ivy." The stately hall which divides the two courts, and which appears to have been built during the reign of Elizabeth, contains vestiges of splendour and beauty.* Here, carved in stone, are the arms of the first Marquis of Worcester, with the family motto, "*Mutue vel timere sperno*"—"I scorn either to change or fear." To the north of the hall are ranges of offices, which appear to have been the buttery and pantry. Beyond them are traces of splendid apartments, some of the sculptured decorations of which yet remain. The western door of the hall led into the chapel, which is much dilapidated; few indications of its holy uses are to be found; it was probably destroyed, as well as desecrated, by the soldiers of the Commonwealth; yet it is singular, notwithstanding, that scarce a trace of its architectural ornaments remains, excepting a few groins rising from grotesque heads that supported the roof. Dr. Beattie conjectures that the chapel was of a very early date, probably coeval with the Gwent tower, and that it had never been decorated as other parts of the castle were. The Fountain Court may still be distinctly traced; the "water-works" at Raglan, during the sovereignty of the first marquis, formed, indeed, the leading attractions of the castle, and are said greatly to have pleased the taste and soothed the feelings of King Charles, when, a fugitive from Naseby field, he had such a welcome of voice and heart within these walls as he was never destined to receive afterwards from any of his subjects.†

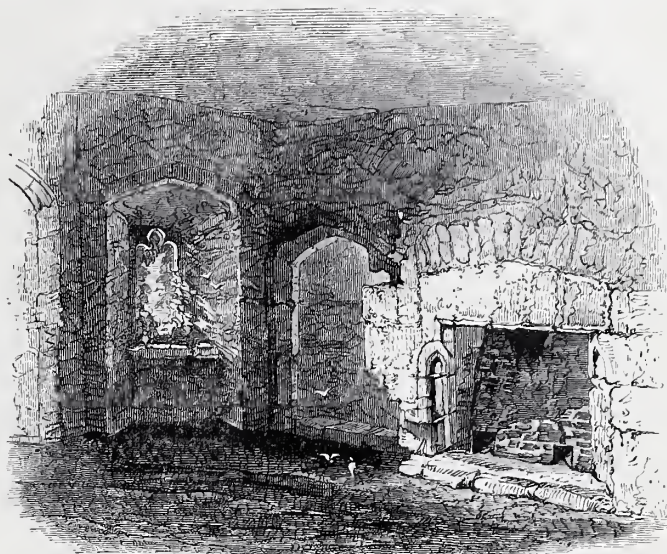
Most of the apartments of this noble castle-mansion were of large dimensions; everywhere there is evidence that "accommodation" was obtainable for a small army, and that "entertainment" was always there for the "grand company" ever attendant on its ladies and its lords, officers of the household, retainers, attendants, and servants.

* In the Banquet Hall a great improvement has been introduced by the present warden. The floor, which, since the hand of the spoiler removed the encaustic tiles some two hundred years ago, was composed of a stiff clay, on which vegetated a few scanty blades of grass, and on which the water, after showery weather, always used to lie in pools, is now macadamised, and covered with mine dust, a sufficient depth of clay having first been wheeled away to insure the original level being preserved. Mine dust being somewhat of the same colour as the original tiles (red predominating), harmonises nicely, and gives a tone that was wanting. The dimensions of this splendid hall—68 feet long, 28 wide, 53 to summit of gable, and 30 to corbels, whence spring the roof—may now be viewed in comfort, the floor being as dry as a carpet.

† Some interesting discoveries have been lately made as regards the water supply of the castle. During the winter of 1853-9, the liberality of the duke enabled his Grace's agent, Mr. Wyatt, to search for the ancient draw-well, which was filled up nearly a century and a half ago, in consequence of sheep frequently falling into it, having wandered among the ruins, then utterly neglected, from adjacent farms. A congress of octogenarians was first summoned, to learn if any of them could recollect having heard their parents say where was the exact site of the ancient draw-well. But not a spark of information on the required subject was it possible to elicit. No one could even guess in which direction of the Pitched or Stone Court the well was situated. At length the warden suggested that the well ought to have been at a point which is equidistant from three doors where water must have been most required, namely, the Kitchen, the Buttery, and the Banquet Hall; and he felt convinced that, "wherever the well ought to have been, there it was." Mr. Wyatt then gave orders for the turf to be removed; yet nothing but broken stones and rubbish could be discovered. Still the men were ordered to persevere for some days; and, at length, at a depth of 8 feet 3 inches from the surface, in a hole cut through the marl (filled with broken tiles, evidently belonging to the roof of the Banquet Hall), ten feet in circumference at the surface, and gradually tapering to 4 feet at the base, was discovered the veritable well, the masonry of which is still in perfect preservation. After sinking 25 feet lower, a splendid spring gushed into the well, and, in forty-eight hours, there was 15 feet of water, enough, in fact, to supply the requirements of so large an establishment.

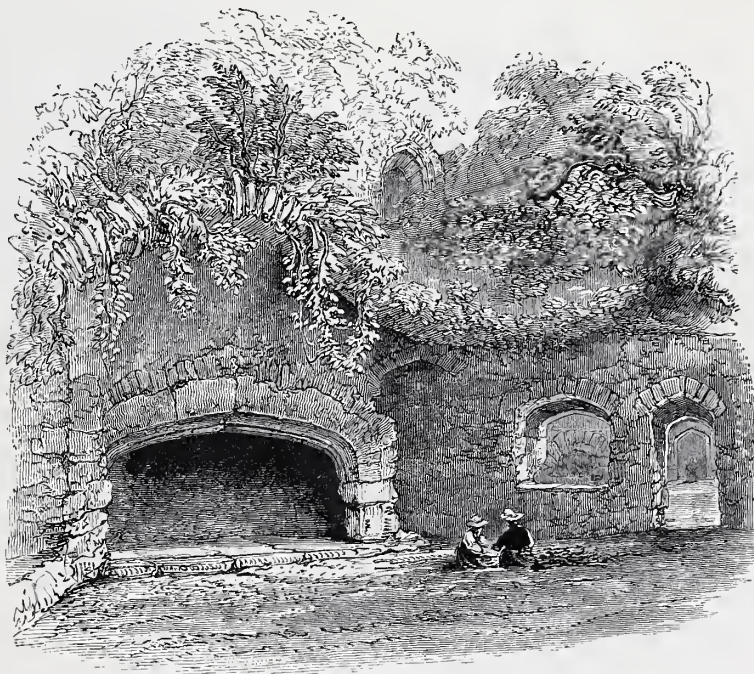
We see everywhere proofs that large cost, as well as continual care and matured skill had been expended, during several epochs, to give to the castle beauty as well as strength; mouldings and friezes, arches and corbels, of graceful character, although broken and decayed, meet us at every turn, often peering through rich draperies of green ivy, sometimes standing grimly out from shattered walls, and occasionally rising from out of mould-heaps—the ghosts of glories departed.*

In short, enough of Raglan remains to justify the praises it received in so many histories of varied and eventful times. The unhappy sovereign, Charles I., hiding from his enemies, found



CHAMBER IN THE GATEWAY TOWER.

shelter, and was safe from peril there—his "harbour of refuge" for a time; and his words of eulogy concerning its strength, its grandeur, and its beauty, will be repeated by all, who, moving about these superb ruins, can picture in imagination the castle in the days of its renown, its hospitality, its gallantry, and its loyalty, and offer respectful homage to the brave and generous lords who ruled it proudly and worthily in the olden time.



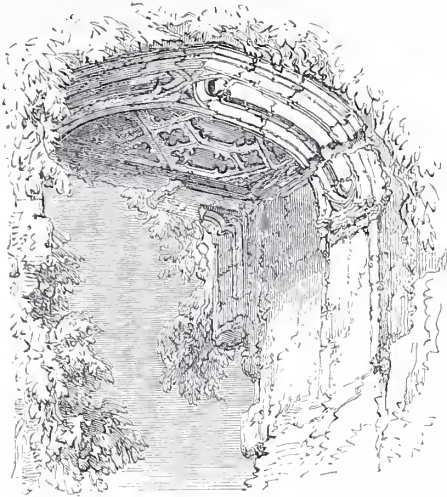
THE KITCHEN.

What food for thought is here! What pictures may be drawn by imagination, with the aid of history! The facts are palpable; it demands no large effort of fancy to people every chamber of these broken ruins: the eyes may see, and the ear may hear, the chivalric men and fair women who revelled in these halls, and trod these terrace walks in peace, or here heard the boom of the besiegers cannon, and saw the destroyer doing, in a day, the work of a century of time!

* It is on record that twenty-three staircases were removed for the sake of the stones; its walls were regarded by the peasantry as so many quarries; the fine and venerable trees of the park and grounds were either sold or stolen, the fountains and fishponds filled up with debris, and so the "fine castle" was left to decay. Happily, however, the late and the present Duke have felt the pleasure, as well as acknowledged the duty, of arresting the steps of time, while preserving the remains from vandals and thieves. As we have intimated, a proper guardian protects the ruin. The Duke's agent, Osmond A. Wyatt, Esq., an enlightened gentleman, gladly aids all the plans and projects of his Grace; and now we may almost question whether, as a ruin, Raglan Castle is not more interesting than it would be if endowed with all the beauty and grandeur, for which it was conspicuous before the wars of the Crown and the Parliament.

The day of our visit to this memorable ruin was a day late in autumn: the trees were dropping their leaves; Nature had
 "In her sober livery all things clad."

But the sombre shadows of the time were in harmony with the solemnity of the scene; and it was but natural to sit under its ancient and time-worn tower, looking into the dark moat beneath, and behold, in imagination, the castle in its glory and its pride; to people that broken Hall as on some



WINDOW OF DRAWING-ROOM.

high festival, and hear again sweet or lofty music from you minstrels' gallery. Almost as easy was it to watch the leaden missile as it broke into that stately chamber, touching the white hair upon the old man's honoured and venerable head; * to follow him to his desolate loneliness in London Tower, where, being told by his enemies, as death approached, that he would be buried at Windsor, he gave thanks to God that, after he was dead, a nobler house would cover him than he had dwelt in while living. Honour to the memory of the

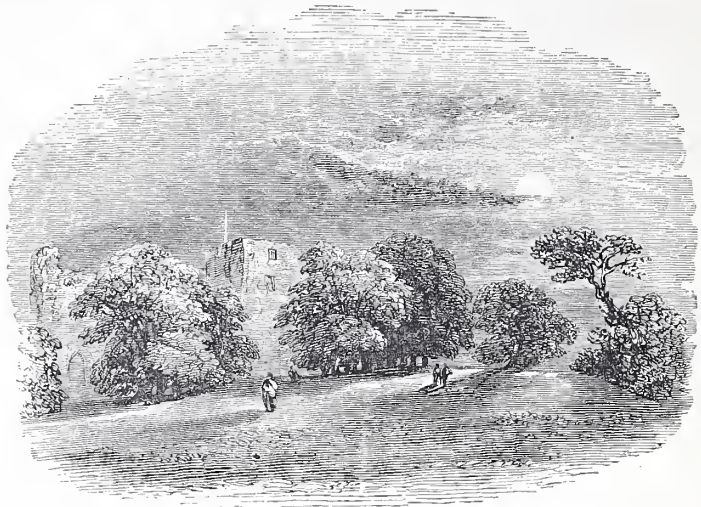


STAIRCASE IN GWENT TOWER.

"great" marquis! Descended from an august race—pure women and good men—in his posterity he gave to his country heroes of peace and heroes of war.

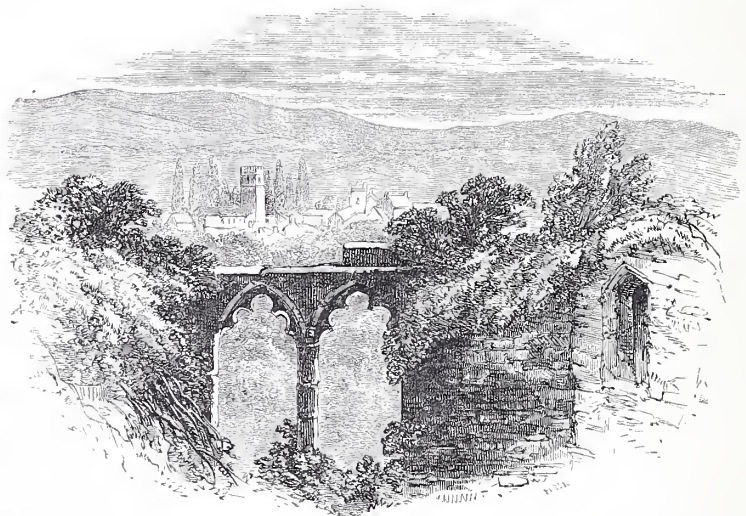
* This incident actually occurred. Dr. Bayly, the historian of the siege, writes thus:—"There came a musket bullet into the withdrawing-room, where my lord used to entertain his friends with his pleasant discourses after dinners and suppers, which, glancing upon a little marble table of the window, and from thence hit the marquis upon the side of his head. His daughter-in-law, terrified, ran away as if the house had been falling down, but presently returned, and apologized to her father, who pleasantly said, 'Daughter, you had reason to run away when your father was knocked on the head.'"

The BOWLING-GREEN, between the keep and the outer wall, is still a smooth lawn; trees surround it; it is partly bordered by the moat, and is always shadowed by the yet lofty remains of the strong walls that formed the castle. But the visitor will not fail to ascend either the keep or the watch-tower, in order to obtain a view of the scene, near and distant, that has been occupying his thoughts. The accompanying print is taken from the summit of the Tower of Gwent, whence the whole of the ruins are seen immediately below, with the



THE BOWLING-GREEN.

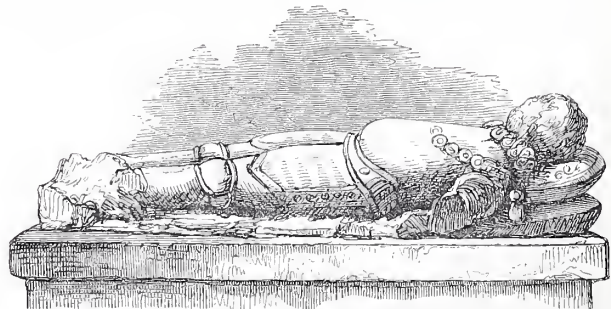
village and church steeple close at hand, and whence is obtained a fine prospect of the adjacent country, bounded by distant hills and mountains. From this point, too, may be seen all of the many "lions" which neighbour Monmouth: the Kymyn Hill, Troy Park, Craig-y-dorth, a famous battle-field between Henry IV. and Owen Glendower; the Trelic range, with the Beacon Hill; the royal forests of Pen-y-cae Mawr, the heights of Caerleon, the British encampment of



THE VILLAGE FROM THE KEEP.

Gaer Vawr, and the Roman camp of Carig-y-Gareyd; the hills above Pontypool, with those beyond the dark vale of Ewias, in which lie the venerable ruins of Llantony Abbey: these, and other objects of absorbing interest to the antiquary and the lover of nature, being surrounded by high mountains, each of which is a landmark of history.

We have written enough to show that a visit to Raglan will afford one of the highest enjoy-



TOMB OF THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER.

ments of which this beautiful and picturesque district affords so many. A residence here of a few days—at a neat and comfortable hotel, the "Beaufort Arms," in the village adjacent—may be pleasant and profitable; for the ruins of Raglan Castle, although they can be "seen" in an hour, may yield pleasure and instruction for a much longer time. The distance is but seven miles from Monmouth town, and that distance is traversed by a railway.

THE MARYLEBONE LITERARY INSTITUTION.

AN exhibition of a few very celebrated pictures was opened last month at the Marylebone Literary Institution, in Edward Street, Portman Square, consisting of a numerous list of Sir E. Landseer's works, among which were some of his most celebrated productions, together with Frith's 'Derby Day,' Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' and various other pictures of great interest, all the property of Mr. Jacob Bell, who is president of this institution. The idea of this exhibition originated in the fact of Mr. Bell's having been unable, on account of the state of his health during the past year, to perform the usual duties of his office, he was desirous of furnishing some source of attraction which might prove interesting to the members, and, at the same time, contribute towards the liquidation of an old debt originally incurred at the time of the re-building of the theatre. The pictures are hung in the theatre, which has been floored over temporarily, but with great solidity. Among them we noticed several which we are gratified in having an opportunity of again seeing. There is a gem by Constable, 'Waterloo Bridge,' as seen from somewhere near Whitehall stairs, long before the erection of the suspension bridge. 'The Maid and the Magpie' and 'Shoeing,' by Sir E. Landseer, whose works, moreover, comprehend 'The Defeat of Comus,' a beautiful composition, painted as the study for the fresco in the Milton Villa, in the gardens of Buckingham Palace; the well-known 'Dignity and Impudence,' 'Highland Dogs,' 'The Sleeping Bloodhound,' 'Alexander and Diogenes,' 'The Dead Warrior,' 'Otter Hounds,' 'Bloodhound and Pups,' 'Three Brothers,' and others of interest and importance. Mr. Frith's 'Derby Day' may be seen here to great advantage, as the visitors are not so numerous as at the Royal Academy. The 'Horse Fair,' by Rosa Bonheur, is smaller than that first exhibited at the French Gallery, but both pictures were in progress of execution at the same time; the background in this appears to be darker than in the larger duplicate. Mr. Ward's picture, 'James II. receiving the News of the Landing of the Prince of Orange,' maintains all its force and brilliancy. 'Andrew Marvel' and 'The Sacking of a Jew's House,' by Charles Landseer, are also here; and a replica of 'Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman,' of which Leslie painted two after the original, one being in the Vernon Collection, another in the Sheepshanks gallery, and the third, the property of Mr. Bell. 'An Old Laboratory,' W. Hunt, a most extraordinary drawing; 'The Coast of Holland,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A.; 'Malvern Hills,' F. W. Keyl; 'Bibliomania,' a large picture, W. Douglas; 'A Bather,' W. Etty, R.A.; 'A Gleaner,' F. Taylor; 'A River Scene,' F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., and 'Evening in the Meadows,' by the same artists; 'Scene from the Taming of the Shrew,' A. Egg, A.R.A.; 'The Foundling,' G. B. O'Neil; 'Lucy Lockitt,' A. Elmore, R.A.; 'Courtship in Spain,' very carefully executed, the late D. C. Gibson, and by the same, 'The Visit to the Country Cousins,' 'View on the Coast of Cromer,' W. Collins, R.A.; 'Four fancy portraits in one frame,' W. P. Frith, R.A.; 'Free Trade' and 'Protection,' the two original drawings, by Sir E. Landseer; 'Partridges and Goldfinches in the Snow,' Wolfe; 'An Alderney Cow,' J. Ward, R.A.; 'Calves Feeding,' W. Horlor; 'Small Landscape,' F. R. Lee, R.A.; 'The Duet,' F. Stone, A.R.A.; 'A Happy Family,' G. Morland; 'Going to School,' E. V. Ripplingille; sketch for 'The Larder Invaded,' Sir E. Landseer; 'The Carrara Mountains,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'An Old Soldier,' J. Morgan; and, to us, not the least interesting picture in the collection is Briggs' 'Do you Bite your Thumb at Us,' very well known from the engraving. There is also by Briggs, 'Othello relating his Adventures,' and yet more interesting than this last, Wilkie's 'Hookabader,' but the surface is entirely destroyed—a circumstance attributed, by Mr. Bell, to the trying ordeal of its exhibition at Manchester; but as there is asphaltum worked into the whole of the injured part, the picture would, at any time, have been liable to the same injury, where other works, in which asphaltum was not used, would have remained entire. It is gratifying to hear that the exhibition, in a pecuniary view, has been highly successful.

THE CATALOGUES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

AND
THE PAINTERS AND PICTURES THEREIN
CHRONICLED.*

THE statistics of modern exhibitions differ in a variety of circumstances from those of similar institutions a hundred years ago. There are, probably, in these days, more than two thousand pictures annually rejected by our various Art-societies; which, added to the account of works unsold at the end of the season, must, at a very moderate estimate, raise the annual number of unsuccessful works to four thousand. Even a century ago there were hundreds of artists; but there was little sound Art; yet it would appear that artists were extensively employed. The early catalogues of the Academy are simply lists of pictures sold before exhibition; with, of course, a large proportion of portraiture. These were the halcyon days of painting, when a little practice constituted an education in Art—when the leger-demain of execution was transcendent excellence; when asceticism in finish and drawing was not; hut, above all, when every work exhibited was sold. We alunde in nowise to such men as West, Reynolds, Barry, and a very few others, whose works glorify their names. We are surprised at the success of men whose names come not down to us either by tradition or honourable mention. Who are ye, William Tompkins, William Pars, Elias Martin, William James, S. H. Grimm, Edmund Garvy, and others it were useless to name? We know ye here as prosperous gentlemen, whose works stood high in popular estimation. But where are these works now? if they are not in those garrets of which Reynolds spoke in reference to the works of the followers of Kneller—those that may be preserved as showing the condition of this or that property a hundred years ago, hang now in the darkest corners of the panelled breakfast-rooms of ancient houses, and are still remarkable for their "creamy texture" in the lights, and "juicy depth" in the darks, and for that defiant touch, which interpreted everything, but meant nothing. The catalogues of the Royal Academy, considered indicatively, are more replete with information more really curious, than the dry and prosy biographies wherein painters are celebrated by indiscreet friends. Every artist whose name is at all favourably known has a *post mortem* prescriptive claim to three volumes octavo, and even this is sometimes insufficient for the introduction of correspondence without reference to Art, and descriptions of visits to patrons without the relief of either wit or incident. The aborigines of the Academy were a band of hope from the first. The motto on the title-page of the catalogue of 1769 is pithy, but not conciliatory, triumphant—nay, more or less contemptuous, as read by those who were left "outsiders." It is—

"Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo."

Commonplace enough, but considered fitted for the occasion; though it is said that a so-called emendation was proposed, that is, the plural instead of the singular reading of the pronoun—*nobis* for "*mihi*," which, no doubt, would have raised the motto from what was considered a sneer, into a grievance. The quotation of the following year—

"Et vires acquirit eundo,"

is a bulletin, a proclamation which sets aside all apprehension as to the stability of the institution, and, curiously enough, it is printed in capitals—the only prefatory quotation in the entire series thus set forth. After those two, which thus stand by themselves, the mottoes become proverbial, critical, and didactic, but no longer allusive to the condition of the Academy.

Among the notabilities of the time who exhibited with Reynolds in the earliest years of the Academy, we find Gainsborough, who was then living at Bath, Paul Sandby, West (who then lived in Panton Square), Richard Wilson, Zucarelli, and one or two others. Poor Wilson, in one of the early catalogues, records himself thus:—"A Landskip," "Its companion," and "A Landskip," and these, and others in succeeding years, are all contributions coming to

* Continued from page 327, vol. iv. 1853.

the Academy already disposed of; indeed, of a catalogue of 245 works given in the catalogue of 1770, only 27 were sent in for sale; and in 1771, of 272, only twenty are without the asterisk, which declares them for disposal; and in 1772, of 324, there were only 44 marked as unsold. Notwithstanding all that is said of the needy condition of all artists of those days who were not portrait painters, the catalogues of the time, as containing very few works that were not already the property of patrons, indicate a most enviable preterite to hundreds of our living painters, whose works are removed from the walls of the Academy, to go on the provincial tour to Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow, and thence back to the studio of the artist. At the date of the institution of the Academy, there existed two Art-societies; one entitled "The Free Society of Artists," the other, "The Society of Artists of Great Britain," the former of which alone consisted of more than one hundred members, and the cry then was, "How can they live?" Such also is the cry to-day, when we look at the index of the catalogue of the Royal Academy, and such will be the question tomorrow, and to the end. Verily the wisdom of the profession is but a modicum. There have been, however, some who have sacrificed poetry to an acquisitive philosophy, and Thomas Gainsborough was one of these. Richard Wilson went to Italy as a figure, or rather a portrait painter, when, being told that he was by nature a landscape painter, he at once set up his altar in the fragrant fields of Italy, and worshipped Nature in her own hypæthral temple. Gainsborough was also one of the consecrated priesthood of the spirit of the beautiful. But Wilson was naturally an Arcadian; his visions were of sunny plains and blue melting distances, while Gainsborough loved the seclusion of the groves, where he, till the end of his life, carried on his flirtations with the Dryads. Wilson, with desperate enthusiasm, walked in the faith of landscape art alone; but Gainsborough produced landscape pictures in the proportion of one to four or six portraits, and could therefore afford to decline local portraiture, and indulge his feeling by painting that which was picturesque *in se*.

Certainly the manner in which Gainsborough enters upon his academic life stamps him a financier of a high order. He exhibits a "Portrait of a Lady—whole length," "Ditto of a Gentleman," "A large Landscape," and "A Boy's Head." The third life-study may, like the first and second, be a portrait; and thus twenty-five per cent. of landscape was, in those times, a safe and sane proportion of a quota; and yet Gainsborough's rooms were hung with his landscapes. Had he not painted portraits he could not have afforded to keep his landscapes; they must have gone in exchange for the staff of life, and what opsonium soever there might be the means of procuring to eat with it. In 1770 occurs for the first time the name of John Flaxman, whose residence was "at Mr. Flaxman's, the 'Golden Head,' New Street, Covent Garden," his contribution being "Portrait of a Gentleman—a model;" modest enough, but this he was throughout life. Flaxman was horn either too soon or too late; at his actual birth in our Christian era the world was not ready for him. Had he been horn at Athens, in one of the Olympiads, say the 79th or 80th, he would have been the friend of Pericles, and his works would have been among the best of our antiques, for he excelled even the Greeks in that Rhodian art in which they excelled the rest of the world. Flaxman is of those great ones who have no honour in their own country. In the cities of continental Europe he is cherished and imitated, but at home he had no encouragement to work out his sublimest conceptions. But we cannot compare advantageously the patronage of poetic sculpture in the best days of Flaxman with the same patronage in our own times. But little of the sculpture of our day has its inspiration and interpretation in immortal verse. Literally and figuratively the "city article" has more to do with the temporary and fluctuating conditions of sculpture than patrons are willing to admit. The manner, therefore, wherein their works read, is not to be charged on the sculptors, for ours is the hardware epoch of the art. Year by year, for the last twenty years, have we visited the sculpture room of the Academy; nay, more, year by year during the last five lustres, have we, by the grace of Don Perez Zambullo's complainant

acquaintance, seen the contents of each studio, so much of which must be designated as "dowls," dropping the adjective which qualifies the word in the mouth of a corpulent authority in "Henry IV." It is scarcely necessary to refer to the vulgar fact that when money is, in city phraseology, "tight," the state of the sculpture market may be indicated by zero; for whereas consols do not frequently descend to a panic point, the Art-indicator is much more truly mercurial and sensitive, as it rises and falls at a multiplied ratio. We know a sculptor of emience who, to quote his own words, "has had no commission for two years;" and we know others who, for even a longer period, have not been employed sufficiently to meet their current expenses. The prospects of the profession are at present slightly improved, but only in the commercial department. There are a few public monuments contemplated, the execution of which, according to an old rule established among us, is most frequently awarded to the worst sculptor. If any startled subscriber to public works demands proof, we place him in any of the illustrated spaces of our metropolis, and breathe, with a sigh, the last words of Wren's epitaph. But this is scarcely *à propos* of him whose name we have last culled from the catalogues. When Reynolds said that Flaxman would, by marriage, be ruined as a sculptor, he judged erroneously. Reynolds has been a school, but John Flaxman is still a school, and must remain a school while the art lives. With their lips, and in their art, Thorwaldsen and Canova did homage to Flaxman: and no less sincere has been, and is, the admiration of the German sculptors, with Rauch and Rietschel at their head; and among painters it is enough to say that he has been more than acknowledged by Ary Scheffer and Overbeck.

The limited range of subject-matter in these early catalogues is instructive. Those whose taste led them to purchase figure pictures had no choice save in the "grand style." Barry sends perhaps "Venus rising from the Sea," and "Medea performing her Incantation;" Cipriani sends "Marsyas and Apollo;" Cosway, "Rinaldo and Armida;" Hayman, "The Cure of Saul;" Angelica Kauffman, "Andromache and Hecuba weeping over the Ashes of Hector," or a Penseroso; Penny, Lord Clive in some historical relation; West, "Juno receiving the Cestus from Venus," "Penn's Treaty with the Indians," or something mythological: the bulk of the catalogue consisting of portraits, and generally very dry. A new sensation was created by those who painted Italian landscape, as being of a new order of subject-matter. The social and domestic, as we know them, had not yet then taken shape in the dreams of the painters of a hundred years ago. Hogarth's best productions were broad satires; his worst were broad caricatures: yet it is to be hoped that in their time all were wholesome profections; the remedy was homœopathic, but the doses were by no means infinitesimal. Hogarth was acknowledged to be inimitable; hence, there was no attempt made to follow in his steps. This was an era of large pictures; the mythological and historical characters were not unfrequently of the size of life, and very commonly half-life, or small-life size. The Low Country schools were well known in England; but it is extraordinary that nothing that could be called cognate with the Dutch appeared till the early part of the present century. Let us look round the walls of any of the exhibitions of the present day; we shall find a variety of material worked into pictures which never could have been entertained by minds crowded with the populace of history and mythology. We may see as a subject an exterior flight of stairs, built against the outside wall of a house. On paper the theme seems dry and squalid, but on the canvas it is rich in dilapidations, full of valuable cracks and crevices, which are all so faithfully painted, that the picture is sold as soon as exhibited. Again; there is a study of a pebbly brook—the limpid overflowings of some mermaid's fountain—with a green selvage of the graceful herbage that our Flora has confided for nurture to the margins of our streams. And this, too, was eagerly purchased; and it will remain a picture when many of these large canvases shall have been long forgotten. And which of ye whose names stand forth on those young records would have condescended thus to trifle with a loose pile of stones, and the knotty fringes of a garrulous thread of

water? For their local subject-matter artists did not travel. There were views of Westminster Bridge, of London Bridge, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Lambeth Palace, old houses in Southwark, old houses in Clerkenwell; and the landscapes were in great number commissions from landed proprietors for views of their seats. Thus we have, by George Barrett, "A View in Penton Lynn, on the River Liddle, running through Caunby, in the County of Dumfries, three miles south-east of the first Turnpike on the New Road from Carlisle through the Duke of Buccleuch's Estates to Edinburgh." This is pretty well for a title. Then we have, by Wilson, "A View near Winstay, the Seat of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart.," and other similar subjects by all the landscape painters, this class of Art being the extent to which wealthy country gentlemen understood landscape painting. The picturesque was not loved for its own sake, and, despite the lessons of Claude, Hobbema, and Both, truthful detail was entirely superseded by licence of execution. And in these days drawings enjoyed the distinction of being hung with oil pictures. Samuel Wale, the professor of perspective, depicts history on paper, and, with exemplary humility, calls his productions "stained drawings;" whereas Paul Sandby describes his works as "water colours," the term by which the Art is now universally known. "Stained drawings" are now only casually met with; they were made out in the usual way with the pencil, and then very thinly washed with one tint of each of the necessary colours; and when these early essayists in a department generally held to be despicable, contemplated their own meagre performances, they could not, even in their most glowing visions, have conceived the glorious future of their puny art. They dreamt not that a time would arrive when water colour would rival oil in depth and richness; that it would be an art eminently British, and of such beauty as to be the admiration of every school of Europe. In 1771 West exhibited nine pictures, of which eight were historical—one being his really fine picture, "The Death of General Wolfe," which suggested to the profession of that time the possibility of painting history otherwise than in ancient costume. And in the same year occurs the name James Barry, who exhibited "Adam and Eve." When the Academy opened, in 1769, Barry was in Rome, whence he wrote to Reynolds—"As I was conscious that my notions of colouring were had and ill grounded, copying of Titian for some time was, I thought, the only advisable course I could take, and I have reason to think I did not judge ill. The way of colouring I had then was enough to damn even a good design and drawing, more especially amongst such people as ours, who are floating about after magilphs and mysteries, and very little likely to satisfy themselves with that saying of Annibal's—'*Buon disegno e colorito di fango.*'" When Barry wrote this he little knew how closely he was approaching Sir Joshua's weakness. The observation comes fitly from him, for it does not appear that he was ever seduced by the fascinations of "magilphs and mysteries."*

PICTURE SALES.

The first important sale this season took place at the auction-rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, on the 26th of March. The paintings and drawings submitted to competition were generally of a high character, and formed portions of the collections of Mr. B. G. Windus, the late Mr. Serjeant Thompson, and other amateurs. With one or two exceptions, all were of the English school.

The principal oil pictures, and the prices they realized, were—'The Last Sight of England,' F. M. Brown, 325 gs., bought by Mr. Gambart; 'A Female Head,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., 47 gs.; 'Head of a Lady in the act of cutting off a Lock of Hair,' J. E. Millais, 102 gs.; 'Pot Pourri,' J. E. Millais, a picture unknown to the public, 195 gs.; 'The Death of Marmion,' W. Cave Thomas, 90 gs.; 'Pic du Midi,' C. Stanfield, R.A., a small picture, 83 gs.; 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' an early work by W. Holman Hunt, 160 gs., bought by Mr. Gambart; 'A River Scene—View near Endsleigh, Devon,'

a fine cabinet picture, and curious as being almost the only landscape painted by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 440 gs.: it was formerly in the possession of the late Duchess of Bedford, and was purchased at the sale now noticed by Lord Ward; 'The Dawn of Christianity,' J. M. W. Turner, one of his extravagances, 320 gs.; 'Glaucus and Scylla,' another of a similar class, by the same artist, 280 gs.; 'Penelope Boothby,' Sir J. Reynolds, one of his most graceful pictures, and in a fine state, 1100 gs., bought by Lord Ward. The whole of these oil paintings, and the following water-colour pictures, were from the collection of Mr. Windus:—'The Bridge of Sighs,' the vignette drawing engraved as an illustration of "Childe Harold," J. M. W. Turner, 69 gs.; 'The Lake of Zug,' J. M. W. Turner, said to be the last of this artist's drawings, 200 gs., bought by Mr. Gambart; 'Bellinzoua,' the companion work, 180 gs., bought by Mr. Pritchard; these two have never been engraved; 'Naples and St. Elmo,' J. D. Harding, from the Bernal Collection, 71 gs.; 'Val d'Aosta,' J. D. Harding, 47 gs.; 'Life in the Harem,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., the well-known picture exhibited at the Society of Water-Colour Painters in 1857, 255 gs., bought by Mr. Agnew of Manchester.

To continue the oil pictures:—'The Dirty Boy,' T. Webster, R.A., 280 gs., bought by Mr. Marshall: this work formerly belonged to the late Mr. Wadmore, of Tottenham, and was sold, after his death, for the sum of 346*l.* 10*s.*: it is engraved in the volume of the *Art-Journal* for the year 1855; 'Landscape—View near Hampstead,' J. Linnell—it is dated 1859, and, therefore, we presume, has never been exhibited—235 gs., bought by Mr. Jarves; 'The Wise and Foolish Virgins,' Etty, 160 gs.; 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' Etty, 400 gs., bought by Mr. Farrer; 'Digging for Rats,' a small finished study, by Wilkie, slightly altered for his diploma picture, 70 gs.; 'A Stiff Breeze,' Sir A. W. Calcott, his last work, 355 gs., bought by Mr. Rought; 'Italian Landscape, with Figures,' Calcott, 410 gs., bought by Mr. Agnew; 'The Last Banquet at Whitehall in the Time of Charles II.,' a large gallery picture, by Professor Leutze, of Dusseldorf, 330 gs., bought by Mr. Cox; 'Lear and Cordelia,' E. M. Ward, R.A., painted in 1857, 290 gs., bought by Mr. Shepherd. 'Portrait of Mrs. Hoare, of Boreham Park, Essex, and her Infant,' The lady, attired in a rich dress of white and gold, is seated in an open landscape, nursing the child. The catalogue of the sale states that "this very important and beautiful work has never been out of the possession of the family for whom it was painted: it is enumerated in the published catalogue of Sir Joshua's works, and has never been engraved." After a most spirited competition, it was knocked down to Mr. Holmes for 2550 gs., a larger sum by 450 gs. than was given for Reynolds's celebrated 'Strawberry Girl,' at the sale of Mr. Rogers's collection. 'Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Bucknell, attired in a white dress, and scarf trimmed with fur, Sir J. Reynolds. This picture came from the same collection as the preceding; it was painted in 1777, and, according to an entry in Sir Joshua's journal, he received 75 gs. for it. Mr. Grenfell was its present purchaser, at the sum of 360 gs. The last work we have to record is also a portrait—and a right good one too—by Gainsborough; it is called 'The Morning Walk—Portrait of Miss Haverfield.' Mr. Holmes was the purchaser, at the price of 720 gs. This picture, also, it is stated, has never been out of the possession of the family for whom it was painted. The proceeds of the day's sale amounted to £11,750.

A valuable collection of English pictures, most of them the property of Mr. Thomas Todd, of Aberdeen, was sold at Messrs. Foster's gallery, on the 30th of March. Among them were—'Cattle standing in a Stream,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 181 gs.; 'View at Hampstead,' J. Linnell, 222 gs.; 'The Village Post-office,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., the finished sketch for the large picture, 170 gs.; 'The Wayfarers,' a gipsy woman and child, C. Baxter, 105 gs.; 'Somnolency,' a life-size half-length figure of a nymph, her hair wreathed with wild poppies and harebells, W. Etty, 165 gs.; 'Sheepfolding—Evening,' J. Linnell, 295 gs.; 'Dutch Boats running into Saardam,' C. Stanfield, R.A., and one of his finest pictures of this class, 505 gs.; 'The Nearest

* To be continued.

Way in Summer,' the engraved picture, by T. Creswick, R.A., and R. Ansdell, 500 gs.; 'The Five Figures,' or 'The Toilette,' W. Etty, 280 gs.; 'Landscape,' with figures, cattle, and sheep, a noble work by Gainsborough, 570 gs.; 'View of Edinburgh,' J. M. W. Turner, 340 gs. Mr. Todd's collection, of which these formed a portion, numbered thirty-three pictures, and realized £4350.

From the other works included in the sale we may point out—'The Village Patriarch,' T. Webster, R.A., 123 gs.; this gem of a picture measured only 11 inches by 8; 'Autumn Scenery,' S. Percy, 86 gs.; 'The Widow,' T. Webster, R.A., a small picture, which has been engraved, 80 gs.; 'Heidelberg,' W. Müller, 170 gs.; 'Spring,' J. C. Hook, 220 gs.; 'The Maids of Alcyna endeavouring to tempt Rugero,' F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 91 gs.; 'The Duel Scene between Viola and Sir Andrew Aguecheek,' W. P. Frith, R.A. (size, 11½ inches by 8½), 101 gs.; 'The Highlands,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 85 gs.; 'The Water-Mill,' T. Creswick, R.A., the figures by F. Goodall, A.R.A., 92 gs.; 'Fordwich Meadows—Sunset,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 165 gs.

A sale of the pictures belonging to Mr. Pemberton, of Liverpool, took place on April 13th, at Messrs. Foster's. The following are a few of the lots:—'The Woodside,' T. Creswick, 90 gs.; 'Across the Stream,' T. Creswick, 83 gs.; 'The Bagpipe Player,' F. Goodall, 199 gs.; 'A Bit of Nature,' W. Müller, 80 gs.; 'L'Allegro,' W. E. Frost, 120 gs.; 'The Red Rose,' Charles Baxter, 107 gs.; 'The Impending Chastisement,' W. Mulready, 92 gs.; 'Amalfi in the Neapolitan States,' J. B. Pyne, 137 gs.; 'A Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, 235 gs.; 'Pick-a-back,' P. F. Poole, 290 gs.; 'David and Saul,' J. Liunell, 210 gs.—There was also another collection sold, including an early Landseer, which realized 95 gs.; a small Stanfield, 245 gs.; and others equally good prices. The total value of the pictures sold was £3770.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH AT THE PRINCESS' THEATRE.

AGINCOURT was a name proudly recorded by the older English annalists; and Henry of Monmouth was a combination of the regal and the knightly character, suited to the requirements of an age of chivalry. If the prowess of the British soldier in that famous field had been only recorded by pens like that of Sir John Froissart, delighting in presenting the heroic in rainbow tints, we might have doubted some of the astounding incidents of that day's contest, which gave to the small and wretched looking English army a glory no after age can diminish: it was its Marathon. The driest record of the coldest writer has invested the day with the glory of an almost superhuman bravery. It was reserved to Shakspeare to "make the dry bones live," and give

"The very age and body of the time,
Its form, and pressure."

In the alembic of the poet's brain, from the old prosy generalization, is re-created the king and his followers; we have their thoughts and words in the clear vigour of natural truthfulness; the soldiers Bates and Williams are as distinctly characterised as their king or captains. We understand the sort of men that made up the English forces; they are not automatons led by a greater mind merely, but they have their hopes and fears, and give expression to the thoughts within them. They are men worth leading, for you feel that conviction with them leads to victory or death. In this Shakspeare differs from all his contemporaries; all characters he depicted have their own strong features. As when you meet men in a crowd, though you may see them but for a short while, you detect the difference between man and man; so it is in his works as in nature—there is no crowd made up by mere repetition.

The soul-stirring words of Shakspeare put into the mouth of his Henry V. must have told as powerfully in the Globe at the Bankside as now they do in the Princess' Theatre. The poet's laboured apologies for the mean appliances of the stage for which he wrote are there out of place. Two centuries and a half,

instead of rendering our great poet's works obsolete, have given them a "rejuvenescence;" for it is the research and scholarship of our own day brought to bear on a portion of the work the Elizabethan stage could not eliminate, that has enabled us to present the great events of past ages in our own with a vigour and a truthfulness that make us almost feel as if we were actors in the mimic scene, and saw

"the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt."

Mr. Charles Kean, in speaking of his labours, says, "*Accuracy, not show, has been my object.*" This is true to an extent that not one man in a thousand who crowd his theatre can entirely appreciate. Many hundreds would have been as well satisfied to have seen "real armour" of one fashion as of another—the ribbed and gilded suit of the Elizabethan era as that which has to be constructed with infinitely more cost and care, from the early drawings that decorate a monkish chronicle. It is Mr. Kean's merit to despise no minutiae which can give reality to his scene; and the antiquary, who would go simply to judge his work by his own branch of study, would feel that each portion of the appointments of the drama had been earnestly cared for. The pendent ornaments that hang around the girdle of the king, the badges embroidered on his canopy, the thousand and one little items belonging to the detail of the drama, are all copied from ancient originals, not mere gauds, invented by stage-dressers, but resuscitatus of long-forgotten realities.

When, therefore, the Chorus, in the person of Mrs. Charles Kean, solemnly invokes attention to the action of the play, and the dusky clouds of past ages seem to roll away at her behest, we appear to be really listening, amid the glories of the old Painted Chamber in the royal Palace of Westminster, to the solemn deliberation that leads to Henry's French wars; or, in the succeeding scene, to be walking with Falstaff's old retainers in Eastcheap, and listening to good Dame Quickly's record of the fat knight's last hour. This scene is especially remarkable as a work of Art; and it would be unjust not to note the conscientious elaboration of detail that has been bestowed upon it, as well as the chaste tone of natural colour that pervades the whole. London has lost much of the picturesque element in the march of utilitarianism. There is a beauty in *old London* which, with all our modern wealth, we have lost in the *new*.

The active business of the play is in France, and the great scene is the siege of Harfleur. This has been made the most of; and the desire to present to the eye of the spectators a real battle of the middle ages has been crowned with the most complete success. The crowd of combatants mixed in a struggling mass—the showers of arrows which fly over them—the unwieldy wooden castles that are propelled toward the devoted city, and spread fire and confusion amid its towered walls—the ruder cannon shooting forth their fires—and the heroic king prepared to mount the heap of masonry that has fallen from the breach in the walls, present a *coup d'œil* of an old battle-field that seems to draw the spectator into the *mêlée*. Amid the smoke and lurid gleams that shoot upwards from burning buildings, glints of bright light reflect from glaive and morion of half-obscured soldiers. The besieged make defence of their breach as best they may by temporary entrenchments, and the soldiery pour in masses up the huge mound of ruined stone. As in a real battle-field, we cannot distinguish how goes the victory, till words of capitulation and the voice of Henry the King is heard on the summit of the breach. Harfleur has surrendered; the wild cheers of the soldiers spread the fact wide; and amid the smoke, and cry, and clang of the trumpet, they clamour through the dead and dying, swarming over broken stones into the old city. As the scene closes, we feel the confusion of a battle as deeply impressed on the mind as if we had participated in the fight, and have the same vague but deep impression that the soldier must have had, whose arm aided the general victory. We look on this scene as the greatest triumph of stage art in simulating nature that we have ever witnessed. Nothing fails. Every man seems in earnest. There is a terrible energy—a wild confusion—a dim struggle amid carnage and fire—and a resulting whirl of victory, which make

the fall of the curtain a welcome repose; for the mind has been enthralled and excited in the mimic war before us.

The great event of Henry's career, the battle of Agincourt, has been most carefully elaborated in a series of scenes; but their monotony has been judiciously abrogated by the introduction of two tableaux—one devoted to the French, the other to the English camp. After this we are introduced to the watchfires of the British soldiery, as the moon sinks over that plain, so soon to be immortalized by a victory that now looks like "a forlorn hope." This, and the sunrise over the French camp, aid our comprehension of the position of both armies, and is followed by one of the most effective scenes in the play—that in which the king addresses his soldiers in the manly, unaffected, but heart-stirring words, which warm all desponding men. This is not a scene especially "noted" as one that is to engage attention, but to our minds it was second to none, in picturesque and truthful vigour. The soldiers of all grades, and in every variety of costume, from the noble knight, in "panoply of steel," to the humble archer in his leather jerkin, rise from the apathy of the ranks as the king's earnest words are heard; and gradually, as his enthusiasm rouses, their hearts respond, until his appeal is met by an eager crowd, all trying to reach the monarch's haud, and assure him by gestures, more eloquent than words, of their love and fealty. No one has ever succeeded so well as Mr. Kean in tins managing to drill masses of men into natural actors. His crowds are not the usual stage crowds, wedged in a throng, and moving to measured spots. They break forth into picturesque irregularity—they each act independently of the other, and all according to individual proprieties of feeling. It is this that gives such a striking reality to his productions, and beguiles the spectator into a belief that he, for the time, is actually present on the scene.

An historical episode, introduced by Mr. Kean to exhibit the reception of the conqueror king in London, still further displays his artistic tastes. A mass of people await the coming of Henry, on the Surrey side of the river, and the battlemented gate of old London Bridge is crowded with minstrels, and hung with tapestry; the crowd are eagerly watching, and leap forward as the soldiers of the renowned battle-field march toward the city. Many a greeting passes, a hearty shake of the hand from some old acquaintance who, "in populous city pent," will gladly join his soldier friend in an Eastcheap or Thames-bank tavern, and hear him fight the battle o'er again. One distinguishes a wife and children in the crowd, and breaks through all formality in grateful joy at joining them again. But all is not so unalloyed a triumph: one poor maiden sinks sobbing down, for one she had hoped to meet lies beneath the turf of Agincourt. The loud shouts of all now announce the approach of Henry; the citizens, headed by the mayor, cross the bridge. The bells pour out their joyous music, and, amid an almost frantic enthusiasm, the king appears on his richly-caparisoned steed. Then

"The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,"

tender him the keys of the capital, and the Hymn of Victory bursts forth around him; this, it must be remembered, is the very one that was sung upon the 23rd of November, 1415, when this great event took place, "and agens his comynge was ordeyned moche ryalte in London," as the old chroniclers inform us. They are also Mr. Kean's authorities for the winged children "arrayed in white, with glittering wings, and their hair set with sprigs of laurel," and the "others, like virgins, having their hair adorned with laurels interwoven with gold," who greet him with dance and song. It is a vivid realization of the glowing pages of Holinshed, and when the king approaches the bridge gate, and a rain of golden leaves is showered on him from the battlements, as he bows toward his joyous subjects on all sides, and voices shout, and minstrels sing, and bells again ring out a deafening welcome, we feel, as the curtain descends, that we have obtained a retrospective glance at olden glories that ask no small labour, thought, and cost to realize. Mr. Kean's farewell might be fitly taken in this scene, which so perfectly embodies his artistic power as a manager.

The rest of the play goes somewhat flatly after

this. The concluding scene—the calm interior of the old Cathedral at Troyes—is the solemn end of Henry's glorious French career.

And now that Mr. Kean has determined to rest from his labours, and decided on this as the last of those Shaksperian revivals which have been the great theatrical events of London for the last nine years, should we not record our strong sense of what he has done, morally and artistically, for the theatre. As an actor and a manager, Charles Kean may obtain his reward upon the stage; as a scholar and a gentleman, he deserves it elsewhere. We have always felt, as a misfortune to a considerable class of our fellow-subjects, the moral prejudice against the stage; we have felt that, properly conducted, the theatre may be a great teacher, may "hold the mirror up to nature," and restore a knowledge of past times and manners, which cannot be so perfectly rendered in any other than dramatic art. As we write we see again the splendour of Sardanapalus, the barbaric magnificence of Lear, the rude solemnity of Macbeth, the Gothic splendour of John, the gorgeous magnificence of the court of King Henry VIII., as they were successively, and successfully, displayed on the stage of the Princess' Theatre. Each change of this many-coloured life had all the truth of a daguerreotype, with the advantage of living personation; there is something beyond mere acting talent in all this.

It cannot be but that Mr. Kean's absence will be greatly felt from a stage he has rendered a great Art-teacher; it cannot be but that very many will, for years to come, remember the pleasures he has given them, the memories with which he has stored and enriched their minds. He is an artist desirous to ennoble his own profession, and he has done so. The theatre has been, in his hands, a place of mental recreation; no whisper has sullied its fair fame. He has been more than usually successful in winning "golden opinions from all sorts of men," and more than usual unanimity of kind feeling among his own corps. All this must have been the result of steady probity, and earnest labour; the man, as well as the manager, must be recognised; and in noticing the last of these poetic revivals of our great national poet's works that we are to receive at his hands, we feel it our duty to ask the recognition of the labours of Charles Kean, not only as actor and manager; and now this

"Well-graced actor leaves the stage,"

let his retirement be accompanied by some honourable testimony that he has

"Done his spiriting gently."

We trust the friends of Mr. Kean—and they are many—his admirers, they are very numerous—and the general public, who have contracted to him a large debt for much pleasure and much instruction—will ere long take some steps to recognise his long and valuable labours, not alone as a wise manager, but as a great teacher.

SALE OF THE LIBRI MANUSCRIPTS.

THE sale of this collection, the most important which has been offered for very many years, was concluded on the 5th of April; it comprised 1176 lots, and realized £6515. We believe that the result has fully satisfied the expectations of all, and proved that scholarship has not failed in producing its due interest. Seldom have we seen a better catalogue, but then it is seldom that a scholar will devote the enlarged knowledge of a life to the subject; in this instance M. Libri has been his own cataloguer, and we have not only the results of his knowledge, but also of his personal acquaintance with the books he describes. His prefatory pages are such a condensation of the information a man obtains through a life spent among books, as is extremely valuable to the uninitiated, and abounds with anecdotes of interest. A series of well-executed fac-similes of the principal manuscripts are appended, and serve to depict their most interesting features. The list of works employed in compiling this catalogue, as well as the careful manner in which every lot is analyzed, testify to its conscientious scholarship.

M. Libri has an honest love, not only for his books, but for those who made them—the laborious writers

of the middle ages—the painstaking and obscure monks who, with wondrous perseverance in dangerous times, and amid difficulties of which we now can form no idea, obtained and transcribed older authors. The value of such transcripts we know from history. When kings borrowed them from monastic libraries, they entered into solemn agreements for their return under pain of heavy forfeitures; and one of the manuscripts in the present collection, compiled by Regimbertus, a monk of the time of Charlemagne, contains, in his own handwriting, a formal request to his brethren, to whom he leaves it after death, to preserve it carefully, and never lend it until a proper pledge had been given for its restitution; and he minutely describes precautions that are to be taken to prevent its being injured. His reasons for valuing his labour still remain good, as the volume contains an unknown treatise by Pliny. Sometimes these patient scribes had difficulty in procuring writing materials—parchment, stylns, or pen and ink—all were wanting to him who devoted himself to study, and there was no lack of danger at an epoch in which those who allowed themselves to trace geometrical or astronomical figures were accused of magic. This condition of things lasted in Italy down to the time of Petrarch; and when that poet and scholar desired to copy a precious fragment of Roman antiquity, he found that he could obtain no ink in the town.

It is not merely the curiosity, or the originality of manuscripts, that gives them their entire value; frequently in one version is the only true rendering of a disputed passage. In the eagerness with which men sought to spread knowledge after the glorious invention of printing, they put to press any copy they could obtain of a classic work; hence many early editions are imperfect and had. M. Libri has given some instances in which such imperfection has descended to modern times. His collection has been chiefly made, not only with an eye to the curious, but to the valuable, in the character of the version preserved in the manuscripts he obtained. Seventy Latin manuscripts, older than the twelfth century, are, among others, in this collection, and are more in number than those in the royal library at Turin, or those at Ravenna and Venice. The old Irish and Anglo-Saxon saints were the authors of many, and to them we owe the preservation of older learning, sometimes in the form of "palimpsest," or twice-written books, the older writing being partially obliterated to make way for the new, or else interlined among it. We cannot pretend to give any enlarged detail of this great collection, but we may give an idea of its contents, and the prices realized by a few of the principal lots. The highest price was given for a vellum manuscript of Petrarch and Dante, executed by a contemporary hand for one of the noble family of Strozzi, of Florence—it was bought for £250; the lowest price (or one of the lowest prices) being given for the very curious magical manuscript of Michael Scott, immortalised by Walter Scott, and which only fetched 10 guineas. It is filled with diagrams, signed "Michael Scotus, Prage in Bohemia," and the curious are warned not to read it outside the magic circle, lest a fearful end be theirs. As usual in all sales, some remarkable lots fetched low prices, and others went beyond their value. Thus, the "Lives of Saints," written by Otloh, the Monk of Trèves, in the eleventh century, fetched only £15, while the designs for ships and fortifications, made in 1629 for the use of Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, when he was Grand Chamberlain to the Duchess of Florence, sold for £51. One of the most important manuscripts was secured for the British Museum, the treatise on the Mundane Spheres, written and illustrated by Galileo himself, which sold for £101. A series of mathematical treatises, by Kepler, in the same way illustrated by diagrams, and containing unpublished matter, sold for only £19. Generally speaking high prices were not given, and, if contrasted with the fancy absurdities of old china sales, they were low indeed.

At the conclusion of M. Libri's introduction to the catalogue he has given a glowing eulogy of our British Museum library; we are reminded by it to add our willing echo to his sentiments: certainly all that M. Panizzi has done in perfecting this splendid institution for the British student is worthy of as much honour as can be awarded it.

BARROW.

FROM THE STATUE BY M. NOBLE.

DR. ISAAC BARROW, the son of a linendraper of London, was born in 1630, and at school was more remarkable for a love of fighting than for attention to his books. He studied at Cambridge for the church, and at the age of thirty obtained the Greek professorship of Cambridge; two years afterwards he was elected Professor of Geometry at Gresham College, London. Both these chairs he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and six years afterwards resigned this office also, in favour of Sir Isaac Newton. In 1672 he was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by Charles II., who remarked on the occasion that "he had bestowed the honour on the best scholar in England." In 1675 Dr. Barrow was chosen Vice-chancellor of the University. He died in 1677.

The statue here engraved has been somewhat recently placed in the vacant niche of the ante-chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, as a companion figure to that of Lord Bacon, which fills the opposite niche; it is the resulting expression of a sort of compromise in a question which has for some considerable time been matter of eager debate in the college itself, and in the university at large,—and which has been decided not in the largest spirit, and, therefore, not with the most satisfactory result that might have been obtained. It seems, that the Marquis of Lansdowne, when visiting the Master of Trinity, had noticed the unmonumental blot in the Chapel Hall, and the propriety of sculpturally peopling this niche,—so as to compose tripartitely with the sitting Bacon opposite, and the magnificent statue of Sir Isaac Newton, by Rouilliac, where it stands in the centre of the hall, "commerceing with the skies." This want, then, Lord Lansdowne offered to supply by a gift from himself;—but he left the selection of the man, worthy in this place to consort with Newton and Bacon, to the college. Here began a difficulty and a polemic,—where it seems to us that there should have been none. Milton was proposed;—and the question is solved, we should imagine, in the very mention of the name. But Milton was a member of Christ's, and not of Trinity:—so, Newton and Bacon could not have his great companionship. Not pausing to ask, how, on this argument, Bacon found his way on to the opposite pedestal, we content ourselves with saying, that this is narrow reasoning, and does the college no credit. Trinity is a great corporation in itself, doubtless,—but it is a member of a greater; and we should like to know—what college in Cambridge has not a share in the glory that Milton sheds over the university? Undoubtedly, considering the rest of the company, Milton *should* have had this niche:—unless the men of Trinity could, for once, have stepped out of themselves and their university altogether, and, in an honorary way, brought down Shakspeare to sit with Newton and Bacon in this conclave of the immortals. To this large hospitality, however, they were not equal,—and Lord Macaulay is said to have proposed Dr. Bentley. Now, Dr. Bentley was a very eminent man, in his way; but it is not very difficult to understand the reasons which should forbid Trinity College, in particular, to select him from all others for a signal and exclusive honour, amongst themselves, like this. They did so:—and other names were discussed. Dr. Barrow, however, seems to have been finally elected into this great seat on the somewhat negative ground, that he wounds fewer susceptibilities than any other proposed. For ourselves, we think he scarcely fills the place. No one will dispute, that Dr. Barrow was a most respectable divine:—but Newton and Bacon are terrible names to test a greatness by. However, there the doctor sits, at last—*sedet et sedebit*—on a posthumous throne, like which the world has few to offer. The statue is by Mr. Noble,—and is executed in the finest Carrara marble. Like the Bacon, and to match with it, it is, as we have said, a sitting figure; and it represents the doctor with his mathematical symbol, the compasses, in one hand, and a volume of sermons, indicating his divinity eminence, in the other.



ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE. FROM THE STATUE BY M. NOBLE

THE SOCIETIES OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE following address to the Lords of the Treasury declares the views and feelings of the Old Water-Colour Society in reference to the position which it desires to assume, and to which its distinction as a body entitles it. The gossip of the studios attributes to the Royal Academy a desire that the Society of Painters in Water-Colours should, directly or indirectly, be incorporated with themselves, or, at least, exhibit under the same roof with the Royal Academy. This may account for certain expressions that occur in the address and the resolutions which follow it. The society expresses itself ready to erect a building at its own cost; the sum which it contemplates investing is ten thousand pounds.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY, WHITEHALL.

The humble memorial of the undersigned, being members composing the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, (5, Pall Mall East, S.W.)

Sheweth:—1. That annual exhibitions of works of Art are essential to the existence of any national school of painting; that to artists they are of the first importance, inciting them by honourable emulation; while to lovers of painting, and the general public, they are schools of Art, and on these grounds the Society of Painters in Water-Colours bases its claim to the attention of the Government.

2. In 1804 the founders of this society came to the following resolution:—"The utility of an exhibition in forwarding the fine Arts arises not only from the advantage of public criticism, but also from the opportunity it gives to the artist of comparing his own works with those of his contemporaries in the same walk. To embrace both these points, in their fullest extent, is the object of the present exhibition, which, consisting of water-colour pictures only, must from that circumstance give to them a better arrangement, and a fairer ground of appreciation, than when mixed with pictures in oil.

3. The principle involved in this resolution has guided the society to the present day; by it the art of painting in water-colours has taken deep root in the country, has attained to its present eminence in the great exhibitions of Europe, and attracted marked attention from its distinctive national character. The government of France has applied to the society for the scheme of its constitution, and has awarded to some of its members the highest honours; an example which has been followed by the academies of Holland and Belgium.

4. This society was formed in consequence of the inability of the Royal Academy to foster water-colour art in its infancy; and, although the Royal Academy has numbered amongst its members many of great eminence, who have occasionally practised water-colour painting, yet those who paint only in water-colours are excluded from any participation in the honours of that institution.

5. The Society of Painters in Water-Colours is, therefore, regarded by the public as supplementary in its character to the Royal Academy, and the highest distinction attainable by those who follow this art is the membership of the society.

6. Your memorialists are of opinion that the successful progress of water-colour art is mainly, if not solely, attributable to its being pursued as a distinct school, and to its works being exhibited apart from all other kinds of Art; and this independence they are most anxious to maintain.

7. The growing importance of the art of water-colour painting forces upon the attention of this society the necessity of its extension, but this object they have hitherto found to be unattainable from the limited space at their command; now, however, that the Government is about to appropriate a site at Burlington Gardens to the wants of the Royal Academy, and of learned and scientific bodies, they earnestly appeal to be allowed to participate in the grant, and to erect a gallery at their own cost.

8. The Government having acknowledged the utility and convenience to the public of congregating societies of Art and Science, your memorialists—believing that wherever the Royal Academy is established it becomes the *genius loci*—the centre of all Art attraction—would humbly participate in these advantages.

9. Education in the Royal Academy is confined to the professional student; painters in water-colours are the chief instructors of the public.

10. The grant now sought, if accorded, would, in the opinion of your memorialists, be a national recognition of the value and usefulness of the art of painting in water-colours, and secure to it the continuance of that independence which is necessary to its future welfare and advancement.

11. Your memorialists, therefore, humbly request that they may have assigned to them, on the Burlington House estate, a site fit for the erection of a gallery for public exhibitions, which, from the nature and comparatively small size of paintings in water-colours, needs but a very moderate space, this society bearing the cost of such erection, and, if the Government should think fit, paying also in ground rent or otherwise for the space so occupied.

Signed by twenty-five members.

At a general meeting of the society, held on the 7th of March, it was resolved:—

I.—That the society earnestly desire to extend their numbers, and usefulness, which their limited space for exhibition now prevents their doing.

II.—That, had the society space at its command, it would gladly open its rooms to exhibitors, not members or associates of their body.

III.—That, if it were thought desirable, and means were placed within reach of the society, it would also willingly establish schools and classes for the study and practice of painting in water-colours.

V.—That, in communicating with the Government and the legislature, the special committee is to express the conviction of the society that the interest of Art can only be truly promoted by the management of the affairs of this, and all other Art societies being left in their own individual control; and that the society also is of opinion that the freedom of action now enjoyed by the Royal Academy, by this society, and by other Art societies, cannot be wisely interfered with.

The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours has also memorialised the Treasury, stating that, with its present very limited space, it cannot, as it desires to do, "afford support and encouragement to numerous meritorious artists who are seeking efficient means of bringing their works into public notice."

These memorials presented will, there cannot be a doubt, receive that consideration to which they are justly entitled. The appeal of the New Society refrains from entering into a detailed statement of its views, considering it a duty to leave to the Government the dictation of terms upon which the prayer of the memorial may be granted.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

FORGED PICTURES.

SIR,—As you have so often and so ably defended the integrity of Art, and as I know you are anxious on all occasions to expose any of those tricks by which the Arts are lowered, the public imposed upon, and the artist injured, I venture to state to you a recent case.

About ten days back, a person of respectability came down here, from London, with a picture said to be by my hand; and so closely had my work been imitated, and my signature (in two places) been forged, that I was at a loss (with the aid of a glass) to speak with certainty. I felt convinced it was a copy, but I could not pronounce it to be one *beyond a doubt*. The picture was afterwards shown to a leading dealer in pictures, as well known in the Arts for his good judgment as for his high integrity; and that gentleman at once declared it to be a copy. Through the assistance of others, the person who copied my picture was traced, and admitted that he had made three copies of the picture. As every voice raised, however humble, assists in all reformations, I beg to hand you this statement, to be used as your judgment directs.

ALFRED MONTAGUE.

Tilehurst, near Reading, March 22, 1859.

[This is only one out of many instances which come to our knowledge, serving to show the soundness of our oft-repeated advice, that buyers of pictures who desire original works, should go direct to the artist, or should procure them through some dealer whose respectability is a guarantee against imposition. It is much to be regretted that artists will not take more trouble than they frequently do to expose frauds such as Mr. Montague's letter indicates. It is neither just to themselves, nor honest to the public, to withhold their ready aid.—En. A.-J.]

ENGRAVINGS IN THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE.

SIR,—In the article on "The Drawings of the Old Masters in the British Museum," contained in a recent number of your valuable Journal, you mention that the rich collection of drawings by the old masters belonging to the Public Gallery, in Florence, is kept in certain small rooms of the Palazzo Vecchio, inaccessible to the general public, and charily drawn forth for the inspection of the privileged few. It may interest some of your readers to know that this is no longer the case. In November, 1857, when the writer of these lines was in Florence, a selection of the choicest of these exquisite drawings had been framed and glazed, and arranged on the walls of three rooms in the Gallery of the Uffizi. The collection does not comprise drawings by all the European masters, in and out of preservation, like that of the Louvre, but it is a very complete school of Florentine art, and the fine condition of these treasures shows the care with which they have been kept. In order to copy in the gallery, a letter of recommendation is necessary from some Florentine householder to the curator, which the traveller may obtain from his banker, and which must state in which department of the gallery he wishes to copy. Having obtained this permission the artist, or amateur, will find every facility for carrying out his wishes, and the greatest courtesy in all the officials.

AN AMATEUR.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE "Hangers" at the Royal Academy this year are Messrs. D. Roberts, A. Elmore, and J. H. Foley.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—Among the most remarkable pictures that will appear at the coming exhibition, there are, by Sir Edwin Landseer, four; of which one, twelve feet long, shows a stag pursued by dogs in the water: the sky presents a rainy effect, with a rainbow; the second is a girl leading a calf over the stream—this is the property of the Queen; the third, entitled "My Own Stricken Deer," is a composition full of exquisite poetry; and the fourth is a poor terrier waiting patiently the reversion of a bone which is still a subject of discussion to a mastiff. E. M. Ward, contributes "Marie Antoinette hearing read the Order for her Execution," in every way equal to the best of Mr. Ward's French series; this is accompanied by two smaller works, both single figures; Mrs. Ward also exhibits a picture of much interest in subject, and charming as a work of Art. By J. R. Herbert there is a powerful picture, in which the sister of Lazarus is represented going early to the tomb of the Saviour; it is qualified by all the telling points of Mr. Herbert's practice. F. R. Pickersgill sends a large picture—a troubadour, a soldier minstrel, singing, as in competition for the laurel crown, his song of love and war, to a listening tribunal of ladies; a work which, in substance, character, and sentiment, transcends everything that Mr. Pickersgill has yet produced. A second picture by him is "Samson and Delilah," from the verse of Milton. Millais contributes two pictures: one, "The Nun's Grave," presents two nuns digging a grave, which has some wonderful points of execution; the other, a study of apple-trees in bloom. This is the third year, we believe, that Mr. Hunt has been engaged on his picture, but it is not yet finished. Frith, in the contemplation of another large picture, sends only one work, "A Portrait of Charles Dickens." F. Stone contributes three; the subject of one is a boy about, for the first time, to accompany his father in his boat to the fishing-ground; the others are "Broken Friendship" and "Too Late," both scenes from French coast life. F. Goodall's picture is an Italian subject, the material of which he procured during his recent visit to Venice. Phillip's is "A Lover's Quarrel," Spanish, of course. Egg paints "Cromwell invoking God's Assistance before the Battle of Naseby." Hook sends four coast scenes from Clovelly; and E. W. Cooke also four. There are, moreover, very elaborate works by Solomon, "The Acquittal," by O'Neil, "The Return;" Wyburd, a subject from Undine, &c., &c.; and the quality of those works which we mention, with numerous others which we know to have been in preparation, will, it may be argued, raise the standard of this exhibition beyond that of preceding years.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—To the professorship of history, in the Royal Academy, vacant by the death of Mr. Hallam, Mr. Grote has been nominated; and the Academy could not have made a more worthy election. In the case of Mr. Hallam the professorship was not filled, perhaps, according to its strict interpretation; but Mr. Grote's labours are essentially in the field of ancient history. The trusteeship of the British Museum, also vacant by the death of Mr. Hallam, is filled also by Mr. Grote. It is a singular circumstance that, before his decease, Mr. Hallam expressed a wish that Mr. Grote should be his successor in the trusteeship.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES are both open. Their "opening," however, took place at too late a period of the month to enable us to offer any remarks on their contents.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Seven pictures have been added to the National Collection—one by bequest, the others by purchase. The late Miss Jane Clark, of Regent Street, bequeathed "The Blind Beggar," by Dyckmans, a living artist, and a native of the Low Countries. The picture had been in the possession of Redpath, the railway defaulter, at the sale of whose effects it is said to have realized nine hundred and sixty guineas. It is a small picture, containing principally a group of the beggar, an aged man, with a long grey beard, and his child, a delicate-looking girl. They stand soliciting alms at a church-porch, within which is

seen a woman praying to a figure of the Virgin, and at the same time another woman is about to desecrate the steps. In these days of bright and glowing harmonies, the eye is at once struck with the virtuous abstinence from colour which the artist has made a cardinal principle in the execution of the picture. The beggar wears a kind of drab wrapper, and the girl a pale green dress. The heads are painted with a finish almost equal to Denner; and through the nice care with which the glazings have been conducted, the group comes well forward in the composition. The beggar's head is a most successful study, and the whole is extremely pure in feeling and sentiment. The other pictures are of the Italian schools, the best being an "Infant Christ in the Lap of the Virgin," by Marco Basaiti, of the Venetian school, who lived between 1470 and 1520. The hands of the Virgin are too large; but the whole of the rest of the work is much beyond its time. The delicacy with which the head of the Virgin is carried out is beyond all praise. The colour, both of the mother and child, is somewhat monotonous, and approaches the foxy; these are among the weaknesses of the period; yet, altogether, the picture will be esteemed one of the most valuable of its time. The background is wonderfully true and spirited—a meadow with cattle in the foreground, and a castellated mansion. There is a portrait of a lady by Battista Zelotti, who painted between the years 1532 and 1592. It is a life-sized head and bust, simple and individual, with the character, but not the colour, of the school of Titian. The dryness of the colour is allusive to the fresco practice of this painter, in which he excelled. Some of his best works were executed in the hall of the Council of Ten, at Venice. A third is a "Deposition in the Tomb," by Palmezzano, who painted between 1486 and 1537. He was of the school of Romagna; his lines are hard and cutting, and his composition wants what *cognoscenti* call "repose." A fourth is a Virgin and Child by Giambattista Cima da Conegliano (1492—1517), of the Venetian school. The Virgin wears a silk bordered kerchief on her head, and a red robe, over which is a blue drapery. This is by no means so graceful a picture as that of Basaiti, but still it is a remarkable work. Another is "St. Domenic, the Institutor of the Rosary," a simple upright figure, by Marco Zoppo, of the Bolognese school, who lived between 1471 and 1498. It is very elaborate—complicated as to composition, but in perfect condition. The seventh is a "St. Francis in Glory, contemplating a Crucifix"—a small picture, in which the figure is standing relieved by a gold diapered background, and having on each side a choir of angels. These are all valuable historical additions to the collection.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—In anticipation of the removal of the Royal Academy from Trafalgar Square, Captain F. Fowkes, R.E., whose services at the Great Exhibition of 1851 must be remembered by all connected with that undertaking, and who has since been actively engaged at the Museum at Brompton, has sketched out plans for so altering the whole of the building in Trafalgar Square, as to render it capable of containing three times as many pictures as at present constitute our national collection, and at the very moderate cost of thirty-four thousand pounds. Without going into the details of the plan, we may briefly state that he proposes to raise the floor of the central hall to the level of the floors of the present picture galleries, so as to form an uninterrupted line of apartments the whole length of the building, while sufficient height would thus be obtained for an entrance hall under the additional gallery which would then be formed, and which would be entered, from the street, under the floor of the portico as now existing, the steps on each side being taken away. The lower floor, now used for various purposes of comparatively little importance, Captain Fowkes proposes to convert into rooms for the exhibition of drawings, but they must have far more light than at present to make them eligible exhibiting rooms. These would be entered at once from the entrance hall; and four staircases—each stair eight feet wide—will lead from each side of this hall to the upper galleries. The alterations to the exterior are limited to the removal of the central and two secondary domes, and the substitution for the former of an attic story, carried over the whole central portion of the building. Captain Fowkes's plan seems perfectly

feasible, and, if we are not to have an entirely new edifice, is, perhaps, as good as can be had—for the money; and, in these days of rigid economy of the public funds, a financial view is one which must inevitably carry weight with it in proportion to the reduced rate of charge for work to be done.

MR. HENRY COLE, C.B.—We rejoice to know that Mr. Cole has returned from Italy, and has resumed his duties at South Kensington, with restored strength and health. He has not been idle while at Rome; the Museum of the Department of Science and Art already bears evidence of his activity. And there can be no doubt of his having largely augmented his knowledge and experience, so as to add materially to his means of advancing the purpose of the Institution over which he presides.

THE "ARTISTS AND AMATEURS" held their third conversazione for the season on the 7th of April at Willis's Rooms. It attracted—as do all these most pleasant meetings—a large assembly, of which the numerical superiority must be claimed by the ladies. The great room, and a smaller one adjoining, were supplied with pictures in oil and water-colours, portfolios of drawings, sketches, and photographs. Among the most prominent of these works we noticed the large finished sketch for O'Neil's picture of "Eastward ho!—August, 1857;" a powerfully painted water-colour drawing, small, of "Belem Castle, Lisbon," by C. Stanfield, R.A., and a charming little coast scene in oil by the same painter; a group of a lady and her two children, admirably painted by F. Goodall, A.R.A.; they represent, if we mistake not, his wife and his two youngest children; a masterly sketch in charcoal by J. D. Harding; a fine drawing by Cattermole of the "Defence of Latham House by the Countess of Derby against the Parliamentary Troops in the Civil Wars;" "Haymaking," by H. Jutsum, fresh and fragrant; with many others our space will not permit us to specify.

MUSEUM OF ART, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Among other additions to this collection, there have been lately acquired several interesting specimens from the Museum of the Collegio Romano. Among these are three curiously engraved bamboo canes, noticed in Murray's Roman Handbook, the elaborate ornament on one of which dates from the end of the fifteenth century; the subjects on all have reference to scripture history. There is also a mosaic of a colossal head of St. Peter, an interesting illustration of an art little known in this country. Some small Florentine bronzes of good workmanship, and some carved ivories, are included among the number of specimens. These acquisitions for the Museum were made by Mr. Cole; he also obtained in Italy from another collection at Rome a very fine signed example of the majolica of Forli.

THE BRIDGEWATER GALLERY has, we understand, once more been opened by its noble owner to the public during the season. Tickets of admission may be had on application to Mr. Smith, picture-dealer, New Bond Street.

MR. JOSEPH WYON—a nephew, we presume, of the great medallist—has received the appointment of chief engraver of Her Majesty's seals. He is, we understand, a young artist of much ability; and we trust, as we believe, he will "carry on" the honours of his name.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The forty-fourth anniversary festival of this charity was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 16th of the last month. Viscount Hardinge presided, and was supported by a goodly muster of our leading painters and sculptors. The income of the society during the past year amounted to £1959, and the expenditure to £1314, which includes £1075, distributed in various sums, as the circumstances seem to require, to 73 cases of distress; the balance of £645 is applicable to what is termed the Christmas distribution. Sir Charles Eastlake, in returning thanks for the toast of "The Royal Academy," took occasion to express "his hope and expectation that the new building about to be provided for them would afford greatly increased accommodation, both to the public and to works of art." The subscriptions announced during the evening amounted to upwards of £500. We may be permitted to remark that the "Artists' General Benevolent Institution" is one of the best managed charitable societies with which we are acquainted—it effects a large amount of good at the very *minimum* of cost;

and on this account, if those who are benevolently disposed feel no especial sympathy with the destitute of the profession, it deserves encouragement and aid from all who can, and are willing to, assist.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—A series of pictures, painted by M. Desanges, was opened to the public at the Egyptian Hall, on the eve of our going to press; we must therefore defer till next month any detailed notice of them. For the present, it may suffice to say that these paintings illustrate many of the actions for which the Victoria Cross has been awarded.

PUBLIC FOUNTAINS.—The movement that has arisen in favour of what are proposed as "drinking fountains," has at length resolved itself into a determination that there shall be fountains. We abstain from canvassing the capabilities of the committees and sub-committees who shall be appointed to carry out these works. There will be, as there ever has been, the same amount of intrigue that besets all public commissions. Each member of committee accepts office only with the view of forwarding the interests of some promising tyro, and thus to enterprising incapacity the public advantage is too frequently sacrificed. Public fountains have at all times been regarded as among the most fitting objects for the exercise of artistic taste and skill; but numerous though they be in the public places, and even the nooks of the cities of Europe, and how famous soever be the names wherewith they are associated, the failures as Art-productions are more numerous than the successes. What we would observe about this idea is, that some attempt should be made to render as ornamental as possible those fountains which may be allotted to our most public thoroughfares. The patera and jets in Trafalgar Square are a standing reproach; the twisted fish make the most of their allowance of water, but, after all, there is not even enough *in usum delphinorum*. Fountains are by no means among the most practicable of those things which to artists are veritable asses' bridges. Allegory and mythology are the sources to which the Italian artists have generally addressed themselves for ideas. Among the best exceptions is the famous Slave Fountain; and whatever may be our own essays in this direction, we trust mythology will be entirely excluded, and that even to sane allegory something historical will be preferred. Take a given continental city where the best Art has been fostered—say Florence; there is the Neptune Fountain in the Piazza del Granduca, by Ammanati, a work of small account: there is the Bargello Fountain, only interesting on account of the Greek sarcophagus which forms its basin; but then there is the Centaur Fountain, an admirable work by Giau Bologna; then there is the Boar Fountain in the Mercato Nuovo—but the boar is copied from the Greek, and, with all its rare merits, we have never been able to consider it an appropriate ornament for a fountain. Then there are those of Santa Croce, S. Spirito, &c., none of which we remember as at all worthy of the first school of modern Art. Let us turn to Nuremberg, the very antipodes of everything Italian; there is the marvellous fountain in the Hauptmarkt, by the Rupprechts and Schönhof; then there is the famous Gänsemanneku, and the Fountain of the Virtues in the Lorenzplatz. These are all of iron, and we mention them as being of a style in everything distinct from mythology and allegory, and do not hesitate to propose that in order to avoid the humiliating errors into which we have fallen in other things, that before the designs of these works are selected, engravings be procured of the best of the Italian and German fountains, not for the purpose of copying, but for the sake of suggestion.

STREET-LAMP ADVERTISEMENTS.—Some of the metropolitan parishes are, we hear, entertaining proposals for using the street-lamps for advertising the goods of tradesmen, such advertisements being, of course, written or painted on the glass; the idea is an abominable outrage upon taste, and ought to be scouted by every decent "parish board." There is not a city or town on the Continent where such an enormity would be permitted, and foreigners, should they ever have the opportunity of witnessing a sight of this kind, will have just reason for applying to us the remark of Napoleon I., that "England is a nation of shopkeepers," implying thereby that we have not a thought of anything which does not

involve a trading advantage. A member of the "board" of Clerkenwell parish, spoke sensibly, when the matter was brought under consideration there. He said:—"The plan would interfere with the public light, and, perhaps, one of the members of that body—an undertaker—would be likely to cover a large part of the street-lamps with mourning coaches, and other funeral devices; another member would cover the glazing with pots and pans; and that others in various ways would avail themselves of this means of directing attention to the peculiarities of their trades. It was also said that Clerkenwell had been called the 'prison parish,' and that it was to be feared if this suggestion was carried out, it would be called the 'advertising parish,' and that it would not be right to let out the public property for the purpose of personal advertising." Under what order, it may be asked, would Mr. Ruskin class a lamp thus decorated, if ever he publishes a new edition of *The Lamps of Architecture*? One would suppose the absurdity of the project would suffice to crush it in the bud; but if not, we trust the public voice, speaking in the name of public taste, will at once annihilate it.

THE NEW ROYAL ACADEMY BUILDING.—A contemporary states, but upon hearsay only, that Sir Charles Barry is named the architect of the projected edifice in Burlington Gardens, and that Messrs. Barry and Banks are to be the architects of the adjoining "Palace of Science."

THE PICTURE BY VANDER WERF, stolen some months since from the Amsterdam Gallery, has been found in London, by the vigilance of our police, and restored to its rightful owners. It was discovered in the possession of some Frenchmen of questionable character, residing at the east end of the town. Lord Suffolk's pictures, feloniously taken from his lordship's mansion, near Malmesbury, in 1856, were also recovered by the aid of the police, after a lapse of many months. The value of the Vander Werf painting is said to be £2000.

THE MUSWELL HILL CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors of this projected edifice have, through Mr. J. Masterman, made an offer to the council of the Artists' Benevolent Institution, of five acres of freehold land, out of the space secured for the palace, for the purpose of erecting an "Artists' College," as a home for members of the profession who may, unfortunately, have fallen into reduced circumstances. This liberal offer has, however, been declined by the council, after a full discussion of the subject; the resolution agreed to, states,— "That, with the information before the meeting, it is not expedient to proceed further with the question." The *Critic* observes, with reference to this decision, "that it appears the result of consulting the other artistic bodies on the subject has been a reply favourable to the plan from the New Water-Colour Society and the Artists' Amicable Fund, but the other societies have signified either disapproval or indifference." Will the artists of Great Britain ever be seen uniting as one body for their mutual interests? We fear not.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—At a recent visit paid by the Queen to the Crystal Palace, her Majesty graciously permitted her name to be placed on the list of subscribers to the Art-Union, and selected the following works from those which the committee have purchased for subscribers:—A statuette of Gibson's "Nymph at the Bath," one each of Calder Marshall's small busts of "Ophelia" and "Miranda," and two Etruscan vases, by Messrs. Battam. The prices affixed to these works amount to fifteen guineas, consequently, her Majesty is a subscriber for fifteen shares.

THE LORD MAYOR gave a brilliant "evening" on the 15th April to artists, men of letters, and citizens, the immediate purpose being the illustration of Art-progress in photography. Seven or eight hundred ladies and gentlemen were present.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—Messrs. A. and C. Black, of Edinburgh, announce a new edition of the *Waverley Novels*, in cheap monthly volumes, the first of which will appear early in the present month. It will be abundantly illustrated with steel engravings and woodcuts, and, from the specimen pages that have been shown us, a portable and carefully got up edition of these ever popular books will be offered to the public.

REVIEWS.

THE OXFORD MUSEUM. By HENRY W. ACLAND, M.D., Regius Professor of Medicine, and JOHN RUSKIN, M.A., Honorary Students of Christ Church. Published by SMITH, ELDER & Co., London; J. H. and J. PARKER, Oxford.

This is a small volume, containing the substance of a lecture, delivered to the Architectural Societies of Oxford by Dr. Acland, having reference to the new Museum in that seat of learning, now in the course of erection from the designs of the architects, Sir Thomas Deane and Mr. Woodward. The learned professor touches but slightly on the *Art* of the building, but, in the course of his remarks, here and there introduces an observation which shows how completely his mind is imbued with the essential requisites of good architectural Art; and he expresses a hope, to which we have frequently given utterance in our pages, that "the time draws nigh when the professional staff of Oxford will include a Professor of Art." One passage towards the end of his address we cannot forbear from quoting, as evidence that zealous, faithful, and honest men are at work, head and hand, on an edifice which will, when completed, be ranked among the glories of Oxford:—"While this building has been in progress, we have not been wholly unmindful of the hardy hands that worked for its erection. Alas! we can do little for each other, to ease the daily toil, and sweeten the hard-earned bread. But with the laying of the foundation-stone we also erected a humble mess-room by its side, where the workmen have daily met for their stated meals; have begun each day with simple prayer from willing hearts; have had various volumes placed for their use, and have received frequent instruction and aid from the chief officer in the building, Mr. Bramwell, our clerk of the works. The temper of the architect has reached the men. In their work they have had pleasure. The capitals are partly designed by the men themselves;"—and we may here notice that some of these capitals present novelties in design; one, for example, engraved as a frontispiece to the book, is copied from British ferns, and very elegant it looks, on paper at least; but we should fear that if the pillar be lofty, the details of the ornament, which constitute its beauty, would be almost lost;—"and especially by the family of O'Shea, who bring wit and alacrity from the Emerald Isle to their cheerful task. The carvings of the capitals and the decoration of the windows, limited, very limited, as our means have been, have raised ever-living interest; and as strangers walk in the streets, ever and anon they hear the theme discussed by the workers who pass by." An undertaking thus commenced and carried on can scarcely fail to realize all that its most sanguine supporters desire to see it.

Following in the wake of Dr. Acland's lecture are two letters from Mr. Ruskin to his friend, the professor, hearing on the subject of the edifice. It is quite impossible for Mr. Ruskin to write upon Art of any kind without speaking some truths, or delighting us with the charms of his eloquence. Here, therefore, we meet with many passages combining one or other—and, in some, both—of these qualities, and which we earnestly wish were engraved on the hearts and understandings of our countrymen. One or two of these must find admittance into our pages. Speaking of the patronage given to a certain class of Art-works, he says:—

"The paintings by Meissonier in the French Exhibition of this year (1858), were bought, I believe, before the exhibition opened, for 250 guineas each. They each represented one figure, about six inches high—one, a student reading; the other, a courtier standing in a dress-coat. Neither of these paintings conveyed any information, or produced any emotion whatever, except that of surprise at their minute and dextrous execution. They will be placed by their possessors on the walls of small private apartments, where they will probably, once or twice a-week, form the subject of five minutes' conversation while people drink their coffee after dinner. The sum expended on these toys would have been amply sufficient to cover a large building with noble frescoes, appealing to every passer-by, and representing a large portion of the history of any given period. But the general tendency of the European patrons of Art is to grudge all sums spent in a way thus calculated to confer benefit on the public, and to grudge none for minute treasures, of which the principal advantage is that a lock and key can always render them invisible. I have no hesitation in saying that an acquisitive selfishness, rejoicing somewhat in the sensation of possessing what can not be seen by others, is at the root of this Art-patronage. It is, of course, coupled with a sense of securer and more convenient investment in what may be easily protected and easily carried

from place to place, than in large and immovable works; and also with a vulgar delight in the minute curiosities of productive Art, rather than in the exercise of inventive genius, or the expression of great facts or emotions."

Who can doubt the truth of these observations? and what is the remedy for the evil complained of? Clearly none, till men feel a cosmopolitan love of Art, so to speak, and learn to merge their own interests in it in those higher interests which include the gratification and profit of the multitude.

Again, what truth and eloquence are combined in the following passage, where Mr. Ruskin pleads for the combining of portrait sculpture with architecture; as, for example, in a door-way:—

"We never seem to know at present where to put such statues. In the midst of the blighted trees of desolate squares, or at the crossings of confused streets, or balanced on the pinnacles of pillars, or riding across the tops of triumphal arches, or blocking up the aisles of cathedrals, in none of these positions, I think, does the portrait statue answer its purpose. It may be a question whether the erection of such statues is honourable to the erectors, but assuredly it is not honourable to the persons whom it pretends to commemorate; nor is it anywise matter of exultation to a man who has deserved well of his country to reflect that his effigy may one day encumber a crossing, or disfigure a park gate. But there is no man of worth or heart who would not feel it a high and priceless reward that his statue should be placed where it might remind the youth of England of what had been exemplary in his life, or useful in his labours, and might be regarded with no empty reverence, no fruitless pensiveness, but with the emulative, eager, unstinted passionateness of honour, which youth pays to the dead leaders of the cause it loves, or discoverers of the light by which it lives. To be buried under weight of marble, or with splendour of ceremonial, is still no more than burial; but to be remembered daily, with profitable tenderness, by the activist intelligences of the nation we have served, and to have power granted even to the shadows of the poor features, sunk into dust, still to warn, to animate, to command, as the father's brow rules and exalts the toil of his children,—this is not burial, but immortality."

We could multiply extracts of like import, but must forbear, trusting that we have shown enough to induce our readers to look into this little book for themselves, and to uphold Mr. Ruskin's character for integrity of purpose in his dealings with Art, however much we may sometimes differ from him as to the direction in which he would carry us.

INDIAN SCENES AND CHARACTERS: Sketched from Life. By PRINCE ALEXIS SOLTYKOFF. Edited by EDWARD B. EASTWICK, F.R.S., F.S.A. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co. London.

The value of these sketches must be estimated more by their presumed accuracy than by their artistic excellences. No one who looks at them would, we imagine, doubt the truth of the observations made in the preface, that "the publishers think it right, in order to ensure a just appreciation of the work, to mention that it contains nothing which is not an exact and faithful representation of nature. Indeed, these delineations may be said to possess almost the accuracy of photographs." The book is a large folio volume, containing sixteen lithographic illustrations, selected from most of the great provinces of India. The artist, we presume, is a Russian nobleman, who, while travelling in the East, has employed his pencil in delineating some of the most striking incidents, places, and people, that came under his notice. Thus he has sketched a group of the half-naked fishers on the Coromandel coast; was present at the festival of the goddess Dourga, at Calcutta, the tutelary goddess of the city, when, as we are told, the wealthy Hindú gentlemen of Calcutta decorate and light up their houses, and dancing and singing are the amusement of all classes of the natives. The "Harem Carriage of the King of Delhi," drawn by a pair of gracefully-shaped hells, caparisoned, is a strange-looking vehicle, but, with the figures introduced by the artist, the whole makes a not inelegant picture. Next follows a full-length sitting portrait of Maharaja Hindú Rao Bahadur, a Maratha prince of the Scindia family, resident at Delhi, and very popular with Europeans during the time that Lord Hardinge was Governor-General. A group of "Mountaineers of the Himalaya" shows much of the European character in the physiognomy of these people. "Hunting leopards belonging to the Rajah of Bhurtpore," waiting in the garden of his highness to be set free for the chase, is a picturesque subject, with all its attendant paraphernalia of oxen, carts, drivers, &c., backed by masses of foliage of the tufted mangolias. A "Cavalcade of

Sikh Chieftains," some mounted on elephants, exhibits a magnificent array of these brave warriors, such as we are accustomed to read of in eastern tales, or the histories of Bajazet or Solyman. The next plate also represents Sikh Chieftains—two, well mounted and heavily armed, looking, with their attendant squires running by their side, as if starting forth to some knightly encounter on a "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The portrait of the Maharaja of Gwalior, with his attendants, is interesting, as it represents one whose name has become known and respected in England, for his devotion to our cause in the late Indian rebellion, notwithstanding the defection of his own followers. He is represented as a very slight and delicately-framed young man, and without much intellectual character or expression. "The Palace at Jaypore" is a rich Moorish-looking edifice, one story only in height, surmounted with open turrets of varied forms. The remaining subjects are—"A Fakcer of Rajpootana," "Fakcers of Malwah," "Arab and Negro in the Service of the Rajah of Baroda," "House and Gardens at Bombay," a scene suited to an Arabian Night's tale, and a "Dance of Nautch Girls," whose attitudes would undoubtedly never seduce an European sculptor into using them as examples for study: anything more ungraceful one cannot imagine.

Prince Soltykoff's sketches are amusing and interesting, so far as almost everything that concerns British India has of late become interesting to us at home; yet they show very little that previous artists have not already brought before us, and oftentimes with a higher artistic character. We must remember, however, that nobles, though they frequently are liberal patrons of Art, are seldom first-rate artists: the Russian prince is quite entitled to take his place with the best of them.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF LONDON.—HERE AND THERE IN LONDON.—THE LONDON PULPIT. By J. EWING RITCHIE, Esq. Published by WILLIAM TWEEDIE, London.

We have placed these three works together, because they are by the same author, and bear upon each other. We consider the "Night Side of London" the most valuable of the three, as it shows us the wretched groundwork of that "social evil" of which so much has been said, and for which, after all, so little has been done. The monster evil—the great "sin-master" of the British Islands, is INTemperance,—this is the determined foe to our moral and material improvement. The great TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT began with the lower orders, but it ascended rapidly; and, while "gentlemen" would now be ashamed to be seen "drunk," they take but little pains to prevent the drunkenness of the poor. If it be the *one luxury* of the latter, it is a luxury for which they pay dearly, and which consigns them, after struggling lives, to nameless graves. Mr. Ritchie lays bare the haunts and temples of "fast men" and miserable women, and draws his deductions with strength and earnestness; but we would impress upon him, and upon all who desire to benefit the lower "middle class" as well as the poor, that there must be relaxation for the worker; the great question is, how is that relaxation to be obtained, and in what should it consist? Our climate cannot be depended upon for the enjoyment of the cup of coffee and the out-door music that content our continental neighbours, but why should not the Temperance advocates provide attractive and yet rational amusement? We do not mean *teachings*, but what produces the cheerfulness that lightens toil, and sends forth the worker with renewed spirit. Certainly there should be some counter-attraction of a harmless kind to keep the poor from the pot-house. Evening bands, in the summer, in the parks might do a great deal; and, when the weather did not permit, in the Temperance Halls. The legislature should remember that a disjointed state must spring from the congregated impurities of our population, if not checked, and turned into different currents from those which it is now loathsome to think of. The "Night Side of London" deserves a place upon the table of every *thinker* in England.

"Here and There in London" bears evidence of the same train of thought and feeling, though the subject does not call them forth in their strength. Indeed, this volume shows the author's weakness, for, mingled with much curious and interesting matter, and still more that is right and holy, is a narrow-minded bitterness against our Established Church, that we note with deep regret. This is especially manifested in the observations upon the preachings in St. Paul's Cathedral. How sadly are some tempted to forget that "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase," increase to the labours of *both*. Yet still Paul *must* plant, and Apollos *must* water, and can they not do so in brotherly peace and love?

"The London Pulpit"—the last of the three upon our table—is an eloquent and valuable handbook to all who desire to know where they can best go to worship and to hear, in accordance with their peculiar Christian creed or desire. It contains a vast amount of information, and many opinions and criticisms, in some of which we do, and in others we do not, agree. *Facts* as to the preacher's early and actual life are difficult to gather: we found a mistake in the biographical portion of the first sketch,—the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew is *not* an Irishman. And here, again, Mr. Ritchie has a fling at the Established Church. Happily, assertion is no proof; but we should like to know how Mr. Ritchie would prove that "Irish Protestants have little to complain of,—their history is written in the tears and blood of millions whom they have wronged for ages!" This is strong language, and is given without a shade of reason for its support.

SIX YEARS' TRAVELS IN RUSSIA. By an English Lady. 2 vols. Published by HURST AND BLACKETT, London.

English ladies do now what it would have been impossible to do a few years ago. The "freedom of the rail," even when it does not extend beyond our every-day boundaries of France, Germany, portions of Italy and Spain, has nevertheless revolutionised the roadways of the world, and the proprietors of inns and horses are obliged, by their own interests, to provide very differently for travellers than they used to do in those "good old times," which are now happily matter of history. This particular "lady" must be a charming travelling companion, as ready to endure as to enjoy; abounding with the ready sympathy that woos all who come within its influence to affection, and abates the sufferings of others without *greatly* increasing our own. We know very little of our great northern neighbours, after reading these volumes, we are certainly disposed to embrace the Russ, and bestow upon him (*after his bath*) the kiss of peace. We sometimes have felt that our fair traveller is almost too anxious to steep everything in that *couleur de rose* which is a lady's privilege; but she accords, in general, good sound reasons for her praise, and also gives us nearly as much pleasure as she received. The style of her writing is firm, and fresh, and genial, while her remarks are sufficiently condensed. She deals with facts rather than with opinions, and never seeks to shield herself beneath the banner of *impartiality*. She feels an affection for the people among whom she lived for six years, and not having a large perception of the ridiculous, she does not perhaps perceive their foibles, or, if she does, she desires rather to conceal than to display. Her book would be more popular with the million if the contrary had been the case, and we should have got more strictly at the foundation of the social evils that exist, under different aspects, in every state; but our "lady" does her best, not her *worst*, for the Russians, and for this they ought to be grateful. The volumes are indeed full of useful, as well as of interesting, and even entertaining, matter, written in a pleasant style, abounding in illustrative anecdote, and bearing evidence throughout of an observant, yet a generous, nature.

THE BOUQUET OF BEAUTY. Engraved by H. ROBIUSON, from the picture by C. BAXTER. Published by T. McLEAN, London.

A fanciful title given to a group of three girls, "not o'er young to marry yet," but each of whom, it may be presumed, would make a loving, as she certainly would be a lovely, wife. There is a little too much of operatic character in the manner in which the artist has "composed" them, yet the grouping, with the graceful arrangement of the dresses and the nosegays, is rich and tasteful. The engraving can scarcely fail to be popular, for the subject recommends it, and Mr. Robiusion's free and delicate *burin* gives additional value to the painter's elegant design: the shadowed tone on the face of the gipsy-looking maiden is most skilfully managed in its transparency, and contrasts admirably with the sunlight on the countenances of the others.

EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE; or, Researches among the Minuter Organs and Forms of Animal Life. By P. H. GOSSE, F.R.S. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London.

All that Mr. Gosse has hitherto done in the way of authorship has been well done, and this, the latest of his works, affords no exception to the rule. The field of investigation opened up by the art of the optician is so vast, that no limits can be assigned to it: all which the most active inquirer can do is to

glean a few scattered fragments that lie in his way as he moves along the path of nature. Mr. Gosse does not profess to do more; he says he "has swept rapidly across the vast field of marvels, snatching up a gem here and there, and culling one and another of the brilliant blossoms of this flowery region, to weave a specimen chaplet, a sample coronal, which may tell of the good things behind." As the title of his book indicates, the investigations are restricted to zoological subjects, and such as are, for the most part, within the reach of all who have access to the sea-side or hedge-rows; and the descriptions are given in language as familiar and untechnical as the nature of the subject permits; for it must not be forgotten that the study of the world of nature is a science, not a mere amusement to wile away idle hours, and that, even with the aid of the microscope, which enlightens so much of our mental darkness, it must be approached as a work of labour, requiring thought and assiduity; it will soon become a labour of love. Among the numerous books which have been written to assist the young student in his researches, we know of none that may be more useful to him than this. It is illustrated with a large number of woodcuts of subjects drawn directly from the microscope.

THE LAWS OF CONTRAST OF COLOUR, AND THEIR APPLICATION TO THE ARTS. By M. E. CHEVREUL, Director of the Dye Works of the Gobelins, &c. &c. Translated from the French by JOHN SPANTON. New Edition, with Illustrations printed in Colours. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

In the number of the *Art-Journal* for September, 1854, there appeared a brief notice of M. Chevreul's valuable book on colour, as translated by Mr. Martel; and in the following month our able contributor, Mr. Robert Hunt, made it the subject of one of his valuable articles. After these notices it is quite unnecessary for us to go over the same ground again, for although Mr. Spanton's translation differs from that of Mr. Martel's, it is only in the form of expression; each alike contains the sense of the original. In reviewing the former edition, we spoke very strongly of the omission of the coloured diagrams appended to the French work, remarking that without these the book was nearly useless: the omission has been supplied in this new edition, and the value of the diagrams will be sufficiently apparent to all who consult the work; and it is within the reach of the thousands occupied in professions and trades where a thorough knowledge of the laws of colour is indispensable, for it is small in size, and published at a very moderate price.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. ROBERT TYAS, M.A., F.R.E.S. With Twelve Highly Coloured Groups of Flowers, by JAMES ANDREWS, F.H.S. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London.

This is one of the most charming "companionable" volumes we have seen for "many a long day;" it is a literary *bouquet* of beauty and fragrance, fresh from our hills, our lanes, our woods, our river-banks. We might quote page after page, with advantage to our readers, if we had space; even then we should do but half justice—give but half pleasure; for where would be the flower groups that add such richness and variety to the whole? This gathering of wild flowers is especially fitted for the hand of the country clergyman, and Mr. Tyas has done his spiriting lovingly, with heart as well as pen, and with head as well as heart. His love for the poetry of nature has not impaired his zeal for the history of the flowers he delights to honour, and the pretty book contains sufficient information to satisfy a moderate botanist. Mr. Andrews's illustrations are faithful in colour and in drawing; we anticipate many a stroll through the lovely lanes of our favourite county with this book as our companion.

LIGHT AND SHADE. Engraved by HENRY COUSENS, from the Picture by J. SANT. Published by GRAVES & Co., London.

The pictures of Mr. Sant are always charming; there are few artists who so entirely reach the heart, and that by no straining after effect, but simply by a pure love of the beautiful in nature and the true in Art. This is a most agreeable print: it portrays two lovely girls, one solemn, the other joyous; one literally in shade, the other sparkling with light—the light of a happy heart as well as under a ray of a morning sun. The print is small, and has been very skilfully engraved by Mr. Cousens; it is a pleasant subject to look upon, and cannot be too often in the mind and before the eye.

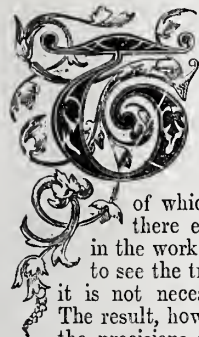
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1859.

THE
ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE NINETY-FIRST, 1859.



THE question as to whether that which is called Pre-Raffaellism has led to the exactitude that has now for some time characterized the drawing of our school, or the precision of which even twenty years ago there existed admirable instances in the works of artists who have lived to see the triumph of their principles, it is not necessary to determine here. The result, however, undoubtedly is, that the precisians are "masters of the situation." Indifferent as is the exhibition of this year, look where we may on these walls, there remain but two or three works—sketchy traditions of the infancy of the present century—that profess "spirited touch" to be the all in all. Thus the collection is preponderant in examples of manner wherein great exertion of labour has been directed towards the realization of minute detail, and, in innumerable instances, without the slightest feeling for effect, or even roundness. The platitude of surface and unwholesome breadth which so frequently accompany sharp and linear drawing, are offensive to taste of even the least refinement; for there are certain canons which must regulate the production of good Art; and when we find works that have been executed in obedience to these, combining at the same time exactitude of form, the result must be a quality which was not common to our school in the first quarter of the present century. Imitation of form is carried to a scrupulous extreme, and it is left to genius to discover the golden mean, of which we may say, that although there are no ambitious instances, the collection is not without worthy examples. It is not necessary to inquire whence the benefit has arisen,—the drawing and painting of our school has of late years improved, inasmuch that the manner of the French, once considered minutely definite, is now regarded as unsatisfactorily loose. This severity of practice is shown principally in the works of non-academical exhibitors, whose productions excite great public interest, and some of which are models of beauty and power.

We shall yet for years to come observe on the walls of the Academy the negative influence of the slowly progressive decorations of the Houses of Parliament. The best figure painters of the body academic are subsidized for the most precious years of their lives. When Maclise, Herbert, Ward, Dyce, mingle fitfully in the throng, their writing on the walls of the citadel of Art has not the grand decla-

matory force with which we know they have the power to move our sympathies. We are told to search the Houses of Parliament. We do, and find their essays hidden in lobbies, chambers, and corridors—sacrificed to inexorable architecture and uncompromising stained glass. The palace at Westminster will be the wailing place of many of the best works of our day. When these painters are in their places on the walls of the Academy, their presence is apologetic: they exhibit some diversion of their leisure hours, and thus do no more, from time to time, than make "signs."

Ward concludes the misfortunes of the royal family of France by the act of accusation of Marie Antoinette. Herbert exhibits a single figure—Mary Magdalen. Dyce paints 'Contentment'—an aged ferryman; and Maclise a graceful trifle from Moore's Irish Melodies. And these must be received in the stead of pictures of nobler purpose, such as we might have had if the artists we name were not employed for the Houses of Parliament. The pictures exhibited by Sir Edwin Landseer fail to maintain the impressions which have been made by those that have gone before, although of the four there is one that no other hand can equal. And even while we write, we receive the sad intelligence that the profession has lost one of its most accomplished members; one whose works—conceptions of refined and elegant taste—have ever, during his long and brilliant career, been sources of pleasure to the public,—we mean Mr. Leslie, to whose memory a fitting tribute is paid elsewhere in our pages. By this eminent artist there are two pictures. The works of F. R. Pickersgill are more earnestly historical than any that have preceded them; and Egg's 'Cromwell at Naseby' is an original idea, that has suffered somewhat in a perhaps hasty execution. Horsley's 'Milton' is one of the most charming productions of its class; and in Frederick Goodall's 'Felice Ballarin' we see re-productions of the men that sat to the worthies of the Venetian school. Phillip's picture is a work of great power and perfect accuracy, as descriptive of national costume and character. Frith exhibits only a portrait,—he is gathering material for another well-peopled canvas. Mulready has enfeebled his small picture by painting a naked child in it; for, beautifully as he draws the nude, he does not colour it well. Stanfield, Roberts, Redgrave, Lee, and Creswick, contribute subjects in their respective departments, as do some others; and a certain number do not this year appear as contributors.

Millais' figures of this year falsify the position he has so rashly striven to vindicate. Of them there can be no other interpretation than that they are a painful recantation of the principles to which it was the creed of his followers that we must all subscribe at last. His pictures are placed on the line because he has been received into the associateship of the Academy; but it cannot be believed that such works could otherwise have procured him that distinction, nor can it be supposed they will ever raise him to full membership. But where are the demonstrations of those who have been so boastful of their "Pre-Raffaellite" heresy? We meet here and there with figures by ones and twos—all essence—shivering in their ecstatic meagreness,—mendicants rather than saints,—craving your charity rather than praying God's blessing. The charity with which the "hangers" have regarded the essays of lesser professors of the faith should not have been denied to the works of Mr. Millais,—he suffers an irreparable injury by the too conspicuous exposure of his pictures. They will be remembered when all else he has done is forgotten.

The works of our rising school are legion even in the exhibition, and there must have

been a thousand rejected. All these evince a certain pretension in mechanical power, and a portion of them are the results of poetic sentiment; but a multitude show that their authors construe originality as the selection of a bald passage from some eccentric poem, and the following it out in all its maudlin affectation.

It must be admitted that the exhibition of 1859 is below the average: we do not complain that there is no *one* picture of universal interest and attraction—that is an advantage; but it is subject for reflection and regret that we fail to obtain evidence of marked advance in any of the leaders of our school, while we seek in vain for new candidates whose productions give assurance that they are destined to fill the places which Time is now frequently rendering vacant. We do not find proofs that the men of mark who are aged, or who have gone from us, are to be replaced by others as likely to uphold the fame of our nation.

Yet a grand future is before us, if we can greatly meet it. All the disadvantages by which the Royal Academy has been encumbered, all the obstacles that impede its progress, all the difficulties, real or presumed, that have been the excuses of its members for doing *only* what they have done to foster and strengthen British Art, are in due course of removal; and the question is, or soon will be, shall we be in a condition to prove that the evils of which we have been so long and so energetically complaining are really those that embarrass Art in England, and that if relieved from them, our powers would be better seen and appreciated, and our glories be more unquestionably manifest? We confess to some dread of the issue, when a new palace of modern Art is found in Piccadilly, and we have failed to attribute our failures and "shortcomings" to limited space, and so forth, in Trafalgar Square.

Possibly, as we grow older, our memories may revert to the past with too much of old love: but we confess our hearts are sad as we call to mind the exhibitions at Somerset House, in rooms far more circumscribed than are those at the National Gallery, when Mulready, Leslie, Eastlake, Landseer, Stanfield, and Roberts, were in their prime, and Turner, Hilton, Wilkie, Callcott, Lawrence, Constable, and others almost as note-worthy, were the contributors by whom the walls were furnished. It is, however, wiser to hope than to despond, and it is certain that what is called our "rising school" has many excellences, and gives much good promise, although not in force sufficient to make us forget our glories, as they were exhibited, year after year, before Millais painted and Ruskin wrote.

We proceed to review the collection. Although, as heretofore, we devote considerable space to the great Art-topic of the year, we have now, as ever, to regret that we shall be compelled to limit our notices to comparatively few words of comment. For many good works we have had to search far above "the line," and as much below it as possible. "The hangers" are certainly not to be envied; but there are cases on these walls so flagrant that to attribute them to ignorance—to the inability to distinguish merit from mediocrity—would be wrongfully to accuse "the three." Is this power to give heart-pangs—to blight hopes and ruin prospects—to continue always? We have the means of judging when obvious injustice has been committed in reference to pictures that *are* placed, but we can do little more than guess at the melancholy results as regards the works of artists who have been rejected altogether! We should startle, as well as pain, our readers, if we were to explain some of the cases that have been submitted to us,—of pictures by painters who have earned fame, to whom "admissions" seem unaccountable impossibilities.

No. 8. 'The Village Bridge,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. The bridge is a picturesque object, and in the picture there is a reminiscence of the artist's earlier faith—minus the freshness of expression. The copy is too evident in the touch; and in matters more important, the work is but a reminder of what the painter has done.

No. 9. 'Grace Harvey's Visit to the Sick Girl,' W. GALE. The subject, we are told, is found in Kingsley's "Two Years Ago;" but the incident speaks so distinctly for itself, and is so commonplace, that it were by no means necessary to go so far for such material. The two figures are most delicately executed, and the room in which the interview takes place is minutely described; but the curtain at the window comes too forward.

No. 15. 'The Vale of Rest,' J. E. MILLAIS, A. The friends of Pre-Raphaelite art are entirely at a loss to divine into what the professions of their *protégés* will finally be resolved. The composition to which the title attaches is somewhat large: it contains two figures, both nuns; one is digging a grave, while the other sits by in a contemplative *pose*. The churchyard, or convent cemetery, is inclosed, and beyond the wall there is nothing to break the sky save the trees which grow in the place. The recent works exhibited by Mr. Millais have been a series of surprises, but this even more than all that have gone before excites especial wonder. The graveyard, with its fresh grass, trees (painted, by the way, very much as if from photography), and appropriate incident, we dismiss by saying that it could not have been better; of the nuns there is more to be said. In all previous works the faces have been stippled with surpassing *finesse*, but the features of the woman digging are as coarsely painted as any trial sketch that Hogarth ever made. Again, the figure is distorted into false action, and is glaringly imperfect in drawing. With respect to the sitting figure, the head does not seem to belong to the body,—the features are coarse in character, and vulgar in colour. Mr. Millais has shown that he possesses knowledge and power, but every successive production of late has been a new phase, inasmuch that we still ask, "What is Pre-Raphaelite art?" This painter must surely be trying to probe the depths of human credulity.

No. 21. 'Paris in Portugal—Costumes of Grigo, near Oporto,' J. SCHENCK. The subject is extremely fantastic—Portuguese reapers wearing *chapeaux de dames*. The effect of this composition is destroyed by disingenuous treatment; the natural daylight hue of the corn-field would have brought the figures forward.

No. 22. 'The Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's,' H. W. PHILLIPS. An admirable likeness of the poet Milman: such as his co-mates and posterity will like to see him. It is excellently painted, and bears evidence of a master hand, and a kindred spirit.

No. 23. 'The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Salisbury,' G. RICHMOND, A. A simple half-length of the size of life, with a cast of inquiry on the features. The spire of the cathedral is in the background. The taste of these personal allusions is very questionable.

No. 25. 'A Pleasant Way by the River,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. The entire upper field of view is a screen of the foliage that overhangs a path on the river-bank, made out with a reverent attachment to the simplest construction of the colour and the breadth of nature.

No. 26. 'Prison Solace,' R. CARRICK. Always a touching incident, when set forth with a becoming feeling. A young man, a prisoner, has ascended to the window of his cell, to hold discourse with some dear heart—a wife, or at least a betrothed. His arm is passed through the bars, to which her face is closely pressed. The artist has been ill at ease for

costume—something less scenic had been more pathetically eloquent; and then the brilliant colour of the hose suits but ill with the spirit of a meeting which proposes to touch the tender emotions. *Certes*, in colour there is a sentiment never failing if faithfully appealed to. Had we seen but half a limb of this prisoner we should have recognised the acrobat of the 'Weary Life,' of last year.

No. 27. 'A Woodland Bank,' H. MOORE. A small paradise of wild flowers, grasses, and weeds—a fragrant nook of surpassing beauty.

No. 30. 'An Incident in the Life of Frederick the Great of Prussia,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. The "incident" is related in a passage of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," being the little Fritz's earliest indication of an "appetite for soldiery," by "strutting about and assiduously beating a little drum." The two children—for there are two—are admirably painted. The draperies are broad and effective, yet by no means slight in colour or finish. The characters are conceived and expressed with force and truth, and altogether there are few more meritorious works in the collection. The "hangers" do not appear to be of this opinion, or have, at all events, acted as if they were not; they have been influenced neither by intelligence nor gallantry. The picture is small: yet it is so placed as entirely to destroy its value—immediately under Mr. Grant's "killing" lady, and on the ground, where it will have a continual coating of dust. We rarely attribute wrong motives; but it is difficult to know upon what principle "the three" have so effectually ruined this accomplished lady's work.

No. 31. 'Mrs. Baillie Cochran,' F. GRANT, R.A. A small full-length: the lady is standing with her left hand resting on the back of a chair. It is a graceful figure, though more sketchy in execution than other similar works by its author.

No. 32. 'Pavouia,' F. LEIGHTON. By a simple process of etymological deduction this lady is so christened because she holds up a fan of peacock's tail, which relieves the head. It is an original idea, effectively available in a picture. The head is full of character, and the quality of the painting is incomparably superior to that of 'Samson Agouistes,' or any other later work.

No. 34. 'Portrait,' S. COLE. That of a little boy in a red dress, telling well from the brilliancy of its colour.

No. 36. 'Walton-on-Thames,' W. E. BATES. A pleasant reminiscence of an always agreeable subject: seen better, it would be better appreciated.

No. 39. 'The Late Charles Dixon, Esq., of Stansted Hall, Hants,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. A full-length figure of the size of life; a production of great power and reality.

No. 40. 'The Night before Naseby,' A. L. EGG, A. Of the 'Night before Naseby' there may be many interpretations—it may have been passed by the opposing hosts as was the night before Hastings. Our attention is addressed, however, to but one man, and that man is Cromwell. He is on his knees, praying fervently in his tent, with his Bible before him supported by his sword—a little trick to which we take objection. His features are entirely in shade, the light being at his back; but the shade is so heavy and opaque that in time the head will settle into a black spot. The lines of the tent canvas interfere much with the composition. Beyond we see the tented field lighted by the moon. The subject is a good one, and it is brought forward without any vulgar display of military apparatus; its selection is evidence of thought, and the treatment proves reading and reflection. It is not, however, an agreeable picture, although unquestionably the production of a master thoroughly imbued with a knowledge and love of Art.

No. 41. 'Claude sketching the Tomb of Plautus, near Tivoli,' W. D. KENNEDY. A landscape with a title bearing reference to Claude should be of more classical character than that which is seen from the bridge, even with the tomb of Plautus. The work is skilful in manipulation, but the colour is not that of nature.

No. 44. 'A Posthumous Portrait,' R. THORBURN, A. It is a small full-length of a child, a girl apparently about twelve years of age; a miniature in oil. The head is charmingly painted, and the composition supporting the figure is rich, but in good taste. The feet and legs, however, are too small and slight.

No. 45. 'Morning,' E. M. WARD, R.A. A profile study of the head and bust of a lady in walking-dress, apparently tending her flowers. The head comes forward palpable and life-like, and the picture is charmingly painted.

No. 46. * * * * J. A. FITZGERALD.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

The subject is a flower-girl, who, as if weary with ill-success in selling her violets, is resting her head against an ivy-covered bank. The proposed sentiment is at once felt, and there is great merit in the execution of the several parts that make up an effective whole.

No. 55. * * * * J. SANT.

"Sometimes, with most intensity
Gazing, I seem to see
Thought folded over thought."

In one essential, of the utmost importance to the class of subject which he has adopted, Mr. Sant succeeds to admiration: his costume is of indefinite form—of no fashion, though always elegant, and it never in interest supercedes the figure. This is a lady looking from a window, both arms resting on a cushion. The features are beautiful, but they bespeak inward anxiety. There is a surpassing charm in every production of this accomplished artist's pencil.

No. 56. 'Tar, a celebrated Retriever, the property of Charles Brett, Esq.,' A. COOPER, R.A. There is only the dog—a black dog with a duck at his feet. It is a small picture, but the best its author has for some time exhibited; indeed, he has never produced a better.

No. 60. 'The Little Loiterer,' H. LE JEUNE. The landscape here is an important chapter of the story; it is solid, broad, and natural. The idler is a village child—a girl, who, on her way to school, is seated listlessly on a grassy bank. Nothing can be more commonplace than the circumstance in description; but the picture has that interest which the hand of genius alone can communicate, and which no detail can describe.

No. 61. 'A Grey Morning,' H. MOORE. A view sea-ward, with nothing for a theme save a shred of morning sky. Without colour, without an effort, the artist has produced a gem of price.

No. 62. 'Beilstein, on the Moselle,' G. STANFIELD. The Moselle is well known for its pictorial sites, and none of these is more attractive than Beilstein. The little quaint, dirty, interesting old town is viewed from the river-bank, so as to bring it under the hill with its crown of ruins. Every passage of the work is translated with unimpeachable sincerity of purpose. The preservation of local colour, with an effect so felicitous, is a triumphant success.

No. 63. 'A Huff,' J. PHILLIP, A. Rather a large composition, presenting an extensive agroupment of Spanish holiday-makers, of whom the principal and centre-piece is a girl, who stands pouting and angry, having had a quarrel with her husband or lover, who is near, mounted on horseback. She is vexed even to tears; but that it is a quarrel with the man on horseback is not very perspicuous, although her companion wishes to induce her to turn round and speak to him. The figures

are numerous, and purely national in character and costume. The artist maintains his rank; it is not to be questioned; and if, in this work, he gives us less pleasure than he has given us on other occasions, we may be surely content with a production to be placed among the best of its class.

No. 65. 'Mrs. Peel,' H. WEIGALL. A portrait of the size of life, simple and elegant in treatment.

No. 69. 'The Countess della Torre,' R. BUCKNER. This would be a graceful portrait if the stature of the lady were not exaggerated beyond all possibility.

No. 70. 'The coast of Cornwall, near the Laud's End—A Dismasted Ship rescued by a Steamer,' F. R. LEE, R.A. The ship and the steamer in this really grand work vitiate the pure and exalted style which prevails throughout the remainder of the picture. The subject is a section of sandstone rock, with a cliff beyond it, as a secondary and supporting quantity. The sandstone rock has been worn, toru, ground, washed, and riven by the action of the elements, and the surely destructive alternation of heat and cold during centuries. And this is what Mr. Lee has proposed to himself to paint, and this, and all the relative circumstances, he has realized with a magnanimity of feeling we rarely see equalled. If the small figures were removed, and the allusion to life expunged, the poetic argument would be inexpressibly enhanced. There is a want of grey in the shadows, but perhaps the artist does not feel this to be a disadvantage. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of his long and honourable career.

No. 73. 'Puritan Emigrants—An English Pastor's Family,' C. LUCY. This is scarcely a probability: one of the voluntary exiles for faith's sake of the seventeenth century, lands on a lone coast with his Bible and his scant baggage, and sits bewailing the homeward-bound ship.

No. 74. 'On the River Wharfe, near Bolton Abbey,' N. O. LUTTON. The near passages of this picture are full of valuable truths; the scenery about the abbey is at once recognisable.

No. 75. 'Frederick Huth, Esq.,' W. BOXALL, A. The subject is presented in profile, seated; the head is an exceedingly careful study, and the whole exhibits rare talent; but the markings of the eye seem to want the strength of life.

No. 81. 'H. R. H. the Prince Consort, as Master of the Trinity House,' W. BOXALL, A. The Prince wears the uniform of the Trinity House; he is standing uncovered near the seashore, and behind him a storm is raging. There are extant better likenesses of the Prince: the drawing and proportions of the lower limbs are questionable. But the work is liable to a heavier objection; while the sea is roaring, and the winds are blowing, in the background, neither the one nor the other disturbs a feature or moves a hair of the subject of the picture. This is in all ways wrong: the *vraisemblance* is destroyed—we feel at once that the circumstance is an impossibility.

No. 82. 'Warrior Poets of the South of Europe contending in Song,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A. The singer is one of the military troubadours of the thirteenth century, who is singing, to a harp accompaniment, a poetic recital of his own achievements, or those of some popular hero. The court of judgment is, according to the custom of the time, a tribunal of ladies, who, in this case, distribute themselves beneath the shade of an orange grove on the shores of the Mediterranean, somewhere, it may be, in the neighbourhood of Genoa. The female figures are numerous; all coincide in attention to the lay, but with as great a variety of expression and temperament as there are impersonations. It is a

large picture, bearing on its entire surface indications of studious labour. The different draperies are all cast in lines and forms, and worked in tones that promote the system of the composition. It is altogether a more important work of the poetic class than any which Mr. Pickersgill has yet produced.

No. 86. 'Summer,' S. R. PERCY. The broken, tufty, and uncared-for shred of old pasture that occupies the right section of this canvas is in reality the picture; the imitation of the worn and commonplace sunny surface is unexceptionable.

No. 87. 'R. J. Lane, A.E.,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. This is a successful portrait; the features are meditative, the real sentiment for such a head. The resemblance is perfect.

No. 96. 'Coming Summer,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. There is little or no variety in the material employed by Mr. Creswick in his larger compositions of late years: a river, trees, a village, a strip of common, and a piece of cultivated country in varied disposition, constitute the limit of his ambition. The principal quantity in this picture is a small knoll peninsulated by the bend of a little river, and from this base arises a company of aged elms, painted with a minuteness which seems to have grown out of the practice of drawing on wood. On the right is a village, the left opens to the cultivated fields. On every part of the surface the utmost care has been exerted, and with entire success as regards the nearest site.

No. 97. 'What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve at,' J. HAYLLAR. The proverb is illustrated by a little girl in a greenhouse, who is admiring the flowers while her dog is worrying her doll behind her: bright in colour, and precise in the stipple of the figure.

No. 98. 'Love in Two Chapters,' J. MORGAN. The pendant is No. 100, and the two pictures describe the courtship and married life of two persons of humble station: they are neat in execution and agreeable in colour.

No. 101. 'Jean's Toilet,' J. D. WATSON. A study of a girl dressing her hair: the head and arms are painted up to a surface like ivory, but the lines are left extremely sharp. The right arm is longer than the left.

No. 104. 'Ousely Bells, on the Thames, near Windsor,' H. DAWSON. A piece of commonplace river scenery: the pith of the work is the sunny sky.

No. 105. 'The Poet to his Wife,' D. MACLISE, R.A.

"Oh, could we do with this world of ours
As thou dost with thy garden bowers—
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers—
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!"

We have seen a smaller version of this picture—differing it may be somewhat from this—painted for engraving as an illustration to Moore's works. The poet and his wife are two young people. She is busied in trimming the fuchsias and passion-flowers which cluster round her arbour, while he stands by philosophising as above. The proposed sentiment is fully established. It is, as are all the works of this admirable painter, interesting and beautiful. We may wish, however, he had given us a production of more importance.

No. 106. 'The Countess of Mulgrave,' W. GUSH. The draperies in this portrait are the *ne plus ultra* of lace and silk painting.

No. 113. 'Clarkson Stanfield, Esq., R.A.,' D. MACNEE. This portrait is painted for the Portrait Gallery of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Stanfield is standing, as in the act of sketching. It is an unmistakable identity.

No. 114. 'Repose,' C. W. COPE, R.A. A circular picture, showing a mother closely embracing her infant, in a manner which declares the tenderest affection of the parent. The colour is brilliant and broad—this, with

its other qualities, constitutes it one of the best of the minor performances of the artist.

No. 116. * * * * W. GALE.

"Love thy mother, little one;
Kiss and clasp her neck again."

These lines from Hood stand in the place of a title to a miniature group of a mother and child, executed with a refinement of touch that rivals the most finished productions on ivory.

No. 118. * * * * F. LEIGHTON.

"Looking at the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

The quotation refers to a study of a female head of a dark southern type, probably painted from the same subject as the figure in a work already noticed. There is much more in it than the ordinary class of head studies.

No. 119. 'Off Guard,' M. J. LAWLESS. He who is in this happy condition is a trooper of the seventeenth century,—a royalist—and English, it would be at once determined, did not the watchword "Vive le Roy" stand inscribed on the wall. It is a small work, microscopic in finish.

No. 124. 'The Foreign Guest,' W. H. KNIGHT. The guest is the monkey of a peripatetic Italian musician, and the scene of his entertainment is a cottage, the inhabitants of which—father, mother, and children—welcome their visitor in the manner most acceptable to him, that is, by feeding him. It is equal to its author's best works.

No. 125. 'Marie Antoinette listening to the Act of Accusation, the day before her Trial,' E. M. WARD, R.A. The conceptions of the two characters, and all the circumstances of this subject, are perhaps as near the truth as may be. There is no extraneous accessory to divert the attention from the personal force of the figures, which are so opposite in their attributes. The queen, dressed in the plainest possible attire, sits in profile, opposed to the light, which defines the contour of the figure in a manner that brings it most effectively forward from the background. Fouquier Tivulle, on his entrance, had surprised her at her religious duties: the crucifix is on the little table before her, and while he reads his document, she keeps her eyes fixed on the crucifix, and what she hears of the Act she receives with a certain curl of the lip, a reserve, and a dignity of *pose*, that bespeak contempt, and refusal to recognise the authorities whereby she is outraged. Tivulle, a coarse, even brutal impersonation, wearing in his hat three feathers—white, red, and blue—sits swinging his legs under the window, holding the paper before him. This work seems to complete the series in which Mr. Ward has recorded the misfortunes of Louis XVI. and his family. As a picture it is a worthy conclusion to the valuable series, and, like its predecessors, will be placed among his best productions.

No. 133. 'William Henry Sawyer, Esq.,' Sir J. W. GORDON, R.A. This portrait has been painted for the Hall of the Drapers' Company. It is a full-length, of the size of life; but that is all that can be seen of it, as the varnish has chilled.

No. 134. 'Posthumous Portrait,' Miss E. PARTRIDGE. A small study of a head, well rounded, and agreeable in expression.

No. 135. 'Waiting for the Ferry Boat—Upper Egypt,' J. F. LEWIS, A. Like the desert and daylight subjects of this artist, the pale breadth of the scene is unbroken by a single streak of shade. Mr. Lewis is true to the principle, that where there are no clouds there are no gradations. Those who await the boat are two camels and two Arabs; and an examination of the group proclaims the painter not so entirely at home with oil for a medium as water. The picture is, however, most carefully elaborated, and had we never seen the water-

colour paintings of the artist, we could not have made a comparison so disadvantageous. No. 136. * * * * G. JONES, R.A.

"Daughter of Jove and Leda, blessed, once blessed,
When her two brothers, on their snow-white steeds
Conspicuous, at her nuptials waid the torch;
But the gods bore her from my house away."

The picture describes the rescue of Helen from Theseus, by her brothers Castor and Pollux, who, between them, careering through the sky, bear their fair burthen. It is really a pretty idea, but better suited for bas-relief than painting.

No. 137. 'The Fusce,' A. COOPER, R.A. We are here introduced to a shooting party, who are resting. The two ponies are well drawn.

No. 138. 'Doubtful Crumbs,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is a story of a large mastiff that, having picked a beef bone, fell asleep, but still kept one paw on the bone, at which a hungry puppy stands looking with the most grotesque expression of interest, but without daring to touch it. The black pup, with his eagerly protruding tongue and rough coat, is the point of the picture. Sir E. Landseer has painted many such heads as that of the mastiff, but he has done nothing which in its way will pair off with the poor hungry pup.

No. 139. 'Field Flowers,' H. LE JEUNE. The scene is a broad, low-toned composition, less than a landscape, as landscapes are now painted, but more than a background, as backgrounds have been painted; and in this happy valley are groups of children, who employ themselves in gathering and plaiting flowers. Rarely do we see incidents so insignificant qualified with so much sweetness of sentiment.

No. 143. 'Interior of a Farm-house,' A. PROVIS. So characteristically is all the garniture of this artist's humble and quaint interior painted, that the still-life surfaces far transcend the forms which are intended actually to live and breathe in them. They are interesting pictures; but the colour is not that of the realities: an approach to fidelity of tint would therefore be a new epoch.

No. 146. 'Sunbury on Thames,' W. E. BATES. The view is taken from the opposite bank. It is a small picture, in which the value of a breadth of grey tint is at once felt and acknowledged.

No. 148. 'Near the Common, Woking, Surrey,' F. W. HULME. The veracity of this foreground cannot be impugned. It is a nook closed in by trees,—such a scrap of way-side waste we may see fifty times instanced between Clapham and Woking, but not in one case would the "uneducated" eye discover a single picturesque combination. When, however, the rough and weedy bottom is translated to canvas, not only is the association of circumstance welcomed as beautiful, but the manner of its rendering is pronounced the perfection of Art.

No. 152. 'Hotspur and Lady Percy,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hotspur. Why, my horse, my love—my horse.
First Part of Henry IV., Act II., Scene 3.

The farewell is presumed to take place on the grand staircase of Warkworth Castle. Hotspur is booted and bonneted for his journey, and the horse of which he speaks is held by a groom at the gate. His manner is as impatient as his words, but Lady Percy is all tenderness and solicitude. There are circumstances in the picture which might point to that passage of the play that has inspired the conception; but there are others so entirely at variance with all pre-conceived notions of Hotspur, as to forbid the supposition that Hotspur could be proposed in the male figure under consideration. This impersonation asserts that Hotspur was a man slight and under the middle stature, and his air, with his gloves, beret, and long boots assume him to have been a fop. His

manner is frivolous; it is true, the words which Shakspeare puts into his mouth are trifling, but they are meant as evasive, and might be uttered by a grave and thoughtful man, such as was the Harry Percy of Henry IV., before he set out on his desperate mission. This picture were a subject for a long chapter on costume and character, but we have not the space here for such a disquisition. We looked at it with sad interest, remembering that it is the last work of this gifted painter which we shall have to notice: the pictures of Leslie will henceforth be vainly sought for on the walls of the Academy.

No. 160. 'The Church of Santa Maria della Salute, at Venice. Erected pursuant to a decree of the Senate, as a monument of thanksgiving after the cessation of the great pestilence in 1632, in which 60,000 of the inhabitants perished,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. The church alone constitutes the picture, the purpose being to give it elevation and importance. The Dogana is shut out, as are the buildings that flank the canal, which would appear if the point of view were more distant. Mr. Roberts follows Canaletti in painting Venice in low-toned breadth, and consequently differs from all other living painters, who with one consent make it another Heliopolis, with its deity ever shining on it.

No. 163. 'Doing Crochet-Work,' E. DAVIS. Two young people—sisters—are here busied according to the title; the younger especially is a most successful study. The background is perhaps too flat, but it is a work of much excellence.

No. 165. 'Mary Magdalen with spices, approaching the tomb of our Lord—Study for part of a picture of the holy women passing at daybreak over the place of crucifixion,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A. The mind is at once affected by the inward suffering betrayed by these features. The eyes are inflamed with excess of weeping, and the face is wan with watching. It is a half-length figure; she carries the vessels containing the spices, and although but half of the person is visible, we see that she is in motion. With the most perfect propriety the costume is not conspicuous; the head is enveloped in a white drapery, which falls on to the shoulders, and besides this, there is a white robe and a blue mantle, and we doubt not this arrangement, as it is managed, has been a subject of anxious study. But the effect is the triumph of the picture: the time is just after daybreak, and the yet feeble morning light falls upon the left cheek with just sufficient power to bring the head gently forward from the background. The subject is mournful; there is, consequently, no prominence of colour, and with equal good feeling no parade of manner. In deep and touching sentiment the work is not surpassed by any other of any time or any school.

No. 167. 'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined,' W. MULREADY, R.A. The 'twig' in this case is an infant, whom its mother is teaching to pray. The defect of the picture we state at once, by saying that the child is in colour too red, and this redness, by the too free use of burnt sienna, is exaggerated in the shades. This artist does not succeed in painting the nude, that is, as to colour; but who is there, in any of the living schools, who could excel him, even of late years, in drawing the nude? Look at the *morbidezza* of the mother's face; the exquisite texture, the warm and yielding surface, the drawing and painting of the hands; the soft union of contemning surfaces; the playful, yet unobtrusive trick of the hair—and tell us where the want of freshness is. We feel humiliated in asserting that, had the child been dressed, the picture would have been as good as many of the artist's most esteemed works. "Get thee glass eyes," and

look at the flesh surface; the finish is provokingly minute.

No. 173. 'England and Italy,' Mrs. J. B. HAY. A very quaint conceit—that of placing two boys side by side, an English and an Italian boy, in illustration of happy England and suffering Italy. The two figures are extremely well painted, as is the entire landscape; but, perhaps, in the entertainment of subject-matter of this kind, there is a waste of power, that would tell effectively in more legitimate material. This accomplished lady is now resident in Italy; as "Miss Benham" she obtained no inconsiderable repute by her pencil illustrations of Longfellow. We rejoice to find her aiming at a higher purpose, and very largely succeeding.

No. 174. 'The Good Shepherd,' W. DYCE, R.A.

"He shall carry the lambs in his bosom."

This is a literal presentation of the Saviour as the Shepherd; he gathers the sheep into the fold, bearing in his arms a lamb, and being followed by the sheep as he enters. Thus the language of Scripture is rendered by a literal interpretation in Art, for which it is scarcely necessary to say there is every precedent in the ancient schools. If the figure of the Saviour were removed from this composition, there would remain a landscape with a sheepfold, a path, trees, and a cultivated country, such as might be seen in any rural district round London; and in this the artist follows the simple conceptions of early Florentine painters. But the presence of the Saviour glorifies the whole, and elevates the version to the spirit of the scriptural text. It is painted in the most perfect purity of feeling; it is, in truth, a work of the highest order, compelling not only reverence for the theme, but respect for the artist who could so well conceive, and so admirably picture it.

No. 175. 'Bran will never put another stag to bay; and Oscar will no mak' out by himself. The deer will do fine yet,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A. These are the words of the keeper, on seeing one of his best dogs killed in the water by a swimming stag, and the other likely to share the same fate. It is a large picture, showing principally the head of the stag, and that of the pursuing dog, which, as he is preparing to seize the stag, the latter is about to gore to death, as he has destroyed the other dog. The expression of the two animals is fierce and resolute, but the dread menace of the stag dooms the hound. The scene is an expanse of lake, agitated by a storm that prevails in the murky sky; the painting is, however, less satisfactory than in other productions by this eminent painter.

No. 182. 'A Fine Day in Arundel Park,' P. W. ELEN. The view is that from the high ground in the park, looking up the Arnn towards the Weald; but the quality of the work cannot be seen, as it is too high.

No. 183. 'Mrs. Gaskell,' F. GRANT, R.A. The lady appears in an open composition, with snow on the ground, and consequently in winter walking dress, wearing the Andalusian hat, which is at present vulgarized; but this portrait will outlast the ephemeral fashion, and it will hereafter be considered a becoming head-gear. It is at once a portrait and a picture.

No. 184. 'On the Coast of Brittany,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The sea beats on the shore somewhat heavily, and in the meeting of the waves lies the argument of the picture. It is an ordinary low coast scene, broken by a variety of material, valuable only in pictures,—old groins, old boats, bits of wreck, spars, and rugged-looking men. There are few points of light; but the few we find are of great importance in the broad and generous treatment with which the subject is worked out.

No. 185. 'Interior of a Cottage in Brittany,'

D. W. DEANE. Few structures in the shape of human residences can be more sordid than this; but, as a picture, it is very vigorous, the light falling effectively on the back of a woman who is seated in the so-called cottage.

No. 190. 'Barley Harvest, on the Welsh Coast,' C. P. KNIGHT. Parts of the work are satisfactory; but there are certain cutting parallel lines that are destructive of unity of composition. The barley-field is the most agreeable feature in the picture, which everywhere indicates anxious elaboration.

No. 193. 'Cordelia receives intelligence how her Father had been ill-treated by her Sisters,' C. W. COPE, R.A. The lines that supply the subject occur in the third scene of the fourth act of "King Lear"—

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Genl. Ay, sir! She took them, read them in my presence; And now and then an ample tear trilled down Her delicate cheek, &c.

Cordelia, as Queen of France, receives the letter, the contents of which bring tears to her eyes. On her right is he who has delivered it, and, on her left, her own attendants. Cordelia is a felicitous conception, becomingly carried out; the other characters are not so successful.

No. 194. 'James Wilson, Esq., M.P.,' SIR J. W. GORDON, R.A. The head looks somewhat large, but the features are those of the subject. The principle of the portrait has been to keep down everything but the head, according to which, the face becomes the centre whereto the eye is attracted. It is in all respects the work of a master, who yet remains without a rival.

No. 203. 'The Prize Calf,' SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is a smaller picture than those already noticed. The calf is being led by a girl over the stepping stones that cross some Highland burn. The figure is dressed with an ingenuity most valuable in pictorial composition, as, with the exception of the petticoat, to none of the other garments can a name be given. There is something pleasantly original in the treatment of the idea; but the picture looks filmy, shadowy, as if only prepared for finishing: it has, certainly, none of the brilliant properties that distinguish earlier works.

No. 204. 'Twilight,' J. W. OAKES. The tones are not sufficiently deep for twilight—it is but the aspect of a cloudy day. The force of the composition lies in a slinging nook on the left—a portion of the winter bed of a little river, whereon has been cast all the worthless jetsom of the winter floods. This passage is worked out with exemplary patience.

No. 209. 'The Draught-players,' J. CLARK.

"To teach his grandson draughts then
His leisure he'd employ
Until, at last, the old man
Was beaten by the boy."

Such is the situation. A ragged urchin, whose feet do not reach the floor, as he sits on his rickety chair, is ehueking over the draught-board whereon he beats his grandsire. The heads and extremities of the figures are less careful than in other works by the same hand; but there is a perfect knowledge of the means of producing good effects: all the figures—(for besides the two mentioned there are others)—are well brought out.

No. 210. 'Charles Dickens in his Study,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. Mr. Dickens, when sitting for this portrait, has mistaken the sentiment wherewith he should have invested the author of "Pickwick" and the "Old Curiosity Shop," who must in his nature overflow with the milk of human kindness. He wears a velvet wrapper, and appears to have put his left hand hastily, and significantly, into his pocket, as turning round with an expression of countenance somewhat severe, he seems to negative

some application we are quite sure he would have answered in the affirmative. The action is certainly ungraceful, if not unbecoming; it is, to say the least, "a mistake" so to picture such a man,—an error on the part of the author as well as on that of the artist. The portrait, therefore, although admirably painted, is one we do not desire to see multiplied, the more especially as the accessories are by no means in good taste.

No. 211. 'Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A. The impersonations at once speak for themselves, but most especially the weeping and pleading daughter of Douce Davie Deans. The interview takes place in one of the shaded alleys at Kensington. Thin as the work is, there is an elegance of conception up to the tone of some of Mr. Leslie's best works.

No. 218. 'The Emigrant's Last Sight of Home,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. In comparing the landscape portion of this picture with the figures, it appears that Mr. Redgrave throws himself into the former with a fervency of devotion rarely witnessed. We press the hand of the honest emigrant, and pray God speed him on his voyage to his new home. In looking forward, the eye rests on a hill-side, at the bottom of which winds the high road, here and there flanked by houses, and rising in the distance. The severe truth that prevails throughout the description of this material—simple in character, but very trying as an Art-theme—cannot be too highly eulogised.

No. 219. 'The New Boy,' G. SMITH. This is, it need not be told, a school incident. The boy is taken to school, by his mother, who is a widow; and while she is paying the entrance fee to the pedagogue in his sanctum, his ill-mannered disciples place the dunce's cap on the head of the "New Boy," who is pale with affright at the reception he meets with. The picture is full of light, and all the faces are, in their tenderest gradations, worked out in a manner most flattering to the eye.

No. 221. 'Glengarriff, Ireland,' G. SHALDERS. A small landscape: romantic in aspect and combinations. Painted with a sentiment that would have justified a much larger picture.

No. 222. 'Milton dictating "Samson Agonistes,"' J. C. HORSLEY, A. Milton composed the poem of "Samson Agonistes" late in life, incited to the subject by his own affliction, which he thus indirectly laments:—

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day!" &c.

Milton, at this time, lived in the neighbourhood of Bunhill Fields, Cripplegate. He is here seated in profile, at his organ, and standing on the other side of him is his wife, and behind him, with the Bible on his knee, is his young friend, Thomas Elwood, the Quaker. Into the little room, from the window of which is seen Cripplegate Church (Milton's last resting-place), the sun is shining, and the lighting and shading of the figures are beyond all praise. In the features of Milton there are depth and poetry—with a little more of refinement, the face would have been yet nearer Milton. Elwood is an admirable conception. The only inharmonious chord in the whole is Elizabeth Minshull, Milton's wife; she looks vulgar and shrewish. It is a large picture, and well worthy of being so; far transcending everything that Mr. Horsley has hitherto done, and not likely to be often equalled.

No. 228. 'Crossing the Stream,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. This is a section of the gentle river Wharfe, near Bolton Abbey, and very happy is the description of the different trees by which the stream is shaded. It is a cheerful picture, lighted up with a sprinkling of sunbeams, which assist effectually that most difficult achievement in tree painting, the defi-

nition and placing of the masses of foliage. It is one of the most satisfactory of the artist's works.

No. 229. 'Consolation,' T. BROOKS. The relations here are of a painful cast, the consolation being offered by a clergyman to a maiden evidently in a dying state. The figures are well drawn and firmly painted.

No. 230. 'Happy!' C. S. LIDDERDALE. Happy indeed to be upon the floor, and be tickled with a feather! Such is the condition of a laughing, crowing infant, an elder sister being the operator, and the mother hanging in self-congratulation over her pride. Really an excellent picture of its class: but the yellow paper above the mantelpiece should be toned down—the combinations would thereby gain force.

No. 232. 'Mother and Child,' R. TAIT. These life-sized figures appear to be portraits: there are passages of very conscientious study in the work, especially the limbs of the child.

No. 236. 'The Earl of Derby,' F. GRANT, R.A. A full-length portrait of the size of life, somewhat severe in expression, yet remarkable as a resemblance, and admirably painted.

No. 237. 'A Maltese Xebec on the Rocks of Puñla Mazzodi, Proeida—a Steam-Tug and Neapolitan Boats rendering Assistance: the Island and Castle of Isehia in the Distance,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The movement is on the right; the helpless xebec is on her beam ends, heeled towards the shore, fixed in the rocks, with foremast and main and mizen-topmasts gone, and it can scarcely be understood how the tug is to help her. Isehia lies across the strait, rising in the left centre of the picture. Like all Mr. Stanfield's works, it is characterised by breadth and firmness.

No. 240. 'Patchwork,' D. H. FRISTON. The patchwork is in progress between a little boy and his grandmother: the child's head is earnestly painted; but it is too large, and his hands are too small.

No. 243. "'Lei on rase," Brittany,' A. SOLOMON. We are introduced here to a hilarious company *chez une barbière*, for it is a lady who operates, even to the extent of *embellir la jeunesse et rajeunir la vieillesse*. A sturdy Breton is in her hands, but he is afraid of being cut, for she is listening to the lively gossip of her friends, instead of wielding her razor with becoming steadiness. The descriptions are full of characteristic points; the air and expression of the people are strikingly national.

No. 245. 'Miss Maenee,' D. MACNEE. This is a portrait of the size of life; the young lady is seated at needlework: the face in half light, with a touch of high light on the right cheek, which renders the study very interesting as a picture.

No. 248. 'Breadalbane Cattle,' J. W. BORTOMLEY. A group of long-horned black cattle standing in water; the animals are qualified with valuable points for painting.

No. 250. * * * * J. C. HOOK, A.

"And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

The subject is, of course, a brook shaded by trees, and over which, on the right, passes a wooden bridge, painted with the happiest reality. It has been worked out with the most earnest labour from a given locality.

No. 251. 'Fruit,' G. LANCE. There is an *abandon* in this combination which is very agreeable; various fruits are piled up in a basket, that is again surrounded by the most luscious gifts of Pomona. Nothing in this department of art can excel these luscious imitations.

No. 253. 'A Bright Spring Day,' C. P. KNIGHT. A small picture, of great merit in

its representation of the near trees, the textures of their boles and branches, and the ground herbage with its weeds and primroses.

No. 254. 'Friendship Endangered,' F. STONE, A. In this picture are two girls, one of whom holds a letter, and the other the envelope. The expression of the features of both is that of angry excitement. It would appear that there has been a disagreement about the letter, but the story goes no farther. There is much careful work in the picture, but the faces are not executed with that studious clearness of tint which we have been accustomed to see in the female heads of the artist.

No. 261. 'W. H. Carpenter, Esq., F.S.A.,' Mrs. CARPENTER. A head and bust; bright, animated, and like the subject: a picture that, with others by the same hand, will go farther than a volume of argument to compel the Royal Academy to acknowledge "the rights of women," which they have been always disposed to ignore.

No. 262. 'Venice,' E. W. COOKE, A. In all that appertains to effect, colour, and the fulness of the composition, this picture resembles those that have preceded it, but in manipulation it is manifestly different, being, in comparison with other Venetian subjects by Mr. Cooke, but as a sketch. The view has the Dogana on the right, looking out of the port; the sky is clouded, and the aspect is generally low in tone. The right and left are crowded with craft laden with wood and provisions.

No. 263. 'Richelieu and Anne of Austria,' W. M. EGLEY. As a proof of the sincerity of his passion for her, Anne of Austria exacted of Richelieu that he should dance a saraband in her presence as a Spanish jester. In this character, therefore, we see him in grave performance of the dance, to the music of one violin. He wears a green velvet doublet and small clothes, with a brown Vandyked camaille, at each point of which is a bell. Behind a screen is concealed a party of spectators, who betray themselves by laughter at the contortions of the cardinal. All the garniture of the room, and especially of the adjoining cabinet, is admirably painted.

No. 267. 'A Breezy Day on a Rocky Coast,' J. W. OAKES. The subject is a section of coast scenery, with the sea, at high-water, breaking heavily over the rocks. The forms of the boiling surf have been earnestly studied, but there is an infirmity of touch which declares the artist not a master of this class of subject. The point is enfeebled by two great a breadth of white surf.

No. 268. 'Gamekeeper's Daughter,' H. H. EMMERSON. The time here is twilight, and the scene is strikingly romantic, with a female figure carrying game at her back. She looks like nothing so domestic as a gamekeeper's daughter.

No. 269. * * * * A. M. MADOT.

"He took me by the wrist, and held me hard; and, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, he falls to such perusal of my face, as he would draw it."

The subject is Ophelia's description to Polonius of the surprise she suffered from Hamlet. She is represented in the garden; but the incident occurred when she was sewing in her closet. She is seated on the grass, and Hamlet seizes her hand from behind; but his attitude and the relation of the two figures is not intelligible; the form, too, of his draping is objectionable. Ophelia is in some degree successful, yet the subject in its best interpretation can never be a grateful one.

No. 270. 'My Cottage near the Brook,' F. R. LEE, R.A. The avenues which this artist exhibits from time to time are among the best of his works. This is a subject of that class, and the perspective illusion is perfect. There is in the trees more of natural form and colour—more freshness, and direct

reference to reality, than have lately been seen in Mr. Lee's works.

No. 271. 'The Farewell Sermon,' A. RANKLEY. It may be inferred that the two figures presented in this work are a clergyman and his wife, the former in the act of composing his "farewell sermon." They are seated in a small room, which is lighted by a shaded lamp, while without, the moonlight renders every object distinct. The shade into which the figures are thrown is managed with masterly skill, as are also the moonlight and the lamp-light, as they break on the faces and other objects. So far all is good, but there is nothing on the canvas allusive to a "farewell" sermon.

No. 272. 'Mrs. Colvin, of Pishobery Park, Harlow, Herts, and her Children,' T. M. JOY. A life-sized family group; the children are very happily characterised, and the work appertains to the most meritorious of its class.

No. 281. 'La Nanna,' F. LEIGHTON. A half-length study of the same dark lady that appears in others of the artist's works. It is a simple figure, without movement or pointed expression; but it is extremely interesting in character, and costumed with graceful taste.

No. 282. 'Mrs. Fordyce Buchan,' R. THORBURN, A. A small portrait of a lady seated; she is plainly attired in a white muslin dress. It is painted with more resolute execution than is observable in any of Mr. Thorburn's previous works.

No. 284. 'Shade,' E. JUTSUM. The freshness of early summer is charmingly felt in this little picture, with its meagre footing of grassy declivity, shaded by hill-side trees, and the peep of distant woods.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 285. 'Companions,' F. W. KEYL. These companions are a leash of bloodhounds, perfect in the characteristics of the animal; but why are two of the heads presented at precisely the same angle?

No. 291. 'Portrait of a Lady,' S. PEARCE. The presence and movement are very graceful, and the drapery textures are entirely successful. The face might have been coloured with more delicacy.

No. 292. 'Henry Mathews, Esq., late Mayor of Bradninch, Devon,' J. P. KNIGHT, R.A. The features are full of animation; they at once address the spectator. Mr. Knight has never painted a more life-like head.

No. 293. 'The Fox and the Grapes,' A. SOLOMON. The scene of this incident may be Ranelagh, or any public resort some time during the first half of the last century, and the "grapes" one of two young ladies who are walking with a man dressed in the extreme of the fashion of the time. The "fox" is another beau, seated on a bench, who gesticulates the most lively repugnance when a friend remarks to him on the beauty of one of the ladies who have just passed. The subject and point of the observation of both the fox and his friend are very distinct. The dresses are perfect in their mode, and also in respect of the singular industry employed in following out the patterns.

No. 295. 'Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice—Sunset,' E. A. GOODALL. This view is so well known that it is unnecessary to describe it. It is enough to say that the Dogana and the Salute form the principal quantity in the arrangement, and the canal opens of course towards the right. But it is in the effect that lies the virtue of the piece—that finely-felt indefiniteness which the rays of the sun, rather than distance, lend to the view.

No. 296. 'Sixtus the Fifth, when a shepherd, studying at a wayside Altar,' C. GOLDIE. An excellent subject, but more might have been made of it: the incident alluded to is not sufficiently insisted on.

No. 297. 'The River Skerne, near Darlington,' J. PEEL. So fresh, so entirely free from the brown predilections of the artist, is this picture, that we should not have attributed it to him. The view is taken just below the bridge, a spot famous for small chub. A picture of many beauties.

No. 298. 'Spring,' J. E. MILLAIS, A. Mr. Millais' works of this year are by no means the result of the same infatuation which has produced some really good pictures; he must now be practising on the toleration of his friends. With a few good points, but which do not redeem the rest, the picture has every bad quality of the worst art. If this be Pre-Raphaelite, and 'The Order for Release,' and the 'Huguenot,' be also of the same class, we are still at a loss to know what "Pre-Raphaelite" means. The composition places before us an assemblage of some seven or eight school-girls, who seem to be picnicing on curds and whey on the verge of an orchard. If Mr. Millais has shown the utmost *finesse* of execution in other works, he shows in this a laxity which is not easy; and if he has shown a sincerity and truth of drawing which was not always a beauty, he shows here imperfections which are not venial because they are not graces. Anything like a taste for the beautiful is outraged by the large measure of vulgarity that characterizes the ill-conditioned faces which everywhere meet the eye. The picture is bright—even powerful; but this is all but a mechanical quality. There is no roundness, no presence in the figures, and there is scarcely a face that is not out of drawing; all the flesh being devoid of natural colour, softness, and transparency. The upper part of the picture is filled with a representation of fruit trees in blossom. This is the better half of the composition, but here even some of the blossom flowers are immensely too large. The picture has not even the negative merit of being an eccentricity, at which the patrons of the artist can afford to laugh with him.

No. 304. 'Effect at Sunset,' T. S. COOPER, A. A group of cattle on the bank of a river, telling against the light sky. It is vigorous; but the animals are heavy in effect.

No. 305. 'The Chess-Players—"Guard your Queen!"' W. GALE. A small picture of exquisite finish, showing two officers playing chess, their upper halves being in mufti, their lower halves in military continuations; the lady, it may be presumed, who stands at the back of the elder, gives the injunction embodied in the title.

No. 306. 'The New Ballad—Scene in Brittany,' D. W. DEANE. Two girls are leaning on the fragment of a low wall; the one reads to the other the ballad in question. The figures are substantial and characteristic.

No. 309. 'Olivia and Sophia in their Sunday Finery,' Mrs. ROBBINSON. Sophia is decorating the hair of Olivia with flowers; both heads are extremely well drawn and painted, and the manner in which the laces and drapery textures are represented, is unexceptionable. The works of this accomplished lady are always attractive, not alone from choice of subject, but as exhibiting many of the best qualities of Art. She is entitled to take high professional rank.

No. 310. 'Sunday in the Backwoods,' T. FAED. This is a work of the rarest excellence in its line of subject. It describes not only the peaceful Sunday-morning worship, but the entire condition of two families of Scottish emigrants. The circumstances are presumed, as supplied by the extract of a letter written to Scotland, and describing particularly the simple form of worship on the morning of the Sabbath. The characters are the father and mother, daughters and son, of one family, and of another—a younger couple with younger children. They are assembled at the door of their log-house, and the Bible is in the hands

of a fine stalwart form, bearing ample evidence, in his rude personal equipment, of a life of laborious days. Then there is the mother, affectionately tending her daughter, who is dying for one she has left behind, two other daughters on the right, and the other figures distributed in attitudes of attention to the reader. The general tone of the work is low—an admirable provision for telling points; and in order to give them full value, the figures are most substantially painted, with a nice discrimination of textures. The faces are made out with every variety of appropriate colour, and all coincide in the reverential expression becoming to the occasion. The composition abounds with supplementary incident allusive to Scotland, as at the window a piece of heather in a pot, and within the door a portrait of Burns. This is the signal production of its author, and we do not think he will transcend it.

No. 316. 'Der Rosenkrantz,' W. C. T. DOBSON. A study, principally of the head of a little girl—a German rustic: she holds the rosary before her. It is painted with a German predilection, but it is nevertheless a production of rare merit.

No. 318. 'Sea-Coast at Lulworth, Devon,' J. F. CROSEY. A very conscientious translation of rocks, apparently worked out on the spot with singular diligence.

No. 319. 'Falstaff in Trouble,' A. B. CLAY. The scene in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" wherein Falstaff escapes in disguise. There is some good painting in the work, but the figures are presented as all in one light, and all on one plane. In open-air scenes effect is produced by lights and darks; the rule might have been observed here.

No. 320. 'A Levantine Merchant,' F. CRAWFORD. We have made this dark gentleman's acquaintance before. He is again introduced sitting on the deck of his own xebec, as black as ever, attired in a costly Smyrniote suit, his legs encased in the traditional apology for the jambs of the well-greaved Greeks of old.

No. 321. 'Avenue at Youlstone, near Barnstaple, Devon,' F. R. LEE, R.A. This is an avenue of firs, not so rich in material as other avenues by the same hand, but a well-studied transcript from a veritable locality.

No. 323. 'Mrs. Reynolds,' H. MOSELEY. A half-length portrait of a lady in a white dress, painted with graceful and becoming simplicity.

No. 327. 'Highland Sport,' G. W. HORLOR. The subject is principally three setters lying on a bank, with game before them. The animals are drawn and painted with spirit.

No. 328. 'John Croall, Esq., of Southfield,' SIR J. W. GORDON, R.A. This portrait exemplifies the force that may be obtained in a figure by simplicity in the background; the subject is seated on a chair, at the back of which is a plain panelled wall. The head has all the intensity of this eminent painter's best works.

No. 329. 'Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the people of Chioggia,' F. GOODALL, A. The remarkable assemblage of heads here carries us back to Titian and Paul Veronese; these figures are truly the people of Chioggia, with the same type of feature we see in the works of all the Italian painters. The reader, Ballarin, stands with his back against the vaulted porch under which his audience listens, some seated, others standing. He has selected the death of Clorinda, in the twelfth canto—a kind of narrative sure to interest his hearers, and they are absorbed by the story. The picture proposes nothing beyond the simple act of the reader and the fixed attention of the audience, but the artist will be struck with the variety and character of the heads.

No. 331. 'In for a Ducking,' G. SMITH. From a pail of water before a cottage door

some children are drinking, and the last head in the pail is about to be immersed by an interloper, who steals towards the drinker with mischievous intention. The heads and figures are clear and solid in manner of execution, and that which is so seldom entirely satisfactory—the relief is unexceptionable.

No. 332. 'Harvest Field,' J. J. HILL. A small picture, successful in breadth and light.

No. 333. 'The Highland Vulpecide,' A. COOPER, R.A. A foxhound and a pony here are painted to the life, but whether the "vulpecide" be the dog, or the man, who ought to assist at the composition, but who does not, there is no means of determining. The point of the far-fetched title does not appear.

No. 334. 'Mary Agatha, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P.,' J. SANT. The head and bust floating in clouds is an uncommon idea, and one extremely difficult to deal with. The figure is very peremptorily cut off at the waist, leaving too much to the imagination: with respect, however, to the head, nothing can exceed its childish grace and sweetness. Few living artists can paint such subjects so well.

No. 335. 'On Shore,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. The line of coast trends from the left transversely inwards, and is followed by the lines of the waves, which fall heavily on the shingle. It is blowing freshly from the sea, and a figure on horseback points to a distant vessel, which seems to be on the rocks. We have not before seen a study of waves by this artist; the forms are wanting in that subtle variety which occurs in nature, and which earnest devotion to this phase of nature alone can give.

No. 337. 'The Lord Seymour,' J. R. SWINTON. In this portrait the flesh colour is extremely ungrateful to the eye: it is devoid of freshness, and the features are deficient in animation.

No. 347. 'The Earl of Seafeld, Laird of Grant, and his son, Viscount Reidhaven,' F. GRANT, R.A. Both figures are full-lengths, standing: the heads are remarkably successful.

No. 348. 'Dalia asking Forgiveness of Samson,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.

Dalila. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.
Samson. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage.

Samson is in the act of uttering his refusal; his back is turned to us, and the contraction of the muscles declares the shrinking repugnance with which he hears Dalila's request, more distinctly and forcibly than could any expression of the features. The body is in nowise attitudinised; the determination of the refusal is declared by the muscles of the back. Dalila kneels trembling before Samson, and her attendants in equal degree share the feeling of their mistress. The soundness of the work, and its honesty of principle, recall to mind certain of the eminent masters of the Venetian school; but their conventionalities of costume are discarded for forms which might have been acknowledged even in the days of the Philistines.

No. 350. 'Sunny Hours,' J. D. WINGFIELD. The works exhibited under this name always display great knowledge and taste in dealing with the costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The scene is the "pleasance," either at Haddon or Hampton Court, with a fair sprinkling of *beau monde*.

No. 353. 'Ave Maria,' E. W. RUSSELL. A study of a girl at vespers, painted with firmness, and very appropriately circumstanced.

No. 356. 'A Sunny Afternoon in Autumn,' T. S. COOPER, A. There is an unfortunate sameness in all cattle pictures, for there is but little story in the correlations of kine; with Morland it was *toujours cochon*, with others it is *toujours mouton*. In this large picture groups

of tall trees rise against the sky from a hummock in the immediate foreground, past which flows a river, wherein, according to an old predilection, some of the cows are bathing their feet, while others of the herd and numerous sheep are distributed over the site.

No. 359. 'The Truants,' W. UNDERHILL. There is something original, light, and spirited in this picture; but the forms are too much cut up by lines which really have no office in the composition. The truants are three boys, who are on the trunk of a tree that stretches "askant" a brook. The picture is hung too high for inspection.

No. 363. 'Mrs. Laurence R. Baily,' J. ROBERTSON. The lady, a half-length in a grey dress, is placed between two almost equal quantities of foliage, making the figure look thin and shadowy, as well as outraging the first canons of composition.

No. 368. 'The Evening Song,' A. RANKLEY. The striking feature here is the upper sky—the rosy clouds lying in parallel lines. It is a beautiful natural phase; but it does not make itself felt here as it would in a composition of appropriate sentiment. The evening song is sung by a company of children on a near site of green sward.

No. 369. 'Luff, Boy!' J. C. HOOK, A. This idea is original; it is carried out with spirit, presenting as a base of operations part of a fishing-boat only—the stern-sheets—where are seated three figures, a middle-aged and weather-beaten fisherman, a youth, perhaps his son, and a child, a little boy, who does his best with both hands to obey the sharp command by laying his rudder hard-a-weather to bring the boat up in the wind; but why this is done we are left to conjecture. The colour is brilliant, but we have never seen the sea so green as it is here.

No. 371. 'Miss Elliot,' T. Y. GOODERSON. An elegant and simple portrait, presenting the lady at full-length in a plain walking dress. No. 375. 'Miss Emily Long,' is another full-length figure of like good quality.

No. 378. 'Brighton and Back, 3s. 6d.,' C. ROSSITER. The title is illustrated by a section of an open railway carriage, into which a smart shower of rain is blown on the windward side. The company show some variety of character, which is rendered definite by a remarkable firmness of touch.

No. 379. 'The Welcome Home,' G. E. HICKS. A rustic interior, with an expectant wife waiting the return of her husband, who is about to enter. The colouring throughout the picture is bright and harmonious—certainly too pretty to be probable; setting aside, however, what we know to be the colours of most rustic dwellings, it is an agreeable picture.

No. 380. 'The Monk Felix,' C. GOLDIE. This conception is an inspiration from Longfellow's "Golden Legend":—

"And lo! he heard
The singing of a bird
Among the branches brown.
* * * * *
"And long, long
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred."

A figure picture without a face is usually considered an impossibility; yet this is one. The monk Felix, in his white frieze, turns his back upon us, and is in form less interesting than the most maudlin of human-kind. Saving the colour, which is too metallic, the foliage and tree are unexceptionable; but Felix is the least happy feature of the picture.

No. 382. 'Ophelia,' A. ERCOLE. Ophelia at full-length, and of the size of life! and truly a work of many beauties, savouring of the best manner of the French school. It is not desirable to see Ophelia painted an ethereal beauty, nor is it fitting that she should be reproduced a hideous "Pre-Raphaelite" crudity. She con-

fronts you here not an angel, but a well-grown woman, of delicate and nervous temperament. With an earnest stare she says, "There's rosemary—that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies—that's for thoughts;" and this with an air sufficiently *distract*, for rampant vulgarity is not an attribute of the character. It were only to be desired that the features were somewhat more decidedly marked, to separate them from the draperies, and bring them back to humanity. The face is in half tint, very delicately painted, and the high lights are dropped on from behind. The white drapery is an admirable study; the entire figure being brought forward by a dark wooded background.

No. 386. 'The Young Brother,' F. UNDERHILL. The playful lightness of this work is extremely independent; but the diagonal succession of the heads is not good composition.

No. 388. 'A Dutch Peon, running for the Port of Harlingen, is driven in a Heavy Squall Outside the South Pier Head,' E. W. COOKE, A. It cannot well be understood how she is to escape running foul of that same pier-head. A miserable kedge, with a whipcord of a hawser, is thrown out, and the helm is jammed hard up, but she must go against the jetty. The craft and all her gear are very conscientiously made out. There is no artist who so completely conveys to canvas the reality of such a scene; his pictures are always true, and always evidence of intense thought and intellectual power.

No. 389. 'At Saarburch, on the Saar,' G. C. STANFIELD. The object to which the eye is directed is a clumsy old boat, hauled up from the river for two purposes—to be repaired, and to be painted,—that is, in a picture: this, with the accompaniment of water, houses, and distant cliffs, forms a subject of tempting originality.

No. 390. 'Barley Harvest,' H. C. WHAITE. When the mind is bent on one quality alone in Art, it is generally realised by the sacrifice of many others. Microscopic execution has been the desideratum in this picture, and it is carried out with a singleness of purpose which constitutes it the unique quality of the work. The field is bounded by a rising ground covered with wood, the treatment of which is one of the errors induced by the passion for excessive finish.

No. 391. 'Interior—Boys at Play,' W. W. NICOL. The simplicity and tone of the background are extremely judicious—they would serve for any domestic arrangement of characters. The boys are really children—a success which does not attend every attempt at painting boyhood.

No. 392. 'A Cottage Interior,' A. PROVIS. Not, perhaps, so effective as we have seen the studies of this series, though studiously attractive in colour—which, by the way, is a pleasant fiction.

No. 393. 'Home Thoughts,' E. M. WARD, R.A. The title is unnecessary: it is a lady who, having received a letter from home, is transported in thought back to that home in England,—for she is in India. The deeply-thinking face is full of suggestion; it is rich in beauty, and full of character. The work is charmingly painted—a portrait and a picture.

No. 394. 'Le Chapeau Noir,' T. M. JOY. If a French title be at all necessary, the proprieties of the case require it to be *Le Chapeau Andalusien*, for such is the head-gear worn by the young lady on the canvas. It is a portrait with much pictorial quality.

No. 400. 'Home again—1853,' H. O'NEIL. This picture is proposed as a companion to that of last year, but it is not so vigorous a work. Moreover, 'Eastward Ho!' was an extremely felicitous idea, carried out with a substantive earnestness which had never before been

evinced by the artist. The figures here are numerous and characteristic, and the office, condition, and relations of each is at once declared. In order to amplify the narrative, and enrich it with allusion, the ladder whereby the disembarkation takes place is much too crowded. There are no boats in readiness to receive the descending throng—the wounded sergeant who is being lowered down will occupy all the disposable space. It is undoubtedly a work of merit; but it is altogether so much like 'Eastward Ho!' that the novelty of the idea is worn off. The subject has not been *felt*; the principal figure, the burly sergeant we have referred to, is, at all events, convalescent: he looks, indeed, more like one who is suffering from gout, the result of ease and rich living, than an invalid wounded, as well as sick, who is destined for Chelsea.

No. 404. 'Old Mill, North Wales,' W. D. KENNEDY. There is much sweetness and harmony of colour in this simple subject; but it is coloured according to an exploded *regime*. It is the picture which, in reference to this quality, Sir George Beaumont, had he the power of glancing round these walls, would at once point to as an exemplar after his heart.

405. 'Augustus L. Egg, Esq., A.R.A.,' J. PHILLIP, A. When painters paint for themselves and each other, they declare their tastes and feeling less equivocally than when painting for patrons. The subject is seated, and holds on his knee a terrier. It is a small picture, painted with wonderful force. Perhaps it would not be too much to say it is the best portrait in the collection. Moreover, the likeness is unexceptionable.

No. 413. 'A Lake Scene—Going to the Fair,' F. DANBY, A. The aspirations here are less poetic than those of the productions generally of Mr. Danby. Since his 'Fisherman's Home,' years ago, we do not remember anything of a character so simple as 'Going to the Fair.' The shore of a lake meets the base line of the picture, and the shore which closes it in the right distance is a wooded high-land, with a castellated edifice. A ferry-boat is about departing with a variety of passengers, as market people, cows, and a man on horseback; but the sentiment of the composition is its description of early morning, that is shown in the awakening sky and the colours which greet the eye from the high places of the earth.

No. 416. 'The Eve of Monmouth's Rebellion,' W. J. GRANT. The title would suggest a large historical composition, but it contains only two figures—that of Monmouth, seated on the trunk of a felled tree, and Lady Wentworth, who urges him on to his fatal enterprise, while she significantly places on his head a crown of flowers. The duke is haunted by dire forebodings,—his eyes are downcast; even the lady's dramatic air and inspiring assurances do not rouse him. The subject is well chosen, and in its execution there are some creditable passages; but the artist shows himself simply a face painter,—and, by the way, both heads are too large. The work in the accessories does not equal that in the heads.

No. 418. 'The Old Porter's Daughter—Door at Haddon Hall,' A. PENLEY. The doorway has little attractive quality about it, but the stone textures are rendered with striking veracity.

No. 420. 'Interior of the Church of St. Mark, Venice,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. A section of the interior, very rich in subdued colour. According to Mr. Roberts' feeling, it is painted in a breadth of middle tone, with numerous cutting points, light and dark, as figures. In the picture a greater altitude is given to the roof than it has in reality.

No. 426. 'A Kind Star,' SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is the most enigmatical of all the

works of the artist. It contains two forms—that of a hind, apparently wounded, and lying on the bank of a lake; the other is the "kind star," that has descended from her place in the spheres for the especial consolation of the afflicted or dying hind.

No. 427. 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' H. S. MARKS.

Dogberry. "You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name," &c.

This mustering of the watch has a large share of the spirit of the text. The watch-house is full of movement, and on all sides there is serious preparation for duty. Dogberry, on the left, delivers his instructions; and a most grotesque figure is he who stands forward with the question, "How, if he will not stand?" The costume and equipments of the good citizens show that some inquiry has been instituted ament the *petit-coats*, the *pylches*, the hoods and hose of the beginning of the fifteenth century, with varieties of those pikes, halberds, and partisans, which, from the days of Hastings to a very recent date, have figured in our battles and our pageants. The composition is full of appropriate character.

No. 429. * * * * W. C. T. DOBSON.

"Also he (David) bade them teach the children of Judah the use of the bow."

Beyond the letter of this passage from the first chapter of the second of Samuel, the spirit of the piece is not carried. A boy is in the act of shooting, while by his side stands an instructor, with a few other supplementary figures. It is not a subject in which can be set forth those graces of expression that the artist has in other works shown; but in the costume the conventionalities of the old masters are dismissed, and the dicta of unquestionable truth are recognised.

No. 430. 'The Hon. Sir Samuel Cunard, Bart.,' J. J. NAHER. A life-sized figure, seated, with a head and features full of vigorous intelligence.

No. 437. 'Contentment,' W. DYCE, R.A. A subject in humble life,—the only one we remember to have seen by this artist. The title is illustrated by an aged ferryman, who is seated not far from the door of his cottage, past which flows a river, bordered by scenery something like that of the Clyde. The old man, with his face shaded by his nor'-wester, looks straight out of the picture—an admirable figure, painted with great skill, and most effectively brought forward from the airy distance. The hard and stony ground is a most successful illusion. The surfaces are excellent; but it must be said withal that the picture is too grey in the foreground and too blue in the distance.

No. 440. 'The First Voyage,' F. STONE, A. The scene is laid on the French coast, and the *personæ* are principally the father, mother, and aunts of a young French fisherman of some eight years old, who is about to embark on the enterprise mentioned as the title of the picture, of which the spirit, in its impersonations, is as national as can be wished.

No. 443. 'On the Lighthouse Hills, at Cromer,' A. J. STARK. Simply a piece of grassy foreground, with a distant view of the sea. A flock of sheep are grazing on the spot, each individual of which casts its long shadow on the grass, whence we are pithily instructed that the time is evening.

No. 444. 'A Nonsuit,' J. H. S. MANN. In the various panorama set before the astonished senses of Don Cleofas Leandro Zambullo, *etcetera*, by his friend Asmodens, in Lesage's pungent satires, is a picture presenting an aged lover pressing his suit to a lady by detailing to her his youthful conquests. The scene is here transferred to the canvas, where we, as well as Dou Cleofas, can see the lady's repugnance to

her lover. The work is small, but the point of the story is so well sustained that it would paint effectively as a large picture.

No. 446. 'The Elder Sister,' C. W. COPE, R.A. The younger is all but an infant, and the elder is offering her fruit. If the relations between the two were not given, it might be supposed they were mother and child; but in either case the incident is equally interesting.

No. 455. 'Under the Old Bridge,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. A version, probably, of the old bridge near Bettws, with its summer coat of forest green: an interesting subject, with the now shrunk current rushing through the arch into the pool below. The watercourse is described with the usual power wherewith the artist treats material of this kind.

No. 456. 'Silent Pleading,' M. STONE. Entire indices of artists do we know, that is, of those who can paint, but "M. Stone" as yet we know not. Here is, however, a picture that at once raises his name to distinction. It sets before us a poor and ragged wayfarer, who, worn and weary with fatigue, has seated himself in a wood-shed and fallen asleep, exposed to the rigours of a bitter winter day. He is discovered by a policeman, who is about to handcuff him, but a more merciful passenger suggests forbearance. The drawing, painting, and circumstantial narrative, cannot be too highly eulogised. It possesses eminently two qualities which always give value to works of Art—these are, earnestness and simplicity.

No. 457. 'Castilian Almsgiving,' J. B. BURGESS. The recipient is a blind man, who has taken his stand within a church door, to move the charity of the faithful. Two figures are passing in—perhaps mother and child—and the latter, a girl, gives the blind man a piece of mouey. The beggar, the prominent figure, is a felicitous study, carefully drawn, well painted, and strictly national.

No. 458. 'Evening on the Nile—Philæ,' F. DILLON. The island, with its mysterious temples, occupies the left centre of the composition, at some distance from the nearest section, the right being closed by feathery palms and portions of the immediate bank of the river. The temples, being removed from the eye, are not seen in ruins, and thus, by the suggestion of their entirety, the mind is borne back to the days of the Pharaohs, and all the mysteries of ancient Egyptian history.

No. 459. 'Brodick Castle, Isle of Arran,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The castle crowns a wooded amphitheatre facing the sea, and higher again than that rise the more distant peaks of Arran, in this case spotted white with the snow not yet melted out of the clefts of the peak. The sea opens to the right, and on the immediate left is a shred of pasture, with cattle, and their herds. The whole looks like a piece of veracious local portraiture.

No. 460. 'A Mother and Child,' R. THORBURN, A. This is an agroupment of the Madonna class. The mother is seated in an open landscape, clasping the infant in her arms. Both are probably portraits. The group has been painted with a degree of freedom seldom seen in the works of this artist.

No. 466. 'Brunetta,' R. TART. A portrait—that of a young lady, presented as leaning against a console, the glass of which reflects her features in profile—a second portrait. The draperies are painted with perfect truth, and are brilliant in colour.

No. 468. 'Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening,' P. H. CALDERON. The workman in this instance is an aged letter-carver, who is seated on the pavement of one of the side aisles of a church, carving an inscription on a slab in the floor. It is an accessible and telling subject, treated with much skill and power.

WEST ROOM.

No. 474. 'Scarborough, from the North Bank Top—Morning,' J. W. CARMICHAEL. This is a full and effective picture. It appears also to be worked up to an extremely careful finish; and if such qualities do not entitle works to be placed so that they can be seen, the conclusion is, that after certain pictures are placed, merit has but little claim to consideration.

No. 478. 'Review on the Champ de Mars, on the occasion of Her Majesty's Visit to Paris,' G. H. THOMAS. There is always a certain amount of formality in a review, which it is extremely difficult to dispose of. There are long lines of Zouaves in the immediate front; while on the right a battalion of grenadiers is just disappearing, and on the left masses of cavalry are marching up to the wheeling point. The Queen and the Empress are seated on a balcony, beneath which is a crowd of officers of all ranks, with Prince Albert and the Emperor in the front.

No. 479. 'Domeico da Pescia urges Savonarola to have recourse to the fiery ordeal for a miraculous confirmation of his doctrines,' W. C. THOMAS. If this work be not a commission, it can scarcely be understood that such a subject, even with a fine quality of Art, can be commonly interesting. The figures—both monks—stand together in a cloister, drawn and painted in a manner very masterly, though in the feeling of a foreign school; but the flesh tints are unnatural,—they are stony and unlife-like.

No. 480. 'The Burgesses of Calais, A.D. 1347,' H. HOLIDAY. Of the six burgesses whom Edward required should "yelde them sefe" purely to his will, we see one here, and he is prepared for the surrender, being barefooted, in his shirt, and having a halter round his neck; and by him prays his wife for his safety. The subject is not a pleasant one, nor is it carried out with the graces wherewith it might be invested.

No. 481. 'Tough and Tender,' E. OSBORN. "Tough" is a seaman, sitting on the rail of a jetty, and "Tender" is the child that he holds carefully in his arms, a third person in the group being the mother. The features of the man are bent down—the drawing, painting, and lights of the face are unexceptionable.

No. 482. 'The Love of James the First of Scotland,' J. E. MILLAIS, A. This "Love" is Lady Jane Beaufort, who is passing flowers into the window of his prison, while in captivity in Windsor Castle. The story of his "love" is narrated by himself, and Jane Beaufort afterwards became his queen. His first sight of her he thus describes—

"— Cast I down mine eyes again,
Whereas I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comer here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest yonge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour;
For which sudden abate, anon a start,
The blood all my body to my heart."

James and Mr. Millais do not agree about the lady's beauty, as the description on the canvas by no means accords with the image the king's verse would convey. It is the least objectionable of Mr. Millais's three pictures.

No. 488. 'The Stack Rocks at Sunset, near Stackpole Court, Pembroke-shire,' J. MOGFORD. These rocks are singular in form, and constitute an effective feature in a picture when treated so successfully as in this work.

No. 489. 'Saltimbanques comptant leur recette,' C. SCHLOESSER. This is a French picture, prejudiced by that defect common to the school—a dead, dark, opaque, and heavy background. The subject is suggestive, and much more might have been made of it. A woman, in impersonation too refined for the society in which she appears, turns out the *sous*—the

day's earnings—at which the men look with some curiosity.

No. 490. 'Gretna Green,' J. BARRETT. The story is of the cruel interruption of the marriage by the announcement of the postboy that the pair are pursued. There are five persons present—the unhappy pair, the successor of the famous blacksmith, the postboy, and a female servant—all of whom express alarm at the prospect of the invasion. There are in it passages of creditable work.

No. 491. 'A Statute Fair,' G. B. O'NEILL. The canvas is thronged with well-conceived and well-executed characters, but it is an unfortunate circumstance that so much right good work should be lavished on a composition in which there is no incident beyond the hiring of a servant. The figures, we say, are very numerous, representing every class, rural and burgher, with an infinite and appropriate variety of costume, worked out with the utmost care.

No. 493. 'The Skipper Ashore,' J. C. HOOK, A. The subject consists of the boat and the boy that are waiting the "skipper's" return. In all the luxury of temporary idleness, the ragged sea-boy is lounging on the seats of the stern-boat of a small sloop or cutter, that is anchored in the offing. It is bright in colour: it would seem that this was the only desiderandum of the painter.

No. 494. 'A Thunder Shower,' J. T. LINNELL. The features of the landscape are somewhat like those of the harvest-field of last year, the view being bounded by an upland. The base of the composition is a hay-field, where the labourers are hastening their operations, in apprehension of a thunder-storm that is rising over the hill. The sun is not yet obscured, and hence is an opportunity afforded for an effective play of fugitive lights and darks. The imminence of the storm is felt in the confusion of the haymakers and the rapidly-darkening sky.

No. 495. * * * * W. H. O'CONNOR.

"She, from whom no care of mine was hid, turning to me, with aspect glad as fair, bespake me: 'Gratefully direct thy mind to God, through whom to this first star we come.'"

This passage, proposed as a theme, is a translation from the lines of the "Paradiso"—

"Volta ver me sì lieta come bella,
Drizza la mente in Dio grata, mi disse," &c.;

and Dante and Beatrice are, of course, the characters introduced; but we find them in a commonplace green landscape with trees—such a plot as might be picked up between Vauxhall and Wandsworth—although Dante just before says—

"Giunto mi vidi ove mirabil cosa,
Mi torse il viso a sè,"—

in reference to having soared with Beatrice far away from earth. And Dante is here old, whereas he himself tells us that he is about thirty-five. We simply make these observations to show that a work painted from a standard source, to be of any value at all, ought to be in the whole spirit of the letter.

No. 499. 'The Bay of Baiæ,' W. LINTON. We look up the bay from the vicinity of the ruins of some of those ancient palaces of which the luxury and licence were condemned by Sallust and Seneca. A light and broad daylight version.

No. 501. 'My Father's Portrait,' G. SCHMITT. An artist appears here at his easel, painting, it may be presumed, the portrait in question. Simply a life-sized head, whereon is thrown a gleam of light, which, in relieving the head from the dark background, communicates to it much pictorial effect.

No. 507. 'The Children in the Wood,' C. LUCY. The "wood," in this interpretation of the story, is painted up to a minuteness of detail that imperils the quality of the children; for although their faces and draperies are most

carefully made out, yet there are natural surfaces that can be worked up, so as to supersede the painting of flesh and draperies. The ground, the trees, the leaves, have been realized with the most exemplary assiduity.

No. 508. 'The Highland Tod-hunter,' R. ANSDALL. The change that is come over the spirit of this artist's labours is by no means so satisfactory as that of his earlier bright and cheerful sporting and pastoral essays. The composition contains numerous figures, among whom stalks the tod-hunter, with the tod (*Anglicè*, fox) slung at his back; but he is eclipsed by the grotesque-looking dogs of the party, terriers and foxhounds, loose and in couples, the "least genteel of dogs." The difference to which we allude is the blackness in all the markings and shadows, which, with the dark landscape, renders the work very heavy. Mr. Ansdell has been looking at the Spanish masters; but we do not hesitate to say, that any manner formed on such a basis will be much less popular than the more truthful daylight he has been accustomed to paint.

No. 509. 'Fruit,' Miss E. H. STANNARD. Painted with admirable effect, and in close imitation of the rich maturity of nature.

No. 513. 'The Cup of Cold Water,' E. HUGHES. The figures are correctly drawn, and firmly painted, but in the heads lies the interest of the whole,—that of the mistress of the cottage betokening, in an eminent degree, dignity and gentleness of character, while the lights and shade on the face of the beggar are perfectly transparent, and support the drawing without the slightest tendency to blackness. In the entire catalogue, the instances of integrity of purpose, honest and sound principle, equal to this, are not numerous.

No. 514. 'The Black Rock, from Kemp Town, Brighton—West View,' J. T. WILLMORE, A.E. The sea and sky present here a phase of great natural beauty that is extremely difficult to paint. The view is sea-ward; the sun, descending towards the horizon, is veiled by a cloud, and thus a beautiful play of light and dark appears on the tranquil sea. The atmospheric medium is managed with great felicity.

No. 516. 'The Start—One, two, three, and away!' W. HEMSLEY. A bright, sunny picture, wherein the figures stand well forward, being principally four boys marshalled Epsom-wise for a race, and exhibiting intense eagerness for the "start,"—the master of the course being an old man, who is in the act of giving the signal. The action and expression of the boys are all that can be desired, and the painter is most judicious in his choice of models.

No. 519. 'Dividend Day at the Bank,' G. E. HICKS. It may be asked why this subject has not been taken up before, a question which might be asked of many other profitably convertible ideas, that are too common to attract notice. It is a large canvas, everywhere crowded with holders of stock; in fact, very much like the place on the supposed occasion, only with somewhat more of fashion than is generally seen there. The agroupment at the counter round the old gentleman in the wheel chair is various and interesting, and in all the figures the work is thoroughly conscientious. There is more of serious prose than poetry in the scene, but for its class it is an excellent subject, leaving in the execution nothing to be desired.

No. 523. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Michael Angelo, in his advanced age, in the sculpture galleries feeling the statues—A sketch for a picture, F. M. MILLER. The materials are well put together, and with careful elaboration they may be worked out into an interesting work.

No. 524. * * * * A. HUGHES.

"For how might ever sweetness have been known
To hymn that never tastyd bitterness?"

The application of these lines to the composition is not very clear—or rather, it is difficult to see how the lines can be interpreted as we see them. There are two figures—lovers without question; he is partially hidden by the bole of a massive tree, as about to pluck a flower which hangs over his head, while the lady is also looking up. The costume they wear is modern, and they stand amidst the summer luxuriance of flowers and foliage. The face of the man is so creditably painted that it can scarcely be believed to be by the same hand as the head of the woman, that seems wanting in proper attachment to the body, the features being disqualified by an inane sentimentality. This is a professedly "Pre-Raphaelite" work, with everything in it rushing out of the frame, and introducing as much of the erudition of the manner as can be shown on a limited field.

No. 525. 'Marehllyn-Mawr,' J. W. OAKES. A subject from the Welsh lakes, with no sign of life save a patient and statuesque crane contemplating the water, Narcissus-like, but with a different feeling—the question of the moment being with him a dinner. Level with the eye lies the surface of the lake, bounded on the other side by green hills, to the hospitable sides of which the clouds descend for rest. But this artist is great in the *minutiae* of foregrounds, without any parade of handling. Rocks and stones, with their lichens, the pool through which passes the redundant water of the lake, the sedges, the heath, and the variety of small salad that goes to make up a foreground, are all charmingly made out.

No. 526. 'Danish Shepherd, with Dog and Sheep,' Mrs. E. JERICHAU. A very spirited work—we were about to say, for a lady; but ladies now paint with as much power as the other sex. It is a large composition, with the shepherd, his canine lieutenant, and the woolly charge, all enjoying on the grass the *otium* which the gods vouchsafe them. The sheep are tall and long-limbed; they are also large-headed, Roman-nosed animals, reversing in every way the points of our South Downs.

No. 538. 'Sheep-washing in Glen-Lyon,' R. ANSDALL. In tone this work is much the same as the 'Tod-hunter'; the markings are heavy and opaque, and the landscape reminds us of Palma Vecchio.

No. 539. 'Sandfoot Castle, Weymouth,' E. W. COOKE, A. The remnant of the castle extends to the brink of the cliff, and the view, as given here, is that from the beach below; but the power of the picture is in the beach, with its rocks, stones, and multitudinous incidents, and, above all, the shallow water, with its "skye" reflections and tiny waves that lap the shore at your feet.

No. 540. 'The German Patriot's Wife in 1848,' J. E. HODGSON. The story is of the bribing of the gaoler to admit the wife to see her imprisoned husband. There is much labour in the work, but the result is not very satisfactory.

No. 543. 'Retrning from Torcello,' G. E. HERING. Venice is yet far off, and it will be dark before the two gondolas shall have lauded their living freights. The sea is as calm as a lake, the surface being disturbed only by a ripple, catching on its minute ridges the light that is yet powerful in the sky. The idea is extremely simple, but it is brought forward in the spirit of the most refined poetry.

No. 546. 'Evening,' J. LINNELL, Sea. The landscape is a production of infinite excellence, but in calling his picture 'Evening,' Mr. Linnell has intended the allusions in the sky to be the paramount point of the picture. In its forms and tones the composition comes more kindly together than any recent work of the painter, and the twilight on the fields, and the clear sky above, are passages which appeal at once to the feeling. There is in the sky a red

cloud of surpassing magnificence, of which the foreshortening and retirement are a masterpiece of truth. The cloud does not overpower the landscape, but is supported by warm tints in the nearest site, that are also red without being felt as such. The clear air, the purity of the light above, and the firm and transparent depth below, are beyond all praise. A work like this is too fine for merely showing the operation of penning sheep. It may be regretted that the associations are not more elevated in tone. The work is that of a great master in Art.

No. 547. 'Caught again,' E. EAGLES. Those who are caught are a boy and girl—Italians; but it cannot well be seen whether the youth is kissing her, or lighting his pipe at her eyes. The feeling of the colour and manner is strongly French.

No. 557. 'Not Guilty,' companion to 'Waiting for the Verdict,' A. SOLOMON. These two works have found more favour with the public than, we think, any that have gone before them, but this does not so entirely enlist the sympathies of the spectator as did the picture of 1857. The prisoner, a stalwart countryman, is just released from custody, his wife clings to him, his mother holds up one of the children for an embrace, and his father prays God to bless the advocate who has so ably defended his son; thus the scene is full of excitement and emotion, of which themselves at once point out the cause. The head of the principal figure is too large, and the features want agreeable character. Altogether, however, the work is one of great merit.

No. 558. 'The Sunday-school,' R. McINNES. The relief and repose of Sunday morning is the proposition of this work, that shows accordingly a double line of the best little girls in the parish about to enter the church-door, and, as a contrast to them, two very naughty boys, one up in the yew-tree, and the other leaning idly against the trunk. The church, and churchyard, are painted with the utmost care, and the faces of the children are equal in finish to the most delicate miniature.

No. 562. 'Our Saviour Journeying to Jerusalem,' J. WOOD. A long picture, with a multitude of figures, and showing the Saviour riding on an ass in the midst. There are, in the throng, many well-conceived characters.

No. 569. 'Milton Visiting Galileo in the Prison of the Inquisition,' E. CROWE, Jnr. This is an admirable subject, but it is materially damaged by the way in which the background material is painted up. Galileo is stretched upon a couch of dried sedges, teuded by his two daughters, who were nuns in a convent near his prison; but Milton sits at the door, as if he was not of the party—an arrangement which disintegrates the composition. As well as can be seen, the figures are most carefully drawn and painted.

No. 570. 'Hills and Dales in Wales,' T. DANBY. The genial and harmonious warmth that pervades this view leaves no room for unfavourable remark with respect to colour. The materials are of ordinary character: an expanse of rough bottom on the right, but on the left broken by clumps of trees, the whole closed by near mountains. This *suave* manner of colour produced, we may suppose, by general glazes, yields faith to the principles propounded and advocated by Reynolds.

No. 577. 'Through the Needle ee, boys,' R. GAVIN. The title is the name of the game in which this hilarious company are engaged. The merits of the picture are of a positive kind, as illustrating the force of firmly-painted and strongly-toned figures in opposition to an open airy space. The heroes and heroines are village children, more earnestly than gracefully active in their sport. The artist has dared to paint eccentric attitudes of much diffi-

culty, not only to the painter, but also to the model.

No. 583. 'Scene in "the Glebe," South Brent, Devon,' J. GENDALL. A well-selected subject, translated to the canvas apparently with good taste, but too high to be seen. The artist enjoys well-earned repute.

No. 588. 'Miss Eliza Partridge,' Miss E. PARTRIDGE. A head and bust, coloured with much natural freshness.

No. 589. 'The Young Royalist,' J. A. VINTER. A small picture, in which a child is armed with his father's cuirass. Very agreeable in effect; but the cuirass is of a fashion too modern.

No. 591. 'Morning on the Lago Maggiore,' G. E. HERING. The view is taken from a garden terrace on the banks of the lake, whence is seen the amphitheatre of mountains rising from the opposite shore, and there it is that we discern the type of the morning. The mountains appear through an atmosphere laden with thin grey mist, the function of which is discharged in a manner that fully supports the title.

No. 592. 'Clover Time, Dencross Farm, Edinbridge, Kent,' W. S. ROSE. The most earnest production we have ever seen under this name; but there is yet room to improve the raggedness of the foliage and its very cold hue—and the sky is somewhat tame; but with these exceptions, it is a landscape of considerable merit.

No. 595. 'My ain Fireside,' T. FAED. The qualities of this picture are of the same high order as those of 'Sunday Morning in the Backwoods.' Two cottagers, man and wife, are seated at "their ain fireside," and the mother has placed the baby on the floor to play with a rough terrier. The picture exhibits much of the science of the art in its variety of well placed gradation, and the force given to the highest tones that are employed. The little window at the back of the woman performs no useful office in the general effect, but is rather prejudicial to it by disturbing the background, and so depriving the female figure of a portion of her proper substance.

No. 596. 'Gallantry,' J. A. HOUSTON. The figures here are two village children—boy and girl—that are on their way to school, and the boy holds a broad leaf of burdock over the head of his companion. The figures are brought well forward; but the girl is too pretty, and she looks fixedly at the spectator.

No. 606. 'Charles Lewis Gruencisen, Esq., F.R.G.S.,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. This is a small portrait, which, as to the quality of the work, is one of the best ever painted by this excellent artist.

No. 619. 'Garden Flowers,' Miss MUTRIE. The firmness of manner, powerful colour, and natural condition and circumstances characterizing the works of this lady, are refreshing to those wearied with the everlasting prim drawing-room arrangement that prevails among our flower painters. No. 621. 'Travellers' Joy,' Miss A. F. MUTRIE, is, perhaps, even more attractive than the former: both are of surpassing excellence.

No. 622. 'On the Mole, near Dorking, Surrey,' H. B. GRAY. A weedy pool shaded by trees, with that unmistakable air of truth which is derived from being painted on the spot.

No. 626. 'The Lost Change,' W. H. KNIGHT. The subject is dignified by so much good work having been bestowed on it. A child, it seems, has lost some money, and has enlisted a little army of sympathisers, including the rector. It is a composition that does not tell its own story.

No. 628. 'The Dargle, County Wicklow,' E. HARGETT. As to forms and local features this is a most honest version of a given locality; we feel the ground firm under our feet, but the metallic and uncompromising green of the trees is entirely beside nature.

No. 634. 'French Peasants finding their Stolen Child,' P. H. CALDERON. The scene here is the stage of a company of *saltimbanches* at a country fair, and there, supported by a police functionary, they claim their daughter, who is dressed in tawdry rags as a performer. All the figures have been very carefully wrought, and the supplementary circumstance assists the story.

No. 636. 'J. C. Hook, Esq., A.,' R. HANNAH. A small profile head, very skilful in manipulation, and an excellent likeness.

No. 637. 'A Water-Mill,' the late J. STARK. This work, we regret to say, will be the last exhibited under this name. The late Mr. Stark was one of the very few *naturalists* of our landscape school before it was revolutionised. When landscape painting was nothing more than in-door sketching, James Stark was diligently working from the face of nature, and hence the freshness which, from an early period, stamped his productions with that local reality which can never be improvised.

No. 640. 'Equestrian Portrait of His Grace the Duke of Bedford,' S. PEARCE. The Duke is mounted on a very quiet grey pony, and is surrounded by foxhounds; he wears "pink," and looks like the creature so loudly vaunted in ancient verse and modern song—the "old English gentleman."

No. 649. 'Capture of Mediterranean Pirates,' J. DANBY. The capture is but an episode aside; the sunset is the theme, worked out as it is with the utmost power of the palette. The pirate, a xebec-looking craft, and the war-steamer, are grouped on the left.

No. 660. 'Summer Time, in the South of Essex,' H. B. WILLIS. Summer is here celebrated by a group of cattle on a site raised slightly, but sufficiently to bring them up against the lower sky and the airy distance. The animals, especially the horses, display perfect knowledge of the anatomy and form; and the work is, altogether, one of very considerable merit.

We have left no space for even a brief review of the drawings and miniatures; there are, however, hung in the Water-Colour Room a few works which cannot be left without notice.

No. 900. 'Too Late,' W. S. WINDUS. A man, two female figures, and a child, are the figures in this composition, of which it can only be said that it is in the extremity of "Pre-Raphaelite" manner. The story is hopelessly obscure.

No. 914. 'Near the Goat Pen, Windsor Great Park,' A. McCALLUM. The colour in this work is perhaps too playful, but the detail of the trunks and branches of the trees has been carried out with exemplary patience.

No. 924. 'Pæstum,' J. F. CROFSEY. The ruins are brought forward under an effect of sunset: a scene of imposing solemnity.

No. 933. 'A Quiet Pool in Glen Falloch,' B. W. LEADER. The stones, water, and foreground material in this work are of surpassing excellence.

No. 935. 'The Spinning Wheel,' J. BOSTOCK. A single figure, well drawn and effectively brilliant in colour.

No. 962. 'Breakfasting Out,' R. DOWLING. Literally breakfasting out, for it is a street breakfast—the hour six, and the party a "mixture;" but the characters are very judiciously selected, and everywhere the painting and drawing are unexceptionable. The name is new to us, but his manner of Art is sound, and bears with it a prospect of distinction.

It is certain that photography has scattered the "miniaturists:" it may be long before we again see the starry assemblage of faces "in little" we have been accustomed to see in this room.

THE SCULPTURE.

Year by year are we painfully reminded of the insufficiency of the sculpture crypt—but, happily, there is a prospect of amelioration; for in their new edifice the Academy dare not fall into the error of building only for their own day. The first work in the catalogue of the sculpture is 'H.R.H. The Prince Consort,' W. THEED, a life-sized bust of the prince, remarkable at once as a felicitous resemblance, and an unaffected work of Art. Then follow these small works, of which the titles only can be given. No. 1232, 'The Triumph of Judith,' J. S. WESTMACOTT, either bronze or coloured plaster; being the apex of the pyramid, it cannot be examined. No. 1234, 'Alfred the Great'—bronze statuette, H. ARMSTEAD. No. 1235, 'Ideal bust of a Warrior'—marble, W. D. JONES. No. 1236, 'Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, Bart.'—bronze statuette, BARON MAROCHETTI. No. 1238, 'William the Conqueror'—bronze statuette, H. ARMSTEAD. No. 1239, 'The adopted sketch for a statue of Caxton, to be erected in the Westminster Palace Hotel, part of which building stands on the site of Caxton's house,' by JOSEPH DURHAM. No. 1240, 'Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston'—marble statuette, R. C. LUCAS. No. 1241, 'Christ Enthroned; his Birth, Death, and Ascension; St. Peter on his right, St. Paul on his left,' R. L. BOULTON. No. 1243, 'Frolic,' W. C. MARSHALL, R.A. No. 1244, 'Thomas Fairbairn, Esq.'—bronze medallion, T. WOOLNER. No. 1245, 'Lady Harrington and her son, Lord Petersham'—sketch for a portrait group, T. THORNYCROFT. No. 1246, 'Group of Mare and Deer-hound,' C. MCCARTHY. Of these there are certain works—in plaster or executed in bronze or marble—justly estimable as pieces of cabinet sculpture, composed with such nicety as to lines and quantities, that even with the same proportionate adjustments, they would be equally appreciable in heroic or life stature.

To turn to the larger works, No. 1248 is 'The Good Samaritan,' C. B. BIRCH, a subject so unsuitable for round sculpture, that it has never been our good fortune to see a successful version of it. In bas-relief it is more tractable; but here, as in other instances, the nude and the draped are not reconciled, and, unfortunately, the drapery of the Samaritan is so heavy as to make the opposition more sensibly felt. No. 1249, 'The Expulsion,' W. C. MARSHALL, R.A., has been modelled to be viewed from the left, on which side the firmness of the muscular and positive tendencies of the linear expression describe, on the part of Adam, rather an orgasm of rage than the subdued and bursting agony of despair. Adam appears to tear his hair. If this be not the action proposed, the arrangement is faulty, because it suggests that action; if it be the action intended, it would seem to be an act too scenic for the subject. Both figures present everywhere surfaces and lines of infinite beauty. No. 1250, 'Innocence,' L. A. MALEMPRE. In feeling, this statue is throughout identifiable with antique relics, but the extremely thick eyelids is a trick of the modern French school. The title is illustrated by a girl playing with a viper, that is twisted round her wrist. No. 1252, 'The Love Chase,' E. G. PAPWORTH, Jun. A girl with an Italian greyhound, which has leaped up to her shoulder to express its joy at having found its mistress, who had hidden herself. No. 1253, 'The Bard of Coila,' P. SLATER, is a bust of Burns, crowned with holly, according to the idea in the poet's "Vision." It is a good subject, and some surprise may be expressed that it has never occurred before to Scottish artists, so many of whom have searched Burns through and through for subject-matter. Much more might have been made of the idea. The hair

in importance supersedes the wreath. No. 1255, 'Emily and the White Doe of Rylestone,' F. M. MILLER. A very carefully modelled statuette, showing Emily seated, and the doe by her side. No. 1256, 'Happiness,' J. HANCOCK. This is a light figure of a girl dancing or skipping, with an advancing movement. She is looking at a small flower that she holds in her left hand. An hilarious vacuity is fully established, and the figure has many elegant points. No. 1257, J. BELL, is a private soldier of the brigade of Guards in heavy marching order, as those troops fought at Inkermann, being one of the figures intended to be cast in bronze, as forming a portion of the Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place. The proposition in this figure is an illustration of those qualities which stood our troops in such good stead against the fearful odds that were led against them. A statue of Dr. Isaac Barrow, No. 1258, by M. NOBLE, presents the subject seated, resting the left hand on a book poised edgewise on the thigh, the left hand hanging down. It is an impressive work. No. 1259, a monumental effigy of Queen Catherine Parr, is a recumbent figure in marble, laid straight, and with the palms of the hands together, like the ancient monuments: it is the work of J. B. PHILIP. No. 1261 is the model of the colossal statue of Newton, which has been erected in bronze at Grantham. The form is erect, and holds in the left hand a mathematical figure, on which he is lecturing. The expression of the features is somewhat dark, from the head being thrown forward; had the countenance been raised, the result must have been light, language, and address: it is the work of W. THEED. 'Morning Dew,' No. 1264, one of a series of alti-relievi, representing the Hours, in course of execution for the hall of Bridgewater House, by order of the Earl of Ellesmere. The figure, by H. BANDEL, is modelled with extreme elegance of form; her wings are extended upwards, and the dew falls in drops from her extended hands. The flight of the owl indicates morning, or the subject would be difficult of interpretation: the lower limbs might perhaps have been disposed in better lines and forms, but it is a work of infinite beauty. No. 1266, 'Evangeline at the Jesuits' Mission beyond the Ozark Mountains,' &c., F. M. MILLER, is a figure full of earnest expression; it has been most carefully modelled, but it is not a subject well suited for sculpture. 'Daphne,' No. 1269, a marble statue by M. Wood, presents the nymph turned into a laurel. An idea very similar to this is extant, we think, in an antique bas-relief in the museum at Naples. Parts of the figure are charmingly modelled and carved, but it is an error to place the figure in the easy *pose* of resting on the left leg while being turned into the tree: moreover, the projecting side seems too bulky. 'The Parting of Paul and Virginia,' No. 1270, J. DURHAM, is a group in which is consummated the essence of the characters. Virginia argues that it is the will of God she should depart. "But can you go," was Paul's reply, "and leave me here? We have had one eradle only, and one home." Virginia is turned from him, but Paul has passed his arm round her waist, as if he would ever there hold her. This finely sculptured and happily-conceived work is undoubtedly the "gem" of the exhibition; it is charming in feeling, and has been executed with exceeding truth: the group, therefore, will greatly aid to raise the excellent sculptor to high rank. No. 1271, 'Reveil de l'Amour,' J. GEEFS, exhibits Cupid on his mother's knee, an arrangement that carries us back to the sickly classicities of the *Lonis Quatorze*, and which no excellence of execution could render agreeable. An admirable statue in marble is No. 1272, P. HOLLINS, 'Thomas Hol-

loway, Esq.' It is the portrait of a gentleman who has obtained no small share of notoriety, for his name is known everywhere throughout the globe. The catalogue states that it is "intended for a charitable institution to be founded by him"—a good way of expending the fortune he is understood to have made by ministering to the diseased fanes of millions. Few more excellent works in marble than this have been produced by British sculptors. No. 1273, by G. FONTANA, is similar in character to No. 1271, and called 'Cupid Captured by Venus,' and represents Cupid held in a net by his mother. For such subjects taste has been long exploded, and we confess some surprise at their elaborate execution in marble. No. 1279, 'Model of the Memorial in Badminton Church to the late Duchess of Beaufort,' J. EDWARDS. A composition of excellent and appropriate taste. No. 1282, 'Cromwell,' a marble statue, half-life size, by S. LEITCHFIELD, represents Cromwell with one foot much advanced, both hands supported by his sword, before him, and holding a Bible. It is somewhat forced in character, but is nevertheless an excellent work. No. 1296, 'The Young Emigrant,' E. G. PARWORTH, Sen., is a statue of a child—broad, simple, and beautiful. No. 1298, by J. H. FOLEY, R.A., 'Model of part of a monument erected by his surviving children to the memory of John Jones, Esq., of Crosswood, near Welshpool,' contains three female figures contemplating in sorrow the tomb of their departed father. They are charming in character, and the features are full of the most refined and touching expression. 'The Field of the Cloth of Gold,' No. 1325, W. THEED, is a model in alto-relievo, forming part of a series of subjects from English history, executed in bronze for the Palace of Westminster, by order of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Fine Arts. This is most carefully modelled: such works will do credit to the Honse of Parliament. No. 1326, by J. THOMAS, 'Briseis,' a statue in marble, forms part of a chimney-piece, for John Holdsworth, Esq., of Glasgow; and No. 1332 is 'Thetis,' also a statue in marble, executed for the same destination: they are works of great merit; the taste which gives such commissions cannot be too highly lauded.

Of the busts, No. 1285, 'The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,' J. D. CRITTENDEN, is a painful error in everything relative to the art. No. 1286, 'Mrs. Winn Knight,' J. HANCOCK, is agreeably animated and expressive. No. 1290, 'Signor Mario, as Duca di Mantova, in "Rigoletto,"' by C. F. FULLER, is one of those errors of taste and judgment which sometimes become conspicuous from very extravagance. 'D. Maelise, Esq., R.A.,' J. THOMAS, a marble bust, admirably executed, and very like the subject. 'W. P. Frith, Esq., R.A.,' also by J. THOMAS, equally striking as to likeness. Then there are No. 1299, 'Lord Brougham,' J. E. JONES; No. 1301, 'The late Venerable John Williams, Archdeacon of Cardigan,' J. EDWARDS; No. 1309, 'John Probert, Esq., Founder and Treasurer of the Royal Medical Benevolent College,' E. W. WYON; No. 1320, 'John Edmund Reade'—marble bust, T. BUTLER; No. 1321, 'An African Head,' H. WEEKES, A.; No. 1322, 'George Samuel, Esq.,' E. A. FOLEY; No. 1327, 'The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury'—marble bust, M. NOBLE; No. 1330, 'George Stephenson'—marble, E. W. WYON; No. 1339, 'Miss Mary Warburton Waters,' E. A. FOLEY; No. 1346, 'George M. Jones, M.R.C.S.,' P. MACDOWELL, R.A.; No. 1347, 'The late Duke of Marlborough,' H. WEEKES, A. The sculptural works number 151, among which there is a dearth of conceptions of exalted aspiration, the general tone of the sculpture coinciding with that of the rest of the exhibition.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE SISTERS.

Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Painter. R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver.

Size of the Picture 1 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. by 1 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

No one who is thoroughly conversant with the works of Sir Charles Eastlake would be likely to attribute this picture to any other hand, so completely does it bear the impress of those qualities which characterise the President's style,—his elegance of composition, his delicacy of feeling, and tenderness of colouring, which here almost amounts to feebleness. The figures are, we have heard, portraits of two sisters, maidens of English birth and blood, but they are so like some of the females which the painter has introduced into other works, and are so Italianised, as it were, that one is apt to imagine they have served as favourite models for several of his pictures; certain it is that he has brought his feeling for Italian art into his representation of these aristocratic descendants of Saxon lineage. We have spoken of the colouring as having a tendency to weakness, but it is only by comparison with that we are accustomed to see from the hands of the best painters of the English school, and also by comparison with many of the pictures painted by the President himself, whose most important works,—those which he produced in the zenith of his practice,—are remarkably rich, though not brilliant, in colour; forcible, but not overpowering. Moreover, there is in this picture such a beautiful harmony of tints throughout the whole, that it in a great measure compensates for the absence of that other quality—power, which many consider as absolutely essential to good painting. The features of the "Sisters" are very lovely, eloquently expressive of gentle birth, intelligence, and sweetness of temper, discoursing with abundant earnestness the language of the heart.

Almost all the works of Sir Charles Eastlake manifest a feeling that has its origin in his love of early Italian art; and who that has studied it in the best examples—those which exhibit but little indication of the influence of Greek or Byzantine art—is not impressed with the pure and exalted sentiments that animated the spirits of those old painters? "If," says M. Rio, in his "Poetry of Christian Art," "we consider painting in the periods of its development as the imperfect but progressive expression—the voice, as it were, of the nations of modern Europe, before the formation of their language; if we reflect that in these rude works were deposited the strongest and purest emotions of their hearts, as well as the liveliest creations of their imaginations; that it was their hope and intention that these despised works should be immortal, and render undying testimony to their enthusiasm and faith; we become less severe in our criticism of the various kinds of merit, the union of which constitutes, in our judgment, a *chef-d'œuvre*, and, fixing our attention less closely on the surface of things, we endeavour to penetrate more deeply into their nature." It is because we accustom ourselves to look too much for the external evidences of good art—its mere mechanism, as it were—and too little for the mind and soul of the painter, that these inspirations of the early masters leave so unfavourable and unworthy an impression upon us. In a word, ours is an age in which both artists, and they who profess to love art, have little community of feeling with those who lived four or five centuries before us.

The types of the President's style of painting are found in the Venetian school when it was still under the influence of the traditions of Christian art, and had not imbibed that voluptuousness—the word is used here in its most refined sense—of manner which at a subsequent period characterised its disciples: even in those works which do not strictly represent religious subjects, such as his "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome," there is a devotional feeling and a solemnity of treatment that almost justifies their being included under such a title. Other living painters may possibly make stronger appeals to popular admiration, but the best pictures by Sir C. Eastlake will always win the suffrages of the discriminating few.

"The Sisters" is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, P. R. A. PINXT.

R. GRAVES, A. R. A. SCULPT.

THE SISTERS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER-COLOURS.

IN consequence of the lateness of Easter this year, the opening of this exhibition was postponed a week, so as to be first accessible to the public simultaneously with that of the Royal Academy, a coincidence which may have fallen out in earlier years, but certainly not in the later history of the institution. The private views were held on consecutive days—the 29th and 30th of April. The Society show an assemblage of works as brilliant as has ever been seen on its walls, and on a general survey, there appears more of equality than on previous occasions. The line presents a succession of excellent works, but above and below the line there are productions which might be placed by the side of those of the highest class—a circumstance which shows that the members could fill a much larger space than that which is at their disposal. There has been evinced here for some time past, both in figure and landscape, a progressive tendency to earnestness and reality which develops the most satisfactory results. In figure composition, those who especially distinguish themselves are Gilbert, Burton, Topham, Nash, Frederick Tayler, Miss Gillies, and Riviere; and in landscape, marine, and local description, those who especially earn distinction are Harding, Holland, Cox, Duncan, Newton, Davidson, Branwhite; with others in flowers and fruit, as Hunt and Bartholomew. Among the minor landscape drawings there are no examples of easy slipshod sketching; and even in such works as may be designated failures, the errors are not of the free-and-easy kind—the artists having been particularly laborious in going wrong. The works of two of the most distinguished of the members will be missed from the walls—neither Jenkins nor Haag contribute: both are figure painters; had they supplied their usual quota, there would have been at least a dozen or sixteen more of first-class figure subjects. But, to proceed to detail, we commence with—

No. 9. 'Stepping-Stones on the Llugwy—Moel Siabod in the Distance,' C. BRANWHITE. The masterly *meccanique* of this artist claims generally all the admiration which is elicited by his works: but in this case there is more of nature than is usually found in them. The composition presents very simply two breadths, the lower of shade, the upper of light—the higher objects catching the rays of the descending sun.

No. 13. * * * * C. DAVIDSON.

"Ye happy, happy trees,
That in perpetual ease
Stand in the soil where ye as saplings grew," &c.

These verses of Mackay supply both title and theme to a drawing which we find much more subdued than the intense sunny verdure we have been accustomed to heretofore. The drawing of the branches is extremely careful; but the lights want spirit and breadth. It looks like a study made on the spot.

No. 16. 'A Trumpeter,' JOHN GILBERT. A grand figure, so excellent as to evoke the closest examination of the rest of the drawing, and on finding a flaw or two, we revert to the trumpeter himself, and forget all the rest. He is rather a cavalier than a roundhead, and his open sleeve places him above the rank of a trumpeter. His horse looks some ribs too short; but if the hip of the animal were touched down, it would puzzle a very close observer to detect this. The manipulation presents curious passages of despotic handling—there is body-colour over pure water-colour, and water-colour over body colour, inasmuch that the horse's mane looks as if it were mildewed. The man and horse are relieved by a dark sky.

We fancy another hand must have been at work on this drawing—it seems to have been touched upon by one Diego Velasquez.

No. 20. 'The Highland Emigrant's Last Look at Loch Lomond,' MARGARET GILLIES. The touching sentiment with which this lady qualifies her works is of a nature to give its full force to a subject such as this. The emigrant is an aged man, who sits on the mountain-side absorbed in mournful thoughts: a title is not necessary to declare it a sorrowful leaving.

No. 22. 'The Life-Boat,' E. DUNCAN. This is a coast-scene in a storm, with a ship already in the breakers driving ashore. On the sands appear a number of people dragging the life-boat, as about to render assistance to the fated craft. In this admirable drawing, the sea and the sky are triumphant passages of expression; the vulgar resource of heavy fore-sea waves has no place here; without these we feel the hurricane, and taste the salt spray. The view takes the eye along the coast; and never have we seen any similar description in which the vehement raging of the sea was so perfectly sustained throughout. If Turner's name were to this drawing, it would be esteemed the best, the most intelligible of his wrecks. It is throughout pure water-colour.

No. 26. 'Spanish Gossip,' F. W. TOPHAM. The subject is a various agroupment at the door of a posada apparently, where we are introduced to a muleteer, a centre-piece in a bouquet (that is, artistically speaking) of Spanish women, who are very skilfully disposed in composition, with a charming play of reflected lights. The *locale*, with its archway and all its curiosities of architecture, is brought forward, it may be presumed, just as the artist found it.

No. 31. 'Wreckers, Coast of South Wales,' E. DUNCAN. This drawing forms an unexceptionable pendant to the other, No. 22, just noticed. A large vessel is cast ashore, and a number of the coast inhabitants are busied in breaking her up and appropriating the timbers. There are qualities in this work equal to 'The Life-Boat.'

No. 36. 'The Cannoch Burn,' JAMES HOLLAND. The subject is a deep, dark, cddyng pool in a limestone basin: a very powerful sketch, never touched apparently since it was put into the portfolio on the spot.

No. 38. 'Thatching the Haystack,' C. DAVIDSON. There is no ambition in this drawing, save that of reproducing the farmyard, in which the haystack is being covered. It shows a more generous treatment, with colour more ingenuous than appears in No. 13.

No. 41. 'Interior of the Church of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg,' S. READ. This drawing transcends every former effort of the artist. The prominent feature of the composition is the famous pix in the Church of St. Lawrence, which rises relieved by the more deeply-toned walls, and the painted windows of the edifice. It is a difficult subject to deal with, and might easily have become offensively rigid; but here it falls into the composition, and yet is sufficiently important.

No. 43. 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' JOSEPH NASH. It is because Mr. Nash is a *cinque* and a *sei-centist* that he is open to the suspicion of intending a joke here. The title is Scott's, and it can never be applied otherwise than in reference to Scott's verse. Mr. Nash's minstrel is infirm and old, certainly, but he wears continuations which at the present day may be seen in every shire in these kingdoms. The ladies are too closely packed, and there is too much light; the decorations of the room have been studied more than the effect of the drawing.

No. 44. 'Head of Loch Lomond, with Ben Lomond in the Distance,' P. J. NAFFEL. Well

selected for variety of line and quantity; but it is carried out so absolutely that there is no hook wherein we can escape the impertinences of the art. The entire surface wants softening.

No. 46. 'Don Quixote Disarmed by the Waiting-Women of the Duchess,' JOSEPH NASH. Why has this admirable subject never been painted by Leslie or MacIise? It merits something beyond a water-colour drawing, and with a Quixote some twelve heads high. Again, everything bustles into light—yet there is great piquancy in everything which Mr. Nash touches.

No. 49. 'Interior of the Middle or Lower Church of St. Francesco, Assisi,' E. A. GOODALL. This is the church that was decorated by Perugino. It reminds the traveller of St. Stephen's, at Vienna, or it may be somewhat more crypt-like. The character of the ancient frescoes is rendered with perfect exactitude. The subject is very rarely treated, although more pictorial than a long catalogue of the lofty churches.

No. 51. 'A Father and Daughter,' MARGARET GILLIES. The story is simple and perspicuous: they are contemplating the portrait of one departed—the wife and the mother—and the features of both coincide in expression of emotion; but their language is different—for there is a light and an exaltation in the features of the girl, that speak of her as less dwelling on the picture than communing with her mother in the spirit.

No. 54. 'Lake of Thun—Evening,' S. P. JACKSON. An essay less fortunate than his coast-subjects. In nine out of ten times when we see Alpine scenery, the lower section of the view is kept low in tone, while the mountains, with their snowy mantles, are thrown up into light,—*sic omnes*.

No. 56. 'Preaching in the Crypt,' G. DODGSON. A masterly sketch, mysterious and impressive, inasmuch as to fix the attention, although so slight.

No. 57. 'Kidwelly Castle, South Wales,' G. FRIPP. A small drawing, broad, substantial, harmonious.

No. 68. 'Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, Antwerp,' S. READ. Principally the well-known screen; beautiful in colour and graceful in proportion. The tone of the screen admits of the full daylight effect.

No. 72. 'Scotch Prisoners taken at a Conventicle—the subject suggested by Sir Walter Scott's tale of "Old Mortality,"' FRED. TAYLER. Translated *literatim* according to the spirit of the history: there is the cart containing the minister and a part of his congregation, all the men being manacled. They are accompanied by an escort of Claverhouse's troopers. The allusion is patent: the supposition has been too frequently a reality, with greater atrocities than are even hinted at here.

No. 73. * * * * D. COX. A quotation stands here in the place of a title to a large drawing, the breadth of which presents a rocky river-bed, over which the water flows foaming in full volume. A very powerful sketch, as dark as any by its author. The surface shows a number of creases, as if the drawing had been folded, or pasted together.

No. 75. 'In St. Eucharius' Chapel, Nuremberg,' F. W. BURTON. The colour of this drawing is nearly that of the chapel itself; and truly, with any knowledge of the management of gradations, colour other than veritable local tint could be dispensed with. Great elevation is obtained by carrying one of the columns upwards out of the composition.

No. 84. 'Darley Churchyard,' D. COX. How temptingly easy it looks to make a drawing of a churchyard, with a tree in the centre, a regiment of spectral tombstones, and a full moon looking very red through the lowest and most earthy stratum of atmosphere: many have

essayed a poem like this, but very few have achieved such a success as we see here.

No. 83. 'The Stepmother,' ALFRED D. FRIPP. The stepmother is a peasant girl, and her stepchild is a very young calf, which, it may be supposed, lost its fond mother by some vaccine casualty. A very pleasing figure, good-tempered and happy in her office. The calf will never miss its natural parent.

No. 92. 'The Valley of Chamouni,' J. D. HARDING. In this work the valuable points of landscape scenery which it presents are dealt with in that masterly feeling which is ever recognisable in the works of Mr. Harding. Chamouni were nothing without Mont Blanc; we have, therefore, a view of the summit of the mountain mingling with the clouds.

No. 103. 'Summer Shade,' G. DODGSON. The shade is that which visitors, if they choose, may enjoy under the group of trees near the steps on the terrace of Haddon. It is one of the best versions of the place that have of late been exhibited.

No. 104. 'The Fisher Boy,' WALTER GOODALL. A sea-side agroupment, consisting of the said fisher boy and a girl, holding a child that is wondering at the movements of a crab, which the boy holds up to its observation. The figures, and all the sea-side material, are very honestly rendered.

No. 108. 'Part of the Rath-Haus and Street—Scene at Paderborn, Westphalia,' J. BURGESS, Jun. This is a portion of the side of the town-hall which was built in the seventeenth century, with a glimpse of one of the numerous fountains for which the place is celebrated. No. 116 is a front view of the Rath-Haus, given as it is, and without qualification.

No. 117. 'The Pet,' ALFRED D. FRIPP. The two figures in this drawing have been washed so much that they sustain themselves with difficulty against the more substantial background. The pet is a goat, which the younger of the two is leading.

No. 119. 'Moonrise,' C. BRANWHITE. Successful in the simplicity of the effect, which, like No. 9, consists of an opposing light and dark. The drawing would have been more effective had it been smaller.

No. 121. 'Scene in Glen Morrison,' T. M. RICHARDSON. The "scene" is a wild gorge, through which occurs the downward rush of a rapid stream over a wild confusion of rocks resembling the ruins of a former world. There are numerous points of light which allow the eye no rest.

No. 122. 'Street of the Blacksmiths, Genoa,' E. A. GOODALL. A narrow street, picturesque with every irregularity of Italian street architecture,—irresistible as a subject even to a figure painter.

No. 123. 'Nature's Mirror,' WALTER GOODALL. Two girls at the brink of a pond, one assisting the other to adjust a water-lily as a head ornament by the aid of the reflection in the water. The figures are well rounded, and opposed to a piece of landscape of much sweetness.

No. 125. 'Sir Andrew Aguecheek writes a Challenge,' JOHN GILBERT. The matter in hand is rather Sir Toby Belch reading the challenge to Fabian and Maria, while Sir Andrew stands a little apart, his very attitude a menace and a challenge to any bystander. Mr. Gilbert this year throws off the mask entirely; we have hitherto had but glimpses of his thigh and muscle, he is now fairly *en pose*. His oil-pictures are beaten out of the field by his own water-colours. It cannot be supposed—it were by no means desirable—that he should attempt a higher finish than is found here; his precious etching is only seen when we search for it, and very felicitous it is in every touch. The feet of Sir Andrew look as if the artist had condescended to the lay figure—

he may yet relent to the living model. In a picture of such excellence the eye is fretted by even small weaknesses; but now for the error of the drawing, and that is not a small one. We would gladly listen to Sir Toby, but the background is too loud—it is one surface of restless flutter, depriving the figures of their presence and address. When the eye passes to the 'Trumpeter' (pity that fine fellow is a non-combatant), the question is at once put, can the same mind have conceived both pictures? Again, there is No. 132, 'The Banquet at Lucentio's House,' a gem in all but the background. Bouquets of vulgar roses and camellias are showered in heaps on this artist; we cast him one coronal of laurel.

No. 128. 'The Widow of Wöhlm,' F. W. BURTON. A group of two figures, the widow and her daughter, brilliant in flesh tint, and painted with sincere feeling, without a thought of dalliance with a single circumstance that could rob the widow and her child of one throb of sympathy. It is, however, a singular oversight, that both faces should be turned the same way. It is a work of great power.

No. 136. 'The Park,' J. D. HARDING. One of those passages of landscape art which afford scope for the power of the painter—a passage of close scenery in the home grounds of a castellated mansion; consisting of a water-course divided by an islet, and shaded by aged and lofty trees. To earnest inquiry this picture is a mirror of the variegated thought that has filled the mind of the artist in its execution; every form, every gradation has its voice in the recital. While the effects are pronounced, the subtlety of the execution alone is inscrutable.

No. 140. 'The Sizar and the Ballad Singer,' F. W. TOPHAM. An admirable subject, paintable literally in all its circumstances. When poor Goldsmith was a student at Trinity College, Dublin, his habits even then were by no means provident, and, to save himself from actual starvation, he used to write ballads, and sell them for five shillings each at the "Reindeer Repository," in Mountrath Court. And now for the theme. It was his pleasure to steal out at night to hear his verses sung in the streets, and here we find him giving a halfpenny to the little sister of a girl who is singing one of these ballads. This is not the least affecting incident in the life of poor Goldie.

No. 145. 'Fruit,' V. BARTHOLOMEW. Realized with all the tempting freshness with which this artist always qualifies his fruit—in this case, a pine, plums, a melon, grapes, &c., and, in No. 177, gooseberries, plums, apples, &c.

No. 168. 'Rue de la Grosse Horloge, Rouen,' W. CALLOW. It would be impossible to say how many times this famous *tour* has been painted; but it has never been more effectively represented.

No. 171. 'Carnarvonshire Mountains, from near Bettwys-y-coed,' D. COX, Jun. A large drawing; more perfect in its breadth, and imposing in character, than, perhaps, anything that has ever been exhibited under this name.

No. 176. 'At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Sussex,' T. M. RICHARDSON. The view gives the line of coast towards Eastbourne and Beachy Head; but the feature of the drawing is the heavy sea that is beating on the beach.

No. 180. 'A Merchantman riding out a Gale on a Lec-shore,' S. P. JACKSON. This is the class of subject in which the artist excels. The ship is well-drawn, and seems likely to hold out; but what becomes of her at the ebb, for it seems now high-water, and she is all but ashore?

No. 181. 'First Approach of Winter—Scene, Inverloch Castle, Inverness-shire,' A. P. NEWTON. In character the subject is very like that contributed last year under this name. A

more perfect representation of snow on a mountain-side has never been achieved. Here and there, where the rock crops out, it is not made a spot, but it looks black enough, and is felt sufficiently hard; and, again, the sky—the air looks full of snow; and withal there is no parade—none of the idle pomp of execution. The nicety of the work is beyond all praise, although in some degree it approaches the photographic. This perfection of painting throughout the landscape makes the two small figures look more faulty than they are. These are the spot in the work—they are very feebly drawn.

No. 182. 'On Rannoch Moor, Argyleshire,' T. M. RICHARDSON. Treated in an excellent spirit; brilliant and effective.

No. 194. 'Lake of Como, from Menagio—Early Morn,' W. C. SMITH. We look down on the lake from a gallery, but the view is superseded by the sky, which is proposed as the point of the picture—it is, although pale, very powerful.

No. 197. 'Striking the Bargain—An Irish Fair,' H. P. RIVIERE. A composition of numerous figures; the most important that the artist has painted. The fair is held in the open; and the society into which we fall, in the foreground, is most happily national. The bargain is for a pig, which a girl sells to some eminent dealer or agriculturist.

On the screens NASH again shines in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' two subjects; and by W. HUNT there are many drawings quite equal to his very best efforts; as also several of great merit by E. A. GOODALL, F. W. TOPHAM, MARGARET GILLIES, FREDERICK TAYLER, T. M. RICHARDSON, BURTON, a brilliant view of Venice, by HOLLAND, &c., &c., which our limited space does not permit us to particularise.

Perhaps the best evidence of the popularity of this exhibition is the number of works marked "sold;" they numbered, at the private view, one hundred and seventy-eight.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

UPON a certain Saturday in April we look for the private view of this exhibition—that Saturday nearest the middle of the month; and for years the prescription has been observed. If a balance be instituted, it will be found that the room presents a show of average merit; for, if the few more ambitious figure subjects fail in some points, there is compensation in the highest class landscape drawings. Since Mr. Haghe has taken up the oil-palette we feel the absence of his splendid essays: he exhibits only one drawing of importance—a subject from Scott's novel, "Woodstock," which has not the careful finish of former pictures. Mr. Corbould paints from Tennyson a 'Dream of Fair Women,' and sets before us Cleopatra, Jephthah's daughter, Helen, Fair Rosamond, and others—a theme more difficult of treatment in painting than in poetry, especially with the realism of Mr. Corbould's conceptions. Mr. Warren paints a figure from the first lines of "Paradise and the Peri;" a work which, if not entirely successful, is distinguished by many beauties. Also from the poetry of Moore Mr. Tidey exhibits a composition, 'The Feast of Roses,'—a result of much thoughtful labour; and by Mole and Lee there are domestic incidents wherein the figures are most conscientiously made out. The landscape, marine, and sylvan material, by Bennett, Cook, E. Warren, Fahey, Pidgeon, &c., attest fine feeling, and the power to carry it out, and many of the smaller varieties have every admirable quality.

No. 2. 'Close of Day—Returning Home, West Coast of Cornwall,' S. COOK. This and No. 6 are, as to material, the same subjects, but the latter is a morning effect. It is a rocky coast scene, with a prominent cliff in the centre of the drawing. The sky is spotted with light and dark clouds, which are settling for the night; the tide is retiring to its proper ocean bed, and a few now mute sea-birds are seeking their lodging in the cliffs. The sentiment is most impressive, and the success of the evening version reduces the interest of the morning effect.

No. 18. 'Ancient Aqueduct across the River Meles, Smyrna,' D. H. M'KEWAN. This aqueduct, with a mixed course of Gothic and Roman arches, crosses a gorge running perspectively into the composition. The drawing is interesting as presenting a view of a remarkable architectural relic.

No. 32. 'In the Fields,' E. G. WARREN. It is not sufficiently apparent that we are in the fields here, as it would appear that we are under the shade of an immediate clump of beeches—trees extremely difficult to paint, the weak part of all pictures of beeches being the individuality of the leaves. It is a careful study, worked out, it would seem, on the spot.

No. 36. 'Leisure Hour at the Smithy,' HARRISON WEIR. The subject is a couple of horses waiting the *devoirs* of the blacksmith: they are well drawn and characteristic; both look as if they had done their work. The drawing is well put together, but the execution seems to have been the difficulty.

No. 41. 'Roslyn Chapel,' JOHN CHASE. True, it is very green, but the vegetation sorely importunes the eye. In the drawing, its proportions look larger than the reality; but this were not remarkable had there been somewhat more of poetry in the rendering: historians and poets have done with it—it is now the copyhold of painters only.

No. 45. 'A Willing Ear,' J. H. MOLE. A rustic group—maid and youth "fore-gathered" at a stile; the "willing ear" is, of course, that of the girl, and the subject of their discourse is the *vexata questio* of the youthful heart: they may speak in whispers, but we hear every word they utter.

No. 49. 'The Rath-Haus, Prague,' THOMAS S. BOYS. This view of the quaint old town-hall, with its tower and innumerable windows, is taken from that part of the Great Ring which brings the pillar of the Virgin into the composition on the left. A subject of much picturesque interest.

No. 53. 'Cromwell,' L. HAGHE. This is the scene from Scott's novel, "Woodstock," in which Wildrake witnesses the interruption of Cromwell's contemplation of the portrait of Charles I., and hears the deprecatory appeal of the Protector's daughter, "Father, this is not well; you have promised me this should not happen." Cromwell is our accepted ideal of the Protector; his eyes are fixed upon the picture, and his frame and features are convulsed with emotion, as his daughter gently takes his hand. In this branch of art, Mr. Haghe is at home: the composition, character, and effect are admirable, but the heads are not so well executed as formerly; the female head has been forgotten—it is little more than marked in. Scott's Roger Wildrake is the most perfect conception of the reckless cavalier; but the figure in this drawing is not the Roger Wildrake of Squattlessea Meer, Lincoln, who was young, handsome, and, as the times went, a gentleman; but not one of these qualifications has this embodiment.

No. 57. 'The Skirts of a Wood, Wooton, Surrey,' J. W. WHYMPER. A large drawing of a close sylvan subject, treated more successfully than any similar theme we have ever seen exhibited under this name.

No. 61. 'An Emcute at Louvain in the Olden Time,' L. HAGHE. This, or something very like it, is the subject of one of Mr. Haghe's series of lithographs descriptive of remarkable pieces of architecture in Belgium. The scene is the street in front of the Hotel de Ville, which is attacked by an armed mob, and defended by the authorities, between whom the conflict is raging with a sanguinary and a fatal issue. The figures are very spirited in their action.

No. 67. 'The Junction of the Greta and the Tees, Yorkshire,' W. BENNETT. This is high up the river, above Barnard Castle, where its most picturesque features are found. It is principally the bed of the Tees that is here seen, cumbered with heavy blocks of stone, which break the course of the gentle summer stream. The river-bed lies between overhanging masses of foliage, that we may assume to be entirely elm, for there is no descriptive individuality. It is a powerful and effective drawing.

No. 73. 'The Peri,' HENRY WARREN. It is scarcely necessary to say that the subject is—

"One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate," &c.;

but the head of the Peri does not realize the ideal conveyed by Moore's verse; the face is round, chubby, and wants poignancy of expression; and the hair, as it does not fit the head, suggests rather a peruke than natural hair. These defects are not difficult to remedy; if the face were inspirited, the drawing would be one of the best Mr. Warren has ever produced. The architecture is Moresque where it should more properly have been Christian; but the draperies, flowers, and general character of the picture are admirable.

No. 88. 'Lost in the Woods,' E. G. WARREN. It is a child that has lost its way, but the interest is in the woods, not in the child. The whole of the lower section of the drawing lies in shade under the tall trees, and the tone is forced into depth; but its breadth is most satisfactory, as abounding with an infinity of herbage and leafage, each item of which is painted out to the life. The depth, as we have implied, of the shade is not true, but never was untruth more fascinating.

No. 92. * * * * WILLIAM LEE. The theme is a mother teaching her child to pray—a suggestion of the lines of Montgomery—

"And beautiful beyond compare,
An infant kneeling down to prayer!
When lifting up its little hands,
The soul beyond the age expands."

The composition contains four figures—a French fishing family; the interest being centred in a child at its mother's knee, in the act of prayer. All the faces are executed with the utmost delicacy of execution, and the other qualities of the drawing constitute it a production of much excellence.

No. 96. 'Edinburgh Old Town,' G. SIMONAU. The subject is an agroupment of old houses in a wynd debouching on the Canongate, or some other of Reekie's historical highways. It is really a drawing of force and character, most modest in colour, but palpable in substance. The left of the view is materially injured by a hideous form, like a wooden gable; the omission of this had been a venial, uay, a virtuous license.

No. 99. 'Marie Autoinette playing the Milkmaid at the Trianon,' E. MORIN. A composition with rather the qualities of a sketch than those of a picture. We are introduced to a throng of jauntily-dressed people, with whom the business of the hour is the most earnest trifling, and the flutter of the sketch is much in that feeling; it looks, by the way, like a satire on the life of one whose days closed in agony and bitterness.

No. 100. 'Fishing-Boats off the Public Gardens, Venice,' J. H. D'EGVILLE. This garden terrace, with an accompaniment of boats and figures, appears from time to time in exhibitions; but it always looks scenic, visionary—yet in this it is but in character with very much of the City of the Sea. It had been better even to have carried out this feeling; its matter of fact reduces the subject to *petitesse*.

No. 107. * * * * HENRY TIDEY.

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
We clam the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither."

We see at once that the old couple here are no other than John Anderson and his dame; the circumstances of the group declare this; but in the face of the old man there is a want of that intelligent *bon hommie* with which we are accustomed in imagination to qualify the features of John Anderson. The manipulation of the faces is skilful and effective, but the colour is monotonous.

No. 117. 'The Little Playfellows,' W. LEE. The playfellows are a child and a dog that are rolling together on the ground; there is also in the picture a *materfamilias*, not canine, but human, who regards with interest, and, perhaps, not without reproof, the fitful gambols of these two members of her household. The artist has succeeded perfectly in giving this really difficult incident with all its spirited naturalness.

No. 134. 'Florence—from San Miniato,' T. H. CROMEK. We are as weary of Florence, from this point, as of Venice from off the Piazza. We meet here with a goatherd of the Campagna—a personage never seen near Florence. There are twenty charming views from the Boboli Gardens, others from Fiesole, others from both shores of the Arno, below the city, but San Miniato is ever the spontaneous "littlelego" of every travelling sketcher who goes to Florence.

No. 142. 'Early Primroses,' FANNY HARRIS. The leaves, especially, of this simple bouquet are very truly painted.

No. 146. 'Prior Aymer and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert on their way to the House of Cedric the Saxon,' G. H. LAPORTE. The animals on which the chiefs of this cavalcade are mounted are admirably drawn; but we fear the refinements of breeding shown here were not those of the days of Cedric.

No. 152. 'British Horse Artillery dashing into Action,' GEORGE B. CAMPION. The spirit and truth of this drawing are undoubtedly results of experience and observation in Plumstead marshes.

No. 157. 'Sunset in Solitude,' T. LINDSAY. A composition of the kind called poetic, and wanting, therefore, all the incident of local identity. The material is a lake shut in by rocks, and a little removed from the broken foreground. The sentiment is what it is meant to be—romantic; but the heron is out of his place on a rock in the rear section of the composition.

No. 163. 'Divinity Chapel, Christ Church, Oxford,' J. S. PROUT. This drawing is not large enough to show the detail of the subject, which is, in reality, a portion of the splendid tomb of St. Frideswide in the "Dormitory." The treatment is simple, straightforward, and accurately descriptive.

No. 166. 'The Greenwood Shade,' H. MAPLESTONE. In giving a title to this drawing it has been forgotten that it is without one gleam of sunshine, and the idea of this defect causes us to feel the effect somewhat heavy.

No. 171. 'The Feast of Roses,' H. TIDEY. This is Feramorz's story of the lovers' quarrel, and their reconciliation on the occasion of the "Feast of Roses." The *locale* is not that

described in the poem, being more like a terrace on the Bosphorus than the vale of Cashmere. It is a rich composition, very successful in the oriental *abandon* which characterises it. The scene is brought forward under two lights: that of the moon, and that of the lamps that illumine the festival. It is somewhat too full of material, and could, therefore, well spare one or two redundant passages; its evidences, however, ample resource and good feeling in execution.

No. 178. 'An Oxfordshire Village—Gleaners Returning,' JAMES FAHEY. The subject is especially a line of thatched cottages that run into the picture, gay with the summer greenery of some ancient loving trees that look as if they had, for the best part of a century, clung for support to the white-washed walls. This class of habitation, with its outward maintenance and surroundings, we see nowhere but in England.

No. 181. 'Game Fowls,' CHARLES H. WEGGALL. We know nothing of the "points" of poultry, but these birds are life-like and symmetrical.

No. 182. 'Fishing-Boats—Venice,' WILLIAM TELBIN. A group of those boats that are now so well-known as Venetian, with snatches of the city as a background. The craft, with all their appointments, have been finished with great assiduity—without prejudice in anywise to the breadth of the work.

No. 192. 'The Mardol, Shrewsbury,' THOS. S. BOYS. Had these houses been a little less precise in execution, they had been more picturesque, as they approach the character of those valuable dirty old houses that are yet extant at Rouen and Abbeville.

No. 197. 'Hurstmonceaux, Sussex,' JOHN CHASE. Simply the two entrance towers over the dry moat; but they are not sufficiently dignified, and the colour of the brick is much brighter than here represented. The proportions, moreover, are very graceful in the reality.

No. 198. 'A Fisherman's Home,' J. H. MOLE. His home just overlooks the beach, and he is nursing one of his children—the wife forming also one of the *personae* of the scene, which is highly successful as a representation of domestic felicity in humble life.

No. 204. 'The Tees and Mottram Tower, Yorkshire,' W. BENNETT. The liquid space which does duty as sky in this drawing is so triumphant as an expression of air, that the trees are left entirely to themselves to assert their substance, which they do very impressively. It is a sunset of great power, affording us a distant view of the clear boulder-bedded river Tees, famous for lauding-nets, and brauding, the smallest of the *genus salmo*. A work of high character, earnest, simple, and natural.

No. 212. 'A Dream of Fair Women,' E. H. CORBOULD. The circumstances of poetic narrative cannot, in every case, be attempted *literatim*. In verse the material may be broadcast, and yet the verse may constitute a poem; but on canvas the subject cannot be irrelatively distributed, and so form a picture. The subject is from Tennyson, and the composition is the result of earnest thought and studious elaboration; but the artist knew that in isolating his figures he was outraging a fundamental principle of composition. It is not enough that it is a dream—it is not enough that in the poem the figures are disjunctively conjoined; in grave narrative it is a vicious experiment; in whimsical recital it would be scarcely tolerable. The composition, then, contains four principal figures, two of which especially are statuesque individualities, upright, independent, and honest haters of each other; the others, reclining on the ground, are equally at variance with each other and the

composition. The nearest is Cleopatra, but she has no speculation in her eyes, nor is she the voluptuous, fiery Egyptian queen of whom we can have but one idea. The history of Fair Rosamond and the vengeful phantom Eleanor is sufficiently perspicuous, but not so clear are those of Helen and Jephthah's daughter. Next to the want of unity in this work is the palpable presence of the figures. It cannot be doubted that when the poet wrote his dream that his mind was full of the "Inferno" of Dante, and the painter would have done better to have assumed in his work a tone more visionary.

No. 215. 'Haddon, from the Terrace,' JOHN CHASE. So frequently has Haddon been painted, that we seem to have a nodding acquaintance with every feature of the place.

No. 221. 'Venice in the Sixteenth Century—A Festival before the Palazzo D'Oro, Canale Grande,' CHARLES VACHER. These *feste* were necessarily a parade of gondolas, but the edict was not then in force enacting that they should all be painted black; thus we have them here of every possible hue. These façades, with the wear of centuries, do not look so fresh in fact as in this pleasant picture.

No. 222. 'Bamborough Castle, Northumberland,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. This is the view from the north, the drawing being principally a study of a rocky foreground, painted with firmness, to oppose an airy distance.

No. 224. 'On the Beach at Bonchurch,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. A sparkling trifle, pleasantly but too palpably artificial.

No. 227. 'Sunset on the Bernese Alps, as seen from Lucerne,' H. C. PIDGEON. This is always a difficult subject, and so unlike is it to everything of our own domestic scenery, as to seem in execution rather a brilliant vision than a verisimilitude of nature. This is scrupulously true in its relation to the reality.

No. 228. 'The Avenue, Evelyn Woods, Surrey,' EDMUND T. WARREN. The extremity of the avenue looking out to the open—the pith and point of the drawing being the three weird sunbeams that have alighted on the ground, and to which we apprehend much has been sacrificed. It is a careful drawing, and intended as an effort, though not perhaps so felicitous as others we have seen by the same hand.

No. 232. 'Light Cavalry Picquet Mounting—Videttes driven in, Crimea,' M. ANGELO HAYES. A spirited drawing of a party of Hussars, looking like the 5th, alarmed by the advance of the enemy in force.

No. 233. 'The Flight into Egypt,' HENRY WARREN. The scene is the banks of the Nile, with a view of the Pyramids. The Virgin, with the Infant Jesus, is mounted on the ass, and Joseph is in the act of procuring water from the river; the time is that of morning or evening twilight. The flatness and evenness of the broad tones of this drawing are laid with a perfect mastery of the material.

No. 240. 'Bold and Bashful,' EDWARD CORBOULD. "Bold" we may suppose to be the principal figure, that of a knight mounted, and wearing a suit of plate armour; and "Bashful" must be a couple of youthful maidens who have been surprised playing at horses with their little brother. Mr. Corbould shows his knowledge of the knightly equipment; but the subject is of little interest.

No. 250. 'Boppard, on the Rhine,' EDWARD RICHARDSON. The character of Rhine scenery is so unique as to be at once determinable: the distances look too far removed.

No. 254. 'Hardwick Park, and Ruins of the Old Hall,' W. BENNETT. The power of this drawing resides in the near trees, which look like oaks; but the character is not sufficiently definite. When trees are given so prominently,

there ought to be no doubt of their species. The principle of this artist, as shown in all his works, is simplicity of composition, treated with nervous firmness of handling; the result of which is always a palpable materialism that permanently impresses the mind.

No. 258. 'River Lleder, Valley of Dolwydellan, North Wales,' S. COOK. This artist may or may not be a drawing-master; if he be, he is to be congratulated that he has not fallen into the insipid amenities which too frequently distinguish practice in that branch of the profession. There are parts here which the rule of prettiness would have omitted, but they are naturally treated in their places, and therefore contribute to the identity.

No. 268. 'Part of the East Cliff, Hastings,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. The subject, in reality, is composed of a warm grey sandstone; but the drawing does not describe a material of the kind, but a cliff much of the colour of chalk. The drawing is neat in execution; but this is the facile *mecanique* of the art.

No. 272. 'Happy Nutting Days,' H. WARREN. A subject in every way different from those generally treated by this painter, whose predilections are so pronouncedly oriental. In this drawing and its subject there is a character which we humbly submit would be more popular than Mr. Warren's Eastern themes.

No. 277. 'Autumn,' J. H. PIDGEON. A sylvan subject, having the merit of appearing a faithful transcript of a veritable locality.

No. 280. 'Goodrich Castle,' JAMES FAHEY. The ruined towers, which form so attractive an agroupment from the Wye, are presented in the immediate foreground. We have never before seen the ruin painted from this side, and so near. It looks like an unqualified version of the subject.

No. 295. 'Wild Flowers and Bird's Nest,' MARY MARGETTS. The leaves and flowers in this agroupment are made out with a microscopic minuteness.

No. 297. 'Palazzo Facanoni, Venice,' W. TELBIN. A canal view, setting forth a characteristic façade of Venetian architecture.

No. 298. 'The Great Pyramid after Sunset,' H. WARREN. The name of the artist is a sufficient authority for the accuracy of the view; but in this drawing the sky is green—in the 'Flight into Egypt' the sky is blue.

No. 310. 'Preparing for Blind Mau's Buff,' EMILY FARMER. There is in this drawing much that is commendable. It is very careful; the daylight effect studiously—too studiously unbroken, and the colour extremely pure. The faces would have been improved by more positive markings, and the figures assisted by somewhat more of relief.

No. 312. 'The Adour, near Bagnères de Bigorre, Hautes Pyrenées,' W. WYLD. This is but a trifling sketch; something more might have been expected from such a reputation.

No. 316. 'Which hand will you have?' EMILY FARMER. Much of what has already been said in reference to No. 310 will apply here; the absence of markings in the faces is even more conspicuous than in the drawing already noticed.

No. 321. 'Gathering Mussels,' J. H. MOLE. A coast view, with figures in the best feeling of the artist.

No. 337. 'Sabbath Readings,' L. HAGHE. A family wearing the costume of the seventeenth century listening to one of their number reading the Scriptures. It is a small drawing, but so masterly in all its dispositions that we regret it is not a large one.

The number of drawings exhibited is 364, among which are examples of every class of subject; and really, in some of the small drawings, there is an earnestness of purpose which would have given importance to the subjects in a larger form.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VI.—TENBY, & C.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY BIRKET FOSTER,
E. A. BROOKE, C. L. HALL, ETC.



HE Terminus of the South Wales Railway is at Milford Haven; the country through which the line passes, between Gloucester and this noble harbour, we shall describe hereafter.* Our present purpose is to accompany the Tourist to "fair and fashionable" TENBY; one of the prettiest, pleasantest, quietest, and, in all respects, the most attractive, of the "sea-bathing" towns that adorn the coasts of Wales and England. "Bradshaw" will inform him that, if his purpose be to visit Tenby, his "station" is Narberth Road; but if he take our advice,

in preference to that of the "mystifier," he will continue the journey until he reaches the Terminus: then, after crossing a ferry, take the coach road thence, instead of that from Narberth—where, however, omnibuses are always in attendance, and whence he will be transported to Tenby with less trouble, than if his route be through Milford Haven. But in the one case he will traverse a lonely and unpicturesque road, finding only one object of interest—the ruins of Narberth Castle,† while in the other he will have a charming drive—a prospect all the way, such as can be found only in our island; where nature revels in abundant beauty, and where he will encounter at every road-turn some glorious relic of a renowned past. This we shall describe in due course. The tourist, *en route* to Tenby, we repeat, will do well to proceed to Milford Haven. He arrives at a comfortable Hotel, close to the station, recently built by the South Wales Company, where he may rest an hour, a day, or longer, as he pleases, visiting many attractions, and crossing the Haven, in a steam ferry-boat, to examine the dockyards, or to procure—there and thence—either a private or the public conveyance to Tenby. The journey is not more costly, nor is the distance he has to travel increased after leaving the railroad; although, by railway, it is added to by about twenty miles; that is nothing; for he passes through a fine and richly cultivated district, having the Haven on his left, and many interesting objects continually in view.

We may suppose the tourist to be adopting this course. He has reached the terminus on a summer evening, in ample time to arrive at Tenby before the sun goes down, or, at all events, while the pleasant light between noon and evening is adding its charms to the landscape; or we shall rather consider him as resting a night in the neat Hotel we have referred to, in order that a morning or a day may be spent in examining the several objects of interest within reach.‡

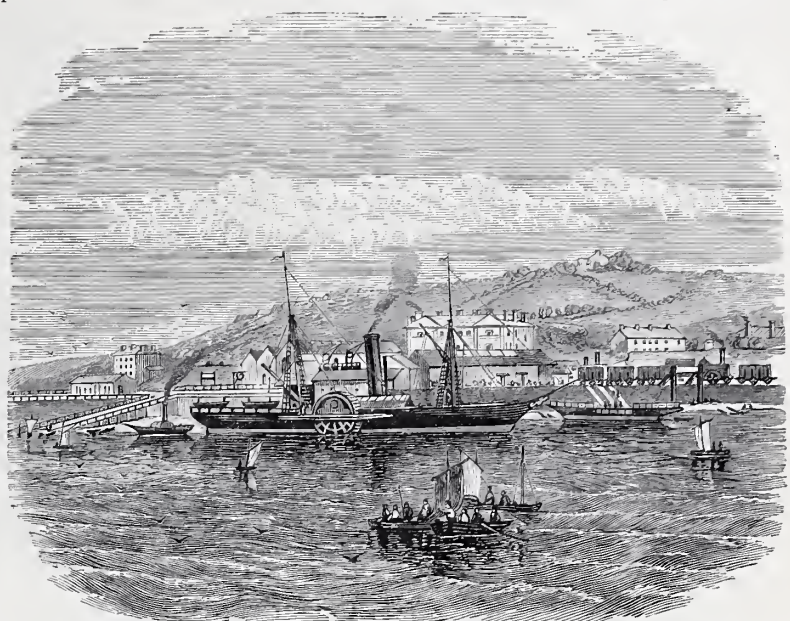
* The terminus at Milford Haven is that at which travellers by this line embark for Ireland. There is no railway in the kingdom better conducted than that of the "South Wales;" to those who visit the south of Ireland, it presents peculiar advantages; if the journey be longer by sea, it is shorter by land; but, in reality, although the voyage to Waterford is eight hours, while that to Dublin, by Holyhead, is but four, the former will be preferred to the latter by all who have, as we have, made both. Arriving at Holyhead, the passenger is at sea a minute after he is on board; there is no time for preparations essential to those who consider a voyage, under any circumstances, a *malheur*, and he continues *at sea* until he touches the pier of Kingstown. If he embark at Milford Haven, he has two hours, or nearly as much, pleasant sailing along a beautiful bay; he has ample leisure for all arrangements "below," and two other hours of the eight will be passed in Waterford harbour—unrivalled, perhaps, in the kingdom for natural beauties presented to the voyager. Moreover, the steamboats are of large size, with every possible convenience; they are under the care of Captain Jackson, so long and so pleasantly known as the superintendent of packets from London to Antwerp; they are entered direct from the terminus, and at Waterford passengers are landed on the quay at all times of tide. The journeys from Waterford, to Limerick, Clare, Cork, Galway, and Killarney, as well, indeed, as those which lead north, to Dublin, are full of interest and beauty; these journeys we have very fully described in our work, "A Week at Killarney," to which we may be permitted to refer the reader who is contemplating a visit to the South of Ireland and the far-famed and ever lovely "Lakes."

† If this road be taken, the tourist will rest awhile at Narberth, to examine the old church and the ancient castle. The castle is a ruin, of no great extent, built on the site of a fortalice much older; the broken walls overhang the road, to call up associations with an age when "Pwyll Pendevig, Prince of Dyved, set out from his palace, at Arberth, to hunt in the vale of Cych."

‡ The terminus station is at "Neyland;" the point opposite—the Ferry—is "Hobbs' Point," at Pater; the landing-places, on both sides, are well constructed. The South Wales Hotel is at Neyland, and there are several good inns at Pater.

It is a pretty ferry that which crosses the haven, and leads from the terminus to the busy and bustling town of PATER—principally known by its recently acquired name, PEMBROKE DOCK. It was a village not long ago, and the ruins of an old castellated mansion may still be found there; happily, superintendents of government works did not remove this relic and reminder of old times, and it looks, among barracks, storerooms, and artisans' dwellings, much as a grim and grey veteran of many battles would look in the midst of raw recruits at drill.

Before we cross, however, let us first visit Milford; it is already in decay, although no older than eighty years, for the removal of the dockyards, the formation of good quays, and especially the railway terminus, "higher up," have taken away all trade from the town; it is no longer a "packet station" as it was for half a century, and cannot compete with its younger, more active,

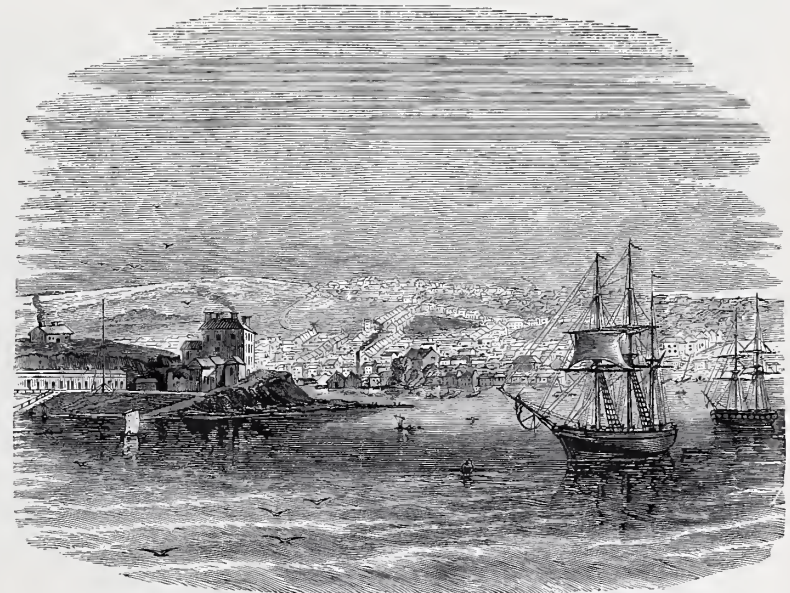


MILFORD HAVEN: THE TERMINUS.

and more robust successor, which Government fosters and protects. Those who sail or steam by it, on the way to Ireland, may be reminded of, if they cannot recall, the Milford of a by-gone time, when, often overcrowded by passengers waiting a fair wind "to cross," it was a scene of perpetual gaiety and amusement. Its glory has departed; its prosperity is gone. Nevertheless, it will attract the notice of sea-voyagers between the two islands; and, therefore, we have pictured it.

Milford Haven has been renowned "time out of mind;" by Shakspeare it is called the "blessed haven:" in "Cymbeline," Imogen asks—

"Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a Haven?"



PATER: THE FERRY.

and quaint old Drayton thus praises it in the "Polyolbion:"—

"So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
Noe haven hath aught good, in her that is not found."

The "lardy and spacious Harborough" has, indeed, been lauded in many ways; by historians, geographers, and poets: and, we believe, its manifest advantages will, ere long, be so fully developed, now that a railway leads to it through so interesting a district, that future writers will have to describe it in terms they borrow from the past.

Four centuries have gone by since on this shore Richmond landed; marching hence to meet "the bloody and usurping boar" on Bosworth Field, receiving "great comfort and encouragement" from many of the princes of Wales—for he was their countryman, born in the old castle

we can see from any adjacent height, and which we shall visit presently. Yet, although Milford is in many respects unrivalled as a harbour, not alone for beauty of scenery, but for safety and security in all winds and weathers, it has been strangely neglected; and even now, so ill is it fortified, that there would be small impediment in the way of any invading force desiring to land troops on the coast, and to burn and destroy the dockyard at Pater.

We cross the ferry in a *steam ferry-boat*: this accessory is but a recent introduction: it is a valuable one; for the winds blow, and the sea rolls fiercely, at times, into this harbour, and the timid may dislike even so short a passage in one of the small boats hitherto alone available for the purpose. Now, all idea of danger, or even inconvenience, at any time or tide, is removed. First, however, we may ascend either of the neighbouring heights, to obtain a magnificent prospect; or if we visit Milford Town, as no doubt many will do, we may enjoy one of the grandest, and most beautiful, sea views our islands can supply. We borrow a description from a valuable tract written by Jelinger Symons, Esq.,* and published by Mason, of Tenby, to which we refer the reader who desires further information concerning this beautiful Haven.

At PATER, we may, if we please, spend an hour pleasantly and profitably in visiting the dockyard. Our own visit must be brief. The old dockyard was at Milford; the establishment was removed "further up" in 1814; the consequence is, that an insignificant village has become a large and flourishing town, where a thousand artisans are always busy, and whence issue so many of those noble war-ships that are, as they ever have been, and ever will be, the "wooden walls" of our Islands.

We are now in PEMBROKESHIRE. The county is bounded



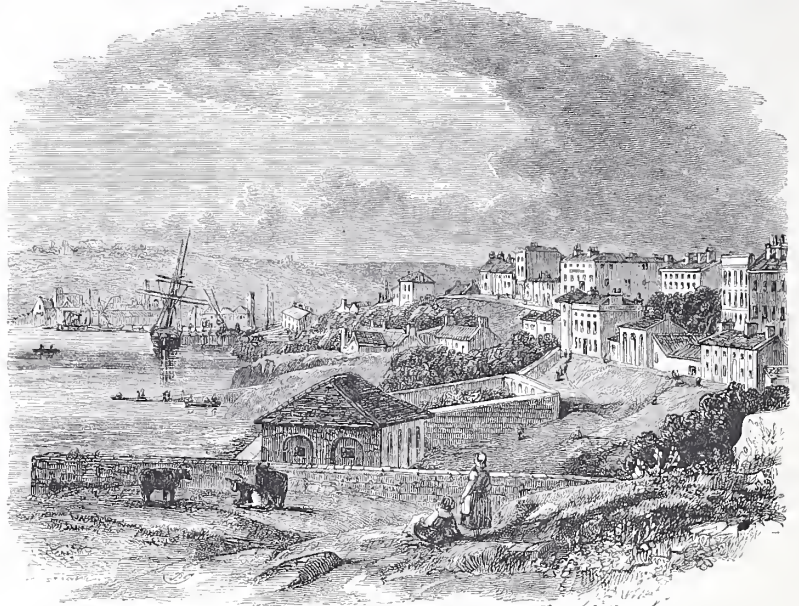
THE FLEMISH CHIMNEY.

by St. George's Channel and the Bristol Channel, on the north, west, and south, and on the east by the shires Cardigan and Carmarthen. The county of Pembroke is, according to an old historian, "partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welsh;" † a colony of Flemings being there planted, of whom a circum-

* "Standing at the point of the east Blockhouse you enjoy one of those magnificent scenes of which one carries the image through life. The blockhouse is built on the bluff summit of a rocky cliff. Immediately before you lies the splendid mouth of this gigantic harbour, with the bold promontory of Dale, now being fortified, and St. Ann's lighthouses immediately opposite. To the right the view extends over the whole area facing the entrance of the haven before it turns eastward, and comprises an extent of some fourteen or fifteen square miles. Further to the right hand, and just within the entrance, stands Thorn Island, a towering and isolated rock, now for the first time fortified. To the left is Sheep Island, which forms a bold feature at the eastern extremity of the same rock-bound coast. Seaward looms the Atlantic, and the broad expanse of ocean, east and westward, formed by the confluence of St. George's and the Bristol Channels. Few sea views ever impressed me more intensely with depth, magnitude, beauty, and repose. May its last attribute soon pass away, and the fleets of the civilized world give life and animation to this glorious gift of nature!"

† "The superior skill of the Anglo-Norman knights who were engaged in constant inroads on the Welsh frontier, and who were frequently detaching from it large portions, which they fortified with castles, thus making good what they had won, was avenged, indeed, but not compensated, by the furious inroads of the British, who, like the billows of a retiring tide, rolled on successively, with noise, fury, and devastation, but on each retreat yielded ground insensibly to their invaders."—*The Betrothed*. The portraits of Wilkin Flammeck and his fair daughter Rose, and details concerning the early Flemish settlers in England, are familiar to all readers of this novel—one of the "Tales of the Crusaders."

stantial account is given by Selden, in a note on a passage of Drayton ("Polyolbion"), which describes the Flemings as emigrants, in consequence of inundations that "swamped" their land. It was during the reign of Henry I. They were "kindly received" by the king, "in respect of the alliance which he had with their earl, Baldwin Earl of Flanders," and settled chiefly in Northumberland; where, however, they were found so unruly that "King Henry was under the necessity of driving them into Wales." Other historians assert that it was by persuasion, and not compulsion, they became "settlers" among the Welsh; the Anglo-Normans finding them brave and valuable allies, while their habits of thrift and industry made them useful examples, as well as auxiliaries, to the conqueror's. The second Henry gave them direct



MILFORD TOWN.

encouragement, and considerably augmented their numbers, recommending them to his knights as ready and powerful partizans, the more to be trusted because so thoroughly isolated in the midst of merciless enemies, against whom they were perpetually compelled to keep watch and ward. Of their domestic architecture—strong houses, easily and readily fortified against bands of marauders—there exist picturesque remains in many parts of the country, the massive chimneys being those that have best withstood the assaults of time. It is by no means certain, however, that these ruins are what tradition affirms them to be—remains of *Flemish* architecture. Some architects and archaeologists have recently promulgated opinions that they are of a date much later; that no structures resembling them exist in Flanders, and that they were probably erected by the Welsh, who borrowed their character from Brittany.



PEMBROKE DOCKYARD.

Pembroke county is "the extreme point of South Wales." With the exception of a small tract towards the north, this is the most level part of the principality, and "seems to bear a resemblance to the general face of English country, as close as the affinity of its inhabitants to the English people, so that it has been called "Little England beyond Wales."*

* Malkin, writing of South Wales, so recently as 1804, states that "so different were the manners, Arts, and agriculture of the two people, that they have scarcely made an advance towards assimilation in the space of seven hundred years. It has happened that men from the same parish have been on a jury together without a common language in which to confer." This evil has greatly diminished, but has not entirely ceased. It is still easy to distinguish the one from the other, and there yet remain districts in which little or no English is spoken. Indeed, we are informed by a correspondent, THOMAS PURNELL, Esq., of Tenby, to whom we are indebted for much assistance, and many valuable suggestions, that, "in the upper portion of the country, the people cannot speak English, while in the southern hundreds, they do not understand Welsh."

We are now on the high road to Tenby; conveyances are sufficiently numerous, and there are omnibuses that meet all the London trains. We may choose either of two routes: that which leads by Carew Castle, or that which passes through Pembroke town. We select the latter; a visit to the former will be one of our excursions from Tenby. We ascend a steep, and obtain a fine view of the opposite shore, soon arriving in sight of PEMBROKE CASTLE. This magnificent fortress occupies a bold rocky eminence that projects into an arm of Milford Haven; for more than eight centuries it has been renowned, not only as the seat of the famous earldom "to which it gave name," but as of historic interest, from the time of the Conquest to the wars of the King and the Parliament.

Its appearance is "inexpressibly grand," surmounting a rock, out of which it seems to grow, so that it is "hard to define the exact boundaries of Art and Nature." It is, indeed, a wonderful group; and, considered in connection with the remains of a priory, on an opposite hill, and which, seen from a distance, seems part of the stupendous structure, there is, perhaps, no object in Great Britain so striking, or so exciting as a reminder of ancient days. A description of its details, and especially an abstract of its history, would demand larger space than can be afforded in these pages. The guide, a kindly and intelligent woman, will point the visitor's attention to the "Wogan," a "mervellous" cavern, underneath the castle, of which tradition and superstition have tales to tell; to the chamber, or rather the relics of it, in which Henry VII. was born;* and, above all, to the noble round tower, the Keep, in which a small army defied all the resources of the Commonwealth, kept the Lord Protector at bay, and yielded only when a traitor enabled the besiegers "to cut off the supply of water."† It is a day's work, and a pleasant work it will be, to examine these ruins; for although decay is now arrested, and the courtyard is a smooth green sward, there is ample to stir the fancy into peopling it in its strength, restoring its prodigious bulwarks, its inner and outer wards, its towers, gateways, barbicans, bastions, and embattled walls,‡ and greeting its successive lords, from that Arnulf de Montgomery to whom the son of the Conqueror gave the land, to those descendants of the Herberts who, to-day, keep the title and the name inherited from a race of men famous and illustrious in war and in peace.§

Our road lies through Pembroke town; of antiquities it has none after we pass the bold entrance to the castle; it consists mainly of one long street, and there is nothing to detain the Tourist until he arrives at a village, on the outskirts of which, along the banks of a small river, are the ruins of LAMPHEY PALACE.¶ Here the bishops of St. David's had their "country seat." Whether "built by Bishop Gower," or at an earlier or later period, no doubt many prelates contributed to augment its graces, internal and external, and its interest is enhanced as having been some time the residence of "the unfortunate Earl of Essex." The ruin retains evidence of much architectural beauty, affording, by its calm and quiet character, its

* The chamber is now a ruin. When Leland visited the place, it must have been in a very different condition. He writes: "In the utter ward I saw the chambre wher Henry the 7th was borne, in knowledge whereof a ehymneney is now made with arms and badges of the King." The "chymneney" is still there, but the arms and badges were probably destroyed by the soldiers of Cromwell.

† The three leaders—Laugharne, Powel, and Poyer—were expressly excepted from mercy. They were sentenced to death; but the Parliament having resolved to punish only one, three papers were placed before them; on two were written the words, "Life given of God," one was blank. A child drew the lots; the blank fell to Poyer: it was his death-warrant.

‡ The keep is computed at seventy feet in height, the interior diameter at twenty-four feet, and the walls are from fourteen to seventeen feet in thickness. One of the many accomplished archaeologists of Wales (E. A. Freeman, Esq., in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*), thus describes the stately and venerable pile:—"It remarkably combines elevation and massiveness, so that its effect is one of vast general bulk. It is another conspicuous instance of the majesty often accruing to dismantled buildings, which they could never have possessed when in a perfect state."

§ The records of the several lords of this fortress are fertile of interest akin to romance. That of Strongbow, the Anglo-Norman invader of Ireland, is well known. A story, even more romantic than his, is told of his predecessor, Gerald, who in 1108 was the King's Lieutenant in Pembrokeshire. He had a beautiful wife, whom a Welsh chieftain, Owen, the son of Cadwgan ap Blethin, coveted. At midnight this profligate, aided by youths as unprincipled as himself, obtained entrance into the castle, and carried the lady off, her lord narrowly escaping with life. Such was the lawless state of the times and the condition of the country, that during eight tedious years, Gerald vainly sought to regain his treasure—the lady as earnestly desiring to rejoin her lord—and to be revenged on his base and perfidious enemy. The day of reckoning, however, came at length: the betrayer was, after long and patient waiting, but always with the one purpose steadily in view, slain by the betrayed.

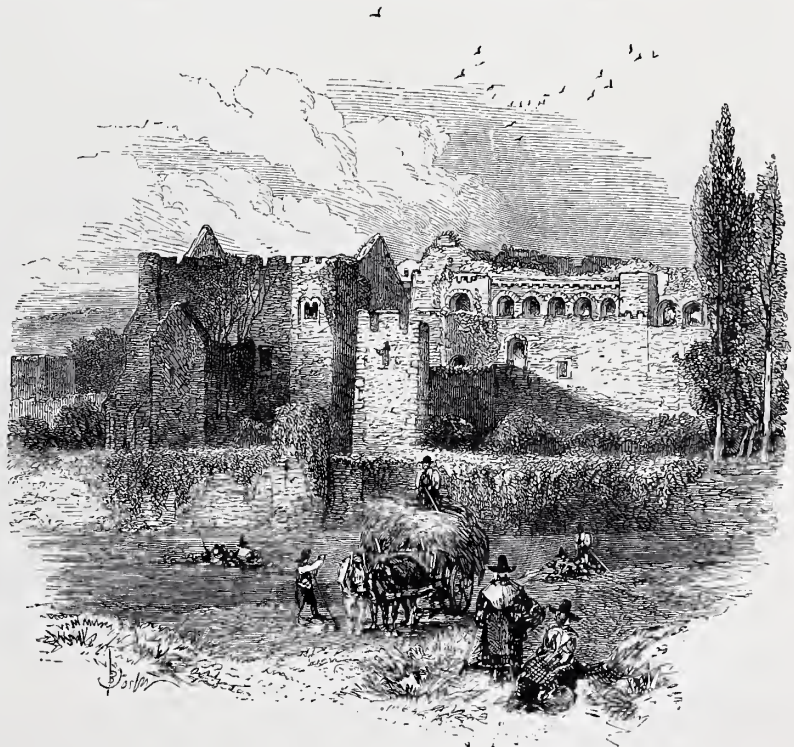
¶ "The real name was undoubtedly Llanfydd—the Welsh for *Fanum sancte Fidei Virginis*—dedicated to St. Faith."—"The first instrument I have seen dated from this place is one of Bishop Richard de Carew, A.D. 1259; and from that time the occasional residence of almost all the bishops there in succession may be traced, particularly of Gower, Adam Hoton, and Vaughan. To Gower principally may be ascribed its grandeur and extent."—FENTON.

site in a pleasant dell, and the absence of all offensive and defensive remains, a strong contrast to the castle we have just left, and the castle we are approaching. Lamphey is distant but eight miles from Tenby; visitors to this attractive spot are, therefore, numerous; and there are few



PEMBROKE CASTLE.

places in the kingdom so productive of recompence to those who either walk or ride thither. The ruins are entered over a pretty bridge that crosses the streamlet, and a modern mansion and grounds adjoin them; the owner who, we presume, also owns these venerable walls, freely permits



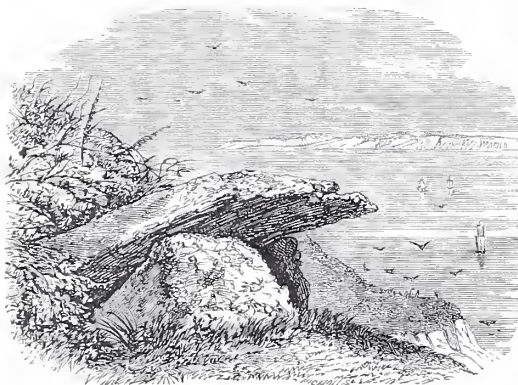
LAMPHEY PALACE.

access to all comers. The neighbouring church will claim a visit, although, neither within nor without, does it contain much that need delay the Tourist. He pursues his onward route, along a ridge of high land, and soon arrives in sight of the majestic ruins of Manorbeer.

Midway between Pembroke and Tenby (about two miles off the high road) is MANORBEER, or Maenor Byrr, "so called from its being the manor of the lords, or the mansion or manor of Byrr." Its situation is charming; "standing between two little hillettes," the rocky bases of which repel the fury of an ever boisterous sea, "with its sheltered green park on one hand, a bare hill, with the slender tower of the old Norman church on the other, and the whole mass suspended over the sea-beach, that takes its angle and curve from the protruding rocks, the scene presents a combination of features that never fail to impress the stranger with mingled sentiments of picturesque beauty, solitude, and desolation." Its ponderous gateways, massive towers, high embattled walls, and extensive outworks, yet exist to establish its rank among Norman structures of the first class, built while the Baron was the mark of many enemies, in ages when "might was right," and power appertained to strength only. Although the interior is a ruin, much remains to indicate its former splendour. Visitors will wander with awe, yet pleasure, through the courtyards and vestibules, nay, into the dungeons, of this stronghold of many fierce chieftains, so long the terror of "down-trodden Wales."*

Manorbeer, however, has another interest; it was here the historian, Giraldus Cambrensis,† was born, about the year 1146. He dearly loved the place of his nativity, styling it, with pardonable pride, "Maenorpyr, the Paradise of all Wales."

Within a short distance of the castle may be seen a curious and interesting Druidic reman—*a Cromlech*, of which so many examples exist in various parts of the country.‡



THE CROMLEACH.

The tourist will visit the Church, a very aged edifice, beautifully situate on a high slope that overlooks the sea; it is of Norman origin. Near it is another interesting structure—a chantry, or collegiate building, erected, probably, by a De Barri, who, in 1092, was one of the twelve knights of Fitz-Hamon, among whom this district, plundered

* A visit to this castle, within four miles of Tenby, supplies one of the leading delights presented by that charming sea-town. Pic-nic parties are met here almost daily during the summer, and "helps" are afforded them by "care-takers" of the ruin.

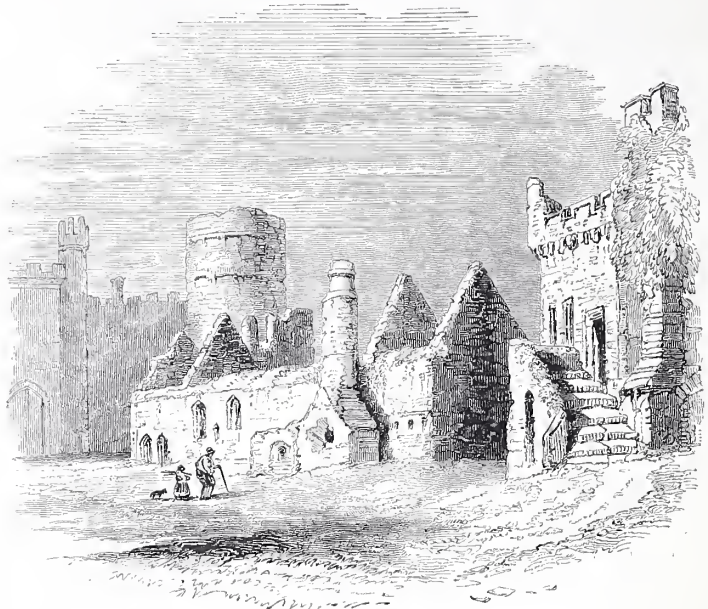
† Giraldus de Barri, commonly known by his patronymic of "Cambrensis," was descended on the maternal side from Rhys ap Tewdwr (or Theodor), Prince of South Wales. His uncle was Bishop of St. David's, and his early education was there received. After a prolonged tour on the Continent, he took orders, and was presented with the archdeaconry of St. David's. On his uncle's death the chapter selected Giraldus as his successor, but the king, Henry I., refused to ratify their choice, fearing danger to his power from the abilities and influence of a man so closely allied with the native aristocracy of a country which England held by a very questionable tenure. His literary reputation rests mainly on his book—"The Itinerary of Bishop Baldwin through Wales, A.D. 1188," having accompanied that eminent prelate as his secretary and adviser through Wales, to "preach the crusade," he gathered information, and the result was a far more valuable legacy to posterity than all the gains obtained in the Holy Land. The first edition of this Itinerary was printed in 1585; it was translated and edited, with copious notes, illustrative and explanatory, by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, in 1806. Giraldus died at St. David's in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church. Sir Richard Colt Hoare thus sums up his character:—"Noble in his birth and comely in his person, mild in his manners and affable in his conversation, zealous, active, and undaunted in maintaining the rights and dignities of the church, moral in his character and orthodox in his principles, charitable and disinterested, though ambitious, learned, though superstitious." When young he was tall, well-formed, and so remarkably handsome, that one day, being seated near the bishop, a Cistercian abbot, who sat on the other side, having eyed him for some time, exclaimed, "Do you think it possible so beautiful a youth can ever die?"

‡ Those who have visited Ireland, or are familiar with the views of Irish archaeologists, will be content to attribute these singular remains to the Druids, considering them as altars of sacrifice. They abound in Ireland, and are not uncommon in Wales; their origin is, undoubtedly, very remote; we do not here notice the several controversies concerning them. That they long preceded the introduction of Christianity into our islands is certain, and it may be sufficiently safe to consider these huge masses of stone—always untouched by tool, and invariably placed one above another, as in our engraving—

"The work of Druid hands of old."

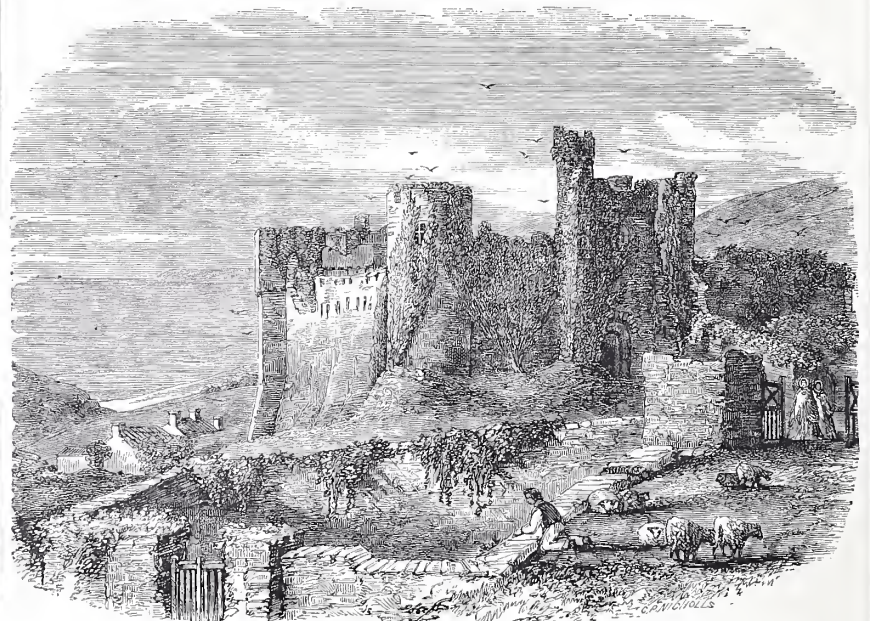
from the Welsh princes, was divided. The chantry is now a parish school; it was pleasant to see there so many earnest and healthy faces under a roof that was new eight hundred years ago, and is still vigorous, as well as useful, in age.

Having left this deeply interesting place, after long "musings" over terrible times, we are on the highway again, pacing along "THE RIDGEWAY"—for so the road is called that leads from Pembroke to Tenby. How full it is of intense delights! Is the tourist a lover of nature? Let him search into any one of those hedges, and what a bouquet of wild flowers he may collect! He listens to the songs of birds that issue from every bush and tree; while the gayest of gay butterflies roam all about. A delicious air comes from distant hills, mingling with sea-breezes. Health is here: strong winds upon heights for the robust; mild zephyrs in sheltered dells for those who are delicate; the spirits are raised; the mind and the soul expand. It becomes an instinct, as it



MANORBEER CASTLE: INTERIOR.

were, to laud and thank the Creator. And what a view! Look landward across that lovely valley, dotted with farm-houses,—villages here and there, marked by church towers above surrounding trees,—the well-cultivated land, green with the promise of spring, or brown with its fulfilment in autumn,—rich meadows or fertile fields. Look beyond all these, and see the mountains, the highest in South Wales, productive almost to their summits. Or turn your gaze seaward—what a line of coast!—iron-bound!—huge cliffs against which the Atlantic dashes; graceful creeks, where there is scarce a ripple; white sails that seem aerial specks; islands, large and little, where men inhabit or sheep feed; rocks, peopled literally by millions of sea-birds; while dimly, and afar off, is seen the English coast—mild and beautiful Devonshire. Every now



MANORBEER CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

and then the eye falls upon some ancient ruin, such as that we have described—Pembroke, Manorbeer, Carew, and others are here; any one of which might seem to justify the often-quoted words of the great lexicographer, spleetic though they be, that all the castles of Scotland might be crammed into the court-yard of *one* in Wales.

Those who have walked or ridden along "the Ridgeway," from Pembroke to Tenby, will have enjoyed a luxury "past telling;" language cannot do it justice: it can be little aided by Art; we believe neither in Wales nor in England can there be found a scene that combines so much of interest with so much of beauty.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 5.—THE MOSAIC RUG-WORK OF THE MESSRS. CROSSLEY, OF HALIFAX.

WHEN, with his advancing intelligence, man began to construct ornamental articles to decorate his dwelling, or to adorn his person, we find him taking natural productions, chiefly from the mineral kingdom, and combining them in such a manner as may afford, by their contrasts of colour, the most pleasing effects. From this arose the art of mosaic, which appears, in the first instance, to have been applied only to the combination of dice-shaped stones (*lessera*) in patterns. This was the *opus musivum* of the Romans; improving upon which we have the Italians introducing the more elaborate and artistic *pietra dura*, now commonly known as Florentine-work. It is not our purpose to treat of any of the ancient forms of mosaic-work, further than it is necessary to illustrate the subject before us. The *opus tessellatum* consisted of small cubes of marble, worked by hand into simple geometrical figures. The *opus sectile* was formed of different crusts or slices of marble, of which figures and ornaments were made. The *opus vermiculatum* was of a far higher order than these: by the employment of differently-coloured marbles, and,—where great brilliancy of tint was required,—by the aid of gems, the artists produced imitations of figures, ornaments, and pictures, the whole object being portrayed in all its true colours and shades.

The advance from the *opus vermiculatum* to the fine mosaic-work, which had its origin in Rome, and is, therefore, especially termed Roman mosaic, was easy; and we find this delicate manufacture arising to a high degree of excellence in the city where it originated, and to which it has been almost entirely confined, Venice being the only city which has attempted to compete with Rome. To this Art-manufacture we more especially direct attention, since a description of it will aid us in rendering intelligible the most interesting and peculiarly novel manufacture of mosaic rug-work; as practised by the Messrs. Crossley. Roman, and also Venetian enamels, are made of small rods of glass, called indiscriminately *paste* and *small*. In the first place cakes of glass are manufactured in every variety of colour and shade that are likely to be required. These cakes are drawn out into rods more or less attenuated, as they are intended to be used for finer or for coarser works, a great number being actually threads of glass. These rods and threads are kept in bundles, and arranged in sets corresponding to their colours, each division of a set presenting every desired shade. A piece of dark slate or marble is prepared, by being hollowed out like a box, and this is filled with plaster of Paris. Upon this plaster the pattern is drawn by the artist, and the *mosaicisti* proceeds with his work by removing small squares of the plaster, and filling in these with pieces cut from the rods of glass. Gradually, in this manner, all the plaster is removed, and a picture is formed by the ends of the filaments of coloured glass; these are carefully cemented together by a kind of mastic, and polished. In this way is produced, not only those exquisitely delicate mosaics which were, at one time, very fashionable for ladies' brooches, but tolerably large, and often highly artistic pictures. Many of our readers will remember the mosaic landscapes which rendered the Italian Court of the Great Exhibition so attractive; and in the Museum of Practical Geology will be found a portrait of the late Emperor of Russia, which is a remarkably good illustration of mosaic-work on a large scale. We may remark, in passing, that the whole process of glass mosaic

is well illustrated in the Museum in Jermyn Street.

The next variety of mosaic-work to which we will direct attention is the manufacture of Tunbridge, which resembles still more closely the mosaic in wool. The Tunbridge-ware is formed of rods of wood, varying in colour, laid one upon the other, and cemented together, so that the pattern, as with the glass mosaics, is produced by the ends of the rods.

There will be no difficulty in understanding how a block of wood, which has been constructed of hundreds of lengths of coloured specimens, will, if cut transversely, produce a great number of repetitions of the original design. Suppose, when we look at the transverse section presented by the end of a Tunbridge-ware block, we see a very accurately formed geometric pattern; this is rendered perfectly smooth, and a slab of wood is glued to it. When the adhesion is secure, as in a piece of veneering for ordinary cabinet-work, a very thin slice is cut off by means of a circular saw, and then we have the pattern presented to us in a state which admits of its being fashioned into any article which may be desired by the cabinet-maker. In this way, from one block a very large number of slices can be cut off, every one of them presenting exactly the same design. If lengths of worsted are substituted for those of glass or of wood, it will be evident that the result will be in many respects similar. By a process of this kind the mosaic rugs—with very remarkable copies from the works of some of our best artists—are produced, and we proceed at once to a description of this Art-manufacture.

The tapestries of France have been long celebrated for the artistic excellence of the designs, and for the brilliancy and permanence of the colours. These originated in France, about the time of Henry IV., and the manufacture was much patronised by that monarch and his minister Sully. Louis XIV. and Colbert, however, were the great patrons of these beautiful productions of the loom. The minister of Louis bought from the Brothers Gobelins their manufactory, and transformed it into a royal establishment, under the title of *Le Teinturier Parfait*. A work was published in 1746, in which it was seriously stated that the dyes of the Gobelins had acquired such superiority, that their contemporaries attributed the talent of these celebrated artists to a pacton which one or the other of them had made with the devil.

In the Gobelin and Beauvais Tapestry we have examples of the most artistic productions, executed with a *mechanical* skill of the highest order, when we consider the material in which the work is executed. The method of manufacture involving artistic power on the part of the workman, great manipulatory skill, and the expenditure of much time, necessarily removes those productions from the reach of any but the wealthy. Various attempts have been made, from time to time, to produce a textile fabric which should equal those tapestries in beauty, and which should be sold to the public at much lower prices. None of those appear to have been successful, until the increasing applications of Indian-rubber pointed to a plan by which high artistic excellence might be combined with moderate cost. In Berlin, and subsequently in Paris, plans—in most respects similar to the plan we are about to describe—were tried, but in neither instance with complete success. Of course, there cannot now be many of our readers who have not been attracted by the very life-like representations of lions and dogs which have for the last few years been exhibited in the carpet warehouses of the metropolis, and other large cities. While we admit the perfection of the manufacture, we are compelled to remark that the

designs which have been chosen are not such as appear to us to be quite appropriate, when we consider the purposes for which a rug is intended. Doubtless from their very attractive character, and moderate cost, those rugs find a large number of purchasers, by whom they are greatly admired.

With these remarks we proceed to a description of the manufacture, every detail of which was shown and described to us with the utmost care, by the direction of the proprietors of this princely establishment, when a few weeks since we visited Halifax.

Every lady who has devoted herself for a season—when it was the fashion to do so—to Berlin wool-work, will appreciate the importance of a careful arrangement of all the coloured worsteds which are to be used in the composition of her design. Here, where many hundreds of colours, combinations of colours, and shades, are required, in great quantities and in long lengths, the utmost order is necessary; and the system adopted in this establishment is in this respect excellent. We have, for example, grouped under each of the primary colours, all the tints of each respective colour that the dyer can produce, and between each large division the mixtures of colour producing the neutral tones, and the interblending shades which may be required to copy the artist with fidelity. Skeins of worsted thus arranged are ever ready for the English *mosaicisti* in rug-work.

Such is the material. Now to describe the manner of proceeding. In the first place an artist is employed to copy, of the exact size required for the rug, a work of Landseer's, or any other master, which may be selected for the purpose. Although the process of copying is in this case mechanical, considerable skill is required to produce the desired result. This will be familiar to all who have observed the peculiar characteristics of the Berlin wool-work patterns. The picture being completed, it is ruled over in squares, each of about twelve inches. These are again interrupted with smaller squares, which correspond with the threads of which the finished work is to consist. This original being completed, it is copied upon lined paper by girls who are trained to the work, each girl having a square of about twelve inches to work on. These are the copies which go into the manufactory. A square is given to a young woman whose duty is to match all the colours in wool. This is a task of great delicacy, requiring a very fine appreciation of colour. It becomes necessary in many cases to combine two threads of wool, especially to produce the neutral tints. It is very interesting to observe the care with which every variety of colour is matched. The skeins of worsted are taken, and a knot or knob being formed, so as to increase the quantity of coloured surface, it is brought down on the coloured picture; and, when the right shades have been selected, they are numbered, and a corresponding system of numbers are put on the pattern. In many of the rugs one hundred colours are employed. The selector of colours works under the guidance of a master, who was in this case a German gentleman, and to his obliging and painstaking kindness we are much indebted. Without his very exact description of every stage of the process, it would not have been easy to have rendered this rare mosaic-work intelligible to our readers. When all the coloured wools have been selected, they are handed, with the patterns, to other young women, who are termed the "mistresses of a frame," each of whom has under her charge three little girls.

The "frame" consists of three iron stands, the two extreme ones being about 200 inches apart, and the other exactly in the middle. These stands are made of stout cast iron, and

may be said to consist of two bowed legs, with two cross pieces of iron, one at the top of the legs, and the other about fifteen inches below, the space between them being that which is to be occupied by the threads of wool which are to form the required square block of wool. These frames are united together by means of cast iron tubes, running from end to end. The observer is struck with the degree of strength which has been given to these frames. It appears that, for the purpose of merely holding together a few threads of wool, a much slighter frame might have been employed; and we certainly were surprised when we were informed that, at first, many frames were broken, and that they were compelled to have the stronger ones at present in use. The cause of this will be obvious, when we have proceeded a little further with our description. At one end of these frames sits the "mistress," with a stand before her, on which the pattern allotted to her is placed, and a vertical frame, over which the long coloured worsteds are arranged. By the side of this young woman sits a little girl, who receives each worsted from the mistress, and hands it to one of two children, who are on either side of the frame.

Commencing at one corner of the pattern, a thread is selected of the required colour, and handed to the first girl, who passes it to the second, whose duty is to fasten it to a stiff, but slight bar of steel, about half an inch in width, which passes from the upper to the under bar of the frame. The third girl receives the thread, and carries it to the lower end of the frame, and fastens it to a similar bar of steel at that end. The length of each thread of worsted is rather more than 200 inches. It is well known that twisted wool does not lie quite straight, without some force is applied to it; and of course the finished pattern would be incomplete, if all the threads did not observe the truest parallelism to each other. To effect this, a stretching force equal to four pounds is required to every thread. The child who carries the thread, therefore, pulls the worsted with this degree of force, and fastens it over the steel bar. Every block, forming a foot square of rug-work, consists of fifty thousand threads; therefore, since every thread pulls upon the frame with a force equal to four pounds, there is a direct strain to the extent of 250,000 pounds upon the frame. When this is known, our surprise is no longer excited at the strength of the iron-work; indeed, the bars of hardened steel, *set edgeways*, were evidently bent by the force exerted.

Thread after thread, in this way, the work proceeds, every tenth thread being marked, by having a piece of white thread tied to it. By this means, if the foreman, when he examines the work, finds that an error has been committed, he is enabled to have it corrected, by removing only a few of the threads, instead of a great number, which would have been the case, if the system of marking had not been adopted.

This work, requiring much care, does not proceed with much rapidity, and the constant repetition of all the same motions through a long period would become exceedingly monotonous, especially as talking cannot be allowed, because the attention would be withdrawn from the task in hand. Singing has therefore been encouraged, and it is exceedingly pleasing to see so many young, happy, and healthy faces, performing a clean and easy task, in unison with some song, in which they all take a part. Harmonious arrangements of colour are produced, under the cheerful influence of harmonious sounds. Yorkshire has long been celebrated for its choristers, and some of the voices which we heard in the room devoted to the construction of the wool-mosaics bore

evidence of this natural gift, and of a considerable degree of cultivation.

The "block," as it is called, is eventually completed. This, as we have already stated, is about a foot square, and it is 200 inches long. Being bound, so as to prevent the disturbance of any of the threads, the block is cut by means of a very sharp knife into ten parts, so that each division will have a depth of about 20 inches. Hearth-rugs are ordinarily about seven feet long, by about three feet wide, often, however, varying from these dimensions. Supposing, however, this to represent the usual size, twelve blocks, from as many different frames, are placed in a box, with the threads in a vertical position, so that, looking down upon the ends, we see the pattern. These threads are merely sustained in their vertical order by their juxtaposition. Each box, therefore, will contain 800,000 threads. The rug is now, so far as the construction of the pattern is concerned, complete. The boxes into which the rugs are placed are fixed on wheels, and they have movable bottoms, the object of which will be presently understood. From the upper part of the immense building devoted to carpet manufacture, in which this mosaic rug-work is carried on, we descend with our rug to the basement story. Here we find, in the first place, steam chests, in which India-rubber is dissolved to form a gelatinous mass, in appearance like carpenter's glue.

In an adjoining room were numerous boxes, each one containing the rug-work in some of the stages of manufacture. It must now be remembered that each box represents a completed rug—the upper ends of the threads being shaved off, to present as smooth a surface as possible. In every stage of the process now, all damp must be avoided, and wool, like all other porous bodies, has a tendency to absorb, and retain, moisture from the atmosphere. The boxes, therefore, are placed in heated chambers, and they remain there until all moisture is dispelled; when this is effected, a layer of India-rubber solution is laid over the surface, care being taken, in the application, that every thread receives the proper quantity of the caoutchouc; this is dried in the warm chamber, and a second and a third coat is given to the fibres. While the last coat is being kept in the warm chamber, free from all dust, sufficiently long to dissipate some of the solvent, the surface on which the rug is to be placed receives similar treatment. In some cases ordinary carpet canvas only is employed; in others, a rug made by weaving in the usual manner is employed, so that either side of the rug can be turned up, as may be desired in the room in which it is placed. However this may be, both surfaces are properly covered with soft caoutchouc, and the "backing" is carefully placed on the ends of worsted forming the rug in the box. By a scraping motion, the object of which is to remove all air-bubbles, the union is perfectly effected; it is then placed aside for some little time, to secure, by rest, that absolute union of parts, between the two India-rubber surfaces, which is necessary. The separation of the two parts is, after this, attended with the utmost difficulty; the worsted may be broken by a forcible pull, but it cannot be removed from the India-rubber. The next operation is that of cutting off the rug, for this purpose a very admirable, but a somewhat formidable, machine is required. It is, in principle, a circular knife, of about twelve feet diameter, mounted horizontally, which is driven, by steam-power, at the rate of 170 revolutions in a minute.

The rug in its box is brought to the required distance above the edge of the box, by screwing up the bottom. The box is then placed on a rail, and connected with a

tolerably fine endless screw. The machine being in motion, the box is carried, by the screw, under the knife, and, by the rapid circular motion, the knife having a razor-like edge, a very clean cut is effected. As soon as the rug is cut off, to the extent of a few inches, it is fastened by hooks to strings which wind over cylinders, and thus raise the rug as regularly as it is cut. This goes on until the entire rug is cut off to the thickness of three sixteenths of an inch. The other portion in the box is now ready to receive another coating, and the application of another surface, to form a second rug, and so on, until about one thousand rugs are cut from the block prepared as we have described.

We hope the account which we have given of this singular manufacture has been intelligible. Having seen the entire process, under the guidance of most intelligent gentlemen, who were obligingly directed by the Messrs. Crossley to describe everything to us, the whole appeared particularly simple; when, however, we attempted to convey in words the details of this wool mosaic, we began to feel many difficulties. Hoping, however, that we have sufficiently described the operation, we have only to remark, in conclusion, that the rugs being subjected to careful examination, and being trimmed round the edges, by young women, are ready for the market.

The establishment of the Messrs. Crossley, which gives employment to four thousand people, is one of those vast manufactories of which England may proudly boast, as examples of the industry and skill of her sons. Here we have steam-engines urging, by their gigantic throes, thousands of spindles, and hundreds of shuttles, and yet, notwithstanding the human labour which has been saved, there is room for the exertion of four thousand people. The manner in which this great mass of men, women, and children is treated, is marked in all the arrangements for their comfort, not merely in the great workshop itself, but in every division of that hill-encompassed town, Halifax. Church, schools, and park proclaim the high and liberal character of those great carpet manufacturers, one division, and that a small one, of whose works we have described.

ROBERT HUNT.

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

A Memory.

THE great literary link between the past and present is broken; the most remarkable woman of the present century, who was an author at its commencement, has been taken, at an age so advanced, that the stated "seventy-six" seem to those who knew her, very far short of the years Lady Morgan had numbered. Her playful verses recently written and printed, are evidence that she had no intention to betray what has been called a "woman's greatest secret;" the exact date of her birth can only be guessed at, for, during the last century, "registers" in Ireland were, if kept at all, singularly imperfect. Lady Morgan and Lady Clarke (the latter has been dead some years) were the daughters of Mr. Owen-son, an Irish actor, respected by all who knew him, and gifted with considerable musical, as well as dramatic talent; much of both was inherited by his daughters. Lady Clarke, the younger, married young, was blessed with children, and devoted herself to the domestic, and occasionally the social, duties, which are inseparable from Irish nature. Her sister's affections and energies from early childhood, were dedicated to literature; she wrote songs and tales before she was fourteen; but Miss Owen-son's first *grand coup* was "The Wild Irish Girl;" it created a *furor* about the years 1803-4, which it would be easier to imagine than describe—"rushing" through six or seven editions. The world declared

that the author and the heroine, "Glorvina," were one and the same. The bright clever girl caught the idea, and appreciated its advantage, and the salons of Dublin rang with the tones of her Irish harp, and the charm and expression she threw into the melodies of her country. Her witticisms were treasured and repeated, her songs sung and quoted, quoted and sung, everywhere; but to read, as we have just done, the most popular of them all, "Kate Kearney," is to be convinced how much they owed to the fascination and renown of their composer. All the enthusiasm of Miss Owenson's character was devoted to her country, for at that time

"The dark chain of silence
Had hung o'er it long."

There was enough, and more than enough, of injustice in its management to make the brain throb, and the blood boil, and before Maria Edgeworth reasoned, and Moore became immortal, Sydney Owenson—a young and brilliant, if not a beautiful, girl—unaided by wealth, or the "accident" of birth, unfurled the green flag of her country, and, elevating it on the staff of her genius, stood bravely forward as its champion, repelling, perhaps, with more wit than wisdom—but always repelling, attacks on her country, with the firmness and earnestness of a patriot. Miss Owenson wrote several novels before her marriage; "The Wild Irish Girl" laid the foundation of her fame, and both "O'Donnell" and "Florence MacCarthy" increased it. We have but a faint, and not a pleasant, recollection of "The Novice of St. Dominic," or of "Ida, of Athens," but the novel of "O'Donnell" is a more noble, a loftier, book than "The Wild Irish Girl;" it is, in some respects, the most successful of Lady Morgan's heroic delineations of Irish nature; all she wrote was dramatic, but all was faithful to the great object of the young girl's life—an ardent desire to show her country, as she believed it to be, nay, as it was, even at that time, oppressed, and patient until goaded beyond endurance. "O'Donnell" is a fine portrait of the chivalric Irish gentleman, compelled to seek in foreign service the position denied to his faith in his own—one of those

"Who resign'd
The green hills of their country, 'mid strangers to find,
The repose which at home they had sought for in vain."

But the gem of the book is the old schoolmaster; he is the prototype of Miss Edgeworth's "Thady," in her wonderful tale of "Castle Rackrent." Gerald Griffin and the Banims, and others, caught much of their inspiration in their delineation of Irish peasant-life from the same source. We do not mean to accuse these Irish authors of *plagiarism*: we simply believe that Lady Morgan's delineation of that peculiar phase of Irish character was so entirely true, that though the lights and shadows may fall differently, the faithful nature in the peasant-born Irishman, or woman, is the same, and only gains variety from the perception of the writer. "O'Donnell" and "Florence MacCarthy" have a vitality of their own, quite independent of the fashion which for a time enshrined Glorvina and her harp. "Florence MacCarthy" was written some time after Sydney Owenson became the wife of Sir Charles Morgan; and there can be little doubt that the staunch and lasting popularity of this more thoughtful book was owing, not so much to Lady Morgan's increased experience, as to her husband's judicious suggestions. Perhaps no writer ever owed less to experience than Lady Morgan; the faults of her youth were the faults of her age; her mind attained its majority at a very early period; she carried the same views, the same ideas, the same prejudices, the same desire for liberty, the same sympathies, into her more aspiring works on "France" and "Italy," the same contradictory love for republicanism and aristocracy, the same vanity—a vanity the most abounding, yet so pretty, so quaint, so unlike, in its perfect and undisguised honesty, its self-avowing frankness, to all other vanities, that it became absolutely a charm—perhaps one of her greatest charms; it sparkles as brightly in her "Autobiography" as it did in "The Book of the Boudoir."

"I am vain," she said to us, during one of those *tête-à-têtes* which always gave us something to remember; "I am vain—but I have a right to be so; look at the number of books I have written!—Have I not been ordered to leave a kingdom, and

refused to obey? Did ever woman move in a more false—or a brighter sphere—than I do? My dear, I have three invitations to dinner to-day, one from a duchess, another from a countess, a third from a diplomatist, I will not tell you who—a very naughty man, who of course keeps the best society in London. Now what right have I, my father's daughter, to this? What am I? A pensioned scribbler! Yet I am given gifts that queens might covet. Look at that little clock: *that* stood in Marie Antoinette's dressing-room. When the Louvre was pillaged, Denon met a *bonnet rouge* with it in his hand, and took it from him. Denon gave it to me." Then, with a rapid change, she added,—"Ah, that is a long time ago, though I never refer to dates. Princes and princesses, celebrities of all kinds, have presented me with the *souvenirs* you see around me, and that would make a wiser woman vain. But do they not show to advantage, backed by a few yards of red cotton velvet? If ladies did but know the value of that same velvet—know how it throws up, and throws out, and turns the insignificant into the significant—we should have more effect and less upholstery in our drawing-rooms."

Certainly the arrangement of Lady Morgan's rooms in William Street was most effective; the lights and shadows were in their right places, the seats were comfortable, the eye was perpetually arrested by something that was either beautiful or interesting. Somebody said it was like a "baby-house;" perhaps it was, but the toys are histories, and the "red velvet" made, as she said, an admirable background, harmonizing the whole. Lady Morgan was pre-eminent in *tact*, as well as *taste*: if you complimented her on her looking "so much better," she replied, "Perhaps I am better roused than usual." Once a lady, not famous for sincerity, said, "Dear Lady Morgan, how lovely your hair is; how do you preserve its colour?" "By dyeing it, my dear; I see you want the receipt." If we were so fortunate as to find her alone, we were charmed by the mingling of acute observation with much that was genial and generous; but this placid enjoyment would be suddenly uproused by a sarcasm, just as when in a delicious sandwich you are stung by an unwieldy drop of mustard; it was an accident, and so was Lady Morgan's sarcasm: it had no business there, but it *was there*, and she really could not help it. She could not help "cutting;" she did it rapidly, and without a jag; it was an impulse, not an intention. She would stand up in her latter days as bravely for a friend, or against oppression, as in her youth she did for her country: her beliefs were often wrong, but she was as true as steel to them. Devoted as Lady Morgan appeared—to strangers—to be to the frivolities of the world, she had sound and rational views of life and its duties as a daughter and a wife. She was *sans tache*, and she would have made an excellent mother. Speaking, during one of our *tête-à-têtes*, of some young ladies suddenly bereft of fortune, she said, with an emphatic movement of her dear old green fan,—"They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly*; their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and languages, amount to nothing. They were educated to marry, and had there been time, they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give every girl, no matter her rank, a trade—a *profession*, if the word pleases you better; cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but *one thing to perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel *this* will carry me through life without dependence." I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt."

After such a sound bit of teaching, she would, if a *superfine* lady was announced, tack round to her small vanities, ply her fan after a new fashion, and exclaim, with such droll, pretty affectation,—"Why were you not here last night? I had two dukes, the beautiful Mrs. P. — (well, never mind the scandal, it is nearly worn out, I assure you!)—the young countess, who is so like the lady in 'Comms,' the Indian prince, who dresses the corner of a room so superbly, and is everything we could desire—*except fragrant*. I am a liberal, as you know, but

really, since the Reform Bill, have ceased to count M.P.s as gentlemen; still they *are* M.P.s; I had seven—certainly of the best men—*en route* to the division. I told you two dukes and one duchess; but the delight was a new and handsome American, a member of Congress—I daresay he exchanged his Bible for a Peerage the moment he landed at Liverpool! You should have seen his ecstasy when presented to a duchess, and how he luxuriated beneath the shadow of the strawberry leaves!"

But it is impossible to transfer to our page the eloquence of her looks and movements when excited by society and conversation. A very stately and dignified lady of the pen, who frequently questioned Lady Morgan as to what she was doing, and where she got her "facts,"—a species of cross-questioning which the mercurial lady disliked exceedingly,—loomed down upon one evening when her ladyship was very brilliant and entertaining, with a question about some "fact" in her "Italy." Twisting her large green fan, and flashing upon the fair one the full blaze of her animated eyes, she replied,—"We all imagine our facts, you know—and then happily forget them; it is to be hoped our readers do the same."

Lady Morgan's "evenings" were not more remarkable for their "fashion" than their literature; all "new men and women" brought her introductions. Old friends, who had sometime led "the world," the senate, or the bar, frequently enjoyed the fresh half hour at Lady Morgan's before joining the crush of a large party. "Milady" was always cheerful and piquant, apt at repartee, furnished with the last *on dit*, and flashing like a brilliant in sunshine; everything in those *boudoir-like* rooms was artistic, and when filled, as we have seen them, you might have imagined yourself in the presence of Madame de Genlis, feeling that, after the passing away of that small form which enshrined so much vitality, and so large and expansive a mind, the last link between us and the Aikins, the Barbauds, the D'Arblays, would be gone! We shall never see again such a graceful mingling of the parvenu and the lady of rank—the worldly and the spiritual elements—the real and the unreal—the fashionist, and the truly kind-hearted woman. When both Sir Charles and Lady Morgan wrote for a well-known periodical, they were ever ready to foster young talent; and we call to mind, with gratitude, her generous criticism on the works of an author, whom a less generous nature would have noted as poaching on what she might have considered her own Irish preserve. Lady Morgan had her quick and national appreciation of an absurdity or a weakness, and could not help having "a fling" at it; it was your neighbour's turn to-day, and might be yours to-morrow; but what matter?—she would do you a kindness, and be really glad to do it, all the same. She never put the young aspirant for celebrity aside, to pay more attention to a titled visitor. If the detractors of the poet Moore said he loved a lord, those who knew Lady Morgan say she loved lord and lady—and so she did; but the affection was reciprocal: and those who sneer at it, in nine cases out of ten, would do as much with the same opportunities.

The last time we saw "The Wild Irish Girl," she was seated on a couch in her bed-room, as pretty and picturesque a ruin of old-lady-womankind as we ever looked upon; her black silk dressing-gown fell round her *petite* form, which seemed so fragile that we feared to see her move. We recalled to memory Maria Edgeworth, having believed her to have been the smallest great woman in the world, but Lady Morgan seemed not half her size. Yet her head looked as noble as ever; the lines of her face had deepened, but her large luminous eyes were bright and glistening, her voice was clear and firm, her manner subdued—she was not at all restless, but spoke with confidence of arranging her autobiography, of which she had sent forth a little portion as an *avant courier*. She showed us a large black trunk, which, she told us had, when she married, contained her *trousseau*—"during the happy interregnum between hoops and crinolines"—and now was filled with MS.; she spoke with affection of the dear relative "who never suffered her to feel that she was childless," of her devoted servants (and they certainly deserved her praise), and of the kindness of her friends. She gave voice to one or two little sarcasms that showed her acuteness was un-

dimmed; but the hour flew swiftly and harmoniously: we promised to come some evening soon, and rejoiced her maid by saying, that though her ladyship was changed, she looked much better than we expected. We heard, what we knew to be the case, that Lady Morgau, during her illnesses, and, indeed, always to her servants, was the most patient and gentle of mistresses. An unamiable woman could not have been beloved, as she was, by all around her. We little thought we had seen her for the last time: a few days afterwards she was seized with an attack of bronchitis, but it was not considered as fierce as that which her docility and good temper had assisted her to escape from a year ago.

Lady Morgan has been accused, with some show of reason, of deserting her country, after she received a pension for her patriotism (or *partizanship*): she defended herself from this charge by saying, that in Dublin her politics would have confined her to one phase of society, while here she could choose from all. Certainly she never "cottoned" to Dublin after her residence abroad; but she received her countrymen and women kindly and courteously, never questioning their religion, or their politics, for though her own opinions were fixed, her heart and mind were both large.

She is buried in the cemetery at Old Brompton, and, by her own desire, her funeral was perfectly without ostentation or display—"a hearse, and one mourning coach." For years to come, many a pilgrimage will be made to that grave.

A. M. H.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

ON the 26th of April the subscribers to this society met, at the Adelphi Theatre, to receive the annual report of the council, and to witness the drawing of the prizes. Sir Charles Barry, R.A., took the chair in the absence of Lord Montagu, who has so frequently presided on these occasions. Mr. Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, read the Report, of which the following is a brief summary:—

The subscriptions for the year amount to £15,210 6s.; this sum has been thus expended:—

Expenses of printing, exhibition of prizes, local agents, salaries, and other charges, including reserve 2½ per cent.	£3,523 7 3
Cost of plate ("Life at the Sea-side"), paper, and printing	6,980 18 9
Amount to be allotted in prizes	4,706 0 0
Total	£15,210 6 0

The reserve fund now amounts to the sum of £8,832.

The following is the allotment of the sum set apart for prizes to be selected by the prizetakers themselves; viz.:—

26 works at	£10 each.
20 "	15 "
20 "	20 "
12 "	25 "
12 "	30 "
6 "	40 "
4 "	50 "
2 "	75 "
1 "	100 "
1 "	150 "
1 "	200 "

To these are added:—

5 Bronzes of "Her Majesty on Horseback."	
61 Bronze Busts of "Ajax."	
30 Porcelain Groups of "Venus and Cupid."	
60 Porcelain Statuettes, "The Dancing Girl Reposing."	
10 Tazzas in Iron.	
30 Silver Medals of Gainsborough.	
700 Volumes of Photographs.	

The prizetakers of last year purchased from the various exhibitions of the season 110 works of art, to the following amounts, viz.:—

From the Royal Academy	£1,115 6 0
The National Institution of Fine Arts	627 5 0
Society of British Artists	997 0 0
British Institution	235 15 0
Royal Scottish Academy	20 0 0
Water-Colour Society	160 15 0
New Water-Colour Society	167 10 0
Royal Hibernian Academy	35 0 0
Society of Female Artists	69 0 0

From the above extracts we ascertain that the amount of this year's subscriptions exceeds those of the last year by £3,560, or nearly one-third more, an increase that is doubtless attributable to the

popularity of the print from Mr. Frith's "Life at the Sea-side." We find also that the sum now set apart for the purchase of prize-pictures is, notwithstanding the larger income of the society, less than that of last year by about £600; so that the artists of the country—we may say, the *Art* of the country—will reap little advantage from the more extended list of subscribers. This, most assuredly, ought not to have been the result. The council expended an enormous sum for the plate from Mr. Frith's picture, and the cost of printing so large an engraving must necessarily be large; indeed the whole is set down, as above, at something very near to £7,000, not much short of half the entire income. The council is, undoubtedly, right in securing an engraving which will attract subscribers, but it is too dearly paid for, when the only object it achieves is its own circulation. We are sadly afraid that the large body of artists accustomed to look for the sale of their works to the prize-holders of the *Art-Union of London*, will be disappointed at the prospect which the proceedings of the society this year hold up before them; nor, with the thunder-clouds of war rumbling in the distance, is there much to encourage their hopes of private patronage.

Of the other matters referred to in the Report, it is only needful we should notice that, for the subscribers of 1860, a volume is being prepared, containing thirty wood-engravings, by Mr. W. J. Linton, from the works of deceased British artists; for some future distribution, Mr. Willmore, A.R.A., is engraving a plate from Turner's "Italy;" and Mr. Lake Price has undertaken to produce photographs from Raffaele's "Transfiguration," Domeuichino's "St. Jerome," the two great pictures in the Vatican, and from other celebrated paintings. Four vacancies in the council have been caused by death or retirement; their places have been filled by the Lord Mayor, Mr. P. Hardwick, R.A., General Derville, and Mr. Robert Bell.

As a sequel to our remarks on the day's proceedings, we may add, that the £200 prize fell to the lot of Mr. W. Dixon, of Grantham; the prize of £150 to Mr. G. Tunnicliffe, Market Drayton; and that of £100 to Mr. G. Domone, Christchurch. Other prizes will find their way to New Orleans, Adelaide, Amsterdam, Philadelphia, Hobart Town, Geelong, Melbourne, Oporto, Samarang, Canada, Wellington, &c., &c.; and thus, through the agency of this society, British Art, in some phase or other, finds a home throughout the civilized world.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The bi-annual exhibition, now open in the Palace of the Champs Elysées, is the principal feature of Art-news here at the present time. A brief notice of it appears in another part of our Journal.—Next comes the exhibition of Ary Scheffer's works, which opened on the 10th of May. The collection includes ninety-five pictures, one statue, and two busts. Among the former are most of his best works; and the exhibition is, altogether, one of which the French school has just reason to be proud. Scheffer was the last of that series of great painters who threw a lustre on the Arts of France; and, from present appearances, there is no one who promises to maintain, in the same degree, its high position. We have had great pleasure in examining once more these pictures, although so many were previously well known to us. The French Government has purchased his last works—"Our Saviour tempted by Satan," "St. Monica and St. Augustin," making, with the "Weeper" and the "Suliot Women," four which the Government has in the Louvre. Of these the "Temptation of Christ" is the largest and most important.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—A Fine Art Exhibition was opened early this year at Cape Town, and prizes were awarded for works exhibited: of these prizes several passed into the hands of ladies. A prize for architecture was given to Mr. W. Cairncross, Jun., for the best original design for a villa.

GENOA.—An interesting experiment has been tried with success on a series of mural fresco paintings, by Ottavio Semini and Luca Cambiaso, at Genoa; the pictures have been taken off the walls and transferred to cloth by the method described by Lanzi: the subjects are principally relating to Scipio Africanus, and the siege of Troy.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE HERDSMAN.

N. Berghem, Painter. J. B. Allen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 8 in.

WHAT a numerous and brilliant constellation of great painters irradiated the Low Countries during the seventeenth century! While Art in Italy hasted to its setting, illumined only by a few glorious stars which continued in the horizon and served to rescue the land from dim obscurity by shedding upon it a beautiful twilight, Holland and Flanders were rejoicing in the full splendour of their Art-luminaries, and sending forth men to uphold the supremacy of painting. Ruhs—the most versatile and prolific artist of his own or of any other time, and one of the greatest colourists—adorned churches with sacred pictures, convents with legendary subjects, civic halls and mansions with history, bacchanalian scenes, episodes of everyday life, landscapes, and portraits; Rembrandt—grand, gloomy, vigorous, and imaginative—followed almost in the same circle; Vaudyck, though best known by his brilliant portraits, was great also in subjects of sacred and mythological character; Jordaens, the pupil and able assistant of Ruhs, proved himself in some of his historical pictures to unworthy disciple of the princely painter; Teniers, Jan Steen, and the two Ostades, attended village fairs, merry-makings, alehouses, "taking notes" of cottage doors as they passed along the road, and leaving us immortal records on canvas of such scenes; Terburg, Mieris, Metz, and Gerard Douw, derived their inspirations, generally, from a higher grade of society, moving about among the aristocracy and wealthy Dutch burghers, whose conversational and musical parties, lovers' tête-à-têtes, and portraits,—gems of portraits, too, these are,—they delineated with scrupulous fidelity, delicacy of manipulation, and beauty of colouring: some of these artists found subjects deemed worthy of their pencils in the frequenters of vegetable and fish stalls. Ruysdael, Both, Everdingen, Hobbema, and Wynants, lingered on the outskirts of forests, and before mountain cataracts, choosing the quiet solitudes of nature, with sparkling brooks falling over broken rocks; Cuypp, Paul Potter, Berghem, and Adrian Van der Velde, were the companions of shepherds and herdsmen in luxuriant pastures, and as they drove their flocks and herds from place to place; William Van der Velde—father and son—and Backhuysen were seen among those who "do husiess in great waters"—storms at sea, and ships riding quietly at anchor, and fleets engaged in deadly fight, were the subjects these artists loved to paint; Philip Wouvermaus selected battles in the field, hunting-scenes, horse-markets, troopers, travellers, and highwaymen; and Snyders was the Nimrod of the studio, who represented stag-hunts on a grand scale, and terrible combats of wild beasts of prey. These are the principal stars in the great Art-constellation that shed lustre upon Holland and Flanders in the seventeenth century; but many of less magnitude could be pointed out which contributed no "modicum" of light to the general radiance.

Nicholas Berghem has always been regarded as one of the most original and charming of the Dutch landscape painters. His pictures have all the finish necessary to works of such character, though he is known to have painted with great facility. His touch and manner are peculiar, yet easily imitated; and on this account it is, perhaps, that so many copies of his productions abound in collections, where they are considered genuine. The arrangement of his subjects is very masterly; his drawing good; and he excelled in the delicacy of aerial perspective.

"The Herdsman," which is at Windsor Castle, is a particularly fine work, and painted with a free, broad pencil: the group of figures and cattle on the right hand is naturally and intelligently arranged; the herbage, trees, mountains—in fact, the whole of the landscape is most truthfully painted, and there is little doubt that when the work first left the studio it was beautiful in colour; now the shadows have become dark and opaque. The sky is not represented with Berghem's accustomed felicity: the time is early morning, but the clouds, though light and fleecy, are too *bulky* in form, inelegant, and hard at the outlines.



B. ALLEN SCULPT.

N. BERGHEM. PINXIT.

THE HERDSMAN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

No. 2.—FRA ANGELICO IN THE CHAPEL OF
THE VATICAN.

SCENE I.

The Vatican Garden. MICHELINO and GOZZOLI, disciples of
FRA ANGELICO.

Michelino. How fares Fra Beato this morning, Gozzoli? how is our holy master?

Gozzoli. Ill—ill! But he will toil up his scaffold in the chapel, and work on at the St. Jerome by the light of that swinging silver lamp, though he is so weak that he nearly swooned this morning, as he knelt to take the holy wafer, as is his wont before beginning to paint.

Michelino. If ever a man of us see the saints he has painted on earth, face to face in heaven, 'twill be he, Benozzo. Take my word for it, O ye martyrs and confessors, 'tis a silver soul.

Gozzoli. Nay, thy metaphor snacks somewhat of the Jew traders over the Tiber. Why silver?

Michelino. Well, then, an ermine soul—a new-born flower's soul—a soul white as the snow fallen an hour since on the Monte Rosa. Who ever saw him crossed in temper? who ever saw him tread on a worm? If a viper were to creep under his pillow, would he not get out of bed, in order that the poor thing should be undisturbed? The very birds do not stop singing in the olive-trees when he passes them, and the rabbits come out and feed at his feet.

Gozzoli. He is a Saint John in heart, and his religion is a religion of love. Did he not refuse the archbishopric of Florence,—more fool he, say some,—and all sorts of dignities the Pope would heap on him? "Dignity enough for me," he says, crossing his breast, "to shun hell and get to Paradise. I need quiet and rest for my blessed art, wherewith I try to serve God and do good to men." Would some we know—that waspish, stinging prior (*whispers*), to wit—were like him. They say our Angelico weeps over the Crucifixions that he paints. Is it so?

Michelino. Marry, is it. I saw him yesterday crying ready to break his heart. "Be comforted, father," cried I, thinking it was only some physical weakness, "dinner is ready."

Gozzoli. And what said he then, carnal man?

Michelino. What do you think? Why, that the bread and olives he had had two hours before meridian were quite enough for a poor sick old man, but that he would stay there and pray, and then paint a little while the light was strong enough, for his eyes were not as they were.

Gozzoli. Which very much affected you—till the cover was taken off the meat!

Michelino. Ribald! Yes, thank God! we had that day wild-boar steaks, and Heaven gave me appetite to cope with the repast,—and to digest it after I had coped with it. By-the-bye, that reminds me of Girolamo's story of the village priest, he heard the other day preach out somewhere near Bellinzona, at the foot of the mountains. The sermon was on the miracle of the loaves and fishes, which he attributed to Saint Barnabas.

Gozzoli. A suitable text for those glutton monks!

Michelino. You remember the parable I refer to, you godless one, about the five barley loaves and two small fishes, with which our Lord feasted the ten thousand men—

Gozzoli. Five thousand men!

Michelino. Well, five thousand men; but that's nothing to the story. The ten barley loaves—

Gozzoli. Five barley loaves!

Michelino. Well, five barley loaves. What

a torment you are, with your dry corrections! The monk, unfortunately intent on his relics—a feather from Gabriel's wing, and one of the coals that roasted Saint Lawrence—got confused, and either from ignorance or such confusion, reversed the parable—

Gozzoli. Miracle, not parable!

Michelino. Bones of Saint Barnabas! well, miracle. What a word-splitter you are! Well, miracle—'sdeath! that does not make the story better!—Reversed, I say, the miracle, and described that, on a mountain on the other side of the Sea of Galilee, our Lord fed five persons and two small fishes with ten thousand barley loaves, leaving twelve basketfuls of fragments, over and above those which were eaten.

Gozzoli. Ha, ha! well done monk! And what said the people?

Michelino. Listen. The monk had scarcely finished his narrative when he felt he had made a mistake, and the truth began to dawn through his fat brain; but he was too crafty to confess his mistake, and show his carelessness or his ignorance—not he.

Gozzoli. That is not the way with such cattle.

Michelino. No; he bravely stood up, stroked his stomach, coughed, hemmed, and pausing a moment, looked up to the clouds with the whites of his gluttonous eyes, and said, "Yes, my dear brethren, such was the miracle. Strength was given from heaven to those five persons, unaided, to bite and swallow the five thousand barley loaves and two small fishes; and what is more, such was the power granted to the saint, and the greatness of the miracle, that they digested them.—I will now send round the box for alms for the brotherhood of the saint who wrought that miracle.

Gozzoli. Not so bad. I should like to know that monk: your fox's wit is always keenest when the dogs have him at bay. Did you ever see such a colour as those violets? the Pope's robes are nothing to them.

Michelino. I must bid you farewell—I must now to the Vatican chapel, to work at the Saint Jerome with Fra Angelico.

Gozzoli. And I to the tavern on the Pincian, to drink a flask of Orvieto, and tell your story of the Bellinzona monk and his parable.

Michelino. Miracle, sir! your mistake is an ignorant one! Miracle, Gozzoli!

[GOZZOLI goes out laughing.]

Michelino (*adjusting his white hood*). That fellow's face will do for my "Descent into Limbo," with his sneering nose, suspicious eyes, and white lips. Bah! I hate the fellow!—singing even while he paints the doors of the holy *Ciborium*,—whistling while he puts on the gold leaf round a saint's head! That can't come to good. He is one of the children of this world,—laughs at my angels—and at my devils in the fiery boat, that I frescoed at Cortona, to the astonishment of all the town, five ladies swooning when I took down the curtain from it! Envy—sheer envy! He looks sour at my jokes. I saw his painful smile when I showed him the "St. Peter" yesterday! He asked me if the colour was not rather pale, and the carnations somewhat livid. But I'll tread on him yet—I'll tread on him yet!

[Goes out, repeating one of the penitential psalms.]

Bartolomeo, the Chorister Boy (*coming out from behind a cypress*). Ouf! how I hate that fellow, with his kind, bitter advice, that he pokes down your throat, just as you give a dog medicine! He is as great a hypocrite as ever turned over a mass-book, he, with his beads and penitential psalms! To see him fall on Fra Angelico's neck, and hug the good man, when I know he longs for his death, that he may have all the painting of the chapel to himself, and get to the Pope's elbow! The wriggling snake

—with his slow-turning, stealthy eye! How meek he is, too, when he is painting,—asking how you like it, and painting out the best part again, fearing there is something wrong in the drawing—listening with his neck on one side! I was sent to call him, for my dear master is ill, and cannot paint much to-day. Gozzoli gave me a picture yesterday: he is worth three of this toad. But, ouf! I hate him as I do the devil! Now, as I am out, I'll look after that nightingale's nest in the fig-tree. They must have young by this time. (*Sings*)—

"The nightingale sings, the nightingale sings,
Like a new-born angel with unfledged wings,
In the ilex's dark-green heart!
Or waits like a soul that is waiting its doom,
Hid from the bright moon deep in the gloom
Of the garden's thickest part!"

Michelino (*coming angrily out of a side-walk*). Hush, boy! no singing near the chapel! Thy master is faint, and the noise vexes him. Go to thy book. Are there no altar-candles to trim? no censers to swing? no myrrh or gums to pound for the thuribles to-night? no pixes to polish? No—

Bartolomeo. Plenty! but I am no Barbary slave, to spend time on such lackey's work. I sing in the choir, and I sing out of the choir! But, whatever I am, I am no servant of thine! [*Exit.*]

Michelino. That is a little limb of the devil, that will never come to good. Strange, that the holy father should so affect the pestilent, mischievous urchin, who has neither sanctity or devoutness. But so it is. Contrasts—we like our contrasts. So David loved Absalom, and Solomon his pagan wives. The holy father ails—his eye gets dimmer: even those nearest his heart must now rather pray for his release than his detention. His mind sometimes wanders, which shows the body is weak—weak. He sees fiery chariots waiting for him in the air, and the saints he has painted on earth come crowding to the brink of heaven, to welcome him to paradise! "Lord, how long?" he keeps repeating. My prayers are at last answered: he is going to heaven, and is happy. I shall remain here, and shall be happy too, wearing the crown of Art which he must put off before he can put on the white robe, and take up the golden harp! [*Exit.*]

Enter BARTOLOMEO.

Bartolomeo (*stepping from behind a bay-tree, and laughing*). Now, if anything was to happen to our dear master to-day, I could swear Michelino, with all his piety, would be away at some cardinal's levee, and Gozzoli, for all his taverns and singing, at the dying man's bedside.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Gardens of the Vatican. The Monk and the Chorister Boy, BARTOLOMEO.

Fra Angelico. Christ in everything! and his cross everywhere!—in the flying swallow, in the tree boughs, in this our frail body, yea, even in this apriote-tree, that these hands crucified to the wall, where the quick lizard is already out, his dormant blood quickening with the spring sun, that makes the almond-blossom, too, open—foolish prodigal! that comes before its leaves, and flushes out its youth, like a spendthrift, in a few hot days of sinful pleasure! I feel weak, and cannot paint this morning in that small, dark, cold side-chapel, where there is no sun to warm me. Don't chase the lizard, Bartolomeo! God made it of brittle emerald, and thou wilt soon hunt it to death. Remember, it is God's creature, like thyself,—spare it for another day of sunshine—remembering Him who would not break even a bruised reed! If thou must be pursuing life, catch me the large purple butterfly yonder—there, on the Narcissus flower—and put it under that drinking glass, that I may, without hurting it, copy its wings for that angel in the third page

of my litany, in the initial letter of the divine song of Simeon—*Nunc Dimittis*—that the prior the other day gave thee to learn for singing a false note in the *Te Deum*.

Chorister Boy, Bartolomeo. Here are two, Fra Giovanni—two of the royal purple. You find them always in the violet; but I had to beat one down with my cap, and I could not catch the other without dropping the heavy choral book on him—but he isn't much hurt, Fra Giovanni. They give me a deal of trouble catching, and why should one let them go again? But why do you look so pale, Fra Giovanni?

Fra Angelico. It is nothing, Bartolomeo, but a faintness that has fallen on me in the chapel; so I laid down my brushes and my palette, and came out in the garden, into the sun, that shines with equal love upon the just and upon the unjust.

Chorister Boy. The just—that's you, dear father; all the Dominicans call you Angelico and Beato, and say that St. Luke comes down and teaches you how to paint.

Fra Angelico. Use not such words, Bartolomeo, to the poor sinner, brother Giovanni; I am a poor dreamer of heaven, and I but paint my dreams. Why there's Masaccio—

Chorister. What, that slovenly fellow who learnt of Masolino? He is no monk.

Fra Angelico. All the heads in Paradise, Bartolomeo, will not be shaved ones. He will paint so, that where I leave off will be but his beginning. I pray he may do God more service by his art than Fra Giovanni has done.

Chorister. Not he, with his hood all awry, and his cloak torn.

Fra Angelico. Nay, my boy, a man does not carry his brains outside him. The nightingale is a poor brown bird, yet it sings. I tell you he will beat us all, and if it be to the glory of God, pray God he may. Do I envy you your young life and free limb? why should I his genius?

Chorister Boy. O, Father John, he will never paint Gabriel like you have, with those wings that seem all set with dew-drops, thick as the jewels in our relic-case at Orvieto; and those garlands of angels dancing in the green meadows of Paradise—greener than the flax-field we passed yesterday; and those saints and bishops, with the cloth of gold robes, stiff, and grand, and rich, and the sharp mitres cut in two like filberts; and those colours you get from the crocuses and violets in the garden at Fiesole, that you are so fond of, that you—But I'm teasing you with all my talking; you put your hand to your head.

Fra Angelico. You don't tire me, Bartolomeo, no more than the thrush on the bough there over his nest could tire me; and though I tell you that in future time, when you and I, boy, have turned to flowers in some garden outside a chapel like this, that I shall be thought of, in comparison of Masaccio, but as the child that drew the face upon the vineyard wall there outside.

Bartolomeo. When I paint, Fra Beato, I won't paint those yellow-skinned Saint Jeromes, with heads like skulls; but beautiful women, with rosy cheeks, like those Michelino paints in one corner of his Purgatories. I'll have no bleeding men being sawn in two, or flayed with knives; but children dancing, holding garlands of roses. But you are ill, father?

Fra Angelico. It is nothing, Bartolomeo; but lend me your aid to the scaffold-steps in the chapel, and I will rest while you run for the leech in the street of the Three Fountains.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

The Chapel. FRA ANGELICO, GOZZOLI, and BARTOLOMEO, who has just returned.

Fra Angelico. And now, as I sit on the steps that lead up to the ceiling scaffold, it

seems a long time, Gozzoli, to look back, to those young days when I used to hide myself in the belfry at Vecchio, to paint the starling's nest with the pale-blue eggs in it, for the first page of my new missal, and where the pigeons sat above me cooing, as I wrote in with all my care, turning round my tongue as if in pain, *Ave Maria, gratia plena*, round the aureole of our Blessed Lady the Virgin.

Gozzoli. Your life must seem, my dear master, like a garden, in which the flowers have sprung up behind you as you passed by. Wherever you have been, in cell and on wall, in cloister or over archway, you have left some blessed testimony of your faith there; and over every picture is written by thy dear hand,—“Do all to the glory of God.”

Fra Angelico. Who comes yonder, Gozzoli, down between the cypresses, with the white robes, and the lily wand in her hand?

Gozzoli. Where?

Fra Angelico. There, to the right, by the old olive-tree, where the walk winds to the fountains—now it is gone. My eyes are failing me; it was but that tree white with blossom that I saw through the darksome ilex tops. I thought I saw before me the Virgin I painted for the Orvieto church, with the snowy robe, under the rainbow arch—

[*Falls.*]

Gozzoli. Master of masters, lean on me; you seem weaker. Shall I fetch help, and bear you to your bed in the Pope's upper guest-chamber? Would the leech were here!

Fra Angelico. Patience. There is no need; I would have no crowd to see an old man yield his soul to God. Let my dear brothers at Fiesole have the few golden pieces that are due to me—they may go for masses for my soul. I always prayed to die in the spring, and now my prayer is granted me. Would, though, I had finished that work at Orvieto that I left undone—but Thy will be done. Tell Michelino never to paint till he has received the eucharist; how can a man paint religious pictures if he have an impure heart? Stand boldly before men, but paint on your knees; a man sees best the holy passion he paints through his tears. I have never seen heaven so clearly as when I have knelt to the cross, and looked towards heaven with penitent tears in my eyes. Take the thought God sends, and do not sully it, Gozzoli, with foolish changes.

Gozzoli. Nay, but, father, I cannot paint these angels of the flowers that thou delightest to make fading lesser and lesser, till they grow absorbed into the light of the great throne, and of Him who sitteth thereon. I would fain wander in the seven *Bolgi* of Dante's “Inferno,” where horrid faces are revealed to me between the wafts of smoke and flame. God made the summer and winter, the wild deer and the wolf: there must be diversity of natures. Dear Fra Beato, blame me not if I have not thy peaceful heart and tender and devout soul. I cannot paint my prayers like thee, Fra Giovanni; St. Luke never comes to me as I work with my wet colours; and if I had been offered the archbishopric of Florence, I should, though a monk of the Dominicans like thee, have incontinently have snapped it as you lizard just did you fly. You are never angry with the lazy brothers, while I long for a sword to slay them in their sleeping stalls, pine for the power of the Medici, and want to paint men, not angels, whom I don't know much of.

Bartolomeo. How the leaves flutter, Father John: one would think they were butterflies with golden wings, trying to get loose, or as if they were little golden cymbals, that the soldiers shake on the Moorish staff; and hearing the singing, and not seeing the birds, one would think, Father John, that it was the very young leaves themselves singing for joy.

Fra Angelico. Yes, Bartolomeo, it makes us forget the night that is surely coming; let us

work while it may be called day, for the night cometh when no man may work.

Bartolomeo. Nay, Father John, there is no work for me to-day, for the Pope is away at Frascati, and I don't sing in the choir to-night; you must not work any more, for you are weak, and the spring air in the garden will revive you.

Fra Angelico. I must presently to my work, Bartolomeo, at that hollow-eyed, lean Saint Jerome, beating his breast red with a sharp flint, that made thee cry out for fear yesterday when thou broughtest me my bread and olives at the noon meal. That old hermit will bear the wound long after I am gone to rest.

Bartolomeo. Don't talk in that way, Fra Giovanni; you are not going to leave Rome yet. The holy father—

Fra Angelico. I go when I am called; when the trumpet sounds I am ready to depart. The frail tent of this body is already torn and rent; it is time it were furled and put away in the dark place.

Bartolomeo. O, father, look at those swallows weaving there round the fountain; there, I nearly struck one down with my hazle-switch.

Fra Angelico. Bear with me a little! Don't touch the picture—the colour is wet. Keep the chapel window shut, till the blue of the Virgin's robe dries, and the gold stars be well fixed on the ultra-marine. This painting of ours is at best but a frail thing—a wretched mockery and echo of the truth—and it will not bear injury, my dear son in the faith!—Cold, colder, now it comes! I feel the blood freezing up, up, to my heart! Tell the holy father an old man gave him his dying blessing! The ceiling melts into cloud!—the sea of molten crystal, and the throne!—Him that sitteth on it, is, to look upon, like a jasper and a sardine stone! There is a rainbow round the throne and over the throne, which is in sight like unto an emerald! There is the Virgin, with the sceptre of lily flower, and the saints and martyrs, with their swords and axes and saws;—and all faces turned to the throne and to the Lamb! (*Swoons—recovers, and in a feeble voice cries*)—Quick! fetch the Book of the Gospels, and read me the vision of St. John!

[*GOZZOLI and BARTOLOMEO kneel beside the dying man, who crosses his hands on his breast; they read alternate verses.*]

Michelino. “The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne.”

Bartolomeo. “Having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints.”

Gozzoli. “And I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”

[*FRA ANGELICO dies.*]

Gozzoli. “And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away.—Even so come Lord Jesus.”

[*BARTOLOMEO bursts into tears, and flings himself sobbing on the dead body.*]

Gozzoli. Weep not for him, Bartolomeo!—he is gone where the sad ones cease from sorrowing, and where the weary are at rest. Repeat after me, and let us each say it from our hearts, and on our knees—(*Both repeat, holding the dead man's hand*)—“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

OBITUARY.

MR. C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

This distinguished artist, whose health had for a long time been declining, died at his residence, in Abercorn Place, on the 5th of May, at the age of sixty-four.

The *Art-Journal* for the months of March and April, 1856, has forestalled anything which it might now be our duty to write on the career of Mr. Leslie; those two numbers of our publication offer as complete an account of his life as could be obtained by any means within our reach, as well as a list of his principal works. Very little remains for us to add to our former remarks; for, unhappily, whatever has since come from his hand bears the unmistakable impress of impaired mental energies and physical weakness. The author of "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," "The Rivals," "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and a host of other works, equalling these in excellence, is scarcely to be recognised in the pictures he contributed to the Academy during the last three or four years. In colour, a quality in which he was rarely great, these latter works especially are lamentably deficient.

Mr. Leslie was for very many years considered, both here and on the other side of the Atlantic, as an American; but, in 1843, a letter—published anonymously in our *Journal*, and which we are now at liberty to say was written by the late Mr. Uwins, R.A., a fellow student of Leslie's when both were boys—settled the question. Mr. Uwins stated that Leslie was born in Clerkenwell, that he had frequently heard him speak of the youthful days of his childhood, and of his early voyage to America with his parents, from which country he returned with them when he was about twelve years of age.

Mr. Leslie's contributions to the Art-literature of our time, though not exhibiting much originality of subject-matter, nor much deep thought and study, are, nevertheless, of considerable value, especially to those for whom his writings—that is, his published lectures delivered at the Royal Academy—are more particularly intended.

The personal character of this lamented painter, whose death cannot but be regarded as a heavy loss to our school, notwithstanding the defects of his later works, may be summed up in a few words. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the term; somewhat reserved, and unapproachable by strangers; yet kind and courteous to all who knew him, and liberal towards those members of his profession who required his aid or advice.

MR. E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

It is with very sincere regret we have to record the death of this gentleman, whose services as a contributor to our columns we had hoped to retain for some time to come, notwithstanding he had almost, if not quite, reached the allotted term of life—the threescore years and ten. Mr. Rippingille died suddenly, on Good Friday, at the railway station of Swan Village, in Staffordshire. A *post mortem* examination led to the conclusion that death resulted from disease of the heart.

We are not at the present time in a position to offer our readers any detailed account of his career as an artist and a writer upon Art; we may, however, do so in a future number. All we can now say is, that for a long series of years his pictures, especially those of Italian subjects, were well known to, and not unappreciated by, the public. He passed many years in Italy, where he formed the acquaintance of a large circle of brother artists—foreigners and British. His theoretical knowledge of Art was, perhaps, greater than his practice, though the latter was sound and careful. Many years ago Mr. Rippingille started a monthly periodical devoted to the Arts, but it met with little encouragement, and, after the publication of a few numbers, it was discontinued. He was a man of large information, a diligent student of Art, and a shrewd observer of character, as the papers from his pen we have recently published show, and others yet in our hands will still further testify.

THE
FRENCH EXHIBITION OF 1859.

THE demands of our own exhibition, and the pressure of other matter claiming priority in our arrangements, have hitherto interfered with a notice, on our part, of our neighbour's great biennial review of Art, in the *Palais de l'Industrie*. It is, however, neither our wish nor our intention to let it pass without some remarks—remarks condensed and brief—in, as it were, an inverse ratio to its extent, occupying, as it does, some thirteen large saloons, and proffering a catalogue of 3045 works. Diderot, in his day, had his nerves seriously affected by an ominous muster of 400 canvases in one exhibition. How would he have met these perilous times, when the superficial space occupied by such a display has expanded out for many a rood? To the seemingly prodigious change we have become gradually habituated, through the influence of that marvel-working innovator—Time. The French catalogue, in the year 1855, registered about 1850 *tableaux*; that of 1857, 2715. In the present year, there is an advance of 330, giving a total of 3045. Perhaps, however, with regard to contributions on this occasion from purely French pencils, there is no great difference, in amount, from those of the previous period—any precise calculation on the subject being rendered difficult from the circumstance, that, in '57, the pictures of foreigners were mingled indiscriminately with the French, while here, in '59, they are gathered in a special saloon.

To the final completion of the catalogue on this occasion, a column, plenary it is to be hoped, of the promised English works, is yet to be added. It has been a disappointment to many that these were not delivered for the opening, with a punctuality in keeping with British habits of business. The postponement can scarcely be palliated by the plea of pressure to meet the demands of the home exhibition. Their arrival is, however, an event fully expected, and a special saloon awaits them. They must be, perforce, omitted from this notice.

When they have made their appearance, they will doubtless confirm the impression, left on the minds of those familiar with the course of the Fine Arts on each side of the channel, and who have now visited the *Palais de l'Industrie*, that the creations of the French palette approach more and more to the characteristics of those, which figure on the wall of the Royal Academy. This revolution has been in progress for some time, and will continue to a fulfilment, notwithstanding past jealousies and the influence of intolerant schools. It is vain to fetter the limbs of Art, or attempt to control permanently her natural movements by a machinery, however elaborate in mannerism. *Eccce signum*. The affected idealism of the school of David has wholly passed away from the French *ateliers*, and, while there is no desertion therein of either sacred theme or military illustration, a large body of their tenants devote themselves genially to the wide range of fancy and feeling, which yields such teeming subjects to the class of *genre*. In landscape, too, instead of their dry iterations of *quasi-Claude* and *quasi-classic* inanities, they have learned to trust to their own impressions, and to present scenes from field or forest

"Dewy with nature's tear-drops."

It must, in sincerity and sadness, be added that the Parisian Exhibition has fallen a victim to the plague of portraits, and that, throughout its present thirteen saloons, redundant and remorseless canvases perpetrate transitions, but too faithful, of foolish faces. To judge from the fulness of this infliction, the portrait-painters of Paris have but slight cause to dread the influence of photographic rivalry: their easels must be abundantly occupied.

To sacred subjects, with unrestricted canvas, an entire saloon has here been dedicated—a very judicious arrangement; but we have not been able to recognise a single inspired work, upon either of its four walls, by which the eye might be arrested, or the feelings edified. The mantle of Paul De la Roche would not seem to have fallen upon any of his surviving contemporaries. And yet the spirit of religion is far from being so much below par in France as it has been: on the contrary, churches well filled, and with more than fair penitents, are

now familiar in this much-sinning Paris, and the reparation and pictorial embellishment of sacred edifices have been amongst the most animated operations upon which the hands of its architects and painters have been engaged. There is one exception to the above remark, and it is in the work of a foreigner, a South American—Señor Salomé Pina. This is named "Une Pitié," and represents the Virgin holding up and weeping over the body of Christ, while, on either side, a saint looks on in piteous contemplation. Feeling unequivocal and fresh is eloquent on each physiognomy; the artistic management of the composition is judicious, and its colouring clear and forcible.

Two military pictures, of Versailles dimensions, occupy the places of honour in the chief saloon; therein thrice are slain the slain of the Crimea. Neither of them is, in the high sense of the word, historic—where the treatment of one great act indicates a volume of minor incident, and tells, at a glance, how a great day has been lost or won. Of the latter we have familiar examples in the old epic pictures of Austerlitz and Eckmühl. In one, the Emperor has arrested his horse upon a commanding eminence, his staff in attendance, a column of his guard in reserve behind him, around him some wounded, some dying, some dead—the debris of a battle. In calm, cold confidence, he looks over the extended field, and awaits the headlong approach of that aid-de-camp, who bears the intelligence of the two rival potentates having fled, and their armies being irretrievably routed.

In the Eckmühl, we have again but one principal action. Napoleon, accompanied by a few of his greatest lieutenants, has halted by a group of wounded soldiers of the army he has just defeated, and while his surgeons, with sedulous anxiety, are soothing their sufferings, he expresses, by one look and action, his deep sympathy with them. The whole background presents a desolate plain of snow, which has been the "winding-sheet" to an army of slain, and over which, in the twilight of day-close, the columns of the conquerors are indistinctly moving in obvious pursuit of the vanquished. No trifling incident, or accessory of indifferent interest, is allowed to intrude upon either of these great compositions. They are at once simple and sublime, and present a very significant contrast to the works of M. Yvon, who is now the field-marshal of the French military school of Art. In these, the chief interest is derived from their presentation of the detailed horrors of the battle-field; for an appalling fidelity in this, M. Yvon has never been equalled: he throws the dramatic *Le Brun* deep into the shade. The murderous *melée* of the Malakoff is still the subject of his pencil and his vast canvas, (which revives the hand-to-hand contest of the French and Russians, in the last defensible gorge of the fort), meets the eye of the visitor to the exhibition as he enters the chief saloon, and compels him to hold his breath for awhile. Here every visage of every soldier engaged on either side is distinct, as if one were an actor in the scene—the unwounded living glaring on each other in concentrated hate, or desperation akin to madness—the dying writhing in concentrated agony—the dead crushed stark and ghastly under their companions' feet, or the uprooted gabions. The whole treatment of the subject is veritably described in the words of the catalogue,—"*Russes et Français, hommes et choses sont horriblement annoncelées.*" After all, this is but a commonplace of war: every campaign will furnish scenes as bloody and as desperate. Their record leaves no wholesome impression, except it be a loathing of

"The big wars,
That make ambition virtue."

It is assuredly repugnant to the fitness of things, grating to the humanities of art, that such a work as this should be honoured with the chief place in an exhibition of 3000 pictures.

Its companion, on the opposite side of the apartment, "The Landing of the French Army in the Crimea," is from a pencil of higher promise than that of M. Yvon,—that of Barrias, whose fine picture of "The Exiles of Tiberias," introduced him so promisingly to his countrymen, on his return from the school of Rome, in the year 1855. He was, however, more fortunate in that spontaneous, than in this dictated, undertaking. He has given a good, chronicle-like record of the event in

question, and no more. The whole of his foreground is occupied, on the one side, by a full band of drummers, who head a division in double-quick; on the other, by a piece of artillery, with all its accompanying horses and train. Towards the middle distance, the figure of Marshal St. Arnaud is seen, just as he and his staff have mounted in hot haste; far beyond him, and down to the distant edge of the shore, the ground is peppered over with the red and blue indications of troops landed, or landing. The blue sea and smoking steamers bound in all. There is probably much fidelity in the scene, which is thus depicted by the hand of a good colourist and draughtsman, and it will accordingly be a valuable addition to the Versailles panorama. Numerous minor canvases in this collection carry through endless detail the Crimean story.

From the crowd of portraits in this exhibition we shall be content to notice but a few. Perhaps, in more than courtesy, the place No. 1 should be given to a lady, Madame Henriette Browne, whose portrait of an elderly gentleman, for strength of character and masculine but rich handling, fairly emulates that remarkable portrait of the Provost of Peterhead, by Sir J. W. Gordou, which attracted so much notice and admiration, on the part of French artists, in the year 1855. This lady has further proved her great artistic power on this occasion, by a picture charming for its truth of expression, as well as by its masterly brilliancy of effect, the subject of which is a sickly boy tenderly nursed by a sister of charity. Two small, but exquisite cabinet pictures, further afford evidence of Madame Browne's claim to rank amongst the leaders of the present French school.

Winterhalter has given three works to this collection, the chief of which is a portrait, all but full-length, of the Princess Marie Woronzoff, which is at once brilliant and unaffected in expression, and artistically marked by freedom and grace of handling. It is, in every way, thoroughly refined, and reminds us much more of our highest British productions of the same class than it does of the French school. To the latter, Messrs. J. H. Flandrin and H. Lehmann belong beyond challenge, and both are masters of works here which are elaborated into very wax, or ivory. Henry Scheffer is at once more free and unaffected than either; his portrait of his lamented brother, the late Ary Scheffer, is a boon to the lovers of the Fine Arts; it is stamped with character. It has already been given to the public in the form of an engraving.

Delacroix sends a few small canvases to compete with the younger celebrities of the profession, who have all but monopolized the exhibition. Some of these are but repetitions, and those depreciated, of his past productions, such as "Hamlet at the Grave of Yorick," and the "Templar's Abduction of Rebecca." All are but generalised and sketchy, and that with the same sweltering brush, with which his greater works are, in glowing roughness, lashed into foam; they surprise, but cannot gratify. They seem to spring from a similar mood—the "*dulce est insanire in loco*"—as that, which yearly perplexed the public with corruscations from the studio of our Turner. In the imaginative, the hero of this year's creations is assuredly Gerome, whom a vast and ambitious composition of "The Age of Augustus," in 1855, and his cabinet picture of "The Duel after the Masquerade," in 1857, have made a rising star of first magnitude in the artistic world. Gerome has a potent idiosyncrasy, a self-willed singularity, which commands more attention than a sounder taste associated with less startling accessories. His subjects, in three works, for this year are—"Cæsar," in other words, the slain Cæsar lying in the deserted senate-house—solitude made ghastly; secondly, a scene in the Roman amphitheatre, where a posse of gladiators, when about to commence their fatal contest, salute the Emperor with the words—"Ave, Cæsar imperator, morituri te salutant;" and thirdly, "Le Roi Candule" exhibiting furtively to his minister Gyges, the charms of his wife. These are all remarkable for evidences of a severe study without much soul. So minute, fanciful, and formal are the scenic designs of each, but more especially in the latter royal bedchamber, that we leave them with the impression, that an admirable architectural draughtsman was lost in M. Gerome: he is but a tame colourist. In the picture by Cabanel, "La Veuve du Maître de

Chapelle," the widow of the chapel-master, subdued into tears amid her children, as she hears a favourite strain of her late husband touched upon the organ, is, for every fine quality of Art—eloquent sentiment—happy, but seemingly unstudied arrangement and colour, at once rich and mellow—a perfect cabinet work. It is not, however, honoured with a place equal to those of Gerome's first and last. Baudry, who, like Cabanel, has been a first-class student of Rome, and who came out as a Correggio colourist, has two works of his *forte* here—a Venus and a Magdalen. "Strange compagnie; strange compagnie!" He has not as yet mastered the difficulties of finest flesh tint; he is pulpy but uneven, and seems to have taken his canvases from the easel before their time. On the other hand, La Père, also a first-class Roman student, has a firmness which Baudry wants, and takes a leading place in mastery of the human figure. His "Bethzabée" admirably illustrates his artistic merits. Hamon, the leader of the ethereal Pompeian school, has, we regret to say, abandoned his true calling this year, and none of his followers have done ought to compensate for the loss of his delicate and piquant creations; we should except a very charming figure by Aubert (also a *premier grand prix de Rome*), of a nymph seated at the sea-shore, wrapped in the most gracefully swathing of draperies that modesty could suggest, and pensively meditating upon dreams the most placid. Hamon has not surpassed this. The names of Bouguereau, Curzon, Roen, Duverger, Leleux, Brion, and Bellet, should not be omitted amongst those, which have won honours on this occasion, either in the more purely poetic vein, or in specific genre.

In the renovated landscape of the French, several names of exhibitors appear here, to whom honour is due. Troyon fairly leads the way, with his fields of pasturage, his everlasting clouds, and his goodly cattle, marching up the foreground in gentle, passive obedience. Turning over the many leaves of the Troyon volume, we can find but little of that essence called poetry in their leaves; and we are led, moreover, to feel that, as a student, he must have wandered (all unseen, or otherwise, as it may have been) rather among the well-dyked cattle grounds of Holland than amid laughing fields of France, with their clustering vines and golden wave of corn. In strong contrast to him, we have here some few small gems of purest poesy, from the pencil of Bonet. In all these, delicious efforts of sun and shade are realized, and they want but one correction to render them perfect, and that is, to give the slightest softness possible to the foliage of those trees which take so conspicuous a part in each scene. They are a little too punctiliously stippled. M. R. Lehmann's view of the Pontine Marshes, with a small river in front, whose obstructing weeds are being swept away by a herd of buffaloes, which have been driven in for that purpose, and amongst whose grisly horned heads, a barge, peasant-laden, moves slowly along, is a work of great beauty, with a general air of silvery sunniness lighting up its picturesque stream, its wide-expanding plain, and distant pale blue hills. Auguste Bonheur has two clever cattle pieces, and a brilliant, sparklingly-tinted landscape, in which a flock of sheep is driven forward by a young Breton boy. This is a gem. The names of Fromentiu, Labito, Baudit, Diaz de la Tena, and Duverger, will be found amongst the strenuous students from nature, whose works lend an ample average to the attractions of this collection.

A large canvas of P. Rousseau, representing an incursion of dogs upon an unguarded gala dinner-table, and their savage rivalry in tearing its various joints to pieces, is painted palpably in the manner of Sneyders, and with an extraordinary vigour and brilliancy of effect, which win for it a conspicuous place of honour. The subject is, however, close upon disgusting. Let us contrast with it an extremely pretty group of a white cat and her family of kittens, most spiritedly painted by Madame Peyrol, *née Juliette Bonheur*, and which well supports the donors of the latter name.

The foreigners are not over strong in the quality of their contributions to this exhibition. They have nevertheless sent some works of sterling merit. The most remarkable of these is a large landscape by Palizzi (a Neapolitan, affiliated to France), with cattle in front, finished up with a most vigorous

hand, and glowing under a general effect of brilliant noon. Burnier, of the Hague, sends small works, in which Rembrandtesque impressions are loyally transmitted. Here is a deliciously tender and picturesquely-treated subject of a school of young girls at Albano, from the pencil of Muyden (Swiss), whose "Refectory of the Capuchins" won so much admiration at the exhibition of 1855. The names of Madrazo, who supports the honours of Madrid in portraiture,—Knaus, of Napau,—Verlat, Lamoriniere, and Lies, of Belgium,—Saal, of Coblenz, and Lanfredini, of Florence (who sends a most piquant picture of a young girl reading Dante), will be found amongst the *élite* of this great professional congress.

In concluding this brief notice, we can but express a general impression that no very startling revelation of genius is to be found in the thirteen saloons of the Palais de l'Industrie on this occasion; and that the British school, if true to itself in the selection which it sends, may occupy No. 14 without any apprehension of an untoward result.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EXETER.—An exhibition of works of Art was opened in this city at the end of April. It was inaugurated by the annual soirée of the School of Art on the evening of the 26th, when the Report for the past year was read, and prizes were distributed to the pupils entitled to receive them. The Report, which embraces the year 1858 only, gives an average of 149 students attending the school; but in March of the present year the number in the various classes was 173. In 1858 the aggregate number was 259. The financial statement must be very gratifying to the friends and supporters of the school, the treasurer's account showing a balance in its favour, at the end of the year, of £46 17s. 4d.; and the most satisfactory part of this matter is, that the chief part of the income is derived from the fees of the pupils, which last year amounted to £227 5s. Sir Stafford Northcote, who presided over the meeting, spoke very encouragingly of the future prospects of the school, and paid a well-merited compliment to Mr. Wiggell, the head master, to whom the pupils lately presented a silver inkstand and a gold pencil-case, to mark their sense of his unremitting attentions to them. The exhibition, to which reference has been made, was to remain open for a month. It was collected and arranged by Mr. Gendall, an artist long resident in Exeter, and whose name generally appears as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. The respect in which this gentleman is held in the county has enabled him to borrow from the mansions of Devonshire many fine pictures by the old Italian, Flemish, and Dutch masters, as well as several by our own painters—Reynolds, Wilson, Lawrence, Stanfield, Redgrave, Knight, Webster, &c. &c.

GLASGOW.—The public award of prizes to the pupils of the Glasgow School of Art, over which Mr. C. Wilson presides, took place last month. They were distributed to the recipients by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., who, in the course of his address to the students and their friends, strongly urged the benefits which all classes would derive from a knowledge of drawing, and admitted the great advantage he had himself received from practising, as he had done, five or six hours a day, for several years in the early part of his life. He attributed whatever success his writings may have obtained to the habit of drawing, which enabled him to form conceptions in his own mind of what he wished to describe; and, having formed that image, it belonged to the pen to transcribe it. The number of pupils in the Glasgow central school at the present time is 808; in other schools connected with it, 1,393; total under instruction, 2,201.

NORWICH.—The number of pupils in the School of Art, in April, 1859, was 159; the number returned for April, 1858, was 125, showing an increase for the present year of 14. A debt which for more than three years was pressing upon the institution has been entirely liquidated by a bazaar held last year, and a balance in favour of the school of nearly £100 is now in the banker's hands. Mr. Nursey, the head master, has been using his utmost exertions to accomplish this. The importance of the School of Art is now fully acknowledged in the city, and its appreciation by the inhabitants is shown by the regular amount of subscriptions. It has struggled through many difficulties during the last five years, but it may now be said to have overcome them.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART II.—MICHEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.



If we consider Michel Angelo in his compound character of painter, sculptor, and architect, he is unquestionably the most illustrious artist the world has ever seen; and if to these qualifications be added those of civil and military engineer, and poet, the versatility of his genius has had few parallels: it may, indeed, be affirmed there is no name in the annals of biography which suggests such a combination, in one individual, of rare intellectual endowments as his. And it is especially worthy of remark, that in each of these arts and sciences he showed himself a consummate master, though not equally so in all. There is not one, however, with which his name is not conspicuously allied: as a painter, it stands forth as one of the brightest constellations in the firmament of Art.

Michel Angelo was born when the arts of painting and sculpture—the former more particularly—were emerging rapidly from the twilight uncertainty and indistinctness of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. Cimabue and Giotto had risen and disappeared; they were the heralds of the future glory which, increasing and circulating by the agency of Masaccio, Giovanni Da Fiesole, or Angelico, Gozzoli, Ghirlandaio, Verrochio, Perugino, and a host of others whose names are less familiarly known, culminated in the works of Leonardo Da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Raffaele, and their contemporaries and successors of the various schools of Italy.

A descendant of the noble and illustrious family of the Counts of Canossa, he was born, on the 6th of March, 1474, at the Castle of Caprese, in Tuscany, of which castle his father was governor. The time of his birth was peculiarly favourable for the development of a mind like his, for the Italian States were vieing with each other in the cultivation and patronage of the liberal arts: talent was sought after, and, when found, encouraged and rewarded. At this period it was a very common practice to consult the astrologer as to the future destiny of infants, and the birth of the child Buonarotti formed no exception to the general rule. According to a contemporary biographer, Coudivi, his subsequent fame was thus foretold:—"Mercury and Venus were in conjunction with Jupiter for the second time, demonstrating a benign aspect, and plainly showing that the child would be a very extraordinary genius, whose success would be universal, but particularly in those arts which delight the sense, such as painting, sculpture, and architecture." In fulfilment of the prediction thus pointed out by those who made the heavenly bodies their study, the boy evinced at a very early age an unquestionable love of the Arts, and a desire to practise them. His chief companions were the students in the schools of painting at Florence, to which city his family had retired from Caprese.

Among these youths was one named Granacci, a pupil in the studio of Ghirlandaio, who lent him drawings to copy, took him to his master's house, and encouraged and assisted him in every way to accomplish the object of his desires. For a considerable time the father did all in his power to oppose the wishes of the young artist, under the idea that the Arts, if followed as a profession, would tend to compromise the dignity of the family.

At length, however, he laid aside his scruples, and articed the youth for a period of three years to Domenico Ghirlandaio, and his brother David. While pursuing his studies under these masters, a school for the advancement of sculpture was established by Lorenzo de Medici, and the pupils of Ghirlandaio were invited to study from the collection of antiques arranged in the Medicean garden, near the Piazza of St. Mark. The sight of these works, it is alleged, induced Michel Angelo to devote himself entirely to sculpture. It is related that while thus occupied, he one day found the mutilated head of a laughing fawn, and perfectly restored it. Lorenzo, who frequently visited the garden to watch the progress of the students, saw him at work, and was so struck with the skill and ingenuity displayed by the young scnlptor, that he invited him to his palace, provided him with suitable apartments in it for the prosecution of his labours, made him sit at his table as his own son, and introduced him to the men of rank and genius who were the frequent guests of this munificent patron of the Arts and literature. Among the literary friends of Lorenzo, one of the most distinguished was Angelo Poliziano, who also resided in the palace; and at his suggestion Michel Angelo executed for their patron a basso-relievo in marble, the subject of which was the "Battle of the Centaurs," a work that still exists in Florence, and which, in the latter years of the artist, when his judgment had, of course, become ripened, so satisfied it, as to cause him to express sincere regret that he had not devoted his talents exclusively to sculpture.

After a residence of three years in the palace of Lorenzo, Michel Angelo was compelled, by the death of his patron in 1492, to return to the house of his father.

He was then only in his eighteenth year—a mere lad. Pietro de Medici, the successor of Lorenzo, inherited his princely possessions, and so much of his taste as led him to patronise the Arts, without having any real love of them. He assigned to Michel Angelo the same apartments in the palace previously occupied by him, and used to boast "that he had two extraordinary persons in his house: the one, Michel Angelo, the other, a Spanish footman, remarkable for his personal beauty and his swiftness of foot;" an observation that shows his estimate of men of genius. His misgovernment of the Florentines at length caused his expulsion from the city, and on his downfall Michel Angelo retired to Bologna, where he executed two statues for the church of the Dominicans; but, after a residence in that city, returned to Florence, and to his father's house. Once more at liberty to pursue the bent of his inclinations, he executed a statue of the "Infant St. John" sleeping, and another of a "Sleeping Cupid," as a companion work, the former for a member of the Medici family. At the suggestion of this nobleman, Michel Angelo was induced to lend himself to a plan for imposing the Cupid on the public as an antique,



THE PROPHET DANIEL.

in order to show that a modern sculptor could produce a work as worthy of

estimation as an ancient artist. The statue was consigned to the care of a man who was made acquainted with the secret; he buried it in a vineyard, and after it had lain there sufficiently long to become stained, he dug it up and gave out that he had discovered an antique. The work was sent to Rome, where it attracted universal admiration, and was purchased by the Cardinal S. Giorgio for the sum of two hundred ducats. The cardinal, however, had not possessed it long before he found out that it was the work of a living sculptor, and feeling indignant at the imposition practised, sent one of his household to Florence, to ascertain the truth of the report. Having discovered that the sculptor was Michel Angelo, whose fame seems to have reached Rome at this time, he invited him to the imperial city, as the most promising arena for the exercise of his great talents. The invitation was accepted, though the cardinal, who could not forget the deception of which he had been the victim, did little or nothing to encourage him when he had reached Rome. From this time, however, must be dated the beginning of Michel Angelo's undying reputation.

During this, his first residence in Rome, he studied very assiduously, and executed several works, the most celebrated of which is the *Virgin with a dead Christ in her lap*, and is called a *Pietà*; an engraving from it appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1854. It was executed for the Cardinal Rovano, and is now an altar-piece in the chapel in St. Peter's, dedicated to La Virgine Maria della Febbre: several copies of the group were made, both in marble and bronze.

A new order, or form, of government having been established at Florence, which seemed to promise stability, several great works of Art were commissioned by the government. Michel Angelo, by the advice of his friends, returned to Florence in 1500, in expectation of receiving a portion of the patronage held out to artists; the first undertaking in which he engaged was a gigantic statue of David, hewn from a solid block of marble. This work had been commenced some years previously by Simon da Fiesole, who, finding that he had undertaken a task wholly beyond his capacity, abandoned it in despair. The marble was left little else than an ill-shaped block, and it was entrusted to Michel Angelo to do the best he could with it; he accommodated his design to the irregular shape of the marble, from which arose the statue that now stands in the great square of Florence, on one side of the doorway of the Palazzo Vecchio. Majestic as this work is, it bears evidence, in the attenuated form of the figure, of the constraint placed upon the sculptor by the peculiarly shaped material out of which it was created, after Da Fiesole's unfortunate attempt to execute the work.

Hitherto the productions of Michel Angelo were chiefly sculptural: we have, however, referred only to a few of them, but we must pass on to speak of him as a painter. The only easel picture from his hand which can be authenticated is in the gallery of Florence; it is a *Holy Family*, painted for a Florentine amateur, named Angelo Doni, and was executed at this period of the artist's life, or about 1503. But his genius was of a character that could not restrict itself within such limits, and an opportunity was afforded him to give it a wider range. The head of the government of Florence, who was called the *gonfaloniere*, was at that time a distinguished citizen of the name of

Pietro Soderini, who commissioned Michel Angelo to paint a large historical subject to decorate the hall of the ducal palace, while Leonardo da Vinci was engaged to execute one for the opposite side; the latter chose for his subject the victory of the Florentines over the Milanese in 1440; the former, Florentine soldiers bathing in the Arno surprised by an enemy. Cartoons were prepared, but the pictures, from some cause or other, were never executed on the walls of the palace, nor, so far as is now known, is there a vestige of either cartoon in existence: both were considered works exhibiting the highest genius in the art of design; while, in the case of Michel Angelo's, we, in the present

day, have an opportunity of testing its merits to a certain extent, from the engravings of a portion which has come down to us: this passage of the composition shows remarkable power of grouping and anatomical knowledge, with an intensity of individual and combined action truly wonderful, especially in an artist who had not yet attained his thirtieth year: by this work he not only established his reputation as the greatest artist of his time, but, by the novelty and grandeur of his design, created a new era in the Arts. The cartoon was placed in the Medici Palace, to which, according to Vasari, all the great painters of Italy, who had the means of reaching Florence, flocked to see it, among them Raffaele, Bandenilli, Andrea del Sarto, &c.

In 1504, Michel Angelo was again in Rome. Julius II., a man who for energy of character bore a strong resemblance to the artist himself, had been elected to the papal dignity, and was no sooner seated in his high position than he caused himself to be surrounded by men of genius. Michel Angelo was one of the first whom he invited to the imperial city, and gave him an unlimited power to design and build a mausoleum for his holiness, a commission which the artist felt to be commensurate with his powers. He accordingly prepared a design which, had it been completed as originally intended, would have surpassed in grandeur, beauty, and richness of ornament, every work of a similar kind that the world had seen. The plan was a parallelogram, and the superstructure was to consist of forty statues, many of them colossal, and interspersed with ornamental figures and bronze *bassi-relievi*; the architectural portions were to be appropriately decorated, so as to combine all into one grand and harmonious whole. To this magnificent design Rome is indebted for the Church of St. Peter's, "the grandest display of architectural splendour that ornaments the Christian world;" the story of its erection may be thus

briefly told. When the design for the tomb was submitted to the pope, he unhesitatingly approved of it, and desired the artist to go into St. Peter's (the old church of that name), to see where it could be placed; after due inspection, it was ascertained that no spot could be found that would exhibit to advantage so noble a design when carried out; this fact being represented to the pope, it was, after divers consultations, determined entirely to rebuild the sacred edifice.

The monument was commenced, and during its progress Julius was frequently induced to visit the artist, for whom he entertained the highest esteem, and to inspect the work; but at an early stage it was interrupted by a circumstance which strongly indicated the character of Michel Angelo. Having occasion to



THE PROPHET JEREMIAH.

request an audience of his holiness for an especial purpose, he was twice refused admission; and, on the second application, considering that one of the pope's attendants had treated him with superciliousness, he immediately gave directions to his servants to sell his furniture and effects to the Jews, and set off for Florence. He had, however, gone but a short way on his journey when several couriers arrived from the pope, commanding his immediate return. The indignant artist paid no heed to the papal emissaries, and, continuing his journey, reached Florence. Three briefs from Rome followed him there; but it was not till his friend, Soderini, fearing that he himself would incur the anger of the pope, who was then at Bologna, urged Michel Angelo to return to his duty, that the latter acceded, and went to Bologna to present himself to his holiness. Julius received him with an outward show of severity, but almost immediately after gave him his benediction, received him into full favour, and ordered him to make his statue in bronze. Michel Angelo remained sixteen months at Bologna, finished the statue, and then returned to Rome.

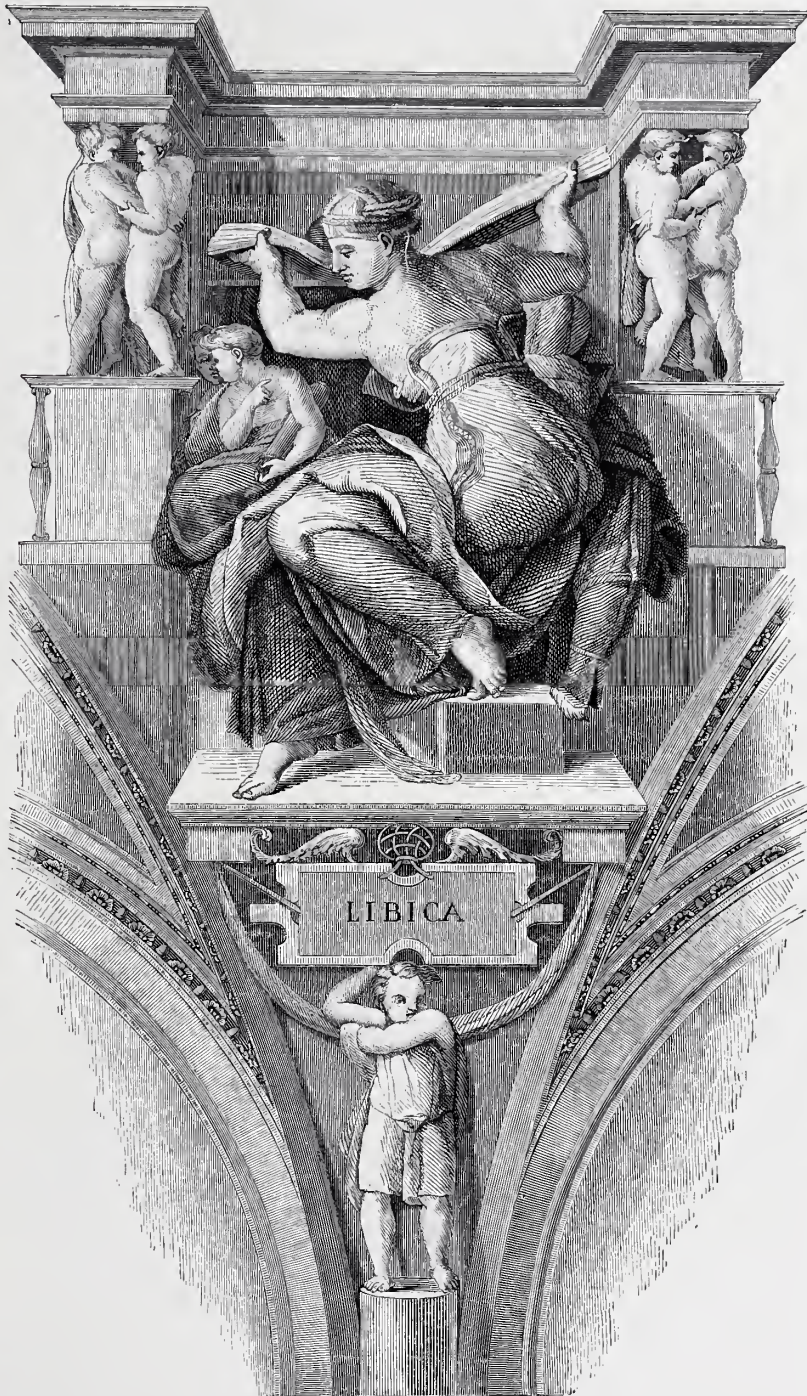
Bramante, the favourite architect of the pope, had been entrusted with the task of preparing designs for the rebuilding of St. Peter's; and Michel Angelo fully anticipated that he should at once be permitted to proceed with the monument: instead of this, Julius, at the instigation, it is said, of Bramante, who was jealous of the Florentine, ordered him to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with paintings in fresco. Raffaele, at that time, was ornamenting the Vatican with works of a similar kind. Michel Angelo most earnestly endeavoured to decline the task,—he had never attempted fresco-painting; but Julius would allow no impediment to stand in the way of his will: the cartoons were prepared, and artists from Florence, skilled in the art, were brought to Rome to execute the pictures. Their labours, however, did not satisfy Michel Angelo, and, entering the chapel one morning, he dismissed them all, and determined to do the whole work himself. Within one year and eight months from its commencement, the decoration was completed; an achievement which, whether we consider the magnitude and sublimity of the performance, or the incredibly short time occupied in its execution, is without a parallel in the history of Art.

A description of this glorious work—now, unhappily, so much faded as to be, in some parts, at least, almost invisible—would occupy many of our pages; we can only briefly describe it. The ceiling is divided into twelve compartments, in which is painted the history of the antediluvian world, in a series of large and small pictures, representing the most important events recorded in the book of Genesis—the Creation and Fall of man, with its immediate consequences. The eleventh subject of the series is the Deluge, and the twelfth is the story of Noah, showing the remnant of the human race preserved after that awful event. In the large triangular compartments at the springing of the vault, are sitting alternate figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, as the foretellers of the coming of Christ; and in the soffits of the recesses between these compartments is a series of designs representing the individuals who form the genealogical roll, so to speak, of the Saviour. Two of the illustrations we have introduced here are from the series of the Prophets and Sibyls, and one is from the soffits. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is acknowledged to be one of those marvels of Art which, even in its present dilapidated condition, men

make a pilgrimage to Rome to see; and it is impossible to contemplate it without reverence and astonishment.

As it is the principal object of this notice to exhibit Michel Angelo by the works he executed in Rome, the next twenty years of his life must now be passed over, for, during this period, he was for a short time only in the imperial city, and these twenty years were almost lost to him as an artist. The monument of Julius II. had been the favourite labour of his life, and he had devoted to it all his powers; but it had proved to him, almost from its commencement, a source of disquietude. Each pontiff, since the death of Julius, had, on his accession, required the services of Michel Angelo on other works, and in other places, and compelled him, notwithstanding his remonstrances, to discontinue his labours on the monument; it was, however, at length completed, in 1533, but on a smaller scale than it was first intended to be, and placed not in St. Peter's, as originally intended, but in the Church of San Pietro in Vincolo. He was now quite free to commence a work, the cartoons for which he had prepared some time previously: this was the wonderful fresco of "THE LAST JUDGMENT," which occupied him eight years to complete, and of which we have introduced an engraving. "The Last Judgment" is painted on the end wall, over the high altar, of the Sistine Chapel, and is sixty feet in height. "If we consider," says Kugler, "the countless number of figures, the boldness of the conception, the variety of movement and attitude, the masterly drawing, particularly the extraordinary and difficult foreshortenings, this immense work certainly stands alone in the history of Art; but in purity and majesty it does not equal the paintings on the ceiling." The same intelligent writer and critic thus describes the picture:—"In the upper half we see the Judge of the World, surrounded by the Apostles and patriarchs; beyond these, on one side, are the martyrs; on the other, the saints and a numerous host of the blessed. Above, under the two arches of the vault, two groups of angels bear the instruments of the passion. Below the Saviour, another group of angels, holding the books of life, sound the trumpets to awaken the dead. On the right is represented the resurrection, and higher, the ascension of the blessed; on the left, hell, and the fall of the condemned, who audaciously strive to press upwards to heaven." Anyone who closely examines this composition, especially with the feelings inherent in a true English Protestant, will be pained and disappointed. As a picture, moreover, it is by no means calculated to give pleasure; its predominant expression, throughout, is that of terror and dismay: nowhere do we recognise those rejoicing spirits who, rising

from the sleep of death, are about to "enter into the joy of their Lord;" even the martyrs, those who went through "a great fight of afflictions," and patiently submitted themselves to every kind of persecution, and sundry forms of death, appear, not as disembodied spirits for whom crowns of glory are ready, but bearing the insignia of their martyrdom. It is a day of wrath, not of mercy, and "it must be admitted," to quote again our former authority, "that the artist has laid a stress on this view of his subject, and it has produced an unfavourable effect upon the upper half of the picture. We look in vain for the glory of heaven, for beings who bear the stamp of divine holiness, and renunciation of human weakness; everywhere we meet with the expression of human passion, of human efforts. We see no choir



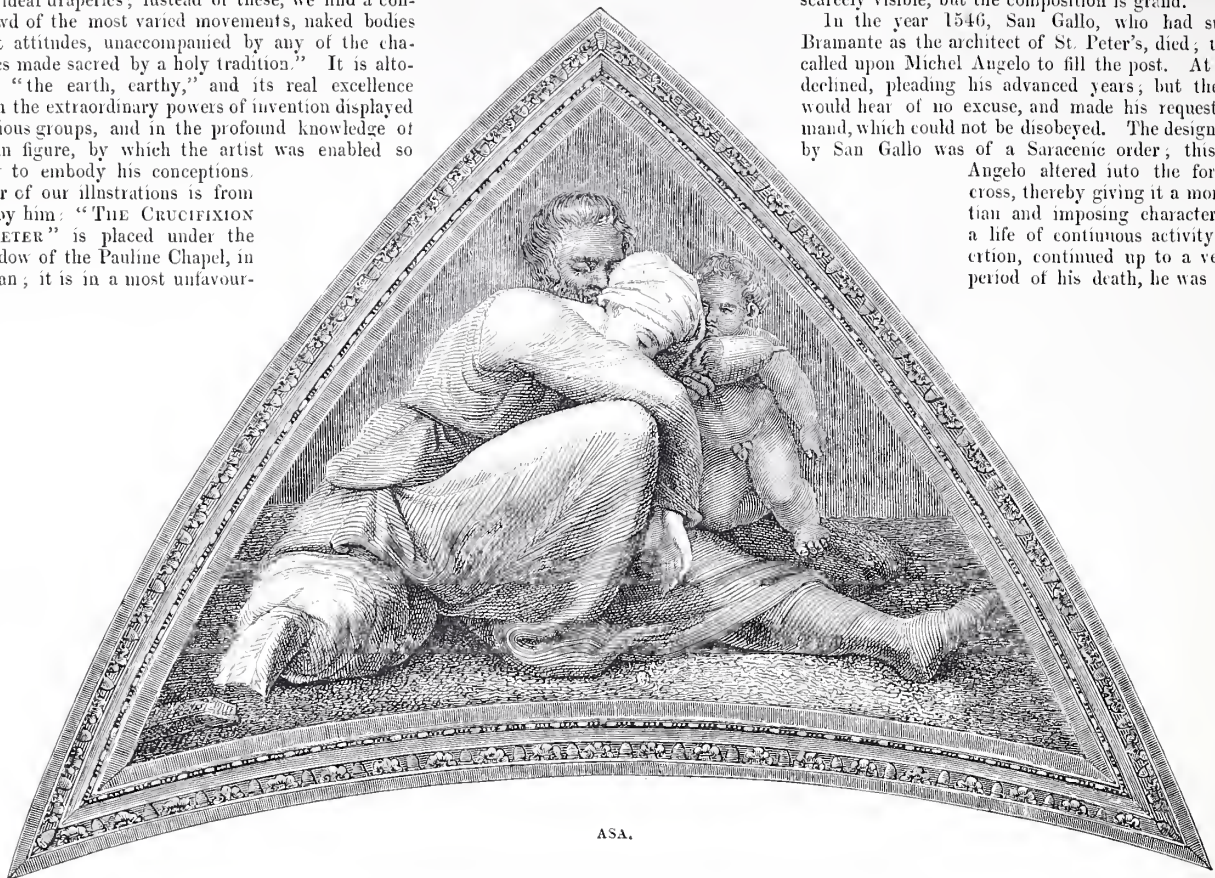
THE SIBYL OF LYBIA.

of solemn, tranquil forms, no harmonious unity of clear, grand lines, probable light, and has become so blackened by the smoke of lamps as to be scarcely visible, but the composition is grand.

In the year 1546, San Gallo, who had succeeded Bramante as the architect of St. Peter's, died; the pope called upon Michel Angelo to fill the post. At first he declined, pleading his advanced years; but the pontiff would hear of no excuse, and made his request a command, which could not be disobeyed. The design adopted by San Gallo was of a Saracenic order; this Michel Angelo altered into the form of a cross, thereby giving it a more Christian and imposing character. After a life of continuous activity and exertion, continued up to a very short period of his death, he was attacked

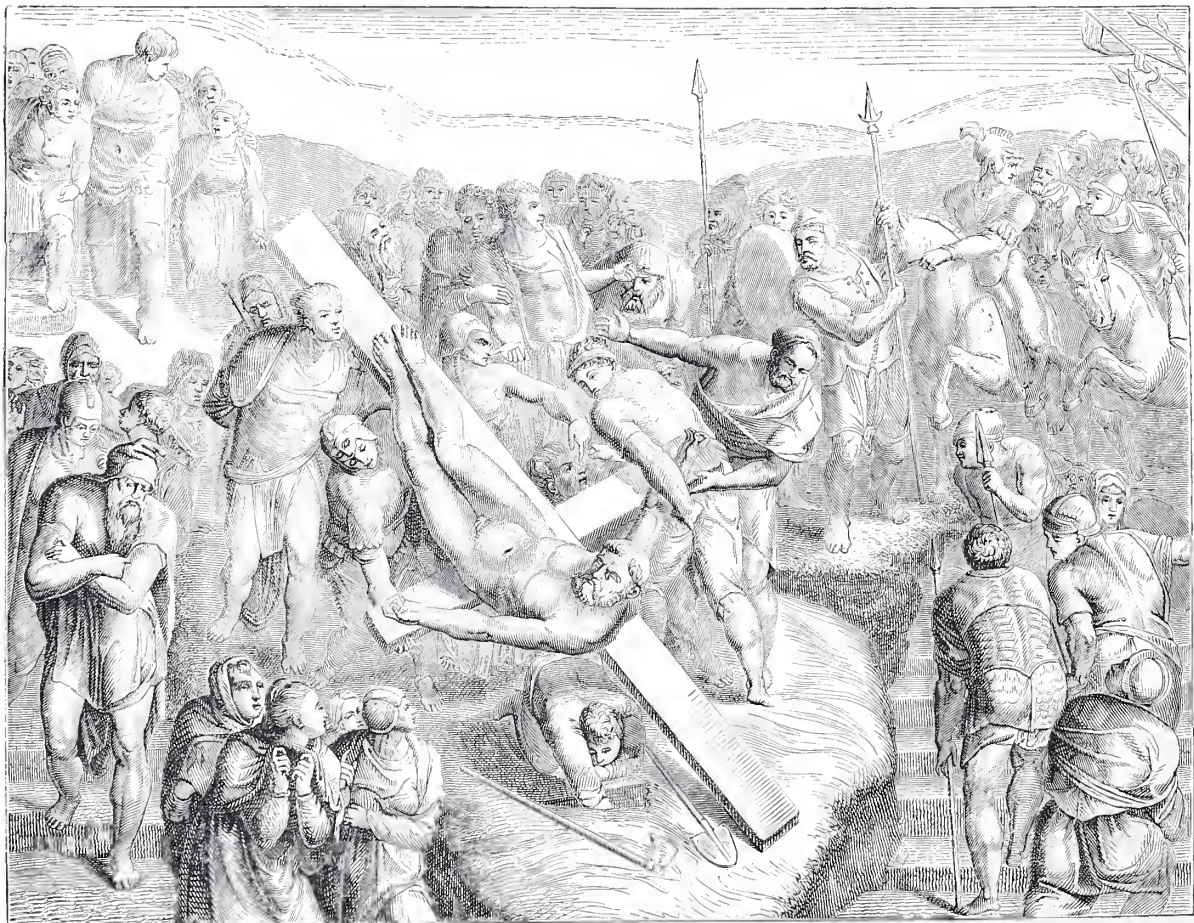
Another of our illustrations is from a fresco by him: "THE CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER" is placed under the large window of the Pauline Chapel, in the Vatican; it is in a most unfavour-

able light, and has become so blackened by the smoke of lamps as to be scarcely visible, but the composition is grand.



ASA.

by a slow fever, which, on the 17th of February, 1563, called him from the scene of his labours. A great artist, a true Christian, a benevolent and liberally-minded



THE CRUCIFIXION OF ST. PETER.

man, the name of Michel Angelo will for ever shine out among those who have been the "lights of the living world."

JAS. DAIFORNE.



THE LAST JUDGMENT.
MICHEL ANGELO.

RIETSCHEL'S MONUMENT TO LUTHER.

Not only the name of the man to whom this monument is to be erected, but the grandeur and striking originality of the design, will, we think, ensure for the following description of the truly noble work no small degree of interest.

Rietschel's last achievement was the Goethe and Schiller monument, inaugurated last year at Weimar; and this, as well as the statue of Lessing, gives sufficient proofs of what he is capable.

We, in England, are accustomed to see single figures only raised in honour of the departed great; and, indeed, the composition of a group to glorify some hero is attended with many more difficulties than where he alone is represented whom we desire to honour. The drawings which the competition for the Wellington Monument called forth prove this sufficiently. Unless the events of an *epoch*, or, rather, unless an epoch, with its grand determining event, is to be symbolised, the *one* figure would be preferable. But, though in one characteristic personification the man himself may be shown us who brought about some decisive change or overthrow, it will not be possible to typify the cotemporary state of things—the infaceable features stamped upon an *age*—without the aid of accessories. Now, in setting up a monument to Luther at Worms, Professor Rietschel wished not merely to commemorate his glorious appearance there, but to connect with him other cities and other events also memorable, and to show, moreover—to mark clearly and unmistakably in a worthy manner—the spirit which that one man's bold act called forth, and which, God be praised, became thenceforward the characteristic and prevailing spirit of his own and other lands. But we proceed at once to the description of the monument, of which a competent judge has said, that since the plan, unfortunately never completed, which Michel Angelo designed for erection over the grave of Julian II., no such bold undertaking has been attempted.

The monument* altogether occupies a space of forty feet in diameter. Two immense steps raise the basement above the ground, serving as a protection, while, at the same, time they give an air of solidity to the foundation, and elevate the whole beyond all profane neighbourhood. At the four corners of this raised platform stand, on high pedestals, the protectors of Protestantism, Frederick the Wise and Philip of Hesse on each side of the entrance, and at the other two corners Reuchlin and Melancthon,—representing thus the princes who, with their good swords, aided the cause, and those learned men who, by means of the written and spoken word, also bravely battled for it. The space between the first two figures is left open; that between the others is filled up by a massy wall of granite six feet high, with battlements a-top. On the inner side of these battlements are the arms of twenty-nine towns, which especially distinguished themselves as the safe retreats of Protestantism. In the centre of these embattled walls rises a pedestal somewhat less high than the corner ones, and these support three sitting figures, personifying cities, each with a mural crown—namely, sorrowing Magdeburg, resolutely protesting Speyer, and Augsburg, with the palm of peace. This surrounding outwork has a most imposing effect. The massy granite embattled wall forms indeed a citadel of strength. How clearly is here shown that what we have to defend is as a tower firmly built on a rock, and that the best and bravest are chosen for its defenders and for its protection! It is on entering this strong citadel that we come to the real monument; and here again the history and the import of the great work of Reformation is clearly developed—fully and yet with wonderful simplicity. On a pedestal rising by three successive gradations to the height of 17 or 18 feet, stands Luther, of colossal size, 10½ feet high. This imposing figure is habited in the flowing robes of the Protestant clergy of the present day,—loosely flowing and waving, be it observed, indicative of the free spirit of Protestantism, in

contradistinction to the more formal ascetic spirit of monkdom. His head is raised; he is looking upward with a determined resoluteness; yet there is an air of inspiration over his features, certain, as he seems to be, of victory. In his left hand he holds the Bible; his right hand, which is closed, rests upon it with a firm assurance which nothing is able to shake. His whole attitude, his upraised look, all announce the moment of utterance of those memorable words, "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise! May God help me!" The whole man is indeed heroic.

To show how admirably Rietschel has brought together cotemporary events as accessories, we observe that on the *socle* are the arms of six princes and two cities, by whom the Confession of Augsburg was signed. At the four corners are sitting figures of the four Reformers, Huss, Savonarola, Peter Walders, and Wicklyffe. These men, representing as they do four different nationalities, show clearly that the great movement was not confined to a *particular country*, or was the result of any *one* people's development, but that its occurrence was an unavoidable necessity as the result of the preceding events of *general* history. Below are represented in relief the most important events connected with the Reformation—the posting up the theses publicly at Wittenberg, the Diet at Worms, the translation of the Bible, and the administration of the Sacrament in the two forms, and the marriage of priests. In front, above, are the ever-to-be-remembered words already quoted.

From this account it will, we think, be easy for the reader to form to himself a notion of the general appearance of this grand composition. It is so original, there is such profound thought in the conception and arrangement, and the whole is so clear and intelligible, that we think the perusal of even the present slight sketch will not fail to call forth a lively feeling of admiration.

EXHIBITION OF PRIZE DRAWINGS AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

The rooms prepared at the South Kensington Museum for the Vernon and Turner collections, have been temporarily occupied, during the last month, by the drawings of the students in the metropolitan district schools of Art, established at Kensington, Spitalfields, the Charterhouse, Gower Street, Finsbury, St. Martin's, Hampstead, and Rotherhithe. Of the Kensington series, the best is a design, by R. R. Bayue, for a mansion, in the later German Gothic style, and, with its accompanying details, is a very successful work; a design for a dwelling-house and shop, by G. Williams (carpenter), is both meritorious and applicable. These are the most ambitious works; indeed, Mr. Bayue contributes the best work in the entire exhibition. A drawing of fruit and flowers, by Miss Street, and of a geranium, by T. Morris, are worthy of note, the former especially; but Kensington by no means shines, or, with the one exception we name, is at all superior in its results to the other schools.

A floral design, by T. J. Smith, is the most successful of the Charterhouse contributions. A similar work, arranged geometrically, by Mr. Glenn, is the best of its kind from the St. Martin's school; a fruit-piece, also contributed by a student of the same school, Mr. Trego, is an excellent arrangement of brilliant colour, as well as careful in design. This school is the best represented of any in the series. Throughout all the works we noticed too much of a stereotyped style of teaching, too much copying of one scroll pattern, and tedious repetitions, in country and town, of the floriated Roman chariot. Surely a little less of "red-tapism" might be advantageous in so large a field of study.

A series of works of students trained to master-ships, and appointed to schools of Art, is, in general, good, and forms the most striking portion of the exhibition. Then follows a series from local schools, in competition for the National Medal: here Liverpool and Sheffield excel. From the former city, the works of Messrs. Houlgrave, Mann, and Gamage are all good. The Egyptian, Greek, and Roman designs, by Mr. G. R. Read, of New-

castle-under-Lyme, are all most carefully designed, and truthfully elaborated. The three designs for plate and race-cups, furnished from the Sheffield schools, are excellent, the best being by Mr. C. Green. The patterns furnished by Mr. Evans, of Stoke-upon-Trent, for floral plateaus, are worthy of the attention of manufacturers. The study from life of a prostrate male figure, by Mr. Evans, of Manchester, is the best and most ambitious work of its class: the perspective and chiaroscuro are admirably managed. Miss Mary Alment, of Dublin, has a good bit of sylvan landscape, which promises greater results hereafter.

Haunting committees are frequently blamed elsewhere, and they often shift the blame on want of space, but at Kensington we have the singular feature of empty walls, and yet one half of the pictures are quite lost to view; the eight screens, upon which they are hung, form sixteen sides for display, but they are placed so close to the wall, that few persons think of squeezing behind them, and yet some of the best works are there. Thus, Miss Street's and Mr. Evans's designs have both to be sought for in obscurity, though the best works in the collection, which is an injustice to them, and an injury to the exhibition generally—all the more extraordinary as it is in a government building, constructed expressly to display its own labours, and with more than enough room to show all effectively. If such a thing had been done to the prejudice of the whole collection elsewhere, what would have been said?

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Royal Academy took place as usual. It was remarkable for only one incident: the Lord Chancellor, in the course of his speech, expressed a hope that such assemblies might meet within "those walls" for many years to come. The Earl of Derby, with his wonted acumen, perceived at once the error committed by his noble colleague, and distinctly intimated his expectation that not *there*, but in a palace of Art to be erected on the site of Burlington House, would future academicians dine.

THE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The Museum will be open free on Mondays, Monday evenings, Tuesdays, Tuesday evenings, and Saturdays. The students' days are Wednesdays, Wednesday evenings, Thursdays, and Fridays, when the public are admitted on payment of 6d. each person. The hours are from ten to six in the daytime, and from seven to ten in the evening. Tickets of admission for copying and consulting works on the students' days are issued at 2s. each, monthly; 3s. quarterly; 6s. half-yearly; and 10s. yearly. Copies of the programme may be obtained by application at the Museum, or from Messrs. Chapman and Hall, publishers, Piccadilly.

THE LADIES' ART EXHIBITION.—It is known to many that "the Society of Female Artists," in the third year of its existence, has contrived to be in debt. How this has chanced, or why it should be, we do not now inquire: so it is—or, rather, so it was; for the debt has been cancelled in two hours by one whose latest act of generosity it is our happy duty to acknowledge. Madame Goldschmidt is one of the committee; though not "an artist," in the ordinary sense of the term, she is a true and earnest "lover of Art," and so is her estimable husband; of his tastes we may more especially speak, as those of an accomplished gentleman, devoted to all the pursuits that inculcate goodness and ensure happiness. It will gratify many to know that a lady who, in her public position, has promoted so many works of mercy, is especially happy in domestic life. As one of the committee she was necessarily aware that the burthen of debt threatened the existence of the society, and she resolved to remove it. Her husband and herself determined to give a private concert in the exhibition room, by which a sum might be raised sufficient to relieve the society from its responsibilities, and set it fairly "afloat." This they did: on Wednesday, May 11, the object was thus accomplished, and the institutions of England have incurred another obligation to this admirable woman—an addition to a very long list. No publicity was given to the undertaking; we are not quite sure, indeed, that we do not betray confidence

* In this description we profit by the remarks of one who, a few days ago, saw the sketch of the monument in Professor Rietschel's atelier, in Dresden.

in making reference to it now it is done. The tickets were distributed by the several members of the committee, a moderate price was put upon them, inasmuch as only a moderate sum was required for the object in view. Some idea may be obtained of the rich treat, that many would have coveted, but few enjoyed, when it is known that Madame Goldschmidt sang seven times, two of her songs being English—"the Land of the Leal," and "Auld Lang Syne." Mr. Goldschmidt also contributed largely to the delight of the occasion, as a composer and a performer, who has attained eminence in his profession, and whose titles to its higher honours are admitted by the critics in England as well as in Germany.

THE LAST CONVERSAZIONE for the present season, held by the "Artists' and Amateurs' Society," took place at Willis's Rooms on the evening of the 5th of May. The attendance of company was very large, and the display of artistic works both numerous and of unusual excellence; the committee seemed desirous of terminating their proceedings of this year in the most efficient and agreeable manner, and that such was the result no one in the room had the slightest doubt: the evening's entertainment was among the most brilliant of its kind we remember to have witnessed. A catalogue of the works exhibited would fill one of our pages: among those which most attracted our attention were Poole's large painting of "Solomon Eagle during the Great Plague of London;" Carl Haag's "Roman Peasants;" a noble drawing, in charcoal, by J. D. Harding, a study for his picture of "The Park," now in the gallery of the Water-Colour Society; a highly-finished sketch, in oil, of the well-known picture of "Lauucelot and his Dog," by John Gilbert; two small gems, in oils, of Turkish figures, by J. F. Lewis, A.R.A.; a fine early drawing, large, by Turner; drawings by D. Cox, Nesfield, &c.

THE SERIES OF DRAWINGS, illustrative of the story of the Norman Conquest, by D. Maclise, R.A., is now being exhibited, with the collection of the works of David Cox, in the upper rooms of the French Gallery, Pall Mall. These drawings, as many of our readers will, doubtless, recollect, formed one of the most attractive features in the Royal Academy, in 1857: we have examined them in their present abode with increased pleasure; they more than justify the opinion we expressed of them formerly, when we said that the invention and imagination they displayed are truly marvellous. The mind of the artist seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the subject: every figure looks a true impersonation of the half-civilized, stern, resolute, fierce, but not ungenerous, Saxon and Norman, and each incident is portrayed with a vigour and a grandeur of conception which, we are sure, no modern artist of any country could surpass; while to these qualities must be added that of simplicity of composition united with masterly and effective grouping. There are forty-two drawings; of the whole number those which we particularly admire are—No. 5. 'Harold and the Saxons confined in the Castle of Beaurain, near Montreuil;' No. 7. 'Guy of Ponthieu giving audience to Harold and his Companions;' No. 9. 'Harold receiving the Submission of Conan, Earl of Bretagne;' No. 10. 'William conferring upon Harold the dignity of a Norman Knight,' a remarkably fine composition; No. 11. 'Harold's Oath of Fidelity to William, sworn over the concealed Relics of the Saints,' another composition remarkably rich in character and expression; No. 19. 'Tostig, defeated in his Attempt against Harold, flies in his Galley from the English Coast;' No. 26. 'William, in a Procession, displays the Relics of St. Valery to allay the discontent of a portion of his Troops;' No. 32. 'The Deaths of Tostig and Harold Hardrada;' No. 33. 'Harold, wounded, sitting at a Banquet at York, when a Herald announces the landing of William;' No. 34. 'The Fiery Star apostrophised by the Monk of Malmesbury;' No. 35. 'Harold offering Prayer and Adoration at the Abbey Church of Waltham;' No. 40. 'The Normans retreating, stayed and turned by William.' There is material enough in these forty-two drawings for a long descriptive analytical paper, had we room for one. They are, we understand, the result of Mr. Maclise's leisure evening hours, and most profitably have these been passed, as regards his own reputation, not less than the instruction thus given to the

public. In his treatment of the "story" he has evidently taken as its groundwork, Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance of "Harold:" a work in which the facts of history are but little interwoven with its fictions, as regards the chief incidents. It is the intention of Mr. Gambart, who is, we believe, their owner, to have them engraved; if this be done in the spirit of the originals, the work will be a treasure every lover of Art would earnestly covet.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND SOCIETY.—The fiftieth, or jubilee, anniversary dinner of this society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 7th of last month. Mr. A. Beresford Hope occupied the chair, and was supported by a considerable number of artists and gentlemen interested in Art, among whom we recognised the President of the Royal Academy, Messrs. D. Roberts, R.A., J. H. Foley, R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., P. Tayler, Louis Haghe, J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., George Godwin, F.S.A., Henry Twining, Dr. Lankester, &c. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, advocated in suitable and eloquent terms the claims of this institution to general support, its object being to assist the widows and orphans of artists who had been left entirely destitute, or insufficiently provided for. Notwithstanding the disbursements of the past year amounted to the sum of £818 15s., distributed among fifty-one widows, and eighteen orphan children, there were still numerous applicants seeking its aid, but which the committee was unable to give, from the languishing condition of its finances. He expressed a hope that the society would, from this, its fiftieth anniversary, receive a fresh start, and go forth furnished with increased funds to pursue its course of benevolence to those who may, unfortunately, require assistance. The secretary announced that the subscriptions of the evening amounted to the sum of £374 14s., including 100 guineas from the Queen, being Her Majesty's twenty-first subscription of a similar sum.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has held its eleventh annual exhibition of new inventions in machinery, &c., at its rooms in the Adelphi, and a very instructive and interesting gathering it was; embracing a large variety of useful inventions in all the necessary arts of life, from breach-loading cannon, to machines for knife-cleaning. Very many of the models exhibited were of the highest interest, particularly those which signalled danger to railway trains; others, such as were connected with electrical and other printing, marked the thoughtful progress of the age. A large number of what might be termed domestic inventions, such as the sewing machine, &c., exhibited the large amount of scientific attention now devoted to every article we use. The exhibition altogether well represented the condition of our useful arts.

THE PROPOSED EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH PICTURES IN PARIS is not to take place, or, at all events, is postponed. This is one of the emphatic evidences of the miseries of war. Mr. Gambart, who had been entrusted by the authorities in France, and also by the artists of England, with the collection of works, called together, recently, those who had signified their intention to exhibit, and announced to them this unwelcome intelligence; at the same time explaining to them the cordial feeling with which they would have been welcomed in Paris, the honours that awaited them there, and the sincere regret that evil times had fallen for awhile on Art and its professors.

M. BLANCHARD, the eminent French engraver, has been in London, on a visit to Mr. Gambart, for whom he is engraving the plate from Frith's famous picture of the "Derby Day." The etching is commenced, and a portion of it has been printed, the custom in France being different from that usually adopted in this country. There, a work is produced "piecemeal;" here, an impression is rarely taken until the whole of the subject has been etched. Report speaks in very high terms, and so does the artist most interested, in the thus far production of M. Blanchard.

FEMALE ARTISTS.—The Royal Academy has, it appears, received several applications having reference to the ill-policy of excluding women from their schools. The subject is one that may not be dealt with in a paragraph; we shall take an early opportunity of treating it at length.

THE BARON MAROCHETTI'S STATUE OF VICTORY has been placed, by consent of the Duke of Wellington, in his Grace's garden at Apsley House—one

of the most public places in London. The work has merit; indeed, so have all the baron's productions; but in England we have many sculptors by whom he is surpassed; it is the art in which we do not need professors, but for which we do want patrons. It is said that this "statue of Victory" was, or is, "the Angel at the Tomb," of the design for a monument proposed to be erected somewhere, and originally planned for St. Paul's. The Duke of Wellington has, it is said, commissioned and paid for this work, and it will probably be in a mausoleum at Strathfieldsaye. There is an idea abroad that the statue is thus placed, in order to show the loss that England has sustained, by not giving to the baron the commission ordered by the House of Commons, and for which, it will be remembered, the baron was invited to compete—an invitation he declined. Well: be it so. But if it be exhibited with a view to re-open this question, and to permit this gentleman to avail himself of advantages from which all other members of the profession are excluded, there will be only one word in the English language that can be used to describe such a procedure.

THE TURNER GALLERY.—Mr. J. S. Virtue is preparing for immediate publication a series of engravings from sixty of the most celebrated paintings by Turner, selected from those in the National Gallery, as well as from such as are in the hands of private individuals. The work is to be published in parts, and proofs only, in two states, will be circulated. We have seen a few specimens of the finished engravings, and can conscientiously testify to the beauty and excellency of the plates. The work will be published at a price that will bring it within the reach of a large number of patrons. The best of our line engravers—and the best only—are engaged to engrave the plates, many of which are already finished, and finished admirably. They will be, as we have said, issued only as *proofs* on India paper, and will become, at no distant period, of great value. The letter-press will be written by Mr. Worrum, the Secretary to the National Gallery, a gentleman every way qualified for the task, and who is acquainted with many curious anecdotes connected with each picture. It will be beautifully printed—the typography and the engravings. The work, therefore, promises to be, and no doubt will be, one of the most interesting and valuable of modern times,—a worthy monument to the great master.

WOOD-CARVING.—The showrooms of Mr. W. G. Rogers, in Soho Square, are now filled with an interesting collection of wood-carvings, executed by that well-known artist, for the decoration of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill; they comprise an hexagonal pulpit, a chancel screen, and a series of benches, all of oak, and all most elaborately decorated with a number of emblematic designs of much beauty. Mr. Rogers has been anxious to produce something original, and has not adopted any conventional style; he has taken what would best suit his ideas, from those of the Byzantine and mediæval eras, and treated them with the variety and freedom which a more direct reference to natural foliage would give. His series of "bench-ends" are not, as is so frequently the case, repetitions of one idea, but every panel or poppy-head differs from the others; and, as these amount to a very large number, the fertility of his inventive powers prove to be great indeed. Many of his simple and beautiful allegories are finely rendered, and the texts, here and there entwined among the ornaments, are singularly appropriate, and full of the broadest spirit of holiness. As works of Art these wood-carvings take high rank: they are beautiful originalities, boldly and broadly carried out, and we have never before seen an entire series of church decoration of so high an artistic character, evincing thought and deep feeling, and they are eminently "Protestant." We conceive that we shall have, in St. Michael's, a brilliant example of what a modern English church should be.

THE READINGS OF MISS GLYN.—This accomplished lady has been recently giving "Readings" of the dramas of Shakspeare, to the exceeding delight of "applauding audiences." Her advantages are large and many, physical and intellectual; a fine person, and remarkably expressive features, are by no means unimportant aids to such a task: these are eminently hers; she half reads and half acts the parts, carrying her auditors with her into the several scenes, by acting the characters as well as speaking

the words; thus giving to the play almost as much of reality as it could receive upon the stage. Her mind is of a high order; she entirely comprehends and enters into the part she enacts; her personations are calm and dignified, or eloquent and impressive, but always subdued by a seeming consciousness that she is rather reading a written poem than performing a drama in which force and passion are, so to speak, qualified by distance, and justified by surrounding appliances. Her "Readings" are therefore rare intellectual treats, in which the author is all in all; and we can conceive no means by which Shakspeare may be so effectually understood, or so truly enjoyed, as when thus presented to us—apart from all embarrassing circumstance—by one so thoroughly capable of rendering justice to so grand a theme. Whether tender or fierce, persuasive or energetic, whether exhibiting the gentler or the stronger passions, she is equally a mistress of her art; so intensely has she studied, and so completely has she understood the great poet, that every sentence receives its proper weight, while nothing is lost, nothing is exaggerated. There is no effort to produce mere effect; the purpose is solely to illustrate what the author meant: it is Shakspeare who is read—gracefully, emphatically, and forcibly. Her voice is singularly fine, her manner peculiarly impressive, her mind largely comprehensive; but the artist is evidently ever conscious that it is the author, and not the actor, who is to be brought before the audience in these "Readings;" and in this is their great charm. It is impossible to imagine a way by which an "evening" may be passed more agreeably, more intellectually, or to greater profit.

M. RUDOLF LEHMANN, a German artist, who is well-known, and highly estimated in England, and has large fame in Paris, where he has of late years made his home, received a mark of distinguished honour from the Prince of Wales, while his Royal Highness was at Rome. The prince inspected the artist's portfolio, and especially a series of crayon portraits of remarkable men of the epoch, with much attention, receiving from them great satisfaction and pleasure; afterwards his Royal Highness invited the artist to dinner. These evidences of love of Art, and appreciation of artists, are very welcome in this country, where the young hope of England has already grown into the affections of those over whom he is destined, by God's blessing, to rule.

THE LUCKNOW SCEPTRE.—A sceptre of agate, inlaid with gems, has been recently shown, by Mr. Phillips, of Cockspur Street, at whose establishment it may still be examined by the curious. It is of beautiful workmanship; the head is composed of one massive piece of fine oriental agate, elaborately fluted, in the form of a mace, and enriched with rubies and emeralds. A soldier found it at the sacking of Lucknow, and gave it to his officer, who presented it to Mr. W. H. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times*.

COPYRIGHT IN ART.—Mr. Gambart recently obtained an injunction from Vice-Chancellor Wood, to restrain Messrs. C. and A. Louis, of Dowgate Hill, from importing, or otherwise dealing with, certain prints, the copyright of which is in the hands of the plaintiff. The prints in question are, "The Departure—Second Class," "The Return—First Class," "Can I come in?" "Saturday Night," "Sunday Morning," and "Shoing," which, from the evidence offered by the counsel, appear to have been reproduced in Germany, and consigned for sale to the defendants, one of whom, it was alleged, had disposed of a large number.

ICONOCLASM.—Our readers will doubtless remember hearing of the injury done, some few months back, to the altar-piece of All Saints' Church, Langham Place. Since then, West's picture of the "Nativity," in Marylebone Church, has been partially destroyed; and the statues of the Queen and the Prince Consort, belonging to the proprietors of the Colosseum, have also been sadly mutilated. The police authorities were for a long time engaged in tracing out the offender, who at length has been discovered and brought to justice. As might reasonably be expected, the image-breaker and destroyer of pictures turns out to be a maniac, a poor chair-maker, who, about October last, was discharged as cured from the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, where he had, during his residence, exhibited strong predilections for the amusements in which subsequently he has so unfortunately indulged. The

man, whose name is John Hughes, was recently apprehended and tried for the offence. The jury acquitted him on the ground of insanity,—a verdict which, in all probability, will ensure his safe custody for life. The circumstances that led to his apprehension are somewhat singular. Hughes, it appears, besides the outrages alluded to, had scratched various sentences on the pews and monuments in the churches, such as, "Destroy rubbish." One of the keepers of the Hanwell Asylum, who had him under his care, saw the account which the newspapers published of the offences committed, and recollected that this was an expression which the lunatic often both used and wrote when at Hanwell. He immediately communicated his suspicions, that Hughes was the offender, to the authorities of the asylum, who gave him leave of absence to trace out Hughes, with whose haunts he was acquainted, and in a short time the poor maniac was handed over to the police. As the vestry of Marylebone Parish had offered a reward of £150 for the discovery of the perpetrator of the outrage, we presume the sum will be given to the Hanwell officer.

HERR CARL WERNER this year opens his exhibition of water-colour drawings on the first Monday in June, instead of the corresponding day in May, as has been his previous custom. The present collection will be found to sustain, and more than sustain, the high reputation of this accomplished artist. Herr Werner is now engaged upon some interior views of Westminster Abbey and the House of Lords, which will appear in his exhibition. He also is devoting some time daily to pupils.

BUST OF HANDEL.—A very interesting bust of the great composer has been produced by Messrs. Bates, Westhead, & Co. (the successors of John Ridgeway), of Shelton, Staffordshire, for Mr. Hawkins, of the "China Court," Crystal Palace. It is in Parian, and has been modelled by Theed from Roubilliac's famous statue, in the possession of the Sacred Harmonic Society: the "authority," therefore, is unquestionable. Under any circumstances, the work would be an acquisition of value to all who regard music as an art or a delight, and can appreciate the compositions of the great man who is "for all time," and for every people. It will become a cherished treasure in homes where music is a source of happiness. The period of its "publication" is auspicious—in a few weeks tens of thousands of people will assemble at the Crystal Palace to commemorate "the centenary" of the mighty artist. No better memorial than this could have been devised to recall the occasion; and, as Mr. Hawkins has produced the bust in three sizes, to suit three "purses," we cannot doubt that its circulation will be, as it ought to be, very large.

THE MUSEO CAMPANA.—We fear this wonderful collection is no longer within reach of England. The Marquis Campana has been, by another arbitrary act of the Neapolitan government, deprived even of the semblance of control over it: he has been forced to resign all claim of right; and still remains in prison, where he is, indeed, likely to continue until its gates are opened, either by freedom or license, as the case must be, and that ere long, at Naples. The existing generation will never have so grand an opportunity of enriching a nation's stores of Art: we have lost it—and may deplore the "short sight" by which the loss is sustained.

THE CONTEMPLATED EXHIBITION OF 1861.—The operations of the committee are, we understand, suspended, under an impression that if there be an European war, there will be little probability of carrying out their project to a success, or in a manner worthy of the nations to be represented.

TWO VERY REMARKABLE PICTURES—of Ancient and Modern Jerusalem—may now be seen at Messrs. Jennings, Cheapside. They are the productions of Herr Mühlner and M. Whittock, and are based upon researches made in Palestine by A. Rapbael, Esq., a wealthy and eminent antiquary, who has devoted much money and much time to accomplish the important task he undertook.

THE ROMAN WALL.—Some years since, his Grace the Duke of Northumberland took up the notion that a complete survey of the great Roman wall, and of the stations along its line,—which, notwithstanding the fragments of the past, in the shape of inscriptions and other records, that they are constantly throwing up, have never been subjected to systematic investigation,—was an object

at once of interest and of importance;—and, not unnaturally, as some of our readers will think, he imagined that such interest and importance as belong to the theme are especially referable to a society of antiquaries. That shows, that neither he nor our readers in question have a clear notion as to what is the function of richly endowed societies in England. Accordingly, the Duke of Northumberland, in ignorance of the slumberous qualities of the body whom he addressed, proposed to the London Society, through its president, Lord Mahon, to pay the entire expenses of a thorough survey, if the Society of Antiquaries would put itself, with no demand upon its funds, at the head of these costly researches. Of course, the society refused,—and went to sleep again. Not so the Duke of Northumberland: he employed a surveyor of his own, Mr. MacLaughlan, to explore the wall, and the Watling Street north of Pierce Bridge, in Yorkshire; and the plans of the surveys, the castra on the course of the wall, and along the Watling Street, he has caused to be elaborately engraved, at a cost, it is said, of some thousands of pounds. The Duke has been liberal in his donations of this work to scientific and literary institutions, at home and abroad, and to individuals engaged in the investigation of our national antiquities:—and here is another instance, well worth recording, of dual means employed in a literary interest, and subsidizing Art in the interest of Science.

THE APPOINTMENT of Mr. Grote to the chair of Professor of History at the Royal Academy, as stated in our last number, induces us to express a hope that the office will not be, as hitherto, merely honorary: Mr. Grote's well-known writings eminently qualify him to be a public teacher of history.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—Under this title a number of oil pictures, by Mr. L. W. Desanges, is now on exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly: they illustrate incidents, chiefly in the Crimean campaign, which have won for the heroic actors the "Victoria Cross of Valour." Substituting individual acts of bravery for the triumphs of armies, and we are reminded, in some degree, of Horace Vernet's gallery of battle-pieces at Versailles. We do not mean to imply that Mr. Desanges is really a Vernet, though we think the veteran French battle-painter would not disown him as a not unworthy follower, especially as a colourist. The collection, which is to receive additions from time to time, as we understand, contains about twenty-two pictures, some of them large, the figures being life-size; the others, only finished studies for larger works now in progress. Our attention was principally directed to No. 1, "Commander W. N. Hewett, R.N., repelling a Sortie of Russians from Sebastopol," which may be described as a bold, full-length portrait of a young naval officer standing defiantly by the side of a heavy siege gun: No. 3, "Lieut.-Col. Sir Charles Russell at the Battle of Inkermann;" a picture of some pretensions, but too melodramatic in its action: No. 4, "Major Probyn, C.B., 2nd Punjab Cavalry, at the Battle of Agra," as a whole, the best piece of painting in the gallery: No. 5, "Major C. Charles Teesdale, C.B., at the Battle of Kars:" No. 6, "Lieut.-Col. E. W. D. Bell, 23rd Regiment, at the Battle of Alma;" spirited as a composition, the horses, perhaps, taking precedence, in the eyes of an Art-critic, of the hero: No. 7, "Major G. L. Goodlake, Coldstream Guards, defending the Windmill Ravine, before Sebastopol;" the head of the private whom the gallant major seems to address is very finely and powerfully expressed. A small picture, marked No. 8, "Corporal R. Shields, 23rd Regiment, seeking his wounded Adjutant, Lieut. Dyneley," deserves especial remark; so also does No. 12, "Private Anthony Palmer, Grenadier Guards, charging singly upon the enemy at Inkermann;" both of these are really works of good Art. We know not to what extent Mr. Desanges proposes to carry out his project of a "Victoria Cross Gallery;" perhaps he is looking forward to a time when the nation will require a gallery illustrative of battles gained and of heroic actions; he will then be in a condition to offer them what will serve as a nucleus. At any rate, he has embarked in an enterprise that must cost much time and labour, and we hope he may find his reward in it: the pictures are highly interesting, and may prove sources of delight to thousands of visitors.

REVIEWS.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING. By J. T. BARCLAY, M.D. Published by CHALLEN & SONS, Philadelphia.

This is an interesting volume; we wish we could add, it is also an *honest* one, but the facts that appear with reference to the manner in which it has been produced preclude such a verdict in its favour: we refer to the topographical illustrations in the book, and not to the text. Dr. Barclay resided in Jerusalem for a considerable time; he was there when the late Mr. W. H. Bartlett visited the city to make sketches and collect materials for his well-known works on Jerusalem, from which it appears Dr. Barclay has copied several of the illustrations, and announced them as original: out of the five steel plates introduced in the American publication, the only one which has any title to originality is the portrait of the author; three of the others being copies of Bartlett's drawings, not merely unacknowledged, but described, as "from a photograph." Of his forty-five woodcuts, we learn from the publisher's preface that twenty-eight are from transfers, and only seventeen profess to be original; while among these is one only so far new that it is a reduction of one of Bartlett's steel plates. With respect to the lithographs, which principally consist of plans, &c., they most closely resemble those already in existence, still the panoramic view of "Jerusalem from the east," attributed to Dr. Barclay's artist, Mr. Routhall, is a manifest copy of Bartlett's "Panorama of Jerusalem," in his "Jerusalem Revisited;" and we think that in other lithographs a free use has been made of the subjects in the English volumes, although some alterations may be detected in the details.

It is a pity that Dr. Barclay should have rendered himself amenable to the charge which these plagiarisms involve: had he applied to the English proprietors of Mr. Bartlett's copyrights, he might, there is little doubt, have obtained without difficulty whatever he wished, and, perhaps, at a cheaper rate than he has paid for copies. Detection was sure to follow the adoption of the course pursued, for Bartlett's works are as well-known and as popular in America as they are here. The appropriation, to use a mild term, of the cuts, without the slightest acknowledgment, is, moreover, to be reprobated, because our English author and artist, in his "Jerusalem Revisited," repeatedly expresses his obligations to the doctor and his accomplished daughter for their kind assistance and hospitality while he was staying in the "City of the Great King."

LIVERPOOL, 1859. From a Drawing by J. R. ISAAC. Published by the Artist, Castle Street, Liverpool.

An elaborately drawn "bird's-eye" view of the great commercial port, with its miles of docks stretching seawards along the northern banks of the Mersey, its vast storehouses, continuous streets, its squares and churches, its lines of railways connecting it with other places of busy industry; and, on the opposite side of the river, the rising town of Birkenhead, with its docks and other objects, forming the *nuclei* of future mercantile rivalry. The print is a large chromo-lithograph, treated so artistically as to give it all the appearance of a well-executed picture. The view is taken from the eastern side of Liverpool, the eye taking in the Cheshire coast as far as the Fort and Rock Lighthouse, and, on the Lancashire side, the country beyond the town within the limits of vision. When one looks at this huge mass of buildings, and recollects what we read of Liverpool as it stood only a century ago, one is astonished at its growth, and, did we not know what English enterprise and industry accomplish wherever opportunity occurs for their exercise, should pronounce it an impossibility. Mr. Isaac is at present engaged on a similar view of Manchester, which, from what we have seen, promises to be as admirable a work as "Liverpool."

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, AND THE MONEY WE MADE BY IT. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

"Our Farm of Four Acres!" The romance of a four-acre farm! Charming! A lady farmer—straw hat—green watering-pot—cottage *ornée*—Kerry cow—spangled bantams—gold fish in a granite basin—little pigs, sponged with Naples soap—curds—cream and strawberries! So much for the suggestions created by the *first* title!

"And the Money we made by it!" We open the little volume with a strange mingling of

respect and curiosity. A lady make money by a farm of "four acres!" Yes; here comes the unmingling of poetry and prose—the prose certainly in the ascendant. It is, to write seriously, a volume that no dweller in the country should be without, now that those who make their money in London—from the banker to the banker's clerk—migrate in every direction round the metropolis,—some placed by circumstances, which it is a mistake to call the happiest, above the necessity for domestic economy; others obliged to weigh carefully the means of life, and consider how that life can appear respectable on "limited means." A book like that upon our table becomes certainly to the latter a safe guide and companion, protecting the young country housekeeper from the errors of ignorance, and giving information to the more advanced, with a zeal and accuracy which is quite invaluable. The difficulties of finding a country home are first explained; and then follows the detail of country life, and country occupations,—“our” cows, and what we made by them, reduced to hard figures,—the account of “our” butter making (we wish the “American churn” had been tried: we speak from experience, and know its value as a saver of time),—“our” pigs—“our” poultry—“our” pigeons,—how we cured “our” hams,—“our” bread,—“our” kitchen garden,—“the money we made!” All dealt with cheerfully, playfully, rationally—teaching and expounding,—drawing pleasure from duty, and amusement from—we had almost written labour. No “country life,” passed as this “lady” passes hers, could be dull or uninteresting. If a “lady” take into the country, as her staple commodity, the habits and desires of a town life, she will simply be herself uncomfortable, and make every one within her sphere restless and discontented. Many such have no idea of what they should do—how they can economise—and find that, except in house rent, they effect no saving. *Here* is their teacher. Any home-loving, active, intelligent woman, of limited means, and surrounded by “olive branches,” can here learn from “OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES” how an income may be increased, and the many advantages and blessings of a country life multiplied, by following wise instructions, dictated by acquired knowledge and practical experience.

THE DUEL AFTER THE MASQUERADE. Lithographed by A. SIROUY, from the Picture by GEROME. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London.

Although, happily, the custom of duelling is gone entirely out of fashion in England,—while even on the continent this half-barbaric practice is falling into desuetude, and the majesty of the law is allowed to vindicate real or fancied wrongs, rather than the pistol or the rapier,—it was well to give a wide circulation, through the printing-press, to the great moral lesson taught by Gerome's finely-dramatic, but most painful, picture of “The Duel after the Masquerade,” which was exhibited last year in the French Gallery, Pall Mall. It is an appalling scene: the combatants and their seconds, heated doubtless with wine and the night's revelry, have quitted the assembly of “fools and their follies,” and have met, in an open space of the “Bois de Boulogne” it may possibly be, to settle a quarrel, probably about some one unworthy a jangling of words, still more unworthy of the life's blood that has been poured out. All are in masquerade costume: the clown is there, and the harlequin, a Turk, a Venetian noble, and other *characters*, and the deep snow, trodden and blood-stained, is under their feet, and the cold grey mist of a wintry morning is above and around them. The duel has been fought: one of the combatants has received his death-wound, and is supported, a pale and ghastly figure, by his friends and seconds. The victor, led by harlequin (could satire be more eloquently expressed?), is hurrying away to a carriage, looming indistinctly on the verge of the battle-ground. It is a picture most striking and truthful in the lesson it inculcates, and powerful in the manner in which the subject is treated. As an example of lithographic Art, the print is also worthy of commendation.

THE LONELY HEARTH. Engraved by F. BACON, from a Painting by RANKLEY. Published by GRAVES & Co., London.

We have here a cottage interior. A somewhat aged peasant is sitting by a lonely fire-side, while guardian angels are bearing away the form of his dead wife. They are not watching over the departed clay: why should they? The spirit is gone—the funeral is over, for the hat, crape encircled, lies on a chair. How the incident has been felt, or in what manner the sentiment is meant to be con-

veyed, we are at a loss to say. No consolation is there for the afflicted: the angels are not ministering to him. His thoughts are of the dead, no doubt, as he sits beside his now lonely hearth; but that is not enough, either to picture or to teach. We cannot comprehend the artist's purpose; for although the untasted breakfast is before him, the fire burns brightly. We may warn artists against too much dealing with subjects of this class, which must be deeply felt to be truthfully rendered.

SCHOOL PERSPECTIVE: being a Progressive Course of Instruction in Linear Perspective, both Theoretical and Practical. Specially designed for the Use of Schools. By J. R. DICKSEE. Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., London.

Numerous as are the books which have been written on the science of perspective, there are none, it would seem, to suit the purposes of Mr. Dicksee, in his office of drawing-master to the City of London School, and to the Normal College for Training Teachers of British and Foreign School Society. He has therefore compiled and published such a treatise as, from his own experience, he finds adapted to his requirements, and as he believes will be of service to others—pupils as well as teachers. The lectures and exercises constituting the course by which the students at the college have been prepared for the annual Government examinations, form the groundwork of the manual; to this much new matter and a great number of exercises have been added, and it is primarily divided into two parts—Theoretical and Practical.

To master the science of perspective is not an easy task for the young student of Art to accomplish. It has proved a stumbling-block which many, desirous of learning, could never pass over; and only because it has not been set before them in a simple, intelligent manner. A man may possess a thorough knowledge himself of some science or Art, while at the same time he is utterly incapable of imparting what he knows to others; and thus, at the very outset, the learner encounters difficulties which he feels he cannot overcome, because his teacher has not the ability to help him; and, as a consequence, the one is wearied with fruitless efforts at instruction, and the other is discouraged with fruitless efforts at learning. Now, Mr. Dicksee's book aims at remedying both evils, and thereby assisting both parties; and we think he has succeeded in his objects. The plan of the work is systematically progressive, and just so much of descriptive explanation is given as seems necessary to enable the student thoroughly to understand the subject. It is illustrated with a large number of woodcuts, not merely of diagrams and geometrical forms, but of landscapes and other subjects elucidating and explaining the precepts laid down in the text. It is also published at a very moderate price, so as to bring it within the reach of all classes.

MAPS. Published by J. WYLD, London.

The war-trumpet blown on the continent has put our mapsellers on the alert, with reference to the countries in which the operations of contending armies are taking place. Mr. Wyld has just issued a “Map of the Theatre of War in Italy,” in which is comprehended the whole of the Italian States lying north of Rome, and those parts of Austria, France, and Switzerland which immediately border the Italian provinces. It is rather large in size, and is clearly engraved, so that any one desirous of following the movements of the hostile armies will find no difficulty in doing so.

Another publication emanating from the same source is a “Map of London, and New Postal Districts,” amid the mazes of which both eye and mind seem almost to lose their consciousness, notwithstanding the precision and accuracy with which the modern Babylon is traced out on the paper. The draughtsman and the printer have done their best to produce order out of a vast chaos of bricks and mortar, extending from Parson's Green to Bow Creek, east and west, and from Tottenham to Brixton, north and south.

CHOICE GARDEN FLOWERS. With Coloured Illustrations. By JAMES ANDREWS, F.H.S. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

This is a very choice little manual of garden flowers, containing advice and information for their culture, and various modes of propagation, which cannot fail to be of value, to ladies particularly who take an interest in their flowers beyond that of gathering their bloom. The illustrations are correctly drawn and beautifully coloured, but the margin should have been larger, or the flowers smaller, as the effect is impaired by their size.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

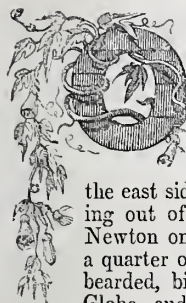


LONDON, JULY 1, 1859.

REYNOLDS AT HIS EASEL.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

No. 47, LEICESTER SQUARE,



On the fair west side, the side of the city where the London sun sets; this is the house we want—it is Sir Joshua Reynolds's. Hogarth lives opposite, at "The Golden Head," on the east side. In a little street opening out of the south side, Sir Isaac Newton once lived—so that we are in a quarter of good memories; and the bearded, bitter refugees, and Wyld's Globe, and the singing cafés, and the exiles' newspaper-rooms and debating clubs, are not yet dreamed of. Beside, is there not the statue of George II., on horseback, in the centre of the square; and a tree or two, and lots of cocked-hat promenaders—friends of Dr. Johnson, people who knew Wilkes, and Gibbon, and Bishop Percy, and Burke, and Boswell; and, to give the place a certain aroma of royalty, there, in the north-east corner, is Leicester House, where the Duke of Gloucester lives now—May 25, 1766.

Remember, reader, we are invisible men, with noiseless velvet feet, and more than the usual complement of eyes and ears, so that we are privileged, and, gliding through Sir Joshew-a's door-panel—not frightening the plump-legged footman with a knocker cannonade—we pass at once into the hall. If we choose to throw off our cloaks of darkness, and just call "Tumms," we might get him to show us Sir "Joshew-a's" new exhibition gallery, or to kindly condescend to tell John to tell somebody to tell Sir Joshua's coachman to throw open the folding coach-house doors, and allow us to see the great artist's new chariot, which has carved and gilt wheels ("I won't have one like an apothecary," the knight said to his sister), and "the Four Seasons," blooming, to the wonder of the link-boys and chairmen, on its costly panels. It is a trifle like the Lord Mayor's coach; but Sir Joshewa does not think of that, though "Tumms," if we were to sound him, may.

It is only half-past nine of a May morning, and Sir Joshua never comes into his studio till ten, so we are safe for a good half hour, and can look about. I can hear his bland voice now at his chocolate, inside that door we pass. The good old bachelor, I know, rises at seven, and breakfasts at nine: he is at it now—you heard that tap, that was cutting off the top of an egg—a Devonshire egg, too—it came by the coach this morning.

Tread softly—this way. I feel like a burglar

who has just taken the hats off their pegs in the hall, tied a handkerchief round the alarm-bell, put on list slippers, and lit his wax candle. This way—gently: this is his study—an eight-cornered room, 20 feet long, 16 feet broad, and 15 feet high.

There is but one window, and that is small and square, with a quiet, unfluctuating north light, coming, as the London artist's favourite light does, from Highgate; the sill, on which is a slight deposit of snuff-like London dust, is nine feet from the ground—just, in fact, within one's reach. Gently, so that we are not heard.—Turn round now, and observe, sideways to the light, on that square platform covered with faded red cloth; the sitter's chair, that moves glibly on castors, and stands about a foot and a half high (I measure it for the sake of accuracy with a foot rule I always carry in my pocket)—yes, exactly a foot and a half, for I find the top of the red baize, now a little brown about the edges, touching the dark line that marks the third half foot on my ivory rule. Northcote is not yet Sir J.'s pupil, and will not be for some years; but some other of his drapery painters have laid everything ready for the great man on the side-table already by the large straddling mahogany tripod easel, with its shifting rack, drawers for bottles and brushes, and ledge patiently subservient under the weight of Mrs. Hales's portrait—Mrs. General Hale, in the character of Euphrosyne; Euphrosyne being, in fact, a smiling, tripping portrait of the second daughter of Mr. Chaloner, a Yorkshire gentleman, and better known at dinners and routs as the sister of Anne, Countess of Harwood. The famous Marquis of Granby, immortal in the last century's tavern-signs, flaming in scarlet and fine linen, leaning on a mortar, and quite indifferent to a lively little engagement in the background, is there, too, with his face turned, like that of a naughty boy, to the wall; and next it, equally hidden, except to our keen eyes, is a half-length of Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who is some years hence to be heard of at China, much to our national advantage. There also is the great square boxwood palette, with the long handle and oval hole for the Devonshire man's thumb—just as you may see it now in a certain London print-shop window; the inner circle of it is yellow and shining, the outer rim is a little darkened by the sticky lakes, and ochres, and ultramarines, that our experimentalist uses for his dangerous and too-often fugitive dead colouring. There, like a sheaf of arrows tossed in a bundle from a giant archer's quiver, are the brushes of the great magician, clean washed in cleansing turpentine by the chattering, mischievous pupils, ready for to-day's triumphs. The mahogany handles are eighteen inches long, for Sir Joshew-a paints broadly, and at a long distance from his model. He paints standing, too, so that he may perpetually recede from and advance to his sitter, be it Grauby's marquess or Clarence's duke.

Up at seven, breakfast at nine, studio at ten, think over attitudes and adaptations till eleven, sitters till four, then dinner at five—nap; evening to the world of sitters (Monday evenings, the Club). This is Sir Joshua's day, surely as the sun rise; unless he be off for a trip to Paris, or his beloved native Devonshire, Raleigh's country, and Herriek's. By his brushes lies that brown coffin chest of a paint-box, locked, as it always is, for fear of some of our colouring experiments and discoveries oozing out through prying students, jealous visitors, or knavish servants, who have been known to sell secrets: not that "Tumms," a Devonshire man, or our negro servant, would do this, but still it is as well to be on the safe side, and only the rogues about us, if there are any, will be vexed at the precaution that baffles their curious eyes.

What! can I believe my eyes?—no—yes—yes it is Sir Joshewa's diary; the little double-columned book—one column for names, and one for memoranda, and the names of his sitters for this month, entered in his large, honest, good-natured sprawling hand. His prices, let me tell you, invisible friend, as you are helping me to inventory the great man's studio, are just now, three-quarters, twenty-five guineas, half-length, one hundred guineas, whole lengths, two hundred guineas. Let us read the names for a few months of this year—1766; we are sure to come upon some celebrity, or some one we know something about.

10. MR. ALEXANDER.

10½. MR. BLAIR.

11. LORD BRUCE.

1½. GENERAL BURGOYNE.—Our unfortunate American friend, I suppose. He little thought of the Indians here, though they do smear themselves with just such vermilion, general, as Sir Joshewa is now kneading on his palette.

11. SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.—Some relation to the ingenious caricaturist, I suppose.

1. LORD CHIEF JUSTICE CAMDEN, holding Magna Charta. I know—a truly mental picture, full of pride of place, legal weight, and constitutional dignity.

10. MRS. HORTON, afterwards a widow, afterwards Duchess of Cumberland, and therefore much tormented.

HORNECK, MISS MARY.—Ah! here is indeed an old friend. Why, this is Goldsmith's "Jes-samy Bride,"—probably the first love of the mercurial poet, and who, when he lay in his coffin, sent for a lock of his hair: a charming portrait indeed.

Take care—shut the book, for fear Sir Joshua should come busting in suddenly. Thank heaven, it will not be till long hence—indeed, Monday, July, 1789—that Sir Joshua, finding his eye obscured by a growing disease, will stop working at Lady Beauchamp's portrait, will lay down his brush, sit for a moment in silent thought, and then, with a sigh, lay it down all but for ever. It seems as long a time to look back to that rude portrait drawn in ink on Sir Joshua's bed-room wall, at Plympton, or since he drew that window in perspective in his Latin exercise, at school, and his good old father wrote on it, in a little neat, incisive hand, "Done by Joshua at school out of pure idleness." I observe, by-the-bye, looking back at last year, that Sir Joshua had one hundred and twenty sitters.

I am afraid Sir Joshua, though a bachelor, is not very particular about his studio being kept neat, for I observe, evidently left from yesterday's campaign, a great ring of brown dust, which I believe to be the famous Hardham's 37, the snuff from 37, Fleet Street, that Garrick uses and puffs. There it is, all round the easel, dropped in lavish slovenliness—a trail of it marking the artist's walk between the easel and the throne. It is rather a weakness of Sir Joshua's, and, in fact, he sometimes sets his wits and beauties sneezing, so that they lose their expression and spoil their attitudes. The six sitters of to-day will not like it. I know he, Sir Joshewa, is so bland and courteous they will not like to say anything, remembering the story at Blenheim, of how he refused to let the servant the duchess sent sweep up the snuff till he had finished painting, observing that his picture would suffer more injury by the dust than the carpet could possibly do with the snuff.

Sir Joshua, who was up at seven, and has gone out for a breezy walk round the park with his little niece, Offy Palmer, will soon be here. As ten strikes he is generally in his studio, opening his portfolio of Vandykes, or seeing if his last portrait is dry enough to paint on. Three minutes to ten—count it; one, two, &c., sixty—

one, two, &c., sixty—ouc, two—I hear the door open, the rattle of a tea-spoon, and Offy's merry laugh. Take care! O yes!—we are invisible, I forgot. Here he comes: a man of middle size, full-fleshed, but not corpulent; blunt, kindly features, beaming spectacles; upper-lip deeply scarred, from falling down a precipice when out riding in Minorea. His complexion is of that rosy floridness that healthy middle age, even in London, sometimes wears; his face is round; his white wig bushy and bobbed; the veins on his full broad forehead are prominent; his mouth is twitchy and sensitive; his eyes keen and observant. His face wears a little of a deaf man's anxiety, and he carries the inevitable ear-trumpet, that acknowledgment of an infirmity that Johnson disliked so. Reynolds has still a great adversary in Ramsay—Allan Ramsay's clever son. Romney has not appeared above the horizon; but there is rough Gainsborough, a dangerous rival in Pall Mall. Though not yet president, Sir Joshua—as we call him, though he is not yet knighted, and West is gaining all the attention of the court, and hoping to establish an academy—looks a quiet, courteous, sensible gentleman as used be: silent at his easel, but able to talk, well read, travelled, and schooled by duels with Johnson to some subtlety and accuracy of reasoning and conclusion. Now, with his spectacles, full cravat, frilled shirt, deep-collared buttoned coat, lapelled waist-coat, and Michael Angelo watch-seal, he looks born for rank, does the Devonshire clergyman's son; and if I wanted a special word to express at once the chief characteristics of Sir Joshua, I should choose the adjective "respectable"—that, apart from his genius, is what he socially is. Barry is a raving Irish savage beside him; Gainsborough a distempered clown; Wilson a red-nosed and drunken boor; West a Methodist churchwarden. We know he is parsimonious in his household, inclined to secret jealousy, cold, and inclined to be dictatorial; not an impulsive, warm-hearted man, but an agreeable-tempered, bland worshipper of the "respectabilities;" slow of invention; rather too free a borrower from the old portrait-painters, and in everything but colour experiments, prudent, discerning, and safe. No doubt answers may be found to these charges by men who like to think their heroes angels, and do not want the truth, or the hard instructive reality; no doubt he helped Dr. Johnson to do good by alms; no doubt he gave Gainsborough one hundred guineas for his "Girl and Pigs," when he asked only sixty; no doubt he once gave a starving artist £100; but he was a screw at home, and fidgetted his servants about the candle-droppings and cheese-parings, when he had a snug £60,000 lying at his bank. We must remember, too, that many people thought themselves defrauded by the fading of some of Reynolds's experimental pictures; and that his women, as Walpole, the clever chatterer, says, were thought unsuccessful, and his poor children too courtly and polished. This is what my invisible friend says, for he is one of those who like to see the true man painted, and not an impossible virtuous lay-figure; and he is going on till I threaten to throw off my invisible cloak, pull Reynolds by the coat-tail, and tell him all the scandal.

Shut, then, your scandalous mouth, and gaze with admiration and hushed reverence on that chair which Barry will one day stand over, with generous tear in his eyes, when it was given him by Reynolds's niece, the Marchioness of Thomond. That chair has held, or will hold, nearly every great man and beauty in Reynolds's half century:—antiquarian Percy, the indirect founder of modern poetry; Burke, the orator; Robertson, the historian; Warton, the poet; Mansfield, the patriarchal judge; Gibbon, the historian of the later Roman empire; the stu-

pendous Johnson; the unfortunate Warren Hastings; stupid Lord Anson, who went round the world, but never saw an inch into it; Goldsmith, the immortal, who dedicated "The Deserted Village" to Reynolds; Sterne, the humourist; Walpole, the memoir writer; Ferguson, the astronomer; Banks, the man of science; and the brave Lords Heathfield and Ligonier. Unsuccessful as he was sometimes in likenesses, we must remember that he has perpetuated greater men, and more of them, than either Vandyck, Titian, or Rembrandt—great, I mean, in the intellectual, best, and wisest sense.

This snuffy floor, too, I venerate it much, though it is covered with a brown layer of Hardman's 37, more than if it was that of a relic chapel, because here stood and sat the models of his ingenious pictures: here sat that dreadful beggar-man, with a fortnight's beard, and traces of ardent coal-heaving in his face, grinning that dreadful grin, which Goldsmith afterwards said reminded him of Dante's Ugolino, by the name of which sufferer the grinning coal-heaver's portrait was eventually christened by the would-be imaginative great man.

Shall I now (as we are about it) throw off my dark cloak suddenly, and out and ask Sir Joshua—or hadn't we better go down stairs and tease the old servant, Ralph Kirkman, for some stories of the great man's models? I think by these means we shall not merely gratify a very excusable curiosity, but obtain some very useful clues as to the extent and facility, or otherwise, of this our artist's invention. Now this Puck, for instance, this imitable little brown goblin, tossing his frolicsome legs on the round top of a spongy mushroom—the picture that Walpole did not like, and that Alderman Boydell would have painted for his Shakspeare Gallery—was it taken from a chubby beggar boy that Sir Joshua found sitting on the steps of this very house that we are in in Leicester Square; or was it from the stray street boy who, afterwards becoming a brewer's porter, was, singularly enough, years after when grown old, present at the sale-room when this very picture was put up to the hammer? or was it, which is more likely, painted at first from the stray boy, afterwards one of those sturdy champions in quilted coat and leather armour, that you see riding luxuriously on Barclay's drays, and afterwards repainted, at Boydell's request, on the mushroom as Puck, and finished from what do you think, invisible friend of mine?

"I give it up."

Why, from a dead child, pale and flaccid, borrowed from a hospital, and bandaged up in the position of the laughing goblin. Sir Joshua was full of these expedients; for Mason tells us, that just as he painted hungry "You-go-lean-O" from a grinning coal-heaver or street beggar, with a fortnight's beard on, so he painted some of his cherubs from a mirror suspended at angles above the heads of children sitters. His fancy and historical pictures were, in fact, merely portraits, and often originated by chance circumstances, for Sir Joshua's periwigged imagination was not a nimble-footed one, and was not always at hand when called for. His "Children in the Wood," for instance, arose from the fact of a beggar child, who was sitting to him for some other picture, falling asleep, and looking so innocent and calm, that Sir Joshua instantly put a clean fresh canvas on his easel, and painted in the head; and then, as the child turned in its sleep, he drew on the same canvas another study of the same head. Some leaves, an orange-breasted robin, and some boughs, were then added; and the dish, so spiced and cooked, was henceforth known as "The Children in the Wood." This very child nearly came to a bad end; after being thus immortalised, for one

day, the beggar-mother let it fall out of her arms from the raised throne, but luckily the child escaped unhurt. In his allegorical picture of Dr. Beattie, Reynolds introduced a portrait of lean, wizen Voltaire, and a fat man's back, that everybody would christen Hume's. Then, let us not forget that chubby little giant, the boy Hercules, drawn from the son of a tenant of Burke's, down at Beaconsfield, where the rusticated artist saw him, robust and happy, rolling on the cottage floor. He grew up to be a farmer, and is, we believe, still living, though not able, like Puck, the brewer's man, to remember being carried a struggling youngster to the studio, where he knew, for the base consideration of lucre, he would have to lie stripped and shivering on the throne for a mortal hour. We will not stop, sneaking behind Sir Joshua in this disagreeable invisible way—both of us perpetually afraid that in walking backwards from his picture he will stumble against us—to discuss whether Sir Joshua's Thais was the celebrated Emily Bertie, or the no less unfortunate and beautiful Emily Coventry, who, accompanying a lover to the East Indies, died there; nor will we delay or lose time this blessed May morning, when we want to get out and see the young green on the May leaves, and the tender warmth wooing them to unfold, by stopping to describe how, opposite that mirror you see there, Dr. Beattie the poet once stood in his robes for five hours, while Sir Joshua painted him; or how, by accidentally turning to look at the old masters that hang round the octagon room, Sir Joshua's sitters have won a grace which has been instantly, with consummate skill, caught on the canvas. Here leering Sterne, with the crescent mouth, arch eyes, and bumping round forehead, sat with one finger on his brow; here Mrs. Siddons gazed, as if listening to a voice from heaven, or like the Pythoness on her throne.

This, too, let us remember, is the room where Sir Joshua sometimes said sharp things to impertinent sitters, presuming on the vulgar accident of wealth. Here he said to Sir Timothy Tuobely, who complained that the pattern of his lace ruffles was not enough made out, "That is my manner, sir, that is my manner;" and to Lady Goldsack, who was very fond of displaying her long glove-stretcher hands, "Madam, I commonly paint my hands from my servants."

Now let us go visit the inner room, where Reynolds's pupils work. Northcote is not there yet, but there is Humphrey copying, Zoffani chatting, or Gill, the Bath pastrycook's son, finishing some drapery in the broad historical way. There are casts in the room, and hosts of unpaid for and rejected portraits, for Sir Joshua was not always lucky in his likenesses; and here are some of the old masters he is so proud of—some bought to scrape, and peel, and flay, to discover Venetian secrets; others to gloat over and study; and a few damaged and St. Bartholomewed by picture dealers (the hardened sinners!), to work upon and repair. Here are sunny Claudes, monotonous and a trifle dull with figures, that showed Claude, as Sir Joshua says, sometimes "did not know what he was about;" learned (pedantic) sketches by Poussin; a wonderful dark Velasquez, who "does at once what we all try for with so much labour;" the doubtful portrait of Milton, bought of a dealer; "The Witch coming from Hell with a lapfull of Charms," by Teniers; Michael Angelo's Madonna and Child, in oil; Ludovico Caracci's study of a head for the Bologna picture of Saint Antonio; and a Sheep-shearing by Bassano. Particularly observe those two portraits by Velasquez, because they have been touched up by Reynolds himself; that full-length portrait of Philip IV., when a boy, has felt his brush; and to that

Moor, blowing a flageolet, he painted an entirely new background. And here, too, is one of his rare half-dozen landscapes—a view of the Thames from his own villa on Richmond Hill.

Perhaps you know that Reynolds is sadly deaf (as that car-trumpet of his implies) from a cold caught by painting in winter in the un-aired Raphael Rooms of the Vatican, so Sir Joshua in the next room will not hear us; and I can tell you that these portfolios are full of prints and drawings, which the great painter never refuses to lend to any poor artist who comes hither for advice, trembling, nervous, and downcast. Generally, regardless of the chance of these valuables being seized for rent, he lends willingly from his Gaza of art; but sometimes he will seem worried by the perpetual interruption, and send home a poor fellow to mope idle in his garret for a month. Sometimes he tells a conceited dog merely to "Go on, go on;" sometimes, "Ah! I see you have been looking at the old masters—go to nature." To others he talks of Italy and Michael Angelo, or laughs at his old master, Hudson, whose works have all gone up into the garret. Here, perhaps, Toms, the drapery-painter, is working, and from him Reynolds goes out for a moment's breathing to pet the eagle that he keeps on a perch in his back area, or goes to feed his parrot, being, to tell the truth, a little vexed by something Toms has said. Great men don't like to be crossed in their dictums: now Toms, forgetting he is merely a serf and a drudge—really a dull, heavy workman—can sometimes be very independent and reckless in what he says, which, for a serf and Gibbonite, is aggravating. You can see Toms is sulky—wrong-headed, ill-judged Toms!—by his keeping his head down, and grubbing away silently at his drapery. Well, what was it? It was this. There's that Toms, wilful and impatient—not, perhaps, much enjoying his profession, or the fag end of it—never listens to Sir Joshua's directions, and only last week, in consequence, painted Lady Trumpington in a court dress instead of Melpomene's robes, which was tormenting in a serf like Peter Toms. Well, about one o'clock, just as Lord Breezely is gone, and before the Honourable Mrs. Carder is come, in runs Sir Joshua, palette and brushes in hand, and a trail of snuff following him, having just taken a biscuit and glass of sherry for luncheon—runs in to see how Toms (knowing his carelessness) is getting on.

"Why, Toms," cries he, "good heavens! you have made Lady Trumpington a court lady instead of a Musidora. Tut, tut! dear, dear, dear—Toms, you ain't worth your salt! This is how you are always vexing and worrying me. Tut, tut! Tut there, it won't do; you must paint it all again. I must not have my orders neglected in this way. Didn't I tell you, by Ralph or Margaret, to put blue about the sleeves, and here you have put red. There—there!"

It was no doubt vexing; but it was rather sad, it seemed to me, to see Tom's pale, hopeless, immovable, sickened face look up, and in a deprecating way, with that expression on it that a spaniel puts on when you raise your arm to beat it. Drapery painting for two guineas a week is not lively work, and the drudge's heart perhaps ached over this picture. He looked up sorrowfully first at the lay figure that held the drapery more patiently than the worn-out drudge, and said in a low voice, "I can do no more to it, Sir Joshua; you ought to be more explicit when you give the pictures into my hands."

Sir Joshua (taking snuff, and putting up his ear-trumpet, as if he was going to wind a horn with his ear, as Dr. Isander plays on the Sandwich Island flute with his nose). Tut, tut!

Toms, don't bandy words with me; your drapery doesn't accord with the head.

Toms (fretfully). That is, Sir Joshua, because your heads are painted on a diminished scale.

Sir Joshua (firing up). Eh, eh! diminished scale? What! Do you say that I paint in a little manner? Did you say mine is a little manner (*puffing*)?

Toms. No, Sir Joshua—no; but I say, that your heads are less than life.

Sir Joshua. And I say that—

Footman (flings open the door). Lord Deucace and the Marquis of Sizes.

[*Exit SIR JOSHUA, with a fierce look at TOMS.*]

* * * * *

Shall we ever see Toms again, the poor drudge? Yes, once, as we, with eleven other gentlemen, shuffle up stairs to a St. Martin's Lane garret, with spider-web windows, where, on a little rickety deal table, near a square-looking glass and an empty bottle, lies a razor, with the blade covered with dried brown blood, and on the bed, under a sheet—

—"Let us get out into the open air, gentlemen, this garret is oppressive."

* * * * *

Indeed, this equable, angel-tempered man, like most of us, had ugly little fits of temper at times, and could make up in a moment or two for some weeks of phlegm and equanimity. I am afraid that even in matters of temper the old Adam has its compensations. I have known religionists eat to repletion at table; too often, I think, a certain abstinence leads to the outbreak of some neighbouring vice, for to keep badness under is like keeping sand in one's closed fist—it is sure to leak out somewhere.

When Sir Joshua was using fleeting lake and carmines for his flesh, and trying to retain the fugitive colours by imprisoning them in imperishable cages of varnish, he used to get very petulant if any one told him vermilion was more durable. Then he would hold up his hand to his silvery spectacles, and say testily, "I can see no vermilion."

Sometimes the Toms of the discussion would say,—

"Well! but, sir, did not Sir Godfrey Kneller always use vermilion in his flesh colours!"

Sir Joshua (sharply). Sir, what signifies it to our discussion what a man used who could not colour. But you may use it if you will."

[*Exit abruptly through the concealed door into his study.*]

I see in the world I walk through and fret about, men with many sorts of temper, but all the classes may be divided into two great divisions:—

THE SMOULDERERS and the FLAMERS.

I see no others: the one rankle, and chafe, and sulk, and remember; the others explode, clear the air, and forget. Sir Joshua was a good, kind man, but still a smoulderer. He was too cautious and reserved to be of the true strike-and-forget race. Barry abused and insulted him, and shook his fist, and called his "Discourses" "poor mistaken stuff," Sir Joshua smiled blandly, shifted his trumpet, took snuff, and turned away. Not long afterwards he said to a friend, "If there is a man in the world I hate, it is Barry." They lie now side by side in the Abbey quietly enough—and there let them rest.

In his quiet, cutting way Sir Joshua could be severe on sitters. If one pretty actress laughingly told him that her face "was freckled as a toad's belly," he quietly laughed at her artful vanity. When the Nabob wrote to him to add "the Titian tint and the Guido air" to a picture, he laughed quietly at the fool's ignorance; when the Duchess of Cumberland (a parvenue) condescendingly offered to sit to him at his own house, he laughed quietly at the inevitable pride of parvenuism. Was not this

just the man, when all silly London was flocking to see Madame le Brun's portraits, to say to a foolish admirer of the novelty, "Yes, they are very fine—as fine as those of any painter, living or dead." "As fine as Vandyke." "Yes, and finer."

The May-day is really wearing so fast, that if we stop much longer we shall be in time (in our invisible dark cloaks) to see one of Sir Joshua's weekly scrambling dinners. Eight laid for—sixteen come; guests asked at the last moment, all the arrangements left to the servant by our bachelor friend, who is not a clever host, though a kind one. Dinner at five exactly; wait for no one. Not knives enough, or glasses enough, or plates or forks enough—more like a picnic than a dinner. Not servants enough; beer, bread, and wine never ready to be got. Talking tremendous, and disputative. Johnson's voice thunderous; the way he eats the Devonshire cream, and drinks the Plympton cider, is terrible to any one but a doctor to contemplate. Sir Joshua does not praise the venison, or press any one to take anything. Peers, doctors, lawyers, actors, musicians, historians, every one scrambles for himself, and talks, laughs, and wrangles. Sir Joshua is easy, conciliating, and unaffected, full of anecdote, and most conversable and unostentatious. Gibbon tells a story of somebody finding Essex's ring in the concealed drawer of an old cabinet. Boswell praises the port at the Mitre. Johnson says beef-steak pie is a good thing if it were ever cold (he has just burnt his mouth—1770). Burke is great on the antecedents of some pompous nahob.

If any man's life may be summed up in a series of pictures, it is surely Reynolds's.

First, the little round-faced son of the Devonshire clergyman stealing time to copy the prints from Plutarch's lives, and Catts's "Emblem," or lining out artful diagrams from the Jesuit's Perspective; next copying Guercino drawings in Hudson's studio, surrounded by pompous full-lengths, in blue velvet coats and white satin waistcoats, or with his "fat-headed" master at a sale, pressing forward to touch the thin, long hand of Pope, just as Northcote afterwards pressed forward to touch his. Next in the Sistine Chapel, standing rapt before Michael Angelo's great autograph, or sighing to find himself not enthusiastic enough at the Raphaels; or noting down in pocket-book "The Leda," in the Colonna Palace, by Correggio, is dead-coloured white, and black, or ultramarine, in the shadows, and over that is scumbled, shiny and smooth, a warmer tint of asphaltum. Then, having driven Liottard from the field, and established in Great Newport Street (now Mr. Gibbs's, the print-sellers), talking to Johnson, laughing over a man looking at his picture and saying, "Reynolds, you have fallen off: Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damme!" or in the great house in Leicester Square, dining with Sterne, quizzing Goldsmith, reasoning with fat Gibbon, or moralizing with Warton. Next entering the room where Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser are discussing the founding an Academy, and being hailed by them with one voice as "President;" being cheered by students in the Oxford theatre, when he appears in his new scarlet gown, with Beattie, a D.C.L.; and shall we miss him that rare evening, at the St. James's Coffee-house, when the epitaphs were written, and Goldsmith read, amid applause:—

"Still born to improve us in every part—
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

Then in Bolt Court, by the death-bed of Johnson, taking his chilling hand, and promising, with tears dimming his spectacles, never to touch brush again on Sundays. Then by the death-bed of Gainsborough, clasping his hand in generous reconciliation. Then that sad

July day, when he felt his sight failing, and laid down his brush for ever, and said, "I know that all things on earth must come to an end, and now I am come to mine." Then blind and dejected, groping about Leicester Square in search of his pet canary, that had strayed; and lastly, grave and silent, lying in state in Somerset House, in the black velvet coffin, with Burke and Barry, Boswell and Langton, Kemble and John Hunter, and Townley, and Angerstein, looking on in the room hung with black cloth.

And now, throwing off our dark cloaks, and advancing to the foot-lights to speak the epilogue, let us give a short summary of this great man's excellences and defects. We all know the rich, genuine tone of a good Reynolds—the old Stilton texture, the tone as of a picture "boiled in brandy," the mellow yellows, the transparent reds, the sunny browns. We know his grace, ease, and variety, the thoughtfulness and dignity of his heads. We know he painted not merry grace like Gainsborough, and prettiness, like Romney, but wisdom and dignity, like Titian and Vandyke. We may regret that his pictures have faded, but cannot reproach a great man for making experiments in colouring which were not always successful. We must remember, too, the humility of genius with which he spoke of his eclectic and unsuccessful search for Titian's great secret; how graciously he says, "I was influenced by no idle or foolish affectation; my fickleness in the mode of colouring arose from an eager desire to attain the highest excellence." No doubt, we must allow that in pursuit of this chimera Sir Joshua sold pictures for large prices that were literally mere dissolving views, turning after a time to worthless withered canvas. There is no reason, either, to assert that his admiration of Michael Angelo was a sham; for he takes care, in his admirable "Discourses," to point out forcibly the aberrations of that great Florentine. But what we most regret in Sir Joshua is not so much his attempts to trick up his portraits into historical pictures, as his lamentable exhortations about the ideal, and his mischievous advice to students to paint generalised drapery, as if anything could become ideal by the sacrifice of truth.

A NEW METHOD OF MOULDING IN PLASTER;

WHEREBY THE HARDNESS OF MARBLE
IS COMMUNICATED TO THE CASTS.

WE never contemplate a fine plaster cast without lamenting the fragility of the material of which it is formed. To the beauty and purity of fine plaster casts there is, in addition, a softness which no actual chiselling can give; and certainly this reflection of the tool which we find in good casts approaches nature in a way that captivates every artistic intelligence; but we never see a plaster cast without a strong impression of that extreme tenderness of the material which renders it susceptible of injury on occasions of the most trifling accident. Its ready and accurate assumption of form has constituted gypsum the most valuable auxiliary of the sculptor; but its liability to fracture is an imperfection which reduces it to the condition of a temporary utility. Many attempts have been made to harden it by the mixture of lime, alum, and other substances, but these additions have failed of the desired effect. A communication, however, has been made by Signor Abate, of Naples, to the Paris Academy of Sciences, of a process for hardening plaster, which he describes as entirely successful. In a course of experiments, it is observed that the varieties of gypsum are of different degrees of hardness—some being of a solidity equal to that of marble—that its consistence depends less upon its chemical constitution

than upon natural or incidental circumstances antecedent to the agglomeration of the molecules; for, indeed, there are kinds of gypsum of the same chemical constitution which are of different degrees of hardness. The burning of the natural matter in the preparation of plaster effects no change in the chemical composition of the material—the result of burning being only the expulsion of moisture, estimated at twenty-seven or twenty-eight per cent. These facts suggested, that in the preparation of a hard plaster for sculptural purposes, the natural condition of the material should be imitated as closely as possible, and consequently in mixing the plaster that the proportion of water should not be greater than is found in nature,—and that by powerful mechanical pressure the mass should be as closely consolidated as possible; for firm cohesion depends upon the compression of the mass. The ordinary method of preparing the plaster is wrong in principle, the result being most defective. A material, however, as hard as that found in nature is producible, but only in obedience to the natural law. The great affinity for water existing in gypsum is always gratified to saturation in preparing it for casting. The quantity of water added may be averaged at two hundred per cent.—that is, a proportion of eight times the quantity found in the stone in its natural state. Evaporation immediately commences, and the water which is driven off leaves behind a porous body, susceptible of damp, and which, by the alternations of heat and cold, soon suffers a disconnection of the particles.

Many methods have been tried to reduce the volume of water usually mixed with the plaster; and those artists who have been experimenting with a view to its induration, have found the most satisfactory method to be, the introduction of the water in the form of steam, which is thus effected.—The dry plaster is placed in a cylinder, mounted in such a manner as to turn horizontally on its axis; and in connection with this cylinder is a steam apparatus, by which means the plaster receives in a short time the necessary quantity of water, which may be adjusted by weight to the greatest nicety. Even after this process the gypsum still retains the condition of powder, and so conceals the presence of water. The plaster being thus prepared, the moulds are filled, and the whole is subjected to the action of a hydraulic press. A few moments suffice for the pressure, after which the casts may be removed.

The process is at once easy and economical, the cost of casting being simply that of the material, when the proper moulds have been obtained. The same observation, indeed, applies to the ordinary method: but it frequently occurs that improvements are attended by additional expense. Casts thus made are very substantial, and take the brilliancy of marble. The finest bas-reliefs—even those of medallions—are reproduced equally perfect with the original. The method has been known for some years, and the inventor has exposed casts thus made to the action of the weather, and thus far the experiment proves them to be well fitted for exterior ornament; and according to the known processes of imitating marbles, any of these may be counterfeited with the most perfect success; and hence is producible an admirable substitute for marble at an insignificant cost. Supposing the material to possess that durability which Signor Abate attributes to it, from the experiments which he has made, the discovery will prove of inestimable value as a branch of commerce. Signor Abate suggests even that gypsum thus compressed might supply in architecture the place of cut stone. Buildings constructed of this material would have an effect superior to marble in richness, at only a fifth or a sixth of the cost of stone. But there is a question on which the ingenious Neapolitan does not seem to have touched—that is, the kind of mould qualified to resist the force of a hydraulic press. The material forming the moulds for such a purpose must be iron, and the cost of these must not only be very considerable, but they must be finished with the nicest art. All casts require more or less dressing when removed from the mould, and a material thus hard will require a treatment similar to that of marble. Of a discovery which promises so much we are very desirous of seeing some results, which will enable us to form a just estimate of its real value.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

PRAYER IN THE TYROL.

P. Foltz, Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 8½ in.

FOLTZ has been greatly distinguished by his illustrious patrons in England: this is the third picture by him contained in the Royal Collection, yet his name is but little known beyond the confines of his own country; engravings from his two other works have already appeared in this series. "Prayer in the Tyrol" is not unworthy to be the companion of the "Jäger," and the "Jäger's Wife," though, as an example of clever painting, it shows to less advantage than these: the colouring is hard, opaque, and monotonous in tone; there is an utter absence throughout of air and light, while the general treatment is of such a nature as to render the task of the engraver not very easy, in order to produce an effective print. Painters rarely work with the object in view of having their subjects translated by means of the *burin*, or they would assuredly adopt a different method of arrangement and colour to that so frequently employed.

We have pointed out what we consider the defects of the picture, because they are seen, to a certain extent, in the engraving: it would be impossible for any engraver to conceal them entirely, and we would not have our readers suppose they had escaped our observation; its merits consist in the sentiment it conveys, and the lesson it teaches. No one who has travelled in Roman Catholic countries but must have had his attention arrested by the numerous aids to devotion, in the form of crosses and wayside altars, which meet the eye. The adherents of the Romish Church embrace every opportunity of keeping its followers firm in the faith, and reminding them of the duties it imposes: few Catholics have to complain that there is no outward and visible sign of their creed to recall them to their allegiance, when inclined to forget or forsake it. Here, amid the silence and solitude of a vast range of Tyrolean mountains, and by the side of a path which none, one would suppose, but a daring hunter or a chamois would venture to tread, stands a rude effigy of the "blessed Virgin," before which a peasant woman and her child kneel in lowly adoration, quite regardless, as it seems, of the fact, that the slightest false step on rising would precipitate them over the rocks into the depths far below, and bring them to an untimely and fearful end: such a catastrophe appears imminent from the position occupied by the figures. If, however, any such idea has crossed the mind of the elder, whatever fear it has engendered is quieted by the assurance that the "holy mother" will protect her worshippers.

The lesson to be learned from the subject of the picture is, that it recognises an omnipresent Divinity: this pious woman may be ignorant of the creeds of her Church—she may not even know the names of one tenth part of the saints that fill up the ecclesiastical calendar; her faith in its doctrines may be of the weakest character; but she has found in this wilderness of mountains a symbol of One whose spirit she believes to be present with her, and who will hear and answer her supplications. Such memorials, in the eyes of a Protestant, are allied with idolatry; yet it can scarcely be denied that they are without a beneficial influence where purer doctrine and teaching are absent.

A very strong religious feeling pervades the Tyrolean peasantry, and to it may be attributed the constant appearance of the crucifix on the road-side in every part of the country. Upon more remote paths, leading from one valley into another, crosses are erected to serve as guide posts; and it has not unfrequently happened that by this means the benighted traveller has recovered his road, or been saved from destruction, as a flash of lightning has revealed to him the crucifix, so that the symbol of his faith has become the landmark of his journey. Occasionally they are placed near spots where some fatal accident has occurred, which the memorial records, with the name of the sufferer, and an entreaty to all who pass by to offer a prayer for the repose of the dead. Possibly Foltz may have witnessed such a scene, and made it the subject of his picture.

It is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



F. FOLTZ PINXIT

F. LIGHTFOOT SCULPT

PRAYER IN THE TYROL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 3.—BURLOWE THE SCULPTOR.

THE year 1837 left many lamentable mementoes behind it. England, France, Italy, &c., were visited by that terrible scourge, the cholera, and among the many thousand victims that fell was poor Burlowe the sculptor. In the September of that year I left England for Rome, and saw in my journey sad and abundant evidences of the ravages of this fatal epidemic. The number of deaths were at that moment so reduced, that time was given for interment with the usual ceremonies, and this modified condition spoke volumes for that which had passed and preceded it. At Paris the still open public graves told the terrible fact that confidence in its cessation was not fully established, and that more victims might still be expected, and perhaps in such numbers as scarcely to afford time for the decency and decorum with which suffering mortality is usually consigned to the earth. In Italy it was far worse. In my curiosity to look about me at Paris, a city I had not visited for some years, at the Great Hospital of the *Hôtel Dieu* I was politely invited by the porters to walk upstairs, and see some cholera patients die, and encouragingly told that the *peste* was not all over yet, but that there was no danger. As the *vetturo* passed along every now and then, we made way, or turned off of the road, the *vetturino* first crossing himself, and then holding his nose and mouth with his hand till the corpses had passed. Every church and burial-place bore evidences of peculiar disturbance, and of course in every hotel—in every room and perhaps bed—in which we sojourned for the night, some sacrifice to the insatiable destroyer had been offered up. It was necessary to inquire when there were two different *roules*—which was not often the case—which was free. Once we met the military authorities, who congratulated us on our speedy arrival, and told us that had we been five minutes later we should have been pleasantly included in the circle of the "*cordon sanitaire*," which they were there at that moment to fix. The calamity, great and terrible as it was, appears to have afforded a good occasion for a plentiful supply of jokes, for, in addition to a witty ditty adapted to a certain air in *Fra Diavolo* in the succeeding carnivals in Paris and other places, many most apt representations of cholera victims, with the *double entendre* of dying blue, were got up for the amusement of the public. At Rome, I am sorry to say, a farce of a more terrible nature was for the period an everyday occurrence.

We started from Paris, and reached Florence exactly in twenty-eight days, paying ten shillings per day, which included everything—board and bed. At noon we had a good meal; at night another; and, being on the road every day from three or four in the morning till seven in the evening, we wanted no inducement to enjoy our bed. At Florence we met Gibson, Wyatt, and a host of the prudent, who had flown from the dreadful scene of disease and death to a spot the cholera had not reached; but the especial subject of my notice had unfortunately been left to take his chance with many more at Rome. I think it was about Christmas when we reached the "Eternal City." News in Italy travels at a snail's pace, and we did not expect to pick up much information on the road; but it was curious, that wherever a question was asked as to the state of the public health, the masters and waiters at hotels all pretended entire ignorance of any disease prevailing. At one place Gibson attacked the waiter, and remarked, "You don't mean to say there has been no cholera at Rome?"—"Atro!" exclaimed the fellow; "all kinds of reports are about." "But I know," continued the inquirer, "myself some that have died—one a dignitary of the Church."—"Puo essere!" returned the waiter; "he had overfed himself—that was all." Upon our reaching Rome, we found a very different account, and a fearful list of the absent was brought to light; and in my first inquiry I learnt the certainty of poor Burlowe's death. As the ravages of this dreadful scourge extended, a kind of mania appeared to seize the people. Every kind of extravagance was resorted to. The populace of Rome are generally sober, but

they now ate and drank as much as they could obtain, and mixed the delirium of intoxication with that more dreadful mania—superstition, a truly fearful compound. Bonfires were lighted in all the principal streets and open spaces, and processions made barefooted, carrying relics and chanting offices and functions, both by day and night. A continued outcry was kept up by the mobs in the streets. Frequently parties of people, mad or drunk, attacked those surrounding the bonfires; they yelled and shouted, and pushed each other into the flames; and this mad freak often ended in serious burnings, and hurts, and quarrels, in which the ready knife was employed on all that came within its reach. The police had lost all authority, and the charred and heated remains of what had been burnt was seized and whirled into the air and in all directions, without regard to the mischief it occasioned. The next moment, the mob fell into a passing procession, tapers were lighted, the bells of the accolites tinkled, all voices joined in the chant, till the church door was reached. In all the churches, as a friend told me, who had been a witness, the responses became uproars, and, in the offices for the dead, and in the orations and prayers touching the reigning calamity, such was the effect produced upon a people of strong passions, and under peculiar excitement, that the most violent paroxysms of grief and despair produced the most fearful lamentations, and violent outbreaks, and cries of distress. In the midst of groans and sighs were heard the shrieks of unhappy wretches, who, overcome by excitement, had fallen upon the pavement, and were being crushed to death by the mobs, whom fear, terror, and drink, had rendered regardless of everything, and who, in their madness, passed over women and children calling for help, and dying under their feet. Sometimes a moody fit of savage devotion came upon the poor wretches, who blasphemed loudly, or stood in silence, barefooted upon the cold and stony floors, or who knelt and rapped their wretched heads with violent sounds upon the floor, or thumped their breasts in penance. In this way thousands prepared and offered themselves as ready sacrifices for the evil they dreaded. Under an influence so unnatural and terrible, it will scarcely appear strange that crimes of a nature almost unheard of were perpetrated. The Roman Catholic will seldom desecrate what his church holds holy, but here all restraint was thrown away, and men abandoned themselves to the devil, and assumed his nature. The infernal moustrosities of the *Beccamorti*, or those employed in carrying away the dead, cannot be named. A few of these wretches fell into the hands of justice, and were privately executed in the night; but the infamy was unchecked until it subsided with the wide-spread evil by which it was produced, and, whilst it lasted, the calamity and excitement appear to have deprived men not only of reason, but of humanity itself.

All epidemics of disease and insanity appear to act in a similar way upon men, and have their certain changes and phases of character, and so it happened here. The new form of madness that sprung up was a wild fancy that the infliction was not disease, but that poisoners were employed to destroy the health and life of the people, and that these were suspected to be English—a notion, however groundless it might be, that claimed and had its victims! There was at Rome, at that time, a teacher of languages, of the name of Alsheal, who, I think, was a Scotchman. This devoted man, amusing himself in the stirring scenes around him, had, it appears, strolled into that dangerous quarter of the town called *Trastevere*, beyond the Tiber, inhabited by some of the proudest, fiercest, and most jealous people of any quarter. While looking on at the mad freaks of the people surrounding one of the many fires burning, he either asked, or was asked, some questions by a child standing near him, and, as is supposed, pleased with its intelligence—for a native of that quarter would rather starve than beg—he was seen to give this little creature something out of his pocket, a *baiorcho* (a half-penny), or a sweetmeat, or something, and, at the same moment, the cry was raised of "a poisoner." A shower of stones, thrown with that dexterity that none but the *Trasteverini* can throw, assailed him; he was struck, poor fellow, and fell to the ground, and, in a few seconds, a dozen knives were in his heart.

In this state of excitement and confusion which prevailed everywhere, the poor victim, seized suddenly in his lonely lodging, could receive no ready aid or attention. Perhaps nothing can be more dreary than the places of abode of the unmarried at Rome: your home is a kind of kennel, in which you sleep, and where no other accommodation is found, your bed is "shook-down" in your absence, and your room swept while you breakfast and dine, work in your studio, and meet your acquaintance at the cafés, and never go to your home but at bedtime. You then make your way up long dark flights of stone steps, arrive at your door, grope your way in, provide yourself with a light, and tumble into bed, without seeing or speaking to a living creature. In this forlorn condition many an unfortunate recluse was suddenly seized, and died before any friendly hand or voice could reach him. The Germans, who are the largest class of students in that great republic of Art—Rome, had, with a praiseworthy prudence, organised a little plan for their own security; rendezvous were appointed where medical men were to be found, or heard of, and a certain number of the members were in continual attendance to run immediately for medical aid, and to make constant visits to the abodes of their compatriots, to ascertain the condition of things. Nothing of this prudent kind was done by the English, but something of the sort was just beginning, for the evil and the alarm had now extended even to the most reckless and thoughtless of a class distinguished by their loose lives and idle habits. The good example set by the Germans was, to some extent, followed; a few of the more sober and considerate began to make inquiries and visits to the lodgings of all whose absence from their usual haunts was observed. Upon one of these occasions it was that poor Burlowe was found. The visitor, with his cigar in his mouth, in his idle mirth, reached the dark and lonely door, on a high landing-place, and knocking and shouting for a minute or two, at last heard groans, and entered, and, to his horror, found his friend stretched upon the bed, rapidly sinking in the embrace of death. Many long hours had elapsed since the attack of the terrible disease, and nothing had been done; not a creature had become aware of the state of the poor sufferer. As soon as the presence of the visitor was known, and a few words spoken, the brave victim earnestly entreated him to fly, and evade the peril of contagion; for himself, he said, it was now too late to do anything, as another hour or two must end his miseries; he, therefore, made his remembrance to some friends, bade him farewell, and again begged he would fly and save himself, and leave him to his fate, which was already sealed. The terrified, but kind, little fellow—whose name I give you privately, not knowing whether or not he would like it made public—quickly determined what to do.* He knew it was of no use to do what we would have done at once in his own country—rouse the house; but, at the peril of his neck, in the descent of the stairs, he was, in a minute or two, among Germans he happened to know, and, instantly afterwards, in pursuit of one of their medical men, who, too deeply occupied, was not readily found and brought to the assistance of the poor dying artist. As soon as the doctor came, and saw the condition of the unfortunate man, stamping his foot upon the floor, and in a fit of angry grief, he exclaimed, "You dogs, you have suffered your countryman to die; why did you not come earlier? it is now too late." The last words fell unheard upon the ear of the poor sufferer—the last struggle was over: death had released him. The friend who was thus accidentally made the sad witness of this terrible scene, turned to take a last look of the remains upon the bed, which presented scarcely any trace of the well-known living form, when the terrible thought flashed upon him, that, within the next hour, the body would be torn away by the hutes and scoundrels engaged in the loathsome business of carrying out the dead. The doctor had flown, to render aid where it might be required; and he stood for a moment, pondering upon what to do. He knew it was necessary to secure any little loose

* Charles Lambert, son of the principal in the firm of Lambert and Rawlings, silversmiths, Haymarket. There can be no reason why this name should not be published. The gratitude of all the friends of poor Burlowe is eminently his.

property that might be lying about; and not feeling himself, at that moment, equal to the emergency, he locked the door on the outside, and went in search of some friend to assist. Upon their return they had but scarcely time for their purpose; and, in the next half hour, all that remained of poor Burlowe was hurried away and hid for ever.

I knew Burlowe intimately for some years before his departure for Rome, and had many reasons to respect him. I felt disappointed at not seeing him upon my arrival, but that disappointment was softened by hearing him spoken of with deep regret, tenderness, and esteem, by all who knew him. At a party, in which were that accomplished artist, George Richmond, and many other persons of taste, we were delighted with a female head, which Lord de Clifford produced as the first work of Burlowe's on his coming to Rome. Reflecting upon the character of the few attempts I had seen made by Burlowe, before he left England, I was surprised to see such an example of his powers, so strongly marked with a character of Art which might almost be called his own, so bold and free was it from any taint of mannerism or conventional imitation. It struck me as singular that this should have sprung forth so suddenly, and without previous notice, and as a proof how little, in a pursuit like Art, the capabilities of men are to be tested or indicated by their first crude and unformed efforts. It is also curious that the attempt should have been made in a style directly opposed to that which was prevalent among the artists of Rome generally, being much broader and bolder, and perfectly free from the littleness found in beginners, and especially characteristic of a certain class of aspirants of the locality. It is, certainly, difficult to say to what extent of excellence and novelty in sculpture such powers might have been carried, but it is unquestionable that in Burlowe the world lost a very promising artist, as well as an honest, kind-hearted, and genuine good man. I should think Burlowe was about twenty-eight years of age; he was tall, well-built, fresh-looking, cheerful, open, amiable, and the very man that, meeting in the street and catching his pleasant eye, you would like to speak to, and be acquainted with. It may be well to say that Burlowe was the brother of that excellent sculptor, William Behnes, and that he took the name he assumed (I think his mother's maiden name), to distinguish his works from those of his brother.

[We have a little to add to this interesting sketch by Ripplingille, who has so lately followed to the grave the subject of his paper. We knew Harry Burlowe well; and believe a better or more upright man never existed. He would, assuredly, have realised the hopes and expectations of his many friends; few men had more; they loved and respected him for his high moral worth, his large intellectual acquirements, and for that genius which was undoubtedly his. He was, to all seeming, destined to occupy a very prominent place in the art to which he was devoted. More than twenty years have passed since then; but our friend is still fresh in our memory. It may be interesting to add that the name he took was suggested by ourselves: it was not the name of his mother. He assumed it—calling himself Harry Behnes Burlowe—in order that his works might not be confounded with those of his brother, whose fame was established; his natural modesty, and high sense of independence, making it indispensable to him to work out a reputation for himself.—ED. A.-J.]

RUSKIN'S "TWO PATHS." *

As with almost all others of Mr. Ruskin's writings, so with this volume, we have risen from its perusal with mingled feelings of pleasure and disappointment; pleasure derived from its many glowing, poetical, and truthful passages; disappointment at the small amount of actual, real teaching of Art which is placed before the reader; and, we are persuaded, that if the audiences to whom these lectures were respectively addressed had, at the close of the

discourse, been asked their opinion of what they had heard, nine out of ten would have arrived at a conclusion similar to our own. It may, possibly, be the obtuseness of our intellect which prevents us from seeing the end and aim of such teachings as these; if so, we can only lament the absence of appreciating faculty, both for our own sake and that of the author.

The fact is, Mr. Ruskin is either too much behind, or too far in advance of, the age; he would have us return to a state of nature in Art, or he would push us onwards to that happy period—that *Art Millennium*—when the earth shall be filled with nothing but what is pure, and beautiful, and good. Yet then comes the question—what is alone worthy of such characteristics? And here he differs from almost everyone but himself, while there seems to be little chance of any final agreement between him and his opponents, though we occasionally catch a faint glimpse, on his side, of retractation of previously expressed opinions. Most of us in England who have loved and studied Art, and think we know something about it, though, perhaps, we have only been deluding ourselves all this time, are inclined to believe that of the dead English artists are many worthy to be called great. Mr. Ruskin says we have only had five "real painters"—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, R. Wilson, and Turner—though he laughs at Wilson's "tree-painting." What can be necessary, in his mind, to constitute a "real" painter, when he can only find, within the last half-century, during which time our school has grown up from strong infancy to mature manhood, *one* man whom he thinks entitled to be so honoured? We admit he is not, happily, speaking of living artists; but supposing that every man of repute still among us was with the dead, how many of them, judging from his written records of their works, would he rank with the glorious *five*? Constable might, in Mr. Ruskin's opinion, have made "a second or third-rate painter, if any careful discipline had developed in him the instinct which, though unparalleled for narrowness, were, as far as they went, true;" while the "harm" he has done in England is extending even into France, so that French amateurs and artists, as well as those of England, can admire, to Mr. Ruskin's regret, the painter of Suffolk meadows, and Suffolk water-mills. It is clear that if the lecturer is right, all the world beside must be wrong; and it is this dogmatic assertion—this assumption of superior wisdom and knowledge—based, as his writings too often prove, upon ground perfectly untenable, and from which he is himself constantly shifting, that renders them so unpalatable to public taste, and negatives the good which might otherwise be derived from the many truths he utters. Men will not take the trouble to extract the gold from the alloy, when the process is distasteful and derogatory to their understanding. Among the virtues he has yet to learn and apply to himself, is that of humility, or distrust of his own opinions; he shows too much of the Pharisee in his expositions of Art.

The volume entitled "The Two Paths," contains five lectures, delivered respectively at the Kensington Museum, Manchester, Bradford, to the Architectural Association in Lyon's Inn Hall, and at Tonbridge Wells; the subjects of each being "The Deteriorative Powers of Conventional Art over Nations," "The Unity of Art," "Modern Manufacture and Design," "The Influence of Imagination in Architecture," and "The Work of Iron in Nature, Art, and Policy." "Though spoken at different times," the author says, they "are intentionally connected in subject, their aim being to set one or two main principles of Art in simple light before the general student, and to indicate their practical bearing on modern design. The law which it has been my effort chiefly to illustrate, is the dependence of all noble design, in any kind, on the sculpture or painting of "Organic Form." "The Two Paths" are described as "one way leading to the Olive Mountains—one to the vale of the Salt Sea"—a mystical allusion which, with reference to Art, we cannot comprehend.

We remarked that Mr. Ruskin would have us return to a state of nature in order to produce what he considers to be good Art. He admits that good Art is essential to the happiness of a people, and yet asserts that great success in Art has been generally followed by national degradation; "even when no attack by any external power has accelerated the catastrophe of the state, the period in which any given people reach their highest power in Art is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin; and that, from the moment in which a perfect statue appears in Florence, a perfect picture in Venice, or a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward, probity, industry, and courage seem to be exiled from their walls, and they perish in a sculptural paralysis, or a many-coloured corruption." If this were an actual, ascertained fact, it were surely better to

have no Art than to possess the power of producing what leads to such consequences. But the truth of the assertion admits of argument, nay, the assertion itself is at once negatived, if we will only allow that there may be two opinions on the question of good Art. Mr. Ruskin thinks there has been little, or none, since the time of Raffaele; most people consider there has been much; and yet the political condition of Italy, for many years after the appearance of the "divine painter," was but little inferior to what it was for many years before the world knew anything of the "Transfiguration" and the "School of Athens." Few persons, we apprehend, are disposed to attribute the decline and fall of the Italian princedoms to the successors of Raffaele and Michel Angelo. Athens, too, maintained her military renown long after the great sculptors of the age of Pericles had rendered his government illustrious in the annals of Art, as it was also in arms.

There is a passage in the same lecture to which we have just referred—that on "The Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art"—which affords a proof of the inconsistency so frequently to be found in his recorded teachings:—"Wherever Art is practised for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he *does* and produces, instead of in what he *interprets* or *exhibits*, then Art has an influence, of the most fatal kind, on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the *destruction both of intellectual power and moral principle*; whereas Art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficent to mankind—full of comfort, strength, and salvation." And, a little further on, we find these remarks:—"You observe that I always say *interpretation*—never *imitation*. My reason for doing so is—first, that good Art rarely imitates; it usually only describes or explains. But my second and chief reason is, that good Art always consists of two things: First, the observation of fact; secondly, the manifesting of human design and authority in the way that fact is told. Great and good Art must unite the two; it cannot exist for a moment but in their unity." Now, how far these doctrines correspond with others propounded by the same writer in former books, must be decided by those who have read them; our own recollection of Mr. Ruskin's theories, even down to the appearance of this passage, is that the only good and great Art is that which is an exact imitation of nature, the *facts* which geology, and botany, and the heavens above, place before the eyes of the artist, who must take the cup of the convolvulus, the lichens from the grey stone, and *imitate* them; must daguerreotype the floating clouds on the surface of the canvas; "human design and authority" were to have no power over the work of his hand; whoever dared to exercise such power was, to use his own words, "to cut himself off voluntarily, presumptuously, insolently, from the whole teaching of his Maker in His universe."

Let us now point out one or two of the truths uttered by Mr. Ruskin in these lectures, and there are many which ought to circulate among us, either as warnings or encouragements. In his lecture delivered at Manchester, on "The Unity of Art," he says,—"Everybody is talking about art, and writing about it, and more or less interested in it; everybody wants art, and there is not art for everybody, and few who talk know what they are talking about; thus students are led in all variable ways, while there is only one way in which they can make steady progress, for true art is always, and will be always, one. Whatever changes may be made in the customs of society, whatever new machines we may invent, whatever new manufactures we may supply, Fine Art must remain what it was two thousand years ago, in the days of Phidias; two thousand years hence it will be, in all its principles, and in all its great effects upon the mind of man, just the same."

Speaking at Bradford, on "Modern Manufacture and Design," after describing in most poetical language a passage of dull, gloomy, smoke-covered landscape near Rochdale, and contrasting it with the scenery that met the eye of the artists of Pisa,—the "designers of the Gothic School of Pisa,"—Mr. Ruskin remarks,—"To men surrounded by the depressing and monotonous circumstances of English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is simply impossible. This is the most distinct of all the experiences I have had in dealing with the modern workman. He is intelligent and ingenious in the highest degree—subtle in touch and keen in sight: but he is, generally speaking, wholly destitute of designing power. And if you want to give him the power, you must give him the materials, and put him in the circumstances for it. Design is not the offspring of idle fancy; it is the studied result of accumulative observation and delightful habit. Without observation and experience, no

* THE TWO PATHS: being Lectures on Art and its Application to Decoration and Manufactures, Delivered in 1858-9. By John Ruskin, M.A. Published by Smith, Elder and Co., London.

design; without peace and pleasantness in occupation, no design; and all the lecturings, and teachings, and prizes, and principles of Art in the world, are of no use, so long as you do not surround your men with happy influences and beautiful things. It is impossible for them to have right ideas about colour, unless they see the lovely colours of nature unspoiled; impossible for them to supply beautiful incident and action in their ornament, unless they see beautiful incident and action in the world about them. Inform their minds, refine their habits, and you form and refine their designs; but keep them illiterate, uncomfortable, and in the midst of unbeautiful things, and whatever they do will still be spurious, vulgar, and valueless." The social question involved in these remarks is one of the highest importance, and deserving of the utmost attention; well would it be for our manufacturing population, in all that concerns their welfare, both of body and mind, if the wise suggestions here made could be practically carried out, however Utopian they appear in an age like this.

One more quotation—it is from the same lecture—and we have done:—"We are about to enter upon a period of our world's history in which domestic life, aided by the arts of peace, will slowly, but at last entirely, supersede public life and the arts of war. For our own England, she will not, I believe, be blasted throughout with furnaces, nor will she be encumbered with palaces. I trust she will keep her green fields, her cottages, and her homes of middle life; but these ought to be, and I trust will be, enriched with a useful, truthful, substantial form of Art. We want now no more feasts of the gods, nor martyrdoms of saints; we have no need of sensuality, no place for superstition, or for costly insolence. Let us have learned and faithful historical painting—touching and thoughtful representations of human nature, in dramatic painting; poetical and familiar renderings of natural objects and of landscape; and rational, deeply-felt realizations of the events which are the subjects of our religious faith. And let these things we want, as far as possible, be scattered abroad and made accessible to all men." Undoubtedly this is the kind of Art England in the nineteenth century requires, but, at the same time, the large majority of Englishmen would not have it expressed, or exhibited, in the manner Mr. Ruskin has all his life advocated.

From these extracts our readers may form some opinion of the kind of materials which constitute these lectures: they embrace a large and varied number of topics, some, as we have intimated, of great value; others, which may be taken for what they are worth. If Mr. Ruskin wishes to be considered an authority in Art, whose lessons are for "the healing of the nation,"—of universal and undeniable benefit, he must get rid of many favourite crotchets, must see with other eyes than those he has hitherto employed, or, at least, like the boy in the fable of the chameleon, must learn to persuade himself that others may see and judge as correctly, perhaps, as himself. His writings and lectures will always command readers and hearers: hitherto they have made few proselytes to his creeds, though they have helped to draw some artists out of a path which was leading them astray; and so far he has his reward.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 6.—GERHARD'S MANUFACTURE OF ALUMINIUM AND SODIUM.

EVERYBODY talks of aluminium, but, excepting that a few, not very elegant, ornaments are seen in the windows of the jewellers of Paris and London, the public really know but little about it. Some notice, sufficiently popular to convey to all a clear conception of the nature of this metal—*aluminium*—is therefore necessary; and, before we give an account of its manufacture, some space must be devoted to the history of its discovery, and to the physical and chemical condition in which it is found in nature.

We know that the city of Babylon and the great cities of the most ancient empires were built, for the most part, of bricks; some of these were of sun-dried clay, but they were mostly well burnt, and in many cases covered with a vitreous glaze. At a depth beneath the present surface of the sandy soil of Egypt—which, marked as it is by the alternations of sand and mud, from the annual overflows of the Nile, indicate a period of but little less than *twenty thousand years*—vessels of baked clay have been found. Beneath the *Peperino rock*, in the neighbourhood of Rome, also, have they found pottery. When it is remembered that this rock is the conso-

lidated fine ashes which have been ejected from the ancient volcanoes of the Roman States, and that within historic time—beyond the mere tradition of the gulf into which the armed warrior plunged—we have no intimation of any active volcano, we cannot fail to be impressed with the evidence here afforded of a long lapse of ages; at the commencement of which we find indications of the works of man. Yet, notwithstanding that man has, in every part of the world, been constantly moulding clay, and baking and burning it, it was reserved for the present generation to discover that it contained a metal possessed of very remarkable properties, which may be applied to a great variety of useful and ornamental purposes.

Every one is familiar with *clay*, and to a very large number, the different varieties, distinguished as London clay, Poole clay, Stourbridge clay, pipeclay, china-clay, with others, are equally well known. Now these clays are mixtures of true clay—*alumina*—with earthy, ferruginous, organic, and other matters; and by the separation of these we obtain the pure white alumina. This alumina performs a very important part in the great economy of nature; not merely is it the principal constituent of all the clays, but it enters largely into the composition of the rocks themselves. Many of the most highly valued gems are alumina—sapphire is pure alumina crystallized; and the red, yellow, green, and violet varieties, ordinarily known as the oriental ruby, topaz, emerald, and amethyst, are alumina in various states of purity. The following list will show the proportions of alumina contained in some of these, and also in corundum and emery:—

Sapphire of India	97.51 per cent.
Ruby of India	97.32 "
Corundum of Asia Minor	92.39 "
Emery of Gümüş	77.82 "
Emery of Nicaria	75.12 "

Alumina, lime, and magnesia are classed with the earths; and immediately connected with the subject before us, are those substances known as alkalies—soda and potash. These well-known salts are found in combination with other bodies in the organic and the inorganic worlds. They are, however, chiefly obtained from the ashes of terrestrial and marine plants. All these bodies, like clay, have been known to man for long periods of time, they have been used extensively in manufactures of all kinds; they were very largely experimented on by the alchemists, yet they were never suspected to have any connection with the metals.

An Englishman of remarkable powers, who advanced himself to the highest honours within reach of the man of science in this country, but who has not yet, owing to the jealousies of his contemporaries, taken his true position in the history of human progress, was the first to prove that all the earths and alkalies were compounds of metals with oxygen. In precisely the same way as the rust of iron is an oxide of that metal, so are the earths respectively oxides of metals, to which the names have been given of *aluminium*, of *calcium*, and of *magnesium*; so are the alkalies in like manner oxides of *potassium* and *sodium*. The discovery of the metallic base of potash, by Humphrey Davy, in 1807, very naturally opened the door to the discovery of all the others.

Not long since, Mr. Peter Le Neve Foster, secretary of the Society of Arts, at great labour, collected everything that bore in the least on the history of the metal aluminium. He communicated the result of his researches to the Society of Arts, and we avail ourselves of the valuable information contained in his excellent paper. Commencing with Davy's discovery, Mr. Foster thus describes it:—

"Sir Humphrey Davy, in a paper read before the Royal Society, in 1807, made known his discovery of the alkaline metals. He employed what was then a novel agent—voltaic electricity, and by its means decomposed both potash and soda, producing their metallic bases, potassium and sodium. For those important discoveries, on which the science of modern chemistry may be said to have taken its rise, the French Academy conferred upon Davy the prize of 50,000 francs, offered by the Emperor Napoleon for researches in electricity. But though Davy did not succeed in separating by electricity aluminium from its compounds, yet electricity was the means of obtaining it by chemical decomposition, it having been the first source from whence sodium

and potassium could be obtained. In this manner, however, they could be produced only in very small quantities, and at an enormous cost. Gay-Lussac and Thénard afterwards made researches in reference to these metals, and succeeded in producing them by direct chemical reaction, but still only in small quantities as laboratory experiments. Subsequently, their researches were carried further by Mitscherlich, Brunner, Donny, and Mareska;* and, following and improving on their labours, M. Deville,† in France, liberally supplied with funds for the purpose by the present Emperor of the French, to carry out researches for the production of aluminium, succeeded in producing sodium in large quantities, and at a price which, though high, was reduced sufficiently low to enable it to be employed in the production of aluminium, at a cost which admits of its commercial use in the Arts for certain purposes, though too high for general use. To enter at length into the description of the methods adopted by M. Deville would occupy too much time. Those who are desirous of entering more minutely into these methods will find them detailed in the papers by M. Deville, in the 'Annales de Chimie,' indicated in the notes. They may be described shortly as consisting of heating at a high temperature a mixture of carbonate of soda, coal-dust or charcoal, with chalk, in an iron vessel, when certain re-actions take place, and the sodium, which is very volatile, comes out in vapour, which, by means of receivers of a suitable form, is condensed, and then runs out in a continuous stream into vessels placed to catch it. It is through the modifications introduced by M. Deville in the forms of the receivers, and the introduction of chalk into the process—which seems to facilitate the reduction in a remarkable manner—that the production of sodium has been rendered more easy and less costly."

Davy felt that alumina must, like the other bodies which he had reduced to a simple form, be a compound body, but he failed to obtain the metallic base. Berzelius followed Davy in experiments on this pure clay, but with no better success. Oersted, however, whose name is for ever connected with the discovery of electro-magnetism, and consequently with the application of electricity as a telegraphic agent, was the first to pursue the correct road. Oersted converted alumina into a chloride, and then acted upon it by the alkaline metals. Wöhler, following Oersted, was yet more successful, and although he does not appear to have obtained the metal aluminium in a coherent form, he did obtain it in a pulverulent one.‡ M. Deville, of the Normal College, in Paris, about the year 1854, began to direct his attention to the means of obtaining aluminium at a comparatively moderate cost, and success crowned his efforts. As above stated, the chief cause of his success was the production of the metal sodium at a cheap rate. As this metal performs a most important part in the process of manufacturing aluminium, it is necessary that we should say a few words on its peculiar properties.

Sodium and *potassium* are metals lighter than water, swimming like pieces of cork upon that fluid. They are brilliantly white and silvery when first cut, but they absorb oxygen with such avidity that they instantly tarnish. So rapidly does potassium separate the oxygen from water, that the liberated hydrogen is ignited by the intense heat produced—hence the metal appears to take fire when thrown on water. Sodium does not exert quite so energetic an action, consequently it does not produce the heat with sufficient rapidity to fire the gas formed by its oxidation on water, but if it is thrown on ice, or on a piece of moistened paper, which are not such good conductors of heat as water is, it inflames like potassium. To preserve these metals, it is necessary that they should be kept in some fluid entirely free of oxygen; Naptha, a pure hydro-carbon, is usually employed for this purpose. When the writer of this paper first commenced his chemical studies,—and nearly at the same time he began to lecture on the subject in a remote provincial mechanics' institution,—he gave for the sodium employed in his experiments

* "Recherches sur l'Extraction du Potassium," par MM. Mareska et F. Donny. "Annales de Chimie," ser. 3, tom. xxxv. p. 147.

† "Recherches sur les Métaux," &c. Annales de Chimie," ser. 3, tom. xliii. p. 19; et "Mémoire sur la Fabrication du Sodium et de l'Aluminium," par M. H. Sainte-Claire Deville. "Annales de Chimie," ser. 3, tom. xlii. p. 415.

‡ "Annales de Chimie," ser. 1, tom. xxxvii.

sixpence a grain, and now, Mr. Gerhard informs him, it can be obtained at one shilling an ounce; and he is sanguine enough to hope that he may be enabled to produce it eventually so as to sell it at one shilling and sixpence the pound—such is the remarkable reduction which has taken place in the cost of an article for which a demand has been created. It is by the powerful affinity of sodium that the manufacturer now removes from alumina the oxygen or chlorine with which it may be combined. Deville discovered that it was more easy to produce aluminium from the chloride than any other preparation. To produce the chloride of aluminium form a mixture of alumina (prepared by calcining ammoniacal alum) and charcoal made into a paste with oil, this is to be heated to a red heat in upright tubular retorts of fireclay, similar to those used in the manufacture of gas, and whilst in this state a current of chlorine gas is to be forced into the retort. Strong chemical action now takes place, and the chloride of aluminium comes over in the form of vapours, and is received in appropriate vessels, where it is condensed.

From this chloride of aluminium the metal was thus reduced by Deville's process:—A tube of Bohemian glass, thirty-six inches long, and about one inch in diameter, was placed in an empty combustion furnace. Chloride of aluminium was introduced at one extremity of the tube, and at the same time a current of dry hydrogen gas was made to enter the tube, and sustained until the operation was finished. The chloride is now gently warmed by pieces of hot charcoal, in order to drive off any hydrochloric acid it might contain; porcelain boats filled with sodium are inserted into the opposite extremity of the tube, and the heat augmented by fresh pieces of glowing charcoal, until the vapour of sodium decomposes that of the chloride of aluminium. A violent reaction takes place, with intense ignition, during which metallic aluminium is deposited. Since this the following process has been adopted:—

“Another method of obtaining aluminium from the chloride has been adopted with success. It is as follows:—

“4·200 grammes of the double chloride of aluminium and sodium (*i. e.* 2·800 grammes chloride of aluminium, and 1·400 grammes common salt),

“2·100 grammes of common salt (the gramme is equal to rather more than fifteen English grains),

“2·100 grammes of cryolite,

thoroughly dry, and carefully mixed together, are to be laid in alternate layers, with 840 grammes of sodium (cut into small pieces), in a crucible lined with alumina—a layer of sodium should cover the bottom of the crucible. When the crucible is filled, a little powdered salt is to be sprinkled on the contents, and the crucible, fitted with a lid, is to be put into a furnace, heated to redness, and kept at that temperature until a reaction, the occurrence and continuance of which is indicated by a peculiar and characteristic sound, shall have terminated. The contents of the crucible, having been stirred with a porcelain rod, while in their liquefied state (this part of the operation is essential), are poured out on a surface of baked clay, or any other suitable material—the flux, &c., on one side, and the metal on the other.” The cryolite here used is simply employed as a flux.

“M. Paul Morin, who, with M. Debray, assisted M. Deville in his original researches, now uses at his factory at Nanterre certain modifications which he has introduced into Deville's process of the double chloride of aluminium and sodium, and gets rid of the necessity for the continued stream of hydrogen gas, as well as the use of the porcelain tube as above described. We believe it is due to M. Morin to state that it was he who first modified Deville's process, so as to admit of the use of the crucible instead of the tube, thus enabling the manufacture to be carried out on a much larger scale.”

The next advance was due to Dr. Percy, of the Museum of Practical Geology, who suggested the employment of a peculiar mineral, which is found plentifully in Greenland, called Cryolite. This was in 1855.

Mr. Dick, who was an assistant to Dr. Percy, was the earliest experimentalist with this substance.

Cryolite is a double fluoride of aluminium and sodium.

Mr. Gerhard, an Englishman, has for some time been engaged in experiments on the production of aluminium from the cryolite, and his endeavours have been directed mainly to obtain this metal at a cheaper rate than hitherto.

Mr. Gerhard has erected furnaces at Battersea for the production of both aluminium and sodium. His process may be described as follows:—

“Two hundred and seventy parts by weight of powdered cryolite are mixed with one hundred and fifty parts of common salt, and into this mixture are placed seventy-two parts of sodium, cut into small pieces. The whole is then thrown into a heated earthenware crucible, previously lined with a melted mixture of cryolite and salt, which mixture is also immediately poured over the contents of the crucible, covering them to some little depth, over which the lid is then placed. The crucible then put in a furnace, and kept at a high red heat for about two hours. When the pot is uncovered the melted mixture is well stirred, and then poured out. The buttons of aluminium are found mingled with the slag, and may be easily melted together by heating them in a crucible with common salt. Theoretically, the amount of aluminium produced should be one-third of the weight of the sodium employed, but practically such a result is never obtained, and our manufacturers would be well satisfied with obtaining between one-third and one-fourth. This Mr. Gerhard has accomplished, though he is not always so successful. There is still some uncertainty in the process. From what we have seen, we are led to believe that the cryolite process is the one that will ultimately be preferred to that of the chloride of aluminium. As yet, however, the process presents certain difficulties which Mr. Gerhard appears to have to a great extent overcome.”

Before Deville commenced his labours, this metal—aluminium—sold at enormous prices. In 1856 it was worth £3 per ounce. Aluminium is now imported from France, and manufactured in this country, selling at 5s. the ounce. The most striking property of this metal is its extreme lightness. Its specific gravity is 2·6, about the same as glass; whilst that of gold is 19·5, that of silver 10·5, and that of copper 8·96. An ounce of pure silver is now worth 5s. 6d. the ounce; an ounce of pure aluminium, which is of three times the bulk of silver, is sold at 5s. the ounce, therefore, bulk for bulk, aluminium is but one-third the price of silver. Mr. Peter le Neve Foster, whose inquiries have been very extensive as to the applications of this metal, writes:—

“Already its lightness and colour has brought it into use for jewellery and ornaments of various kinds, bracelets, combs, pins, seals, penholders, tops of inkstands, port-monies, shirt-studs, harness, statuettes, candelabra, candlesticks, &c. Its ductility and fusibility render it readily stamped and cast. It works easily under the graver, and being unaffected by the atmosphere, it has an advantage over silver. Its lightness renders it peculiarly fitted for spectacle-frames, eye-glasses, telescopes, and opera-glasses, to which uses it has already been largely applied. It does not stain the skin as silver does. The alloys, too, or aluminium bronzes, as they may be termed, are peculiarly fitted, from the readiness with which they are worked, and their not changing under the action of the atmosphere, for the wheelworks of clocks and chronometers, as well as for the cases, too, for which the metal itself, also from its lightness, is peculiarly fitted.

“Spoons, forks, drinking vessels, and covers for glass vessels, may be made of it, which, even at the present price of the metal, will be much cheaper than silver, while they even possess in a higher degree those qualities for which silver has hitherto been prized. Figuier suggests its use for theodolites, sextants, and surveying instruments which have to be carried by hand, and where, therefore, lightness is important. The adjusting screws of such instruments, which, when made of silver or brass, tarnish from the contact of the hand, might with advantage be made of aluminium. Professor Bleekrode informs me that the working of this metal has, at his suggestion, been taken up by Mr. Meyer, a jeweller, at the Hague, who, amongst other things, has had a small bell cast, the handle of which, as a casting, is equal to anything hitherto

done in silver. Mr. Meyer's experience shows that the metal works well under the hammer, is well suited for chasing and engraving, as well as for casting. He alludes to the want of a proper solder for uniting several pieces, and has been obliged to adopt riveting, as in Paris. It has already been used by the dentist as a substitute for gold, in stopping as well as for fixing artificial teeth, both on account of its cheapness and lightness, but the accounts differ as to its fitness.

Mr. Harrington, a dentist in the Isle of Wight, in a paper which he read before the College of Dentists in October last, states that he has used aluminium successfully for dental purposes, and entertains a high opinion of it as a basis for artificial teeth. His experience shows that after wearing it for four months it underwent no apparent change, and was perfectly free from all taste or unpleasantness of any kind. He cautions those who may employ it to be careful in using other metals with it, as even when “wrought” aluminium is used as wire for rivets, or any other purposes, a galvanic action is set up, and the wrought metal is rapidly decomposed, leaving the cast metal unaffected. The metal is highly sonorous, and for musical instruments it has been suggested as especially suited.

Mr. Gerhard has completely overcome the difficulty of soldering aluminium; we have seen as perfect a junction made between two pieces of this metal as it is possible to make between two pieces of copper. This is a great step in aid of the useful applications of this metal.

Many objections have been urged against the colour of the metal, most of that which has been in the market being somewhat like pewter in appearance. By Mr. Gerhard's process the colour is greatly improved, and he possesses the means of rendering it beautifully white. One application which we have seen of this metal—to a watch-dial—had a fine watered surface, which—especially since it is not liable to tarnish under ordinary conditions—is as useful as it is elegant. By far the most important use of aluminium will, we believe, be found in the alloys it forms with other metals. Many of these are very beautiful in colour, some resembling gold; and in all cases it is found to impart a great degree of hardness—even when used in very small quantities—to the metal with which it is combined. Silver, when combined with 1 per cent. of aluminium, is no longer liable to tarnish. Again, if 3 per cent. of silver be united with 97 per cent. of aluminium, it acquires the brilliancy and colour of pure silver, and it will not blacken by exposure to sulphuretted hydrogen. Tissier and Debray inform us that copper, alloyed with one-fourteenth of its weight of aluminium, has the colour and brilliancy of gold, and is still very malleable; when the aluminium amounts to 20 per cent. the alloy is quite white. An alloy of 100 parts of silver with 5 of aluminium is as hard as the alloy employed for our silver coinage; and an alloy of 90 parts of copper and 10 of aluminium is harder than common bronze, and is capable of being worked at high temperatures easier than the best varieties of iron. Dr. Percy, in his laboratory at the Government School of Mines, has made a great number of these alloys, many of them possessing new and very important properties. Messrs. Calvert and Johnson describe an alloy of 25 parts of aluminium and 75 parts of iron, which has the valuable property of not rusting in moist air, or in water. What may we not expect from a metal possessing so many new and useful properties? As a scientific discovery, the fact that clay contains this remarkable metal is amongst the most striking with which chemistry has brought man acquainted. It is amongst the most abundant, if not really the most abundant, of the metals. For tin, and copper, and iron, for gold and for silver, man has to penetrate to the depths of the earth, and the mineral wealth is only obtained at a great sacrifice of human life; but aluminium, in its native combinations, is found in every district, spread over the surface, or near the surface, and the labour of obtaining it is transferred from the miner to the metallurgist. We do not doubt but in a few years we shall find this metal, and some others now as rare as it, rendered available for numerous ornamental and useful purposes.

ROBERT HUNT.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLV.—RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A.



NE of the highest aims of artists ought to be to make Art a teacher of moral, of social, or of religious truths; it should offer "line upon line, and precept upon precept" to guide mankind into the right way of living, of acting, and of thinking; and this every artist may in a greater or less degree accomplish, if he will only bring his mind into the state or condition necessary to the task. His efforts may be humble, and, perhaps, will result in no personal advantage to himself—nay, it is just possible his endeavours will only call down the contempt of those who cannot, or will not,

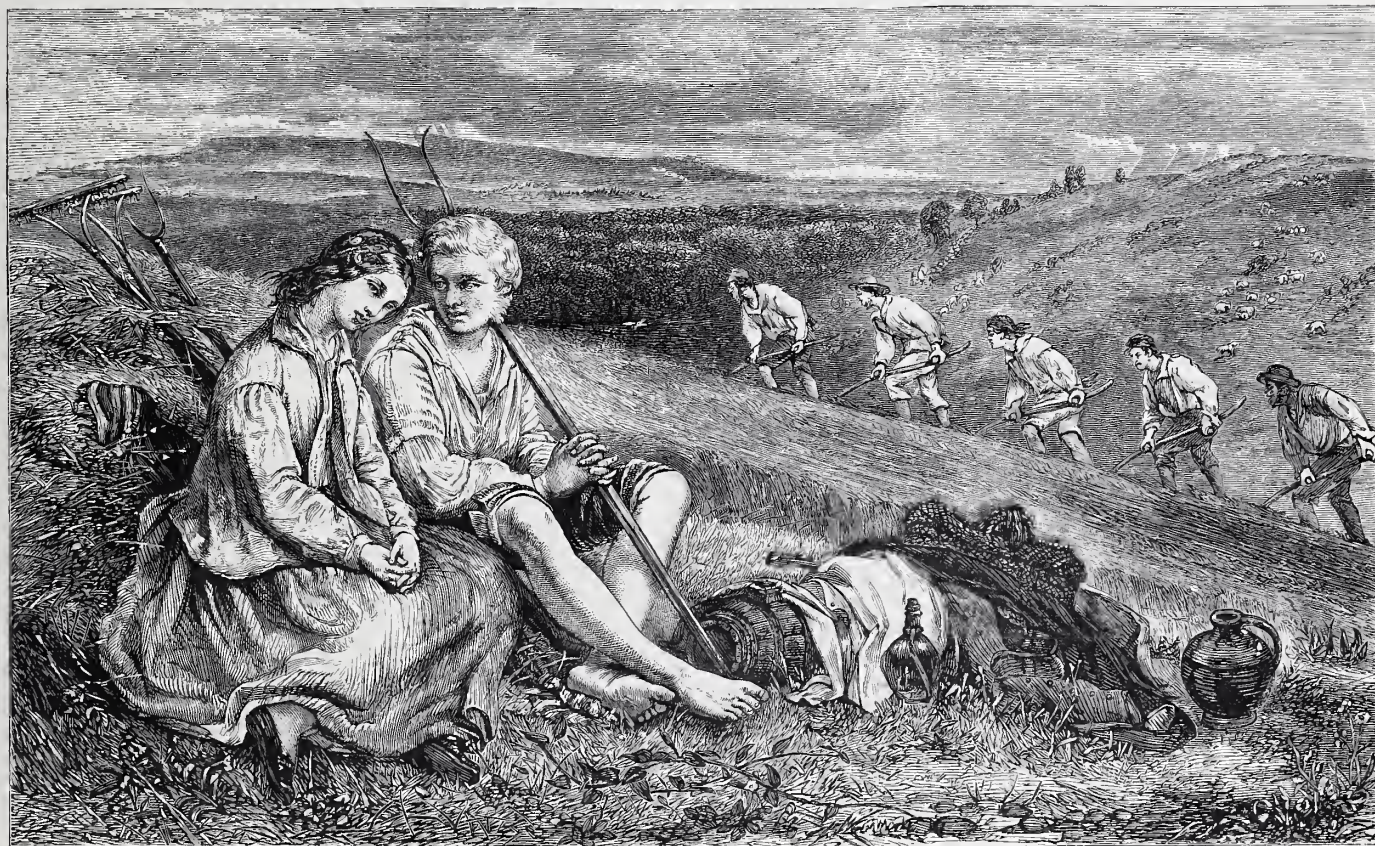
value motives well-intentioned, but, it may be, unsuccessfully carried out; still, he is fulfilling, according to his ability, the highest mission of his art, and dedicating himself to its noblest purposes: every man so working is entitled to our respect.

In this class of Art-teachers, few living painters have laboured more diligently, and with happier results, than Mr. Redgrave. He was fortunate enough, at an early period of his career, to strike into a path somewhat novel, and most instructive; the public had the discernment to see, and the wisdom to appreciate, his lessons of philanthropic appeal on behalf of the oppressed and miserable, whose cause he has pleaded in the language of the pencil as eloquent and glowing as ever came forth from the pen of the author, or the lips of the orator. As a landscape painter, moreover, he deservedly holds a very high rank.

A brief outline of Mr. Redgrave's life, written by himself at the request of the editor, appeared in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1850; it accompanied a

portrait of the artist. He was born in Pimlico, April 30, 1804. His father was a manufacturer, in whose counting-house he passed his earlier years, chiefly in making designs and working drawings: from this circumstance is doubtless to be attributed the peculiar aptitude for the position which he has of late years held in the Department of Science and Art. While engaged with his father, business occasionally led him into the country, where, after his work was done, he would linger to make sketches, as well as his then limited knowledge of drawing would permit, and to gather wild plants and flowers,—thus, to use his own words, "laying the foundation for a love of the wild growth of plants and for landscape painting, which are among my greatest sources of present pleasure." When he had passed his nineteenth year, the circumstances of his family rendered it necessary for him to seek out some business or profession distinct from that he had hitherto followed, and for which he showed but little inclination, though to this time he had diligently attended to it from a sense of duty. Art, however, was the leading idea in his mind, and having, yet with some reluctance on the part of his father, obtained his consent, he set to work in the British Museum, studying and making drawings from the ancient sculptures therein. In 1826 Mr. Redgrave was admitted a student in the Royal Academy; but he was not long able to pursue his studies uninterruptedly: his father's family was large, and their claims pressed heavily upon the parent; the son resolved not to add to the burden, and left home to encounter the battle of life by starting as a drawing-master. The struggle for a long time was very severe—teaching and preparing for pupils all day, yet regularly in his place in the Academy schools in the evening; there was little leisure left for painting pictures, always the young artist's highest ambition. Twice during the term of his studentship he contended for the gold medal, and failed on both occasions—on the last trial Maclise carried away the prize. These disappointments did not, however, subdue his energies or slacken his diligence.

On looking over a file of Academy catalogues, we find that Mr. Redgrave exhibited his first picture there, "The River Brent, near Hanwell," in 1825; this seems to have been prior to his admission as a student. An interval of six years occurs, when, in 1831, he contributed a kind of historical work—"The Commencement of the Massacre of the Innocents—Alarm of a Hebrew Family;" in 1833 he exhibited a subject from "Cymbeline," and two landscapes: from that year to the present, his name has never been absent from the annual



Engraved by]

LOVE AND LABOUR.

[Butterworth and Heath.

exhibitions of the Academy. It is rarely that a young artist, unless he shows remarkable talent, is so fortunate as to catch the eye of the public, or, at least, of such as are picture-buyers, and Mr. Redgrave's early experience formed no exception to the rule; however, about the year 1837, he exhibited a small painting at the British Institution—"Gulliver on the Farmer's Table;" it fortunately for him, found a purchaser, and was engraved; while, in the following year, a subject from Crabbe's poem of "Ellen Orford," which had been rejected by the council of the British Institution, was hung at the Academy "on the line," and sold on the opening day to Mr. Cartwright, long known as a man of sound judgment in modern Art, and a liberal collector. These sales did good service to the artist, not so much pecuniarily as by encouraging him to higher efforts. In the following year he exhibited a work of still higher pretension

and character—"Quentin Matsys, the Blacksmith of Antwerp;" and another—"Olivia's Return to her Parents;" a subject which, in all probability, gave birth in his mind to the class of works that may be denominated "social teachings," the first of which, "The Reduced Gentleman's Daughter," appeared in 1840: it is a most touching and effective composition, the subject is finely conceived, and very carefully executed. He exhibited at the same time "The Wonderful Cure of Paracelsus."

Within a space of scarcely three years Mr. Redgrave, from being an almost unknown artist, had gained notoriety and Academical honours—he was elected Associate of the Academy in the autumn of 1840. His pictures now began to be sought after by visitors to the exhibition as among those which they went there especially to see. In 1841 he contributed three—"The Castle-Builder,"

the old story of the country-girl carrying a basket of eggs to market, "Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship," and "The Vicar of Wakefield finding his Lost Daughter at the Inn;" the last, especially, a work of great power and feeling. In the following year he contributed four pictures, one of which, "OPHELIA," is among our illustrations; the figure is an admirable embodiment of the poet's character, and the landscape is painted with a finish and attention to detail which, in our day, would be called Pre-Raffaëllism: the other pictures of the year were a "Landscape," "Cinderella trying on the Glass Slipper," and "Bad News from Sea." His contributions in 1843 were respectively entitled, "The Fortune-Hunter," "Going to Service," and "The Poor Teacher;" the last a picture of such deep pathos and profound sensibility as to excite the strongest feelings of compassion towards the numerous class of individuals to which the subject refers: there are few pictures that have called forth so many involuntary

sighs as this, and another that immediately followed it, "The Sempstress," suggested by Hood's immortal poem, "The Song of the Shirt;" it appeared in 1844, with "The Wedding Morn—The Departure." In 1845 he exhibited "The Governess," almost a repetition of "The Poor Teacher," and "Miranda; and in the following year, "The Suppliant," "The Brook," "Preparing to throw off her Weeds," and "Sunday Morning—the Walk from Church;" the two last-mentioned subjects scarcely equal in point of interest some previous works of a kindred character: the "Suppliant" is a simple, natural representation of a child at a cottage door, and is most carefully painted.

From this time landscape seems to have equally divided with *genre* subjects Mr. Redgrave's attention; of late years the former has had the ascendancy: but before we make any specific allusion to his landscape pictures, we shall



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OPHELIA.

[Butterworth and Heath

continue our notice of the others. In "Fashion's Slaves," exhibited in 1847, is another philanthropic appeal on behalf of the poor workwoman, whom a young, fashionable girl is chiding for not having brought home her dress at an earlier hour: the story is emphatically told, and the subject is put on the canvas with much elegance of composition and beauty of colour. A sweet little example of this artist's pencil is another picture of the same year—a child conducted by an angel, which bore the title of "The Guardian Angel;" "The Deserter's Home," of the same date, is a subject that scarcely repays the labour and care that had evidently been bestowed upon it. "The Country Cousins," exhibited in 1848, is the picture now in the Vernon Collection, and which, from that circumstance, as well as from the engraving we published a few years ago, is too well known to require description. There is an excellent

moral lesson held forth in a small allegorical picture exhibited in 1849 under the title of "The Awakened Conscience;" the scene is an open landscape, in which is seen a man with a cup by his side, probably containing poison, admonished by an angel: whether the man meditates suicide, or is a drunkard, is not readily determined, but he looks at the cup with feelings of horror: the idea is original, and it is impressively carried out. "The Marquis and Griselda," (1850), is a subject borrowed from Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale," the passage selected being that where the marquis, having selected Griselda for his wife, causes the ladies of the court to dress her in the cottage of her father. The canvas contains numerous figures, who are arranged rather too much *en masse*, and, as a consequence, they have a crowded appearance; but there are several admirable studies of character among them; the whole is very brilliantly

painted, and constitutes a most attractive work. "The Child's Prayer," of the same date, is one of those pleasing, half-sacred subjects, to which reference has already been made.

Four vacancies having occurred in the ranks of the Academicians in 1850, Mr. Redgrave was, at the next annual meeting, early in 1851, elected to fill the place of one of the deceased members. Possibly by way of supporting before the eyes of the public the judgment of the Academy, his first exhibited picture after his election was of a more elevated character than any he had yet produced:—"The Flight into Egypt: Mary meditating on the Prophecy of Simcon," is a large picture, the subject treated with a solemnity of feeling and poetical expression perfectly appropriate. There is no attempt at imitating the sacred art of the old painters, although the artist has adopted an arrangement which we sometimes find in their works, the Virgin mother being seated on a rock, holding the infant Saviour in her arms: still there is nothing in this disposition of the figures to remind the spectator of the schools of Italy. The composition is in every way original, and the predominating sentiment of the work accords well with the sacred nature of the theme. Assimilating in character to this is another picture, exhibited in 1854, under the title of "Foreshadings of the Future," in which Mary is represented holding the infant Jesus in her lap; the child has a lily in his hand, and above the heads

of these two figures is a choir of angels: it is an excellent work of its class, and would take a high rank in any modern school of religious painters. A small picture, called "Handy Janie," exhibited in 1856, comes into the category of figure-subjects; the canvas shows only a single figure, a young girl, with water-pails, standing by the side of a well; a subject in itself of ordinary interest, but rendered valuable by the delicate and beautiful manner in which it is treated. "The Well-known Footstep," and "The Moorland Child," exhibited in 1857, complete the catalogue of Mr. Redgrave's pictures, contributed to the Academy, which must be distinguished from his landscapes. In very many of these works—those especially indicated in the foregoing observations—he has, to adopt his own language, "aimed at calling attention to the trials and struggles of the poor and the oppressed; labouring to 'help them to right who suffer wrong' at the hands of their fellow-men." He has done this bravely, and from a sympathising, generous heart, that can feel for the woes of others; and he has employed the gifts with which God has endowed him in efforts to excite the same commiseration in the hearts of those who are, often unthinkingly and unwillingly, the oppressors. Such a man is, in his way, a Howard, and deserves all the praise which is due to philanthropy. Art so directed fulfils one of its highest and noblest missions.

The landscapes of Mr. Redgrave are so far peculiar that we rarely see



Engraved by]

AN OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

[Butterworth and Heath.

among them what are usually called "open" scenes, extensive tracts of country diversified in character; they are generally close sylvan subjects, reedy pools overlung with graceful alders and drooping elms; paths shaded by sweet-scented limes; the skirts of woods where the cunning fox "ruus to earth," and the weary hare finds rest from her pursuers; soft, green glades, where lovers may hide from "day's garish eye," and the poet of nature may draw fresh draughts of inspiration from her solitudes of heauty. Under one or other of these characteristics may be classed his "Ferry," "Happy Sheep," "Spring," "The Skirts of a Wood," "Sun and Shadow," "The Stream at Rest," "The Solitary Pool," "The Woods planted by Evelyn," "A Poet's Study," "The Woodland Mirror," "The Lost Path," "An Hour with the Poets," "AN OLD ENGLISH HOMESTEAD," which we have engraved, "The Mid-Wood Shade," "The Sylvan Spring," "The Source of the Stream," "The Cradle of the River," &c. &c., all of which have appeared within the last ten years. "LOVE AND LABOUR," a picture we have also engraved here, seems to combine, in almost equal points of interest, both figure-subject and landscape.

To be fully sensible of the excellence which characterizes the landscapes of this painter, they must be closely studied; in no other way will the spectator

appreciate the delicacy and truth with which he represents nature; and these qualities are especially transcendent in his foregrounds, where a careful examination will discover the herbage, the weeds, and wild flowers most marvellously painted. Mr. Redgrave does not belong to the Pre-Raffaellite school, and yet his pictures exhibit as much attention to detail, and are as rich in colour, as any which come from the hands of these "new lights of our Art-world;" he repudiates their defects, but does not reject whatever is worth retaining in their style. He loves the summer-time, when the trees are thickest in foliage, and greenest in tint, and, like Constable, sees no beauty in a *brown* tree; his feeling of nature is of the most refined order, his delineations of her simple and faithful, and his choice of subject such as would win every lover of picturesque beauty, even if it were represented in a less inviting and attractive manner.

The school of Practical Art, formerly at Marlborough House, but now removed to Kensington, owes no small measure of its success to Mr. Redgrave; for many years he was its head master; he at present holds the office of Inspector-General of Art-Schools; his published works and his lectures, both connected with the subject of decorative art, have proved of great value to students of all classes, in the various schools throughout the kingdom.

J. DAFFORNE.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 15.—SAMUEL COOPER.

METROPOLITAN changes, since the commencement of the present century, are among the most marvellous in their extent and variety of any that have occurred since the days of Elizabeth. Take any map of London published about 1810, and there we find "fresh fields and pastures" where now are densely-populated streets. Quiet localities that, by some strange chance, were allowed to sleep on unmolested by the march of bricks and mortar, have suddenly become the centres of streets, and bid an eternal adieu to rurality. Such a district is St. Pancras.

The readers of Ben Jonson will not fail to remember his quaint "Tale of a Tub," that curious picture of "country life" in the immediate vicinity of the London of his day, in which "Sir Hugh," the vicar of Pancras, helps to plot for his own benefit with Justice Bramble, of "Maribone," and the High Constable of Kentish-tow; and the denizens of Kilburn and Islington talk a sort of Somersetshire dialect, which seems to breathe of a pure pastoral style; aided by such scenic directions as "the country near Maribone," or "the country near Kentish-tow." Where is the country now? At that time St. Pancras was a little village church, a long way off in the fields, with lonely, but pleasant lanes, leading to the high land of Hampstead and Highgate—far-away localities, to be seen from St. Paul's steeple, but rarely visited by Londoners, who must have thought of a journey there as we now think of one to Yorkshire. Pancras retained its lonely character longer than any other London vicinity. Norden, in the time of Ben Jonson, speaks of it as "forsaken of all; and true men seldom frequent the same, but upon divine occasions; yet it is visited by thieves, who assemble not there to pray, but to wait for prey; and many fall into their hands clothed, that are glad when they are escaped naked: walk not there too late." Venturous citizens who neglected this warning ran great dangers in getting from thence toward Gray's Inn Lane; in Walker's "Lives of the Highwaymen," published in the time of Queen Anne, is a characteristic picture of a highway robbery committed at some distance on the London side of "St. Pancras in the Fields."

Even so recently as thirty years ago, this little church, which Norden described in 1593 as "standing all alone, utterly forsaken, old and weather-beaten," retained its lonely look. Paved streets, rows of houses, and neat squares, now cover the fields then used for grazing the cows of "Rhodes's Dairy;" and just opposite the cemetery gates were the remains of intrenchments, which the learned Dr. Stukely dreamed over as the veritable camp of Caesar himself, and which was principally composed of a square mound surrounded by a ditch filled by the waters of the Fleet River, then an open stream, meandering from the high land north of London toward the "sweet south" of Bagnigge Wells and Fleet Street. There is a view of St. Pancras Church, from a drawing by J. P. Neale, dated as recently as July, 1815, representing a group of young men bathing here. The Fleet River is now one vast common sewer.

Our view of the church is copied from a print by Chatelain, drawn about 1740. At that time there were wells near the church celebrated for their sanitary virtue; and people walked out there to test their curative virtue, as they did to Sadler's Wells, the Cold Bath, or Islington—a weaker kind of Tunbridge water, that served as an imaginary remedy for minor illnesses. There is still a "St. Chad's Well" in Gray's-Inn Lane; there were many more on this side of London.

St. Pancras in the Fields, originally a humble village fane, has been from time to time enlarged; but its most recent enlargement, in 1848, has still left it a small building, converting it into a kind of toy gothic edifice, and destroying its modest old features. The fourteenth century is conjectured to have been the era of the erection of the old church, which simply consisted of a nave and chancel. It contained many monuments: none more interesting than that of Samuel Cooper, who has been appropriately designated the Vandyck of miniature-painters. It is a modest monument, surmounted by the painter's palette; beneath is a coat-of-arms—

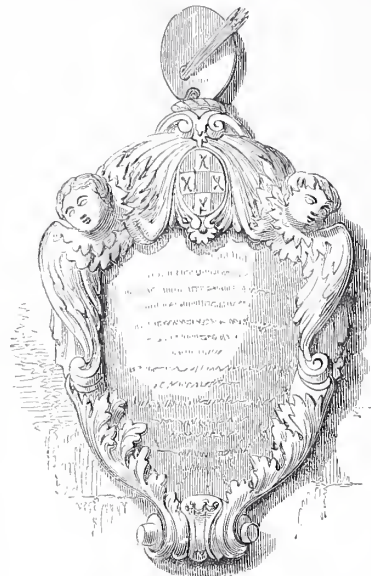
not those of the painter, but of Sir E. Turner, the Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II., who placed the monument here, and took this extraordinary mode of recording the good action.

Cooper died on the 5th of May, 1672, at the ripe age of sixty-three. Walpole says, "the anecdotes of Cooper's life are few; nor does it signify—his works are his history." The brevity and the justice of these few words will bear an amplification of reflection. His works are his best history, and have a charm in their truth and beauty still. To his pencil we owe the best and truest portrait of a great Englishman—Oliver Cromwell; in it we seem to see the mind of the man.* This is the true greatness of Cooper's works. Walpole has compared them with those of the earlier miniature painter, Oliver, whose works were diminutively conceived, as well as minutely painted; but, he adds, "If a glass could expand Cooper's pictures to the size of Vandyck's, they would appear to have been painted for that proportion. If his portrait of Cromwell could be so enlarged, I don't know but Vandyck would appear less great by comparison." Cooper was busily employed during his life, and at high prices. Pepys says, in his amusing diary, that he gave him £30 for his wife's miniature. He tells us "he is a most admirable workman, and good company." It is elsewhere recorded that he had great skill in music, and played well on the lute. He was a favourite at home and abroad; he lived many years in Holland, and at the French court—from the latter his widow received a pension. His portrait, and these few records of his manners, seem to combine in presenting us with the agreeable picture of a quiet, prosperous, industrious, and

genial man, one of unostentatious talent and cheerful manners, happy in a calm course of life—a life few but artists are privileged to lead: they should be happy and grateful men, for many of the noble and rich envy them.

Before we leave this ancient spot, let us note the many celebrated names that appear on tombs in this crowded churchyard, where for several centuries the dead have congregated. Of artists, Ravnnet and Woollett; of authors, he who is supposed to have written "The whole Duty of Man;" Theobald, the editor of Shakspeare, and the hero of Pope's original "Dunciad;" Collier, who wrote against the Stage; Walker, who gave us our best pronouncing dictionary; William Godwin, and his equally famed wife; all rest here. One of the most extraordinary persons here interred was the Chevalier D'Eon, who for many years lived as a woman in England, after much diplomatic continental employ. Another politician, Pascal de Paoli, the friend of Johnson's Boswell, is also buried here; he was chief of the Corsicans in their struggles with the French. The churchyard has always been a favourite resting-place with our Roman Catholic brethren. The reasons given are that it was the last church in England where mass was performed after

the Reformation, and that masses were said for the souls of such as were buried here in a church dedicated to the same saint in the south of France. The Earl of Moira erected a monument here to a "model priest" of that faith, the Rev. Arthur O'Leary, a man of most liberal mind, whose catholicity was universal. The cross, and "requiescat in pace," or the initials of these words, occur on many monuments here: would that the peace of the old churchyard could be paralleled among



COOPER'S MONUMENT.



ST. PANCRAS CHURCH.

the living sects, that they might "rest in their faith among their fellow men," as they do "after life's fitful fever" here! A quiet walk back to

* In Mr. Stanley's edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," he mentions a portrait, by Cooper, of Milton, as "recently discovered, and in the possession of the Duke of Buccleuch. His grace owes it to the country to have it engraved, as that formerly in Sir Joshua Reynolds's possession, and engraved by Caroline Watson, with his sanction, is not the portrait of the divine poet, but of one of his great contemporaries."

London in the old days must have produced wholesome thoughts after a pilgrimage to Pancras; now the turmoil of noisy London is thick around it, and our reflections must be made at home; but the thoughts are good everywhere that result from visits like these. It is well to turn aside—and not unfrequently, too—from the active and busy scenes of life, to hold converse with ourselves, as well as with those who have gone from us.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

ARY SCHEFFER.

THE exhibition of the collected works of Ary Scheffer, which was opened at Paris early in May, has perhaps occasioned some disappointment to those of his admirers who believed that his entire career had been glorified by works equal to the essays of his latter time—those on which his reputation rests. He deprecated during life a posthumous collection and exhibition of his productions, having seen among the pictures of Delaroche some which neither enhanced, nor even sustained, the fame of the painter. But an exhibition of this kind is not entirely understood by an enthusiastic public, as being the revelation of a student to a student,—the analysis of a being, of which the life-springs are not patent to the many. The collection, as to dates of production, comprehends a period of thirty-eight years, with a selection of subject-matter more widely excursive in religious and poetic, than in historical narrative, and in the early years of the painter limited to incidents of every-day life. The labours of every earnest artist evince vicissitudes which look sometimes much like caprice; but the differences shown in Scheffer's pictures are all experiments—many, it is true, failures. But from all something has been learned; or, at least, difficulties have thence become intelligible—a first step in painting towards their subjugation. Having no resource but his art, Scheffer was an early competitor for fame. He produced in 1810 'The Oath of Hannibal,' and 'The Death of Pliny the Elder,' of course in the feeling of the time—that of the school of David; and these were the only two subjects of this class that he executed, for he diverged at once into that which the French call *genre*, a signal dereliction of "high Art," when it is remembered that his master was Guerin, the painter of 'Æneas and Dido,' a picture by which so many have been fascinated. But Scheffer was painting for bread, and could not afford to illustrate the Greek and Roman virtues, a kind of Art which, although not domestically popular, was yet considered an auxiliary of the governments of those times. One half-hour's visit to the galleries of Paris suffices to demonstrate the part that painting and sculpture have played in the politics of France during the last sixty years. The faith of the Catholic Church, analyse it as you will, resolves itself always into the worship of that beautiful which has its only representation in Art-forms; and with a full recognition of the influences of painting, each successive government has invoked the aid of painting to popularise its creed. But to be effective, such essays consisted necessarily of scenic declamation, to the utter exclusion of simple and forcible recital; and hence very much of the vicious extravagance of the French school. In the two pictures mentioned, Scheffer believed he had deferred sufficiently to the "grand style," and in remembrance of Greuze, and those who followed him, he entered upon a series of ordinary *genre* subjects, the material of which was drawn from current literature or imagination. The works exhibited, number one hundred and one, of which three are sculpture, being a bust of his mother, a monumental effigy of his mother, and a bust of the Countess Krasinska. The earliest date in the catalogue is 1819,—it is affixed to a portrait—that of M. Victor Tracy; and as there are numerous portraits in the collection, it may be well to turn at once to this department, as these works claim less attention than the poetical and sacred compositions. The number of portraits, then, is about thirty-nine, of which those of Lafayette, the Duke of Elchingen, Odillon Barrot, Cavaignac, with that of himself, are among the best. Of this class of Scheffer's works there is one composition to which strongly marked exception may be taken. It is entitled, 'Laissez venir à moi les petits enfants,' and contains an agroupment of the Saviour and the three children of the Duchess Fitz-James. In reference to this it is not now necessary to consider what the old masters have done in this way, nor in what spirit they have done it; to say the least, the taste of the association is very questionable. Many of Scheffer's best productions are not here; but the hundred and one open to us the whole heart of the man, and the entire craft of the painter. Scheffer, to the last day of his life, was an eager and devoted student—his maturity was that of a "latter summer."

Excellence was long withheld from him, but no man merited his ultimate triumphs more worthily than he, because none more laboriously earned distinction. As a portrait-painter he never would have signalled himself, for from the first to the last his heads want roundness, force, and argument. The heads of his male sitters have not been lighted in a manner to bring them out advantageously, and in the female heads we are reminded rather of the paint than the life. Of his early pictures there are, 'La Veuve du Soldat,' 'La Famille du Marin,' 'Le Baptême,' 'La Mère Convolescente,' 'La Tempête,' and 'La Sœur de Charité,' compositions founded upon a class of incidents which, in France as well as England, has for cabinet pictures superseded historical narrative. In none of these works is there promise of great future eminence. In all of them much of the accessory is painted without reference to the proposed forms or surfaces, with a result either unduly hard or loosely sketchy. The manner of these small pictures resembles that of the English school of the corresponding period, more than any deduction from feeling antecedently or contemporaneously popular in the French school. Scheffer always lamented that he had not the gift of colour—a deficiency singularly conspicuous throughout the series; and having been driven to portrait-painting by early necessity, there is in his drawing an absence of that facility and precision which are attained by a regular course of academic study. The crude and unsympathising colour is strikingly shown in the picture, 'Marthe et Marguerite.' Here the importunate red petticoat of Margaret harshly dissociates itself from the entire composition, a hard, dry, uncompromising surface; and so it is with other red dresses or petticoats that appear in the series. He seems to have been extremely partial to bright vermilion, but his employment of the colour was always very infelicitous. Scheffer's infirmities of drawing are, specially evidenced in his two unfinished works—'L'Ange annouçant la Résurrection,' and 'L'Apparition de Jesus-Christ à la Madeleine apres la Résurrection.'

Scheffer had been struggling onward for nearly twenty years before he entirely relinquished that ideal *genre*, in which he essayed domestic sentiment. He rose to poetry, and in poetry and sacred history developed a depth and force of expression in which, though we look back through centuries, even to the revival, we shall find that his equals are not numerous. Before he was so thoroughly penetrated by exalted sentiment, and master of the motives of expression so perfectly as to subdue the heart by the patbos of his eloquence, like all earnest painters who are yet immature in the most penetrating accomplishment of the art, he sought to impress the mind by action more or less violent. 'La Bataille de Morat,' 'Léonore,' 'Les Femmes Suliotes,' 'Episode de la Retraite d'Alsace,' and 'Le Giaour,' are works in this spirit, though in the last he hits, peradventure, on the golden mine, of the existence of which within him, he never knew. Here is a consummation of intense expression and violent action, the last in which strong movement is expressed, as from this time (1832) he devoted himself entirely to the language of expression. All the works which he executed under this influence are of ordinary merit. Even the two pictures which belong to the Luxembourg collection, 'Les Femmes Suliotes,' and 'Le Larmoyeur,' from a ballad by Schiller, are not distinguished by much of interesting quality. His first subject from "Faust" is 'Marthe et Marguerite'—that which has been already mentioned to instance the red petticoat. This was painted in 1830, and is one of those small pictures, in the execution of which Scheffer never succeeded. Another small picture, painted in the same year,—'Léonore,' from that passage of the ballad which describes her as borne off by her spectre lover,—shows that after twenty years of study and practice Scheffer was still casting about for a manner. It is the most sketchy of all the exhibited works; and the figure of Léonore, as she rides behind the ghost, is timid and unsatisfactory in drawing. Neither by his portraiture nor his small pictures would he ever have acquired his present reputation; but at once, on entertaining poetic and religious subjects of the size of life, he shows himself possessed of a capacity which he had never before manifested. 'Faust dans son Cabinet' is one of the first of his larger works, and its weakness in comparison with those that

follow is obvious; besides, Faust is a misconception. He is represented here as even a younger man than in subsequent scenes after his rejuvenescence: there is, moreover, an absence of the firmness of feature that appears in any of the other impersonations of the character. He is here soliloquizing in the opening scene—

"Ihabe nun, ach! Philosophie,
Juristerei und Medicin
Und leider auch Theologie!
Durchaus studirt;"

and he confesses himself aged, but the features here are those of a young man of thirty. A comparison of this head with that in 'Faust à la Coupe,' or 'Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise,' shows two things, of which the first is the artist's amelioration of his conceptions by sustained study; the second is, an immediate development of power, showing that this was the class of art which he was best constituted to cultivate. Thus we find him, after 1830, and for eight or nine succeeding years, entirely given over to the passionate and mystic poetry of Byron and Göthe. The change is sudden and absolute. Such transitions are common phenomena in artist-life, but at a period of life so advanced, a change is rarely other than a marked decadence; for it occurs, too frequently, that, after a career of early and too facile success, artists cease to be students. But Scheffer, to the last, was a laborious student, and, perhaps, not the least precious of his rules of practice, was his concentration of his subject. The whole of his works show us that they were pre-figured in his mind before committed to the canvas—a conceptive faculty which always yields pictures of great force and reality. Allusion has already been made to 'Marthe et Marguerite,' the scene in which Martha invites the latter to come often to her. This is the first of the Faust series which Scheffer painted; it is a small picture, with many of the foibles of his minor works. The next year, 1831, produced 'Faust dans son Cabinet,' the first of the large pictures, and which has also been spoken of. The same year brought forth 'Marguerite au Rouet':—

"Meine Ruh' ist hin
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmer mehr."

But that work, like 'Faust dans son Cabinet,' is not comparable to subsequent impersonations of the character; the face is insignificant—a disqualification that is confirmed by the eyes being so close together. This picture was, we believe, the property of a member of the Orleans family, and, falling into evil hands, the head of the figure was cut out; but it was subsequently repaired by M. Scheffer, the marks of the restoration being plainly discernible. In 1832, 'Marguerite à l'Eglise,' was painted, in the spirit of the passage—

"Wo steht dein Kopf?
In deinem Herzen
Welche missethat!" &c.;

wherein Margaret is represented at mass in an agony of remorse at the thoughts suggested to her by the evil spirit. She is here in mourning for her brother, who was slain by Faust, and she has the appearance of a person above the station in life to which Margaret belongs. Some years elapse before Scheffer returns to Göthe's tragedy; but he is continually occupied with portraits, of which altogether he painted about three hundred. In 1832, 'The Giaour' was produced—the last and most violent of those works wherein action is relied on for effect, though at the same time the force of the passion is irresistible. This is a work of surpassing energy; it is the first in which Scheffer succeeds in fully realizing his ideal; the passage is:—

"For he declines the convent path,
And leaves those locks unhallo'd growth,
But wears our garb in all beside," &c.

There is but one figure, that of the Giaour, who refuses to join in the religious exercises of the convent, and in expressing his resolution he is borne away in an orgasm of fury. There is little in this picture that might not be painted with white and black, with a qualification of warmth; and those compositions in which colour is spared are uniformly the signal productions of the artist. 'Medora,' now so well known through the engraving, was painted in 1833; the features seem to have been drawn from the same model as those

of Margaret at the wheel—they are of the same mould, and there is the like absence of argument. We pass to the year 1838, in which was painted 'Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise.' The scene is properly a street, wherein Faust first addresses Margaret. When she is gone, Mephistopheles tells Faust that she is just come from confession, that she is guiltless, and he has no power over her. Scheffer, however, by a pictorial licence, presents Margaret as just coming out of church, with the rest of the congregation, and there Faust is supposed first to see her, and, to the letter, he looks the spirit of the lines—

"Beim Himmel, dieses kind is schön
So etwas hab ich nie gesehn.
Sie ist so sitt—und tugend reich,
Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich."

And, in order to render the sentiment in its plenitude, Faust and Mephistopheles are placed so near to Margaret as almost to touch her. Margaret is dressed in white, in coincidence with Faust's description of her innocence, and she is supported by the rest of the composition as a breadth of low and middle tone; thus, virtually there are two parts in the composition, one—the dominant—Margaret, the other contributing to support the composition. The professed simplicity of the effect is perceptibly artificial. The style of the figure is according to her condition in life, and although Mephistopheles observes that Faust will now see a Helen in every woman with any pretension to beauty, the painter might have given such a degree of refinement as would have literally justified the admiration of Faust, for in the broad round forms of the face and head there is somewhat of an every-day common-place that would scarcely have enthralled one to whom the world was not new. In his effort to qualify the head with a bright and beaming innocence, he has painted the face without a shade, but the refinement which would have better suited it is made more conspicuously deficient by a female face of superior nobility of beauty in the throng behind—that of a person belonging, like Margaret, to a humble station of life. This is the first picture in which is observable any expression of that influence to which Scheffer may have yielded in his admiration of Ingres; it is especially seen in the subdued markings of Margaret's draperies, and in the uncompromising sharpness of much of the outline of the same figure. The head of Faust is admirable; the happy result of that study of the character which was well matured by frequent recurrence to the play. In 1838 the two Mignons appeared, 'Mignon Aspirant au Ciel,' and 'Mignon Regrettant sa Patrie,' in both of which are more distinctly felt the sharpness of a manner like that of Ingres, with a specious modification of the natural distinctness of line that appears in all draperies. In the Giauour the drapery is painted with a force and confusion of marking correspondent with the tumult within, and in the 'Marguerite sortant de l'Eglise,' and the two Mignons, the sentiment of the drapery corresponds with the peaceful emotions of the soul; in the case of the Giauour, the treatment of drapery is an elegant propriety; in that of the Mignons, it might have been more approximate to nature, without in anywise detracting from the penetrating language of the features. 'Le Roi de Thule' was painted the same year—a subject taken from Göthe's ballad. The old king is represented drinking, for the last time, from the cup given to him by his mistress, before he threw it into the sea, lest it should be profaned by the hand of any other possessor. There are two versions of this subject; the former is enfeebled by the introduction of too many objects; in the latter, the king is a grand and solid Rembrandtesque conception, in all its parts strong and well kept in hand, and as to breadth, all but a monotone. These two versions of the same subject exhibit, as clearly as any of his works, Scheffer as the earnest plodding student; and in the second picture we see the golden fruit of his study. We now arrive at the period at which Scheffer began to devote himself to religious art, during his study of which, for the remainder of his life, he returns but seldom to his favourite poets. The exhibition contains but two instances from Göthe, and one from Dante, and two of these are among the most valuable of the works of this eminent man. 'Le Christ au Jardin des Oliviers' is the first essay in religious

art exhibited. In purity of treatment and original power, the picture merits comparison with the old masters; but in expression the head of the Saviour is a failure. 'Les Rois Mages,' painted in 1844, is not less original a study of three heads that may be accepted as typical of the poet, the philosopher, and the warrior; and here again, in an eminent degree, we recognise matured study applied to the embodiment of a conception of rare beauty. In 1844 'Mignon et le vieux Joueur de Harpe' appeared, and in 1847 'Les Saintes Femmes revenant du Tombeau,' a work perfectly well known from the admirable engraving which has been taken from it. The treatment of the heads, their movement, and expression, place this among M. Scheffer's best works. There may be somewhat more of poetry than religion in the conception, but the touching sentiment of the aspiration subdues criticism. Again, 'Ruth et Noemie' is a composition and a narrative worthy of the best times of the Italian schools; it reminds the spectator now of the Florentine Andrea, and anon, of the Bolognese Guido. The attitudes of both figures are copiously descriptive, and the hands and features are all most eloquent, according to the touching story that supplies the subjects. But the crowning essay of Scheffer's poetical genius is the 'Francesca de Rimini,' and whenever, hereafter, his name occurs to the memory, that is the picture which will at once fill the mind; it is so well known by the engraving that any description were superfluous. The canvas is large, the figures being small life-size. The composition, with its flowing lines and floating figures, is much in the elegant feeling of Flaxman; indeed, Scheffer has said that if he were ever tempted to follow any artist, it would be Flaxman. Never was anguish painted more poignantly in a profile than in that of Francesca, in whose action are also shown reliance, devotion, and love. The movement of Paolo will bring to mind that of Lazarus in the National Gallery, but here the function of the drapery is so beautifully discharged, and it is so skilfully blended with the figures, that without it the composition would be much less perfect. If the quotation in the catalogue—

"Oh, lasso,
Quanti dolci pensieri! quanto desio, &c."

be the passage originally given with the title by Scheffer, it is very clear from the action of the figures that the lines on which he principally dwelt were—

"Mentre che l'uno spirito questo disse,
L'altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
Io venni meno come s'io morisse," &c.;

and the interview is at an end, for the spirits are floating away, as we see by the line of Francesca's hair, which, by the way, is the least praiseworthy form in the picture. With respect to the age of Dante, there is an objection to offer. He himself says, at the commencement of the "Inferno," that he was—

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

but we find him here certainly approaching sixty; the head, moreover, of Virgil is morally a failure. It avails but little to tell us that it has been copied from the putative bust of Virgil: if there were as many busts of Virgil as there are of Julius Cæsar, it cannot be doubted that the types would be as various as those attributed to the great commander. The head of Virgil is so insignificant that it cannot be received as that of him whom Dante challenges as—

"Quel Virgilio e quella fonte
Che spande di parlar sì fiume?"

In 'Saint Augustin at Saint Mouique,' painted in 1855, there is a distinction in the forms of the head of St. Augustine that separates it from the general type of the small heads in the Exhibition. In these heads we have the same forcible expression, that gives so much value to other works painted during the last fifteen years of his life; and as distinguished by this excellence may be cited—'Les Douleurs de la Terre,' 'Marguerite à la Fontaine,' 'Le Baiser de Judas,' 'Figure de Calvin,' 'Faust à la Coupe,' 'Le Christ et Saint Jean,' 'Madeleine en Extase;' and, besides these, there are other works which do not reach this high standard, as 'La Tentation du Christ,' 'Jacob et Rachel,' 'L'Amour Divin et l'Amour Terrestre,' &c.

And thus is the genius of Scheffer set forth, so

that we accompany him through his life of ceaseless application, and various emotions and impulses. It was not until after twenty years of labour that he discovered his particular qualifications; but at this we marvel not, as in artist life it is a common contingency. The portraits exhibited are very numerous; they may all be likenesses, but there are not very many of them possessing qualities much beyond this. But Scheffer is truly great in the expression of tender and intense emotion, and grand in his rehearsal of the thoughts and passions of men. His best productions are those in which he has not been seduced by attempts at colour; and in the extensive allusion and copious description of his limited compositions he can never be excelled.

THE FIFTH EXHIBITION OF PICTURES IN WATER-COLOURS BY CARL WERNER.

THE fifth collection of his pictures in water-colours, which Carl Werner is now exhibiting at his atelier, No. 49, Pall Mall, honourably sustains the high reputation he so deservedly enjoys. Like its predecessors, this collection comprises various continental architectural subjects, with landscape-scenery, and figures, the results of the artist's labours during the last twelve months; and, in addition to these works, which are twenty-two in number, Carl Werner has this year painted three pictures since his return to England in April last, his subjects being an interior view of the House of Lords, and two well-known portions of Westminster Abbey. These three pictures impart a fresh character to the exhibition, and in themselves they possess qualities of the highest order.

In his picture of the House of Lords, Carl Werner has been content to give a faithful representation of Sir Charles Barry's gorgeous hall, as it awaits the assembling of the peers of England beneath its richly-decorated roof, without introducing even a single figure to enhance the effect of the architecture and its accessories. In less able hands this must have been a rather dangerous experiment; but Carl Werner combines the science of an architect with the power of a true artist, and he has produced one of the most perfect architectural drawings that it has been our good fortune to have seen. The perspective is absolutely stereoscopic, the colouring is rich and harmonious, the whole being most skilfully lighted up by a warm sunbeam, that floats in through one of the open stained-glass windows; and the texture, whether of fresco-adorned walls or carved oak, or elaborately-wrought metal work, or crimson velvet, has never been surpassed by the artist himself—and we know not how to express commendation in stronger terms.

The view of the tombs of Edward III. and his Queen Philippa, which is obtained from the chapel of St. Nicholas, on the south side of Westminster Abbey, with the adjoining parts of the abbey itself, has been chosen by Carl Werner to form the first of a series of pictures which he proposes to paint in this, the noblest of our English churches. His second picture, of smaller size, but fully equal to its companion in excellence, represents the doorway that leads to the Chapel of Abbot Islip, to the north of the choir. We commend these drawings to the thoughtful attention of those gentlemen connected professionally with architecture, who both do and do not contribute productions of their own to what bears amongst us the title of the "Architectural Exhibition." They might obtain from them some suggestions that would go far to raise the character of their exhibition in its artistic capacity, and, indeed, which might save it from degenerating into being an exhibition of architectural accessories, accompanied with a certain number of office plans and elevations.

Venice, the Alhambra, Lübeck, Leipsic, Verona, Meissen in Saxony, Spalatro, and various other parts of Dalmatia, contribute scenes, some of them long established in favour with both artists and poets, and others such as are but little known. The "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Rialto" are rendered with a freshness of feeling and effect which convince us that such things exist as subjects for pictures that are not to be worn out. The Lion of St. Mark,

that, with a few other shattered relics of the long-departed days of Venetian greatness, now lies amidst the reeds in the swamps of Torcello, is an epic in itself, and most poetically has Carl Werner treated it. The same remark applies with equal justice to the picture of the Cyclopean masonry at Norba, in the Pontine Marshes, with the picturesque group of goat-herds and goats watching the storm that threatens them from Monte Circeo, and from the more distant sea and its islands. Two views of the Town-hall at Leipsic demand special notice, from their singular merit,—a merit which has been most appropriately appreciated, as is shown by the fact that both have immediately found purchasers. One other picture only our space will permit us to particularise. This has been entitled by the artist, "The Riches of Science;" it represents the interior of the "Studio of Dr. Brehm, the eminently learned and distinguished ornithologist, Reutendorff, Saxony." The doctor appears seated in his studio; and most certainly the room, with its furniture and fittings, are the very things to be associated with such a man, as the man himself could scarcely be imagined to exercise his vocation except in such a locale, and surrounded by such objects as are here grouped together, at once in admirable disorder and in the happiest artistic combination.

Our readers will not, we are assured, fail to accord to us their thanks for reminding them that Herr Werner receives daily at his atelier visitors who may favour him with a call, between the hours of half-past two and six o'clock, for the purpose of inspecting his pictures; and also that he devotes his mornings to giving instruction, in classes, in the study and practice of his favourite and popular art.

OBITUARY.

MR. DAVID COX.

A VERY few weeks only have elapsed since we directed the attention of our readers to the collection of pictures by David Cox, exhibited in the metropolis, and now we have to record the death of the veteran painter—one whose equal, as an uncompromising and truthful delineator of English rural landscape, we never expect to see. It almost seems as if the collection in question had been gathered together to form a chaplet of flowers of his own rearing to be placed on his grave. He died at his residence, Harborne, near Birmingham, on the 7th of last month, after an illness of only two or three days, as we understand, though his health had visibly been declining for some considerable time. He was born in 1783, and, consequently, had reached his seventy-sixth year.

It is not our intention now to go into the particulars of David Cox's career. We are preparing some engravings from his works to form one of our series of "British Artists" for a future number, when a more favourable opportunity than is at present afforded will occur for speaking of him. Our personal knowledge of the artist, and the recollection of his simple and unassuming character, would have restrained us from saying, while he lived, what we can say now that praise "falls listless on unhearing ears." Though by no means insensible to any commendation bestowed on his works, we never met with a man who received it with more diffidence, or on whom it made a less self-complacent impression. It has been truly remarked by a writer in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, that, "in perfect harmony with his simple and beautiful character, Cox was the last to realise the fame and the honour to which he had reached." He possessed, in its way, a genius as original as that of Turner: there are those who cannot, or will not, understand either—we sorrow for them as we do for the physically blind, to whom the glories of nature and of Art are irremediably closed.

MR. JACOB BELL.

The death of this gentleman, during the last month, must not pass without a record in our columns. In noticing, a short time since, the exhibition of paintings at the Marylebone Literary Institution, Mr. Bell's contribution of pictures, in which those by Sir E. Landseer were conspicuous, was particularly pointed out; and also the circum-

stance, namely, the declining state of his health, that induced him temporarily to denude the walls of his mansion in Laugham Place of their greatest ornaments. His collection of "Landscape" is, perhaps, the finest in the kingdom, for, we believe, Sir Edwin has painted but few pictures of late years which have not passed into, or through, the hands of Mr. Bell. Rumour, which it is hoped may not prove false, says he has bequeathed his entire collection to the National Gallery.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

A VERY interesting feature in the collection of the "old masters" this year is the number of Gainsborough's works that appears in the third room, and which, perhaps, are the more attractive, as those of the works of the Italian schools that are celebrated as known pictures, are more famous than excellent. This exhibition always opens soon after the Royal Academy, and these same ancient masters, with their sedate greys and browns, administer an effective *solutium* to eyes nervously excited by the racking colours of the Royal Academy. 'The Salutation,' by Manzuoli di San Friano (No. 3), is a large altar-piece of much harmonious beauty, very soft in manner, with somewhat of the feeling of Andrea del Sarto, for Manzuoli was of the Florentine school, and certainly studied Del Sarto. By Sebastian del Piombo there are (No. 4), 'Francesco Albizzi,' (No. 6) 'Head of a Man;' and, above all, two small heads, charmingly painted portraits of Michael Angelo and Giulio Romano, in excellent condition. No. 14 is a 'Landscape and Figures,' by Poussin, as dark and deep as his works usually are; and No. 16 is entitled 'The Madonna dell' Impannata,' Raffaele, which looks very like a sketch made for a fresco, and painted by Giulio Romano. In many places the outlines of the drawing are conspicuous, and the whole seems to have been coloured with extreme care, that the lines might be preserved. The famous 'Madonna dell' Impannata' is in the Pitti Palace, at Florence; it was painted by Raffaele for Bindo Altovita, and soon afterwards came into the possession of Cosmo dei Medici. It differs, in all but design, very much from this, and it is all but certain that even that picture was entirely painted by some one of Raffaele's pupils. There is a curiosity (No. 17) by Salvator Rosa, 'La Fortuna,' a picture representing Fortune showering her best gifts upon swine. The picture is said to have been painted by Salvator when under the excitement of anger against the pope, and on account of the subject he was expelled from Rome. To Titian is attributed the remarkable portrait (No. 21), that of Raffaele, which may have been painted by Titian, but it has much more the feeling of Giorgione, and were it by that artist, would be more valuable than if by Titian. At No. 26 we come to an 'Ecce Homo,' by Tintoretto, by whom are also (No. 1) 'Portrait of a member of the Pesano Family,' (No. 7) 'The Last Supper,' (No. 44) 'Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple,' and (No. 45) 'The Baptism of our Saviour,' each of which has a manner peculiar to itself, and no two of them could be recognised as by the same hand. Dosso Dossi is a painter, of whose works many have not travelled out of Italy; we find here, however (No. 2), 'Jupiter and Antiope,' a picture to which much care has been given, and (No. 33) 'Pianto, riso, ira,' three grotesque heads, which, from a certain resemblance they bear to his own in the collection of the *Ritratti dei Pittori*, in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, may have been studied from his own features. In 'Schnyders, his Wife, and Child,' Vandyke does not rise to the rare quality that is so imposing in the dames and

cavaliers of Charles's court. We do not remember when Vandyke quitted Antwerp, but it was yet in early youth, and he must, therefore, have been very young when he painted this sober and well-rounded study, without any of the sunny gaiety of Rubens's manner, as seen in (No. 46) 'The Duchess of Buckingham and Family,' a member of which is that ubiquitous chubby child with the large round eyes and light hair that Rubens will drag into all his works, either as Christian cherub or pagan Cupid. In No. 52 Giulio Romano gives a head of Giovanni de Medici, and not a pleasant resemblance, if we may accept as a likeness the famous figure in armour painted by Titian, and now among the Medici portraits at Florence.

In the middle room is an interior (No. 54) by A. Ostade, showing that especial partiality for gradations of blue which is exemplified more in the Louvre picture than in any other of his works. The picture is far behind his best works in the brilliant finish that distinguishes these. After passing (No. 56) 'A Winter Scene, with figures skating,' J. Ostade, (No. 58) 'A Calm,' W. Van de Velde, (No. 62) 'A Storm,' W. Van de Velde, (No. 65) 'A Light Gale,' W. Van de Velde, we come to (No. 67) 'Landscape, with the fisherman presenting to Polyerates, the Tyrant of Samos, a fish, inside of which was afterwards found the ring he had cast into the sea,' S. Rosa; and also by Salvator there is a pendant (No. 72), 'Landscape, with the story of the death of Polyerates;' and even in these two works the analyst may read the temperament of the man. All his smaller works have that spirit of *improvisu* which shows that they were all pictures in his mind before he touched the canvas. His great power lies in landscape; but he affected to despise landscape, and consequently despised rural nature. These pictures are, therefore, spirited sketches, with that almost uniform treatment of the sky which heralds a Salvator at any distance. Moucheron and A. Van de Velde combine in (No. 76) a 'Landscape with Figures,' a small garden scene with figures, painted with great care; and No. 77 is a large 'Landscape,' by De Koning, presenting a tract of country somewhat richer, but not unlike the extensive flat we survey from the spire of Antwerp cathedral. It is painted almost without colour, and so skilfully managed as to represent a vast expanse of country, always the great merit of his works. 'A Street Scene' (No. 78) is an example of Linglebach; the figures are picturesque and admirably drawn, and the general condition of the picture is excellent. Near this is a 'Conversation,' by Jan Steen, bearing the date 1667, and painted, therefore, in his thirty-first year, and before he had abandoned himself entirely to dissipation, for there is as yet not that infirmity of touch which, indicative of the shaking hand and weakened eye, distinguishes his productions of ten years later. No. 79, a 'Landscape and Cattle,' by Berghem, is an average example of the painter's manner, whose works, with all their beauty, we never see without wishing that he had characterised them by somewhat more of variety of sentiment and material. This oneness of feeling tells us many things, but especially that Berghem was a great manufacturer of pictures, which his captivating execution made extensively popular. No. 85, 'Fruit and Flowers,' is one of the most elegant and brilliant examples of Van Os we have ever seen. This painter may be generally considered as inferior to Van Huysum, but the latter never excelled this picture. By Decker and A. Ostade, a 'Landscape and Figures' affords an admirable example of the style of the former in a picture in which appears an earnest study of nature; the trees look as truthful as those of Both and Hobbima.

'A Boar Hunt' (No. 104), and 'A Stag Hunt' (No. 110), form a pendant, of course, by Schnyders. The 'Boar Hunt' is a dark and heavy picture, by no means comparable to the other. All Schnyders' dogs are of one type, and although the admirers of this painter believed that canine portraiture could never be carried beyond his essays, dog painting has, among ourselves, been carried to a degree of excellence never dreamt of in his time. By Ruysdael, 'A Landscape and Waterfall' (No. 106) instances the very dark manner into which Ruysdael passed when he ceased addressing himself to nature, and accepting her tones as those of incontrovertible truth. There is by Vanderueer (No. 111) a very charming 'River View,' a moonlight in which the effect has been conducted with great skill: it is clear and deep, without any opacity or blackness.

The third room contains the Gainsboroughs, of which there are forty-two. As Thomas Gainsborough is one of the stars of our school, we are thankful for an opportunity of comparing him with himself, for it is thus only that a painter develops himself, and in looking at collections of this kind it is easy to understand wherefore many distinguished artists deprecate a posthumous collection of all their works, that is, as many as can be brought together. In the arena of portraiture, Reynolds felt that he was jostled by Gainsborough, and, therefore, signalled him as "the greatest landscape-painter of the day"—an eulogy pronounced by Sir Joshua in the hearing of Wilson, who immediately added, with some degree of asperity, that he was also the most gifted portrait-painter. Wilson was not quite right, but he was nearer the truth than Reynolds, for there are heads in this collection of which Velasquez or Vandyke might have been proud, while there is no landscape which may not be equalled, or surpassed, by our present landscape school. Although in Gainsborough's landscapes we are reminded now of Poussin, now of Mola, and sometimes of certain of the Dutch painters, yet he was as much an originator as any other artist who is distinguished by beauties peculiar to himself. Reynolds was the genius who reversed all the ill-founded conclusions of our school of portraiture, that, before his time, had ignored Vandyke, and extolled Kneller beyond the stars; and Gainsborough in this was a follower of Reynolds, and in that wherein he was a follower, he was superior to that in which he was original. But his degree as a landscape painter must be considered rather in reference to his time than his quality. Remembering, therefore, the time in which he lived, he must be acknowledged a landscape painter of extraordinary power, and the history of the art does not supply a name of which the possessor was accomplished as at once a painter of heads and landscapes beyond Thomas Gainsborough. 'The Cottage Door' (No. 93) is a fine example of his domestic subject matter. It is a large picture of a cottage, dominated by dark masses of foliage, toned so as to lead the eye to a group of rustic figures in the foreground. The dispositions are very impressive. The student of marine subjects may be surprised that Gainsborough should have ventured on such material as is presented in a 'Seashore and Figures' (No. 134). Ruysdael did the same thing, but he succeeded much better than Gainsborough, for here the sea is entirely without the common water-forms; but in (No. 137) 'Landscape and Cattle,' we find him more at home, indeed, so much more so, that we recognise in it more of the studio than of open-air painting; the foliage of the trees, for instance, rises in successive and equal quantities—an arrangement which we do not see in nature. We

find, in direct opposition to that free manner in which so many of his pictures are worked (No. 141), 'Landscape, with Cattle and Figures,' and its pendant (No. 147), 'Landscape and Figures,' two pictures, painted up to a degree of finish so minute, as entirely to exclude them from comparison with pictures in his other manner. They look like subjects realised from veritable localities, yet with a certain qualification of that cold metallic green to which this painter was so partial. As a contrast to this (No. 159) a 'Landscape, with Horses and Figures,' is made out with a strong effect of light and shade, and with a full and firm touch; and in a similar manner (No. 160) a 'Landscape, with Figures, after Teniers,' is painted. 'A Girl Feeding Pigs' (No. 172) is a charming picture, though so unassuming as to subject. The child is seated on the ground, presented in profile, contemplating her porcine *protégés* at their refection: a very attractive figure, and, as for the animals, they are as satisfactory as any specimens that could be shown. But to turn to the reverse of the medal. A glance at Gainsborough's portraits shows us that he differs from Reynolds in his aim at honest simple painting, and, moreover, that his landscape study gave him the power of accompanying his portraits with shreds of sylvan and garden composition, which constituted these combinations not only portraits, but veritable pictures. Of this class is (No. 97) 'The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and Lady Elizabeth Luttrell,' but in all his most careful works we find some of that raw turgid green that always forces upon us the conviction that Gainsborough was blind as to associations of colour. Reynolds's theory of harmony is quite right. Gainsborough's attempt to refute it by his 'Blue Boy,' produced a fine study, but did not disturb the solidity of Reynolds's position. A 'Landscape and Figures' (No. 147) is an admirable work—it is very careful, and is qualified with the very best feeling of the painter. To continue the portraits, there are (No. 135) 'Mrs. Gainsborough,' and (No. 139) 'Miss Gainsborough,' the lady, doubtless, whom the painter portioned on her marriage with one of his pictures. No. 142 is a 'Portrait of Ralph Schomberg, Esq. ;' (No. 149) 'Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire,' that excellent person whom the Prince of Wales, at her death, characterised as a gentlewoman, and Charles James Fox as an angel. 'A Family Picture' (No. 150) is a large composition, with six life-sized figures, painted with as much solidity as those in Vandyke's family pictures. 'Miss Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, and her Brother' (No. 152), a study of two heads only, affords one of the most precious examples of Gainsborough's art. In roundness, vitality, and colour these heads will bear comparison with any of the lustrous triumphs of the best times of the art; there is, moreover, a simplicity in the painting which will, through a course of centuries, maintain the tones of the colour. (No. 154), 'Miss Gainsborough,' is a profile as bright in hue as if by Reynolds, but wanting his winning suavity of touch. (No. 163), 'Georgiana, First Countess Spencer,' presents the lady in a jacket, waistcoat, cravat, and ruffles; a head and bust only, and somewhat sketchy. These are a portion of the remarkable portraits by Gainsborough, and we know of the existence of others fully equal to the best of these; and now we submit that an examination of the pictures thus collected will set forth the powers of Gainsborough in any comparison between his portraiture and landscape capabilities, as pre-eminent in the former. The exhibition contains various instances of our school, but the opportunity of a comparison of Gainsborough with himself was an occasion not to be lost.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE ALMSDEEDS OF DORCAS.

W. C. T. Dobson, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 9 in.

PICTURES of this class are not generally included among those which usually bear the title of "religious" Art-works, and yet they have as much, or more, right to be so denominated as those of the saints, martyrs, virgins, and holy men—the staple subjects of the old masters—who painted pictures for the adornment of ancient religious edifices and institutions. The philanthropic lady of Joppa, whom Peter raised from the dead, has not—so far, at least, as we know—any place in the calendar of that church which acknowledges as its founder the life-giving saint by whom the miracle was wrought; her labours of love, her benevolence, her warm-hearted compassion, have not been able to secure her name to be engraven even on the lowest part of the pedestal that bears the column on which stands, in venerated dignity, the figure of the great apostle who is said to hold the keys of the Christian church: but was not Tabitha a saint? and is not a painter's ideal representation of her good deeds a sacred subject—a religious Art-work? We do not allow, as many do, that every incident recorded in the Scriptures becomes, therefore, a *sacred* theme for poet or artist; a mere historical fact narrated by an inspired writer, and having no immediate connection with the important truths contained therein, except as a matter of Jewish history, cannot strictly be so interpreted: there are many such passages which will readily occur to the mind of every reader of the sacred volume. The history of Dorcas, as Tabitha was called, cannot, however, call forth two opposite opinions; her life was eminently religious ere she was struck down by the hand of death; her restoration to life showed the miraculous power with which her Divine Master had endowed some of his servants and companions on earth. The evangelist St. Luke thus narrates her history in the Acts, chap. ix. :—

"Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas; this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.

"And it came to pass in those days that she was sick and died; whom when they had washed they laid her in an upper chamber.

"And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them.

"Then Peter arose, and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them," &c. &c.

Mr. Dobson has not taken an artist's licence with the theme he has represented; he has made Dorcas what we are told she was, "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did;" she was herself the almoner of her own bounty, and doubtless went forth, as we see her here, into the highways and suburbs of Joppa—or, as it is now called, Jaffa—to relieve the sick and the destitute. She is represented in the picture before us administering relief to a family of "children of the desert:" under a rude tent of reed-matting is an aged man, apparently at the point of death, to whose parched lips her attendant is offering drink; food has been given to the others—husband, wife, and children—and now Dorcas with her own hands is clothing the naked. The whole composition is finely and poetically conceived: the subject has been earnestly felt, and most successfully worked out. In colour it is abundantly rich—the principal figure is clad in a robe of purple red, and over the shoulders falls a dark crimson cloak; the scarf round her waist is orange; these colours are somewhat lowered in tone by the bright scarlet jacket which she is placing in the hands of the poor woman, whose dress is of the rudest materials—a rough sheepskin over a tattered, ill-shaped, lower garment of a brownish-black hue. The negro-looking man has a bright yellow cloth round his loins, and is girding himself with a scarf of deep carmine colour: he kneels on a cloth of broad light blue stripes; the young girl's robe is of a white and pink material, in stripes, with small flowers on it.

The picture is at Osborne.



W. C. T. DOBSON, PINXT.

H. BOURNE, SCULPT.

THE ALMS-DEEDS OF DORCAS.

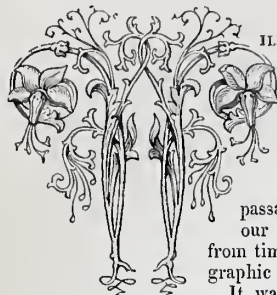
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. CLAY & CO. PRINTERS.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VII.—TENBY, &c.



Will the reader permit us to interrupt our narrative, and precede our notes concerning Tenby, by reconducting him to the Ferry between Neyland and Pater, to record an incident that occurred to us during our passage? With such "breaks" in our descriptions we endeavour, from time to time, to lighten topographic details.

It was a pleasant day we passed between Pater and Tenby, visiting the old castles of Pembroke and Mauorheer, and the venerable Palace of Lamphey; even the ferry had its charm as we crossed it, preferring—for the morning was mild and the breeze gentle—the common row-boat to the boat propelled by steam, and so delighting a group of weather-beaten mariners who watched our embarkation at the neat quay. Our boatmen—there were two—fell naturally into discourse concerning this incident, complimenting alike our wisdom and our taste, and expressing, unrestrained, their own opinions as to the folly or the wickedness of so abominable an innovation on the freedom of the fair Haven, the purity of the air, and the beauty of the landscape; both agreeing—and justifying their belief by sundry sea-phrases, incomprehensible, or at least unrepresentable—that it was an insult and a degradation to any British seaman to be asked to navigate a huge tea-kettle. We may print a few passages of their sea talk as they roved us leisurely across.

"I wonder, from my heart and sawl," said one of them, a sturdy fellow, who had lost an eye in *some* service, "did any of them new-fashioned circumnavigators ever give 'emselves time to look at a duck—only a duck—and see the way she floats, and steers, and turns on the ripple; and how her little eyes watch the wind, and how she rises and sinks with the wave? See what a heautiful pair of oars the Lord gave her to keep her gwain on the water: now I look on the duck as the father and mother of all the boats, canoes, oars and scullers, that ever touched the waves—I do indeed; and I'll stand up to it, there isn't no such swimming-master on the coast as a duck—her paddling is heautiful! she has such a take-it-easy way with her, and yet cuts the element like a prize wherry. But you'll see, it's not long your fine scientifick men will leave duck or goose to go the way of nature; they'll be for improving them, as they think they do land and sea, giving no peace to either. Now, meesmate, what is so natural to a ferry-boat as a pair of oars? and what so natural, when a poor fellow gets keel-hauled, yet wants to be doing something, as *his* taking to the ferry-boat, and earning a living? They don't count us 'able hodied seamen' at the Admiralty, and yet either of us could ply such a craft as the old ferry-boat, and turn an honest penny, and no danger of the passengers being blown to Jericho—or further, and worse. I wonder what Britannia thinks of these new fangles? I only wish auld Neptune could catch a steaming crossing the line—or a what-d'ye-call-um cable! Ab, it wasn't with such tackle we won the battle of the Nile, or the great Trafalgar, where my father did what the soug says England expected 'every man to do!'"

"She's puffing across now," said the older sea-dog, with a sound between a growl and a chuckle; "I always watches her night and day—never misses her crossing over; and do you know why? well, I'll tell yah!" and the seams and puckers in his weather-beaten face were in harmony with the keen twinkle of his grey eye; "I know she'll blow up, and I wouldn't miss it—no, not to be made first lord!"

We are now on the high road to TENBY, and shall be there anon: it is in sight long before we reach it.

Tenby is, according to the county historian, Fenton, "heautiful in every stage of its approximation,"—occupying a lofty promontory which the sea, at full tide, to use the forcible phrase of old Ieland, "peninsulateth." It is seen from afar off, on whichever side the traveller "approacheth," and on none to greater advantage than from the charming road we have been traversing—the road from Pembroke, called the Ridgeway. Soon after leaving Manorheer to the right, we come in sight of Caldy Island. A day will be well spent here; a row across the bay, of two and a half miles, being one of the especial treats of visitors, to examine the walls and remains of a castellated mansion which now form parts of a modern dwelling—the residence of the gentleman who owns

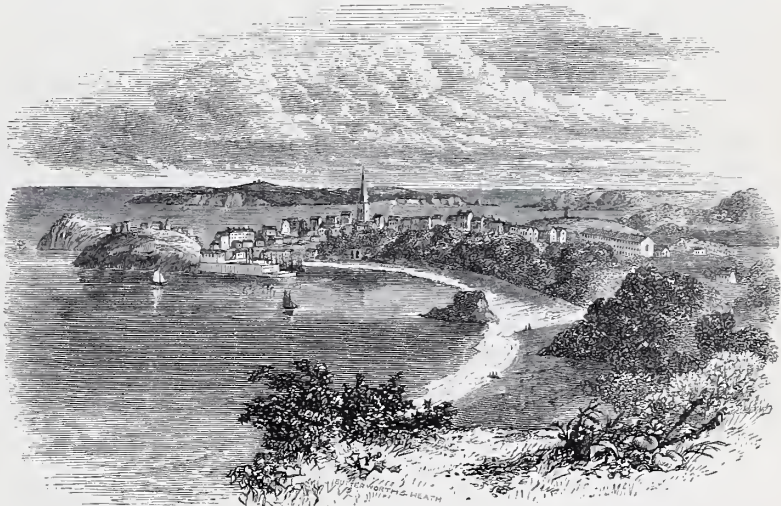
the old nest of the sea-kings. There are other objects here to arrest attention: an ancient tower, and an inscribed stone, still more ancient; while its smaller sister, St. Margaret's, separated from it when the tide is in, and joined to it, at low water, by a reef of rocks, contains also objects which the antiquary will explore gladly; while the rocks and cliffs that girt either shore are fertile of matters deeply interesting to the naturalist; and the breezes, either mild or strong, are ever full of health, on those green fields which the sea environs. From any of these heights we view



TENBY FROM THE SOUTH.

the town—a charming sight it always is, occupying a steep which the tide "peninsulateth," the Castle Hill its huge sentinel, St. Catherine's, an island at high water, its advanced guard, and the tall tower of St. Mary its beacon and protector. All is here on this side—the artist has so shown it—while on the other, trees grow in luxuriant beauty, under the shadows of cliffs, and sheltered by near hills, where those who are delicate have pleasant promenades, leaving the side opposite to the more hardy and robust. The artist has here pictured the town from both points; into the sketch from the north, he has introduced the pier, where small vessels are protected from all winds, on which, formerly, stood the chapel of St. Julian, where mariners offered up prayers, and left their dole for the priests, whose duty it was to make perpetual intercession for the seamen and fishermen of Tenby who were labouring on the perilous ocean.

In truth, Tenby *is* "beautiful" from whichever side approached, and very agreeable when



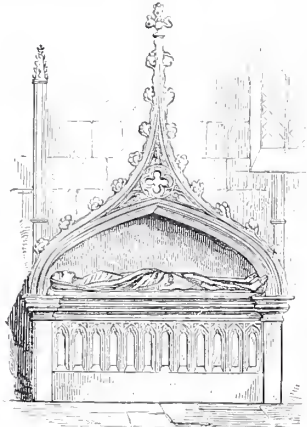
TENBY FROM THE NORTH.

entered: there are good hotels here, and lodging-houses in plenty, the major part of them, of course, facing the sea; the markets are well supplied, carriages are numerous, and not dear, boats are at all times ready, the warm baths are good, and the bathing-machines in abundance; while the sands, the *great* attraction of this charming sea-town, become so hard, almost instantly after the tide is out, that the thinnest shoe may be worn by walkers who tread them; and, on one side or other of the town, there is, at all times, shelter from winds to be avoided.

It is clear, therefore, that as a "watering place," Tenby has advantages second to those of no seaport in the kingdom: to our minds, it is a recommendation, and not a drawback, that a railway does not run right into the houses, although sufficiently near to give help without encumbrance. We shall show, presently, how many attractions it has to induce walks and drives—temptations to exercise, the source of health.

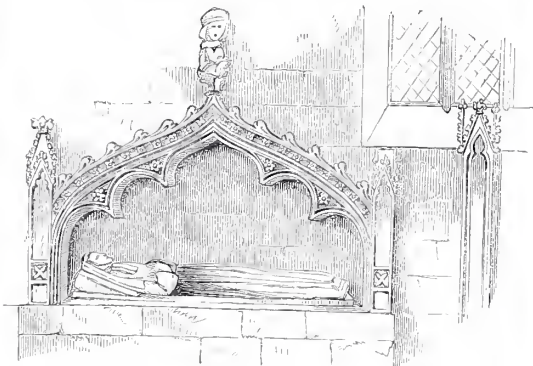
Before we take our ramble round the town, let us visit the old church, and the venerable walls, the castle, towers, and battlements, on which the curious eye has been often fixed, from the moment sight is obtained of Tenby.

The CHURCH at Tenby, dedicated to St. Mary, is situated in the centre of the town; it is of large size, the largest church in Pembrokeshire, but of oddly mingled architecture; the "style" is the produce of several periods—some portions dating back to a remote age, others bearing unquestionable evidence of a time when taste and fitness were little thought of in edifices dedicated to the service of the Deity. No doubt it suffered often during the Welsh wars, and was restored according to the caprice of "authorities." It consists of a nave and chancel, with side aisles, and has a square battlemented tower, surmounted by a spire of bath stone, rising from the south aisle of the chancel to a height of one hundred and fifty-two feet—a notable landmark for mariners. Looking down the High Street upon the three gable ends that form the west front, the exterior has no peculiar feature, excepting two fine Perpendicular windows—the only two alike throughout the structure. Entering the interior



ANCIENT TOMB OF A MONK.

through the low arch that forms the western entrance, and passing under the middle gallery, the fine flight of altar steps at the opposite end has a grand effect, and the great size of the building is at once perceptible. The extreme length is one hundred and forty-five feet, and the breadth proportionably large; but this extensive area is broken and the flatness relieved by two rows of pillars and arches that separate the aisles from the centre, and serve to support the lofty, overhanging roofs of great width, from which hang the not inelegant chandeliers. The greater portion of the floor is encumbered with close fixed pews, that rise in galleries against the walls of both aisles; but the chancel, which has had its magnificent roof, recently repaired, and a fine monumental window inserted in the east wall, is furnished with appropriate open seats. The north aisle presents a goodly store of monumental antiquities



ANCIENT TOMB OF A FEMALE.

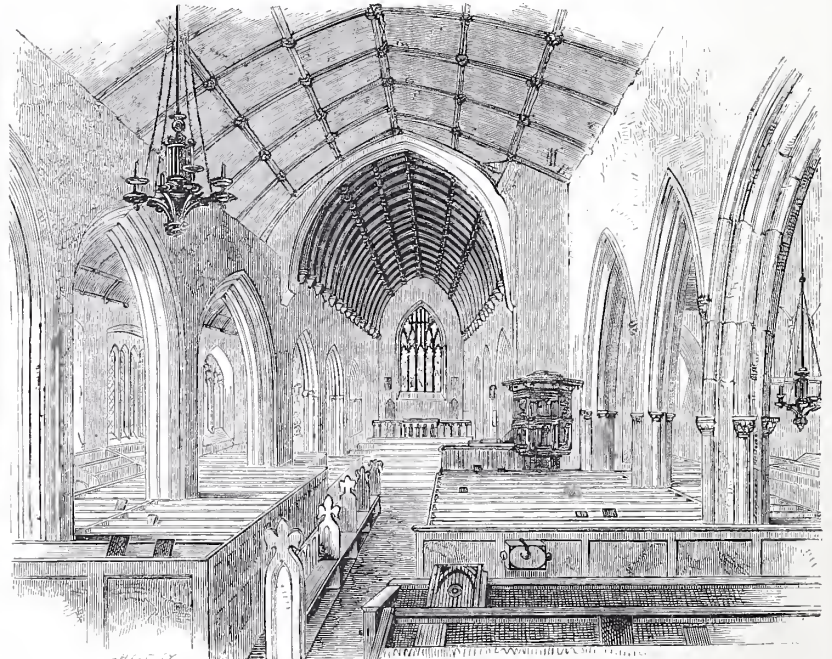
Not far from each other, under richly ornamented niches in the wall, are two very ancient tombs—the greater part of both hidden by the pews: on one is the effigy of a naked, emaciated monk, with a winding-sheet thrown partly over it. The tomb which Fenton supposes to be the tomb of Tully, Bishop of St. David's, who, it is well-known, was buried at Tenby, is on the north of the altar steps. Another tomb contains a female figure, robed in well-executed drapery: this we have engraved. A little way further up is an extensive and ambitious monument bespattered with paint and gilt; it was erected by Thomas Rees, of Scotsborough, "armiger," to the memory of his wife, who died in 1610. The husband, bare-headed, in plate-armour, is on bended knees before a *pro dieu*; the wife, in all her frilled finery, is extended on her side at his feet; whilst the boys and girls of the deceased are represented on the base, with features in which the sculptor has evidently

laboured to flatter the living parent. Against the east wall is the kneeling figure of William Risam, dressed in his red aldermanic gown—a good specimen of a well-to-do tradesman in 1630. Near the head of the worthy alderman is a little break in the wall, said to have been caused by Cromwell, who nred at the figure, supposing it to be a living being! The finest of all the monuments, however, is that erected to the memory of two of the family of White—exten-



THE CHURCH: EXTERIOR.

sive merchants of Tenby for several generations. This monument fills the arch at the left-hand side of the altar steps; the base, of alabaster, divided into compartments and filled with *bassi relievi*, supports two males, dressed in a style characteristic of the time. Here, too, is the tomb of Walter Vaughan, of Dunraven—the hero of traditionary lore, as a famous wrecker in his day; who, having gathered wealth by hanging out false lights, and so guiding mariners to rocks,



THE CHURCH: INTERIOR.

suffered a just but terrible punishment, having been the means of thus luring his own two sons to death. He is buried here, and, according to his epitaph, "awaits a glorious resurrection!" This is the only church in Tenby—if we except the Cemetery Chapel, in the outskirts of the town. In summer-time it is always full; seats, however, are reserved for strangers, who are consequently expected, or rather required, to contribute to the cost of repairs.

A morning at Tenby may be pleasantly and profitably spent in examining the old walls, the tower on the castle-hill, the remains of the castle, and the towers and gateways that yet defy the inroads of time. If left to themselves by "the authorities," perhaps that is their good, rather than their ill, fortune; for if little has been done to protect them from decay, nothing has at all events been attempted with a view



NICHE IN THE TOWN WALL.

to their "restoration." There are few walled towns in the kingdom so easily examined, or so fruitful of reward.

Tenby is a very old place: so far back as 1150 it was strongly fortified, its inhabitants being fierce and warlike; it was twice taken before the close of the twelfth century, and twice "reduced to ashes." Its castle was then a large and strong building—it is now a shapeless ruin; but some of the walls are undoubtedly seven hundred years old. During the reign of Henry VIII., according to Leland, "the towne was



KEEP OF TENBY CASTLE.

strongly walled and well gated, every gate having his port collis *ex solido ferro*." To trace these walls, some of which are still perfect, and to enter these towers, two or three of which continue in very tolerable preservation, is therefore an enjoyment not often to be obtained in England.

Tenby,* as we have intimated, was for a long period one of

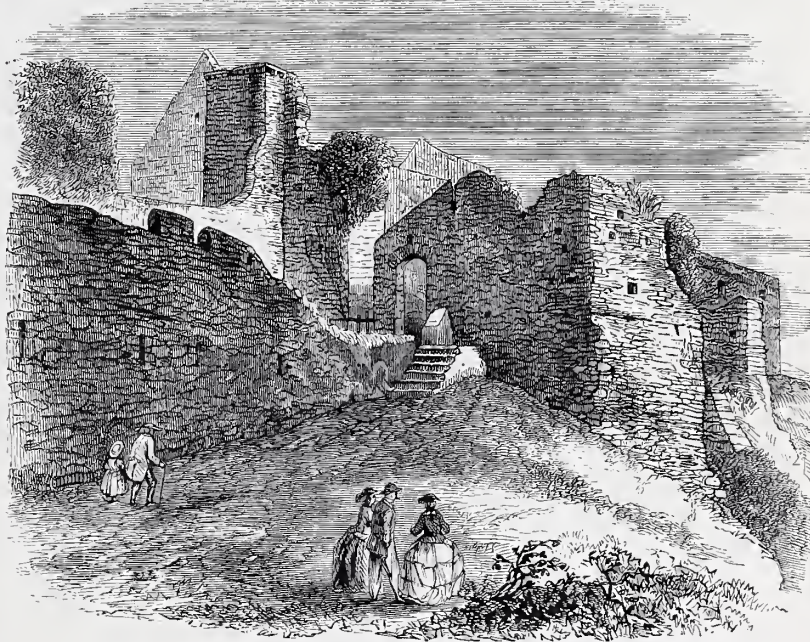
* The Welsh name of Tenby—"Dyrbich y-Pyscoed, the place of fishes"—leads us to believe it was a fishing town at a very early period; it is now not famous for fish—if we except oysters, which, however, are used chiefly for pickling: "being eaten raw, they seeme too strong a meate for weake stomackes, and must be parted in two, three, or foure peeces." Tenby is supposed by good authorities "to be a name which, under the appearance of Danish, is really Welsh; the southern form of that which in the north is called Denbigh, *i.e.*, little hill, or little fort."

the strongest and most important fortresses of South Wales.* On the two sides that face the sea, the fortifications needed to be of no great strength: nature was its protector; the huge cliffs and the wild sea were its best guardians. All that now remain are a small circular turret, and the watch-tower; part of the gateway, and a few fragments of the outer walls that surrounded the castle-hill; the gateway and the fragments are pictured in our engraving. The castle-hill is an immense limestone bastion, that projects into the sea (dividing the north from the south sands) at the point where the sides meet. The other two sides were defended by



THE SOUTH GATE TOWER.

thick, lofty walls that ran at right angles with each other, and terminated both ways on the edge of the precipitous cliff. These are still in tolerable preservation, and beside them, for a considerable portion of their course, a pleasant walk, shaded with trees, occupies the site of the ancient moat. The best view of these old walls is from the north-west corner. Hence it will be seen they are of very unequal length. One ceases at the distance of a hundred yards, leaving a space of about fifty, between its termination and the cliff, as an entrance to the town, where the fine North Gate used to stand; the other runs in a straight line to the south, and is strengthened by frequent towers of various sizes and shapes. This at the angle



REMAINS OF CASTLE GATEWAY.

is round, and "batters" for about four feet from the base. A flagstaff rises from the tower, and over the broken battlements hangs a rich mantle of ivy, clasping the corbels in its creeping course down the sides. A little way on is seen another almost similar; and further still the walk

* As a proof of the estimation in which Tenby was held, in the "Mirrour for Magistrates," Owen Glendowr, who is reciting his misfortunes, says—

"Twelve thousand more in Milford did arrive,
And came to me, then lying at Denbigh,
With armed Welshmen thousands double fyve,
With whome," &c.

Cromwell (1648), in a letter to the House, gives his opinion that "the castle and town of Tenby are equal to any in England."

"Henry VI. is said to have built or rebuilt the walls, in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, but it was left for Queen Elizabeth, who was a great benefactress to the town in general, and whose initials are still extant over part of the town walls, to contribute that strength and perfection to them which the present remains are a striking proof of."—FENTON.

terminates, and the view is bounded by the south-west gateway; a huge semicircular bastion, seamed with vegetation and entered by a circular arch, which contained the portcullis. The battlements and lancet-holes have been walled up, and the sharp-pointed arches that supported the lower part of the wall and the walk above, have been broken through.* The space between this and the next tower is known as the "South Pool," and is occupied by yards and sheds. About eighty yards of the wall here appear to be of more recent date than the rest, and a stone inserted therein tells us it was erected when the Armada threatened our shores, when—

"From Eddystone to Berwick's bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
The time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day."

Hence, the wall runs through a green meadow, that gaily contrasts with the old grey limestone, and terminates in a little square turret—much resembling the church towers of the district—that overhangs the sea, and seems to grow out of the solid rock from which it springs.

The fortifications were defended through two rows of lancet-holes: the lower can be reached from the ground; to command the other a succession of pointed arches supported the archers' path leading round the battlements, from sea to sea.



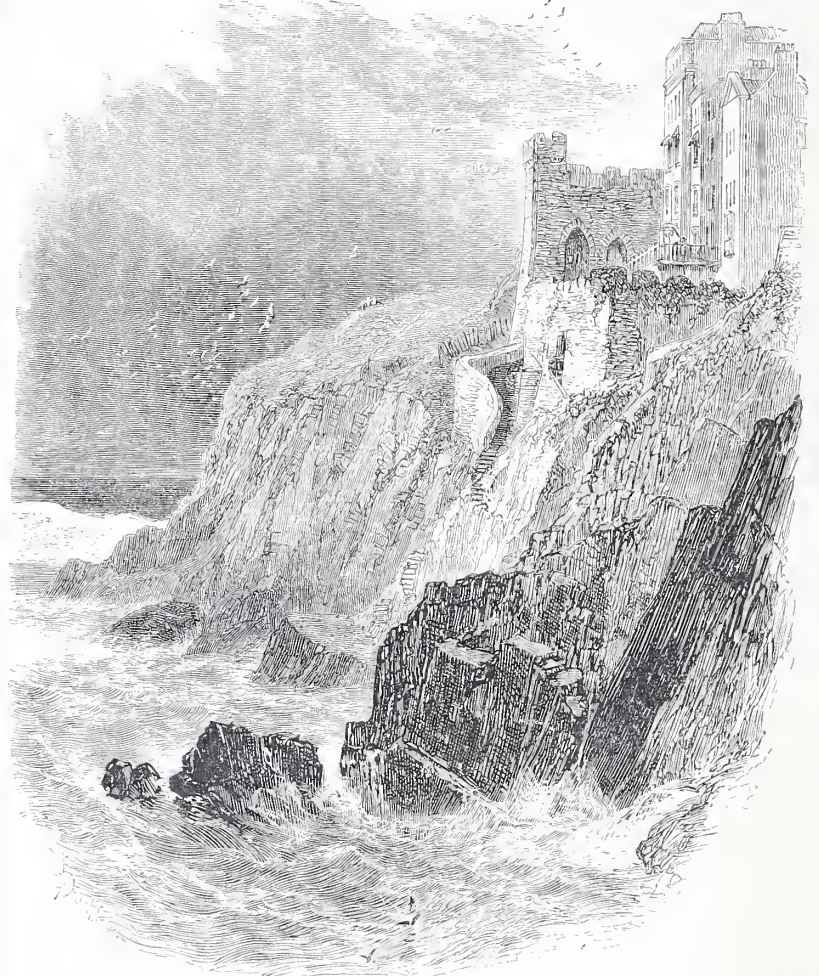
TOWER ON SOUTH PARADE.

In one of the houses perched on this cliff, and here pictured, we resided, during our pleasant stay at Tenby; the group is not inappropriately called "BELMONT," and, so near as to be almost part of the dwelling, is the old square tower—one of the seaward defenses of the town. Hence there is a wide-spread and very beautiful view: immediately underneath, at the foot of that huge rock, the firm sands extend to St. Catherine's rock, seen to great advantage from this point, in combination with the Castle Hill. Immediately fronting us is Caldy Island, joined at morning, perhaps, with St. Margaret's, to be, at evening, separated by a sea, in depth "full fathom five;" looking landward, a round tower, of very doubtful age, but which, we believe, is by no means "venerable," first meets the eye; while beyond are Pretty Penally, the trees encircling Gmfreton, the steep on which is Hoyle's Mouth, and other objects that promise interest, where genial breezes blow, and wild flowers grow, in rich luxuriance, by green hedges, and in fallow fields. These we shall describe presently. From the higher rooms of the house, or from the summit of the tower, a fine view is obtained of Giltar point, and, further off, "Proud Giltar," one of the most picturesque of all the sea cliffs of the district, while in the extreme distance is seen the land that encircles Carmarthen Bay, and, on clear days, Lundy Island, and the coast of Devonshire; it is difficult, indeed, to find anywhere a prospect at once so extensive, and so beautiful as that we obtain from this house—outside of which there are no buildings, for it stands beside the old town wall, the boundary of the present town.

From this tower, gentle reader, we have watched (as you may, and, we hope, will), at all hours of the day, the thousand things that make a sea-side dwelling a supreme delight; often,

* About twenty yards from the gateway, between the embrasures, is a pretty little niche, which probably held an image of St. Margaret, or some other patron saint of Tenby: this niche we have pictured.

too, during portions of a summer night, when every wave sparkled with those phosphoric lights for which the coast is famous. The sands were alive always. When the tide was full in, the contrast between the foam, and the cliffs up which it dashed, was a glorious study for the artist; and, when the tide turned, it seemed as if its halt was stayed by the horizon. Beneath, upon the hard sands, were troops of laughing children, tripping ladies—many in search of the different *Actinea* that fringe the picturesque caverns of St. Catherine, and which that gentle-hearted and patient naturalist, Mr. Gosse, has so faithfully depicted in his beautiful book of "Tenby"—and gentlemen with telescopes, or opera-glasses, phaetons, and horses, "promenading." The sands are alive with company; the bathing-machines, like overgrown handboxes, are drawn up on the shingle, while the pale, "washed-out" bathing woman sits in the sun, playing, in a listless way, with her little crippled child, beneath the shadows of the ruins that crown the Castle Hill. Presently a steamer comes in sight, and all the glasses are directed to her: the gentlemen, and some of the ladies, rush off, some round the Castle Hill, others through the town, to see the strangers disembark at the pier, by the baths—that is, the sheltered and west end of our quaint little town. Certainly Tenby is quaint; of course, it believes in the pleasantness of picnics, in the reality of much that towns with a "terminus" know to be untrue; but what of that? it is all the happier in its simplicity. You may buy your tea at the library, and your stamps at a grocer's, and receive, if you will, lessons on the concertina, from the postman; while a most useful and ingenious assistant, who "helped" Mr. Gosse, and greatly aided us—one John Jenkins—is ever ready to attend you to gather sea-weed, to collect *Actinea*, to show you where grow the best mosses, orchids, and ferns, and, in short, to make you like



TOWER ON THE SOUTH CLIFF.

Tenby the more for the boons which nature offers so freely and so lavishly to the naturalist. Anybody will tell you where Jenkins lives, and you will as readily find his neighbour, the saddler, of whom you may hire horses or ponies; his name is—Jones! But that fact gives you little information, for it may be the name of every second man you meet. His son, a smart and intelligent lad, is his charioteer; he is not "smart" only, he is bright-eyed and clear-headed, and, though a lad, you are safe under his guidance, for well he knows every

"Dingle and bosky dell,"

of the interest and beauty of which he has not only full knowledge, but also keen appreciation: a better guide you will not find; he will be sure to make you pause at every point of import. His store of legends, if not voluminous, is real; and, though without any botanical knowledge, when he found we admired the wild flowers that rendered the lanes a "*hortus siccus*," bewildering in their beautiful variety, he always stopped and gathered, with taste and skill, whatever we required. There is a close woody copse, about a mile from Tenby, of considerable extent, through which runs about the worst road to be found even in Wales; but it is over-arched at intervals by interlacing trees, with vistas, opening into strips of grassy meadow, or ponds rich in—

"The green mantle of the standing pool;"

it is a treasure-trove of wild flowers. We were greedy gatherers—still crying "More, more;" but the boy, seeing those he had culled in such abundance already flagging beneath the sun's rays, said, "Please, ladies, you have specimens of all, and, I beg pardon, but isn't it a'most a pity to cut any more off in their youth and beauty—for nothing!"

OUT-OF-DOORS
AMUSEMENTS AND RECREATIONS
IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

WHEN we consider the confined and dark character of most of the apartments of the feudal dwelling, we cannot be surprised if our mediæval forefathers loved the recreations which brought them into the open air. Castles and country mansions had always their gardens and pleasure grounds, which were much frequented by all the different branches of the household. The readers of Chaucer will remember the description of the "noble" knight January—

"Amonges other of his honest thinges,
He had a gardyn walled al with stoon,
So fair a gardyn wot I no wher noon."

It is implied, at least, that this garden was extensive, and—

"This noble knight, this January the olde,
Such deynté hath in it to walk and pleye,
That he wold no wight suffre bere the keye,
Save ho himself."

CHAUCER, *The Marchaundes Tale*.

So, in the curious popular collection of mediæval stories, entitled the "Seven Sages," we are told of a rich burghess who

"Hadde, bihinden his paleys,
A fair gardin of nobleys,
Ful of appel-tres, and als (*also*) of piric (*pear-trees*);
Foules songe therinne muric.
Amideward that gardyn fre,
So wax (*grew*) a pinnote-tre,
That hadde fair bowes and frut;
Ther under was al his dedut (*pleasure*).
He made ther under a grene bench,
And drank ther under many a ssehenech (*cupful*)."
WEBER'S *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii. p. 23.

And again, in the same collection of stories, a prudent mother, counselling her daughter, tells her—

"Daughter, thi loverd (*lord*) hath a gardin,
A wel fair ympe (*young tree*) is tharin;
A fair harbeth (*arbour*) hit overspredeth,
All his solas therinne he ledeth." *Ibid*, p. 69.

In the "Frankleynes Tale," Chaucer tells how her friends sought to enure the melancholy of the Lady Dorigen:—

"They leden hire by rivers and by welles,
And eke in other places delightabiles;
They dauncen, and they pley at eses and tables.
So on a day, right in the morwe (*morning*) tide,
Unto a gardeyn that was ther beside,
In which that they had made her ordinance
Of vitaille, and of other purveance,
They gon and plate hem al the longe day;
And this was on the sixte morwe of May,
Which May had painted with his softe schoures
This gardeyn ful of leves and floures;
And craft of mannes hond so curiously
Arrayed had this gardeyn trewey,
That never was ther gardeyn of suche pris,
But if it were the verray paradis.
The odour of floures and the freshe silt
Wold han ymaked any herte light
That ever was born, but if to (*too*) gret sikeness
Or to gret sorwe held it in distresse,
So ful it was of beauteé and pesaunee.
And after dinner gan thay to daunee,
And singe also."

In these extracts we have allusions to the practices of dancing and singing, of playing at chess and tables, of drinking, and even of dining, in the gardens. Our engraving (Fig. 1), taken from the romance of "Alexander," in the Bodleian Library, represents a garden scene, in which two royal personages are playing at chess. Dancing in the open air was a very common recreation, and is not unfrequently alluded to. In the "Roman de Geste," known by the title of "La Mort de Garin," a large dinner party is given in a garden—

"Les napes metent pardeanz un jardin."
Mort de Garin, p. 23.

And, in the "Roman de Berte" (p. 4), Charles Martel, is represented as dining similarly in the garden, at the midsummer season, when the rose was in blossom.

"Entour le saint Jehan, que la rose est fleurie."

There is an early Latin story of a man who had a cross-grained wife. One day he invited some friends to dinner, and set out his table in his garden, by the side of a river (*fecit poni mensam in hortu suo prope aquam*). The lady seated herself by the water-side, at a little distance from the table,

and cast a very forbidding look upon her husband's guests; upon which he said to her, "Show a pleasant countenance to our guests, and come nearer the table;" but she only moved further off, and nearer the brink of the river, with her back turned

represents a party of ladies in the garden, gathering flowers, and making garlands. The love of flowers seems to have prevailed generally among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and affectionate allusions to them occur, not unfrequently, in the literary remains of



Fig. 1.—A MEDIEVAL GARDEN SCENE.

to the water. He repeated his invitation, in a more angry tone, in reply to which, to show her ill-humour, she drew further back, with a quick movement of ill-temper, through which, forgetting the nearness of the river, she fell into it, and was drowned. The husband, pretending great grief, sent for a boat, and proceeded up the stream in search of her body. This excited some surprise among his neighbours, who suggested to him that he should go down the stream, and not up. "Ah!"

that early period. In one of the Anglo-Saxon religious poems in the Exeter Book, the fragrance of flowers furnishes the poet with a comparison:—

"sweeca swetast,
swylec on sumeres tid
stineath on stowum,
stathelum fæste,
wynnum æfter wongun,
wyrta geblowene
hunig-flowende."
sweetest of odours,
such as in time of summer
send forth fragrance in places,
fast in their stations,
joyously over the plains,
plants in blossom
flowing with honey.

Exeter Book, p. 178.



Fig. 2.—LADIES MAKING GARLANDS.

said he, "you did not know my wife—she did everything in contradiction, and I firmly believe that her body has floated against the current, and not with it."

Even among the aristocratic class the garden was often the place for giving audience and receiving friends. In the romance of "Garin le Loherain," a messenger sent to the Count Fromont, one of the great barons, finds him sitting in a garden with his friends.

"Trouva Fromont seant en un jardin;
Environ lui avoit de ses amis."
Roman de Garin, vol. i., p. 232.

A favourite occupation of the ladies in the middle ages was making garlands and chaplets of flowers. Our cut (Fig. 2), taken from a well-known manuscript in the British Museum, of the beginning of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII.),

And so again, in one of the riddles in the same manuscript (p. 423):—

"Ic eom on stenee
strengre thonne ricels,
oththe rosa sy,
on eorthan tyrf
wynlie weaxeth;
je eom wræstre thonne heo.
theah the lillie sy
leof mon-cynne,
beorht on blostman,
je eom betre thonne heo."
I am in odour
stronger than incense,
or the rose is,
which on earth's turf
grows pleasant;
I am more delicate than it.
Though that the lily be
dear to mankind,
bright in its blossom,
I am better than it.

Many of our old favourite garden-flowers are, I believe, derived from the Anglo-Saxon gardens. Proofs of a similar attachment to flowers might be quoted in abundance from the writings of the periods subsequent to the entrance of the Normans. The wearing of garlands or chaplets of flowers was a common practice with both sexes. In the romantic

history of the Fitzwarines, written in the thirteenth century, the hero, in travelling, meets a young

All these enjoyments naturally rendered the garden a favourite and important part of every

Belin and his barons, on rising from the table, went to seek recreation in the fields.

"Quant mangié ont et ben à loisir,
Les napes ostent, et en prés sunt sailli."
Ibid, vol. i, p. 203.



Fig. 3.—LADIES WALKING IN THE GARDEN.

knight who, in token of his joyous humour, carries | mau's domestic establishment; during the warmer



Fig. 4.—A PROMENADE SCENE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

a chaplet of flowers on his head. In the later | months of the year, it was a chosen place of resort, English romance of the "Squyer of Lowe Degree," | especially after dinner. In the romauec of "Gariu

The mauseript in the British Museum, from which we took our last illustration, furnishes the accompanying representation of a group of ladies walking in the garden, and gathering flowers (Fig. 3.)

In the "Ménagier de Paris," compiled about the year 1393, its author, addressing his young wife, treats briefly of the behaviour of a woman when she is walking out, and especially when passing along the streets of a town, or going to chureb. "As you go," he says, "look straight before you, with your eye-lids low and fixed, looking forward to the ground, at five toises (thirty feet) before you, and not looking at, or turning your eyes, to man or womau who may be to your right or left, nor looking upwards, nor changing your look from one place to another, uor laughing, nor stopping to speak to anybody in the street" (vol. i, p. 15). It must be confessed that this is, in some points, rather hard counsel for a lady to follow; but it is consistent with the general system of formalities of behaviour in the middle ages, upon which the ladies gladly took their revenge when removed from constraint. When two or more persous walked together, it was the custom to hold each other by the hands, not to walk arm-in-arm, which appears to be a very modern practice. In the romance of "Ogier le Danois," the Emperor and Ogier, when reconciled, are thus represented, walking in a friendly manner hand in hand. The ladies in our last engraving are walking in this manner; and in our next (Fig. 4), taken from a copy given in M. du Sommerard's "Album," from a mauseript in the library of the arsenal at Paris, written and illuminated for a prince of the house of Burgundy, in the fifteenth century, the lords and ladies of a noble or princely household are represented as walking out in the same manner. It is well-known that the court of Burgundy, in the fifteenth century, offered the model of strict etiquette. This illustration gives us a very good picture of a street scene of the period to which it belongs. The height of gentility, however, at least, in the twelfth and thirteen centuries, seems to have been to hold the lady by the finger only. It is in this manner that, in the romance of "Ogier le Danois," the hero holds the Princess Gloriande.

"Donques enmainne le bon Danois Ogier,
E Gloriande, qui par le doit le tient."
Roman d'Ogier, p. 110.

So, in the romance of "La Violette," at the festivities given by the king, the guests "distributed themselves in couples in the hall (i. e. a gentleman with a lady), one taking the other by the finger, and so they arranged themselves two and two."

"Quant il orent assés deduit,
Par la sale s'acoisent tuit;
Li uns prent l'autre par le doi,
Si s'arangierent doi et doi."
Roman de la Violette, p. 10.

As a mark of great familiarity, two princes, Pepiu's

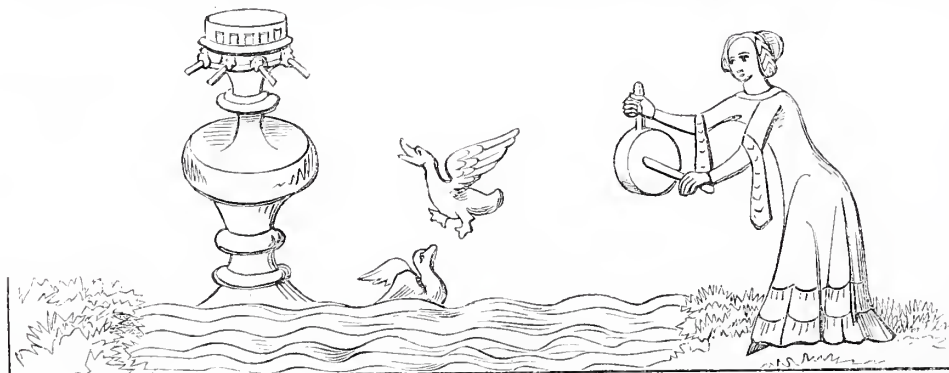


Fig. 5.—ROUSING GAME.

when the "squyer" was preparing to do his office of carver in the hall—

"There he araised him in scarlet red,
And set a chaplet upon his hed;
A belte about his sydes two,
With brod barres to and fro."

Garlands of flowers were also the commou rewards for success in the popular games.

le Loherain," Begues is represented as descending from his palace, after dinuac, to walk with his fair wife Beatrice in his garden.

"En son palais fu Begues de Belin;
Après mangier entra en un jardin,
Aveuc lui fu la belle Blatris."
Roman de Garin, vol. ii, p. 97.

In another part of the same romance, Begues de

son, Charles, and the Duke Namles, are represented in the romance of Ogier as one, Charles, holding his hand on the duke's shoulder, while the duke held him by his mantle, as they walked along; they were going to church together:—

"Kalles sa main li tint desus l'espaule;
Namles tint lui par le mantel de paille."
Roman de Ogier, p. 143.

The ladies often engaged in exercises out-of-doors of a more active kind than those described above. Hawking was certainly a favourite diversion with them, and they not only accompanied the gentlemen

in the same manner as at the present day, but in hawking on the river, where dogs were of course less effective, other means were adopted. In a manuscript already quoted in the present paper (MS. Reg. 2 B, VII.), of



Fig. 6.—FOLLOWING THE HAWK.

to this sport, but ladies alone frequently engaged in it. It would appear that on such occasions the ladies were in the habit of riding astride their horses—at least, so they are commonly represented in the illu-

minations of manuscripts. The favourite hawking of the ladies, however, appears to have been that of herons and water-fowl; and this was called going to the beguiniug of the fourteenth century, a group of ladies hawking on the banks of a river are accompanied by a man, perhaps the falconer, who makes a noise to rouse the water-fowl. Our cut, Fig. 5, is taken from a very interesting manuscript of the fourteenth century, made for the monastery of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, and now preserved in the library of the British Museum (MS. Reg. 10 E, IV.); it is part of a scene in which ladies are hawking on a river, and a female is rousing the water-fowl with a drum, or rather with a tabour. The fountain is one of those conventional objects by which the mediæval artist indicated a spring, or running stream. This seems to have been a very common method of rousing the game; and it is represented in one of the carved seats, or misereres (as they have been termed technically), in Gloucester Cathedral, which is copied in our cut, Fig. 6. The tending of the hawks used in these diversions was no little occupation in the mediæval household, and was the subject of no little study; they were cherished with minutious care, and carried about familiarly on the wrist in all places and under all sorts of circumstances. It was a common practice, indeed, to go to church with the hawk on the wrist. One of the early French poets, Gacez de la Buigne, who wrote, in the middle of the fourteenth century, a metrical treatise on hunting, advises his readers to carry their

pleadings (courts of justice), and among people to the churches, and in other assemblies, and in the streets, and to hold it day and night as continually as possible, and sometimes to perch it in the streets, that it may see people, horses, carts, dogs, and become acquainted with all things. The annexed engraving, Fig. 7, taken from the same manuscript last quoted (MS. Reg. 10 E, IV.), represents a lady tending her hawks, which are seated on their "perche."

The author of the "Ménagier de Paris," a little farther on than the place last quoted (p. 311), goes on to say, "At the end of the month of September, and after, when hawking of quails and partridges is over, and even in winter, you may hawk at magpies, at jackdaws, at teal, which are in river, or others . . . at blackbirds, thrushes, jays, and woodcocks; and for this purpose you may carry a bow and a bolt, in order that, when the blackbird takes shelter in a bush, and dare not quit it for the hawk which hovers over and watches it, the lady or damsel who knows how to shoot may kill it with the bolt." The manuscript which has furnished us with the preceding illustrations gives us the accompanying sketch (Fig. 8) of a lady shooting with her bolt, or *boujon* (as it was termed in French), an arrow with a large head, for striking birds; but in this instance she is aiming not at birds, but at rabbits. Archery was also a favourite recreation with the ladies in the middle ages, and it no doubt is in itself an extremely good exercise, in a gymnastic point of view. The fair shooters seem to have employed bolts more frequently than the sharp-headed arrows; but there is no want of examples in the illuminated manuscripts in which females are represented as using the sharp-headed arrow, and sometimes they are seen shooting at deer. We learn from Leland's "Collectanea," (vol. iv. p. 278), that when the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VIII., was on her way to Scotland, a hunting-party was got up for her in the park at Alnwick, and that she killed a huck with an arrow. Similar feats were at times performed by Queen Elizabeth; but she seems to have preferred the cross-bow to the long-bow. The scene represented in our cut, Fig. 9, is from the same manuscript; the relative proportions of the dog and the rabbit seem to imply a satirical aim.

I fear the fact cannot be concealed that the ladies of former days assisted not unfrequently at pastimes much rougher, and less feminine, than these. There



Fig. 7.—A LADY AND HER HAWKS.

to have been that particular branch of the sport which gave most pleasure to all classes, and it is that which is especially represented in the drawings in the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. Dogs were commonly used in hawking to rouse the game in the



Fig. 8.—LADIES SHOOTING RABBITS.

the river (*aller en rivière*), and was very commonly pursued on foot. It may be mentioned that the fondness of the ladies for the diversion of hawking is alluded to in the twelfth century by John of Salisbury. The hawking on the river, indeed, seems

hawks with them wherever there were assemblies of people, whether in churches or elsewhere.

"Là où les gens sont amassés,
Soit en l'église, ou autre part."

This is explained more fully by the author of the

can be no doubt that they were customary spectators of the baiting of hulls and bears. Henry VIII.'s two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, witnessed this coarse amusement, as we are assured by contemporary writers, with great satisfaction. The scene repre-

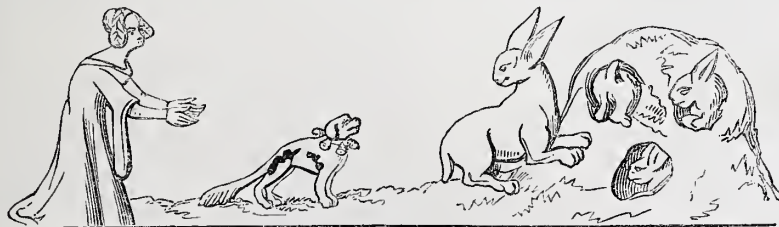


Fig. 9.—THE LADY AT THE RABBIT-WARREN.

to have been that particular branch of the sport which gave most pleasure to all classes, and it is that which is especially represented in the drawings in the Anglo-Saxon manuscripts. Dogs were commonly used in hawking to rouse the game in the

"Ménagier de Paris (vol. ii. p. 296), who wrote especially for the instruction of his wife and of the female members of his family. "At this point of falconry," he says, "it is advisable more than ever to hold the hawk on the wrist, and to carry it to the

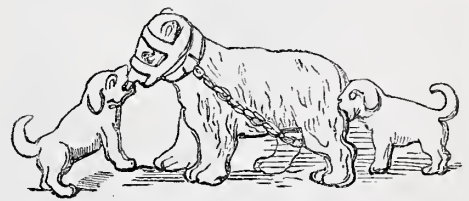


Fig. 10.—BAITING THE BEAR.

sented in our cut (Fig. 10), which is copied from one of the carved seats, of the fourteenth century, in Gloucester Cathedral, is chiefly remarkable for the small degree of energy—the quiet dignity, in fact—displayed by the actors in it.

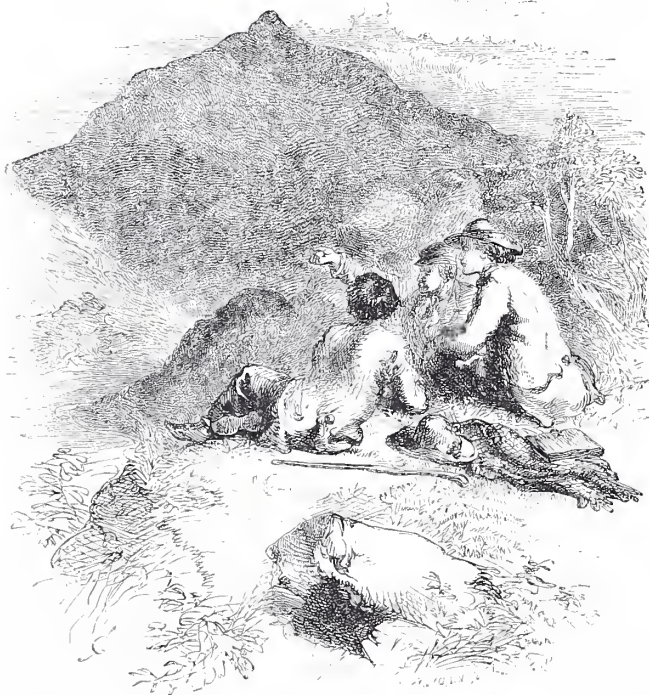
BALLAD LITERATURE.*

It is one thing to be a popular song-writer, it is another thing to be a true one: no very difficult task is it to sit down and put a few common-place sentimental ideas into measure and rhyme, which,



vitiated, and an invitation to a *thé chantant* was, if accepted, a voluntary surrendering oneself to an ordeal which few lovers of genuine music, incorporated with genuine and healthy poetry, cared to pass through. Too much of this kind of composi-

tion, both poetry and music, is still produced, but yet a vast change for the better is apparent; induced, strengthened, and confirmed, as this change undoubtedly is, by the success of the numerous musical societies that have lately come into exist-



ence, and whose performances, extending to the highest grades of composition, have taught the

* THE COLLECTED SONGS OF CHARLES MACKAY. With Illustrations by John Gilbert. Published by Routledge and Co., London.

people what is good, and to admire that which is good. The lyric writings of Mrs. Hemans, of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, of Barry Cornwall, Longfellow, of Dr. Mackay, and others, have tended to rescue our ballad literature from entire degradation, and

will, undoubtedly, be the means, eventually, of elevating it to the position it should occupy in a country so distinguished as our own for its literary attainments. The songs of a nation, be it remembered, have always been considered as one of the most manifest expressions of its feelings, thoughts, and desires; and have often been found to possess a mighty influence upon its destinies and its actions: a song has incited a city to revolution, it has nerved an army for victory; a song of praise has raised a thousand hearts into glad adoration; a dirge of mourning has hushed a multitude into motionless silence. With what exquisite pathos has the great lyric poet of the ancient Hebrew nation expressed in a few lines the captive condition of the people:—
“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song: and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion. How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land?”

Dr. Mackay, whose recently published volume of collected songs has called forth these prefatory remarks, is not only a popular, he is also a prolific writer: under the respective titles of “Voices from the Crowd,” “Voices from the Mountains,” “Town Lyrics,” &c., he has, during the last ten or twelve years, published in the various journals with which he has been connected, a very large number of lyrics, many of which the world will not willingly allow to die. He has been called “the poet of the people,” and undoubtedly his writings are, generally, of that kind which is most likely to find acceptance with that portion of the people who can appreciate honest, manly sentiments expressed in sound, honest language. Dr. Mackay is not a boudoir poet, nor does he assume to be one; he has written for the cottage rather than for the mansion; his songs generally require the accompaniment of the “loud-swalling organ,” not the soft breathings of the harp strings: his aim has been, as he says, “to make song the vehicle for the inculcation of virtue, of self-reliance, of patriotism, of manly and womanly tenderness, of true love, and of all the charities, courtesies, and amenities of life.” This is the legitimate task of the true song-writer, and certainly Dr. Mackay rarely fails in coming up to the prescribed standard. But he is not always consistent with his avowed principles; here, for example, in a song called “The Gin Fiend,” the sin and misery of intemperance are shown in a few powerfully-written, dramatic stanzas; while in another, entitled “Mountain Dew,” illustrated by one of the engravings here introduced, the whisky-still of Scotland finds an advocate in the following lines:—

“Mountain Dew! clear as a Scot’s understanding,
Pure as his conscience wherever he goes,
Warm as his heart to the friend he has chosen,
Strong as his arm when he fights with his foes!
In liquor like this should old Scotland be toasted,
So fill up again, and the pledge we’ll renew,
Long flourish the honour
Her children have won her:—
Scotland for ever, and old Mountain Dew!”

A single glass of Glenlivet, “pure, warm, and strong,” as it is, to drink “Scotland for ever,” would scarcely meet with an objection, except from a tee-totaller; but an exhortation to “fill up again,” is only to invite the Whisky Fiend, as hideous a monster, we suspect, as the Gin Fiend. In the songs called “The Wines,” and “The Barley and the Hop,” the praises of intoxicating drinks are sung, though in less hilarious terms than in “Mountain Dew.”

The volume contains upwards of two hundred of these short poems, a large proportion of which have never been published till now: if Dr. Mackay has not the rich, passionate imagination of Moore, nor the strong, impulsive, poetical feeling of Burns, he has sufficient of both to make his songs pleasant reading: their moral and social teachings are, except in the instance pointed out, unexceptionable: and, when he goes to the world of nature for a theme, his descriptions evidence a simple, yet true and appreciating, sense of its beauties. Mr. Gilbert has enriched the book, which is carefully printed and “got up,” with several woodcuts, of which we introduce two examples.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.*

It has been the undeviating aim of the *Art-Journal* to encourage and sustain, by every means at its disposal, that elevated department of the art of engraving which has been so largely instrumental in extending the knowledge and appreciation of the British School; and which has been the means, often under circumstances of great discouragement, of augmenting the fame and perpetuating the works of our most eminent English painters. We should ill-discharge our duty, if we omitted to welcome, with more than ordinary warmth, a production of so important a character, as the really great work which we have now the satisfaction to introduce to our readers. We allude to the magnificent translation, by Mr. J. H. Watt, of Sir Charles Eastlake's noble picture of "Christ Blessing Little Children;" one of the finest, and, we fear we must add, the last, of the many fine transcripts for which we stand indebted to the liberal enterprise, and discriminating intelligence, of Sir Francis Graham Moon; who, having been precluded, by his retirement from business (he is now enjoying the *otium cum dignitate* he has so richly earned), from publishing it himself, has been replaced in the undertaking by Messrs. Day and Son, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the present proprietors of the plate. We cannot allow this opportunity to pass without bearing our testimony to what we believe to be a very general feeling among artists and lovers of Art, in regard to the services which have been rendered by Sir Francis Moon to the English School of painting and engraving, and the liberality he has uniformly displayed towards those who have been engaged in carrying out his great and usually most successful speculations. That they have been appreciated and rewarded in the highest quarters would afford us no excuse for overlooking them in a journal especially devoted to the interests he has done so much to promote, and we have accordingly the most sincere gratification in availing ourselves of the completion of one of the greatest of his undertakings, to offer him the tribute to which he is so peculiarly entitled at our hands. When we refer to the long list of noble works for which we stand indebted to his enterprise and good taste, and which includes many of the master-pieces of the most eminent painters and engravers of his time, we may fairly be allowed to congratulate him on the enviable position he has attained, and to express our hope that he may have left behind him successors who, by imitating his liberality to the painter and engraver, and emulating the soundness of his judgment in the selection of their subjects, may entitle themselves to similar honours, and earn in due time as cordial a testimony at our hands.

Sir Charles Eastlake's picture represents one of the most touching and impressive incidents in the history of Our Saviour; that in which he is described as receiving and "blessing little children." Of the well-known versions of this most beautiful incident, recorded by three of the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, Sir Charles has preferred that of Mark, as being the amplest and most susceptible of felicitous pictorial illustration. Inferring from the previous exhortations of Christ to his disciples, that he would hardly, without some special and accidental cause, have rebuked those who had brought their children into his presence, and presuming, from the words of St. Mark, "And when He was gone forth into the way," &c., that the reception was held, not in the open air, but in an interior, Sir Charles adopts the supposition that some such cause may have existed; and has treated the subject as if St. Peter's resistance to the entrance of some of the later applicants for admission arose less from a disposition to exclude them altogether, than to prevent, for the moment, the entrance of an inconvenient number into the room. The treatment of the subject, suggested by this very natural interpretation, is not only altogether new, but averts the necessity for interfering, in the slightest degree, with the perfect harmony and tranquillity that may

be presumed to have pervaded a scene of which divine compassion, love, faith, gratitude, and veneration, must have been the unalloyed characteristics. Mothers with their children, of various ages, are gathered around the Saviour, in every variety of attitude; and Peter, perceiving that others are pressing for admission, is gently closing the door, until room shall be found for the newcomers; when the memorable injunction is addressed to him, by One who could, at will, create space for any number of children that might flock to Him for his blessing. Surely this interpretation, which is nowhere contradicted by the Evangelists, is most consonant with the prevailing characteristics of the scene.

The general arrangement of the light and shadow, or *chiaroscuro*, of the picture, would seem to favour an illusion that the composition is lit up by the radiance emanating from the head of Christ; but without violating the truth of the individual light and shade, proceeding from an unseen source, on the side indicated by the direction of the shadows. Sir Charles Eastlake has, more than once, enunciated a principle which may fairly be said to be the only philosophical method of treating a truthful representation of nature; namely, that there is a point in Art at which the natural truth must not be too closely approached. Thus, in this composition, the parts are not modelled with that microscopic imitation which we should commend in an academical study, but rather in accordance with the principle that the general truth of imitation is the end which it is most desirable to achieve. The "little children" may be said to be mere accessories; and the passionless character of a child's countenance would seem to justify such a mode of treatment. Depth of expression can only be traced in the faces of adults; and thus the various emotions created by the subject are here, with perfect propriety, exhibited in, and almost confined to the heads of the mothers, who appear, at a first glance, to destroy the *oneness* of sentiment which it seems to have been desirable to preserve to Christ and the little children. But the emotion conveyed in the heads of the mothers, directs us at once to the *cause*; and thus the unity of feeling is maintained, and even strengthened, by what might otherwise have subsided into a monotony of infantine sweetness. The confiding reverence of the mother with her child in her arms, who is in the act of presenting it to the Saviour, has scarcely been surpassed by any painter, ancient or modern. The reverential and imploring expression of the mother with her infant, and a somewhat older child by her side (with the sacrificial doves in his hand, indicative of her thankfulness for her recovery from "the great pain and peril of childbirth"), supports the *oneness* of sentiment of the subject by referring us to the central point as the *cause*. The expression of this head contrasts most effectively with that of the woman on the left hand of Christ already referred to, and varies the emotion arising from the subject. The tenderness with which she holds her infant, and the unwillingness with which she is turning from the door that Peter is reluctantly closing upon her, (for she is evidently unconscious of the divine injunction which authorises her in remaining) is most pathetically depicted; and contrasts beautifully with the joyous child by her side, who is evidently communicating to other candidates for admission behind him, the substance of the divine command. Scarcely less charming, although of another order of beauty, is the face, radiant with exultation and thankfulness, of the mother, who, kneeling with her two children circled by her arms, has heard the blessed injunction, and has turned her head towards those who are about to be repulsed from the door, for the purpose of communicating to them the soothing expressions of Christ's sympathy and compassion, which she has been among the first to receive. Here, again, the emotion is varied by the mother on the right hand of Christ, who, with clasped hands, is enforcing upon her child (standing by His knee) the necessity of prayer. This general reference to the central cause is urged with increasing force by the woman in a white dress, who has just delivered her little girl to the protecting arm of Christ, and who is kneeling beside him in an attitude expressive of the deepest veneration and gratitude. It may, perhaps, be objected that the air and costume of this interesting figure have a more modern character than

seems to accord with the period and the scene; but, however this may be, they will be found to assist importantly the general object of the composition; which is further promoted by the respective impersonations of the apostles, especially of Peter, whose attempt to close the door (albeit with no appearance of harshness) is arrested by the command of his divine Master; and whose movement is evidently not of a character to disturb the prevailing sentiment of the picture. Nor must we overlook the expostulatory attitude of the elder of the two boys on the right-hand side of the picture, who appeals from Peter to the significant gesture of the Saviour; or the grateful expression and prayerful attitude of his younger brother, who had well-nigh been excluded altogether;—both of them assisting to direct attention to Christ as the *point d'appui* of the composition. The impersonation of Christ (rendered more touching and effective by the beautiful child in his lap, that is nestling to his side) is, as might have been anticipated, the great triumph of the composition, and to this centre of attraction both the painter and engraver would seem to have devoted their most earnest and anxious attention with the happiest results. The head of Christ is the *beau idéal* of physical and intellectual beauty, whilst the expression, attitude, and gesture, leave nothing to be desired. He is in the act of uttering those memorable words which have brought consolation, joy, and thankfulness to mothers of all time. It has been the cardinal defect of most of the pictures, ancient as well as modern, that have been founded on salient passages of the life and ministry of Christ, that they have failed sometimes most lamentably to realise to any reasonable apprehension, those attributes, divine and human, which must of necessity have characterised the physiognomy, the figure, and even the gestures of the great Founder of our Faith. Many pictures, however admirable in other respects, have thus been rendered comparatively distasteful by the inability of the painter to approach the Godhead, if we may be permitted so to express ourselves, of his subject. Of the many acceptable phases of this divinity of countenance and action, Sir Charles Eastlake appears to us to have selected those which are most likely to be universally felt and understood, and which indicate the compassionate love of Christ for the most helpless order of beings within the grand scope of His beneficence. The qualities with which this head has been invested by the painter, are those which should enter into every attempt to impersonate the human affections and superhuman attributes of Christ. The lesson taught by this beautiful and affecting composition, is one that cannot fail to be understood and appreciated. The painter, and his careful and conscientious reflector—the engraver—are here teachers of a lesson more impressive than could be afforded by any written homily. They present us with a picture for the fireside, which, whilst it realises all the higher qualities of pictorial art, reminds us, from hour to hour, of those great and immutable truths which form the basis of our faith, and which cannot be more forcibly represented than by an incident in which the compassionate feeling of the Saviour for the most helpless and innocent of our species is thus pathetically rendered.

This most touching, and, may we add, instructive picture has been translated into black and white in a spirit not unworthy of its great and varied merits. Brilliant and effective as a print, and carrying out the leading principle of the painter to its fullest extent, it has an intrinsic interest which brings it home to the "business and bosoms" of us all; and as a decoration for the cabinet or the drawing-room, in which "more is meant than meets the eye," it seems likely to obtain, even in the present depressed state of the art of line-engraving, a very large acceptance.

Having dwelt at so much length upon the *subject* we have left ourselves barely sufficient space for such an exposition of the technical qualities of the plate as might afford something like a key to its merits and peculiarities.

The effect in the picture is concentrated upon Christ and the child in his lap by his red robe, which is rendered still more striking by the mass of complementary colour, a pearly green, which everywhere surrounds it and contrasts with it, and which in a greater or less degree pervades the entire composition. This concentration of the effect upon the

* Painted by Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A. Engraved by James Henry Watt. Published by Day & Son, London.

principal figure by means of the red drapery—simple enough with the aid of powerful colour and its complementary associate—must have formed the great difficulty of the engraver, for reasons which we will endeavour to explain. The contrast of colour between red and its complementary hue, a pearly green, can only be rendered in engraving by a contrast of *width* and *closeness* of lines, which, in black and white, produces but a faint representation of a contrast of colours. The words brightness and obscurity, in engraving, represent colour and its complementary hue, and this contrast can only be produced by a difference in the width between the lines. The proper management of the interstices between the lines produces that appearance of internal light which distinguishes a line from a mezzotint engraving. The red drapery of the Saviour is intersected by the head and neck of the kneeling mother and the child on his lap, and serves as a background to relieve them; and thus this red drapery acts both as a light and a dark; *light* upon the mass of complementary colour of the background, and *dark* behind the child and the face of the mother. The flesh of the child is necessarily of a deeper tone than the white dress of the mother, which is itself not absolutely white, and this great difficulty of the engraver may be regarded as the key-note of this grand pictorial composition. The red attracts the eye to the principal figure, and presents a brilliant contrast to the complementary hue which surrounds it, and yet acts as a shadow colour to the flesh of the child: this effect could only be rendered by lines deep enough and broad enough to hold the ink requisite to produce the dark colour, with interstices sufficiently wide to give the requisite quantity of white light; thus making it dark by the broad and deep lines, and light by the broad and white interstices. These lines on Christ's drapery are not flowing, but are broken up and crossed, so as to produce a scintillating tint, to contrast with the smooth and close work which represents the complementary hue. The contrast also gives smoothness to the flesh tints.

A great object in an engraving of this importance is to avoid the appearance of what is technically called greasiness in the flesh, which destroys its luminous effect: again, too much smoothness and roundness is apt to give to flesh the appearance of ivory; defects which it demands no slight care and dexterity to avoid. Finish must always be decided by the size of the print and the effect of the composition. Sometimes it is indispensably necessary, at others it is, in some respects, impertinent. Each head, hand, and foot, in the print before us, appears to have been finished with reference to its place in the *chiaroscuro*, although not always as elaborately as if the groups had been separate subjects of the same size. Thus the foot of Christ is engraved with coarser dots than his face, in order to harmonise with the coarse work on the lower part of his dress. The hand of the kneeling mother in white is engraved with coarser dots than her neck, in order to produce a darker colour than her dress, which is not mere white paper; doubtless to prevent it from appearing *chalky* against the black drapery of the principal figure. But the still coarser dots on the cloaks of the boys who have just entered the room, give a value to the flesh which it could not otherwise have possessed. The coarse work of the garment of the girl who is presenting the rose appears to have been introduced for the express purpose of throwing up the group of which the figure of Our Saviour is the principal, and its broad and deep lines hold ink enough to give it colour. The interstices give it sufficient light to connect it with the tint of the lower part of Christ's robe, the direction of which it continues, and is itself carried upwards by the coarse texture of the apostle's garment, whose deepened dots give value to those upon his face. The coarse dots of this apostle's head render it sufficiently shadowy for its subordinate place in the picture, whilst the interstices between them have the effect of separating it from the background and shadow cast upon the head of the apostle. The same principle seems to have been pursued throughout. It would have been worse than idle to have engraved any particular group as if it were an independent subject, every part having to be studied with reference to its particular place in the *chiaroscuro*. If, for example, the group of the mother with her two children had been a sepa-

rate subject, and not a part of a composition of several similar groups, it might have been more elaborately engraved; but had it been carried further in the present composition, it would, besides entailing enormous additional labour, have impaired very sensibly the effect of the whole.

Nothing can be more masterly than the execution of almost all the heads throughout the picture. Not only is the description of work the best that could have been introduced for the purpose, but the effect is all that could have been desired; broad, as the size of the plate demands that it should be, but brilliant without being inharmonious; every part having apparently been studied with a view to the general effect and integrity of the whole. At a first glance, the breadth of the work on the garments of the two apostles on the left, and of the two children on the right, would seem to be excessive; but after a few moments contemplation, all the component parts appear to harmonise and to fall into their proper places, and the eye soon finds repose in the smooth tints of the mass of light which sweeps through the centre of the composition. Indeed, these broader and coarser parts of the work make the flesh tints appear even softer than they really are. The coarse dots on the scarf of the boy on the right side of the picture, to which a fastidious eye might possibly object, hold sufficient ink to throw the head behind them into light, and the corrugation of large white interstices between them preserves its character of light upon the background. The broad and deep work on the cloak is carried down by a similar process, though by a different texture, into the tunics of these two boys, and separates the group from the background and figures by a glittering tint, which gives repose to the tone that sweeps through the centre of the picture. This coarse work is repeated on the other side of the composition, in the garment of the boy at the knee of Christ, on whose arm, by the way, the depth of the shadow creates an impression, which vanishes on a closer inspection, of imperfect drawing. The flesh of the child on the lap of Christ, receives great additional value from the broadness of these dots. The same motive appears to have influenced the engraver throughout his work. When it is remembered that the whole of these draperies are of the coarse materials usually worn by the humbler classes, and are interspersed by none of those velvets and satins which present such agreeable and effective surfaces in works of another class, it will readily be seen that the only chance left to the artist of representing any effective variety of texture, was that of some novel treatment of these comparatively similar substances. The drapery of the Saviour is thus distinguished from that of the persons around him, by being of a somewhat richer texture, whilst the frieze garment of one of the "fishers of men" identifies it, at the risk of appearing coarse to fastidious eyes, with what it really is; whilst it enhances the more elaborate execution of other parts of the picture, and removes all appearance of the sort of smoothness, technically entitled greasiness, in the groups between the right and left extremities of the print. Had the subject authorised the introduction of silks and richly patterned stuffs, the draperies might have been of a more agreeable texture, and would have rendered a far smaller amount of labour and thought necessary. The glory which encircles the head of Christ may be referred to as a proof how easy it is for a man of genius and enthusiasm, to give importance to the most ordinary details of his original, if he be so minded. A slight feature of the picture, it becomes in Mr. Watt's hands an important auxiliary in the concentration of the varied elements of the composition; and from the remarkable character of the work, assumes the appearance of an electric light, which irradiates or seems to light up all the principal groups. As an engraving, the treatment of the subject throughout has entirely fulfilled the expectations which Mr. Watt's "Procession of the Fitch of Bacon," after Stothard; his "May Day," after Leslie; and his "Highland Drovers," after Sir Edwin Landseer, were so well calculated to create, and amply supports his reputation as an historical engraver. The size of the work is unusually large, being twenty-nine inches by twenty-two and a half.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, MARGARET STREET, OXFORD STREET.

THE long unfinished structure of red and black bricks, with the traceried windows, the high-pitched roof, and the tall eccentric-looking tower and spire, which seemed to have been placed in the peculiarly incongruous region of Margaret Street solely in order to excite a curiosity that was not to be gratified, has been at length so far advanced towards completion, that it is now consecrated as "All Saints' Church." As a church it is in use; and it also is open, all day and every day, to those who may be disposed to enter within its walls. The edifice has been designed by Mr. Butterfield, and erected under his direction and superintendence, for the express purpose of vindicating the supremacy of Gothic architecture as the ecclesiastical style of our time, and, indeed, of all time. It occupies, accordingly, a position of pre-eminent importance in the midst of our modern churches; and both claims, and must expect to experience, a critical examination, which shall deal with it strictly in accordance with its real merits. Happily, it does not fall within our province to consider this building in its ecclesiastical capacity, or to explain how it is that, being what it is, it is connected with the Protestant Church of England; nor need we describe it architecturally, since that has been done in a very complete and satisfactory manner by our able contemporary, the *Building News*. What remains for us to do, is to record our own sentiments upon its artistic character, and to declare whether we are, or are not, prepared to accept it as conclusively demonstrative of the supremacy of Gothic Art.

The church itself comprises a nave of three bays, with a clerestory and side aisles, a short chancel or choir, also with aisles, a western tower, surmounted by a lofty broach spire, 227 feet in height, and a south porch. The westernmost bay of the south aisle forms a baptistry, and the choir-aisles are both of them for the most part filled with the organ. The church stands back some little distance from the street, from which it is separated by a small quadrangle, formed by two large buildings (the residences of the clergy and the schools), that abut upon the whole church, and by the southern wall of the church itself, the fourth side of this quadrangle being closed in by an entrance gateway, flanked on either side by a low wall with palisading. Externally, these buildings are chiefly constructed of bricks; and they attract attention rather from a certain indefinite singularity in their general aspect, than from either richness of material, impressiveness of design, or excellence of architecture. We pass through the porch, and enter the church, and now we discover at a glance that upon its interior the architect has concentrated the entire energy of his genius, and that here he has used in lavish profusion the rich and costly materials which had been placed without restriction at his disposal. Granite, the most perfect in quality, and cut and polished with truly exquisite skill, marbles of every kind and every hue, with porphyry, serpentine, jasper, and alabaster, with carved woods also, and elaborately wrought brass and ironwork—these all abound on every side. The windows are all filled with stained glass. Tiles—some of the utmost richness, and others simpler, yet scarcely less effective, with occasional marble inlays—form the pavement. The walls are in part to be covered with paintings of the highest order in fresco, and partly they are enriched with various geometrical and other patterns, painted or inlaid in different colours with tiles and other coloured substances. The vaulting of the choir is adorned with rich carving, and it glitters with abundant gilding, while the open timber roofs of the other parts of the building are carved and inlaid. The low screen that separates the choir from the body of the church, the pulpit, the font, and the altar-like erection which fills the eastern end, are all of them works in which the most precious materials receive fresh value from the skill with which they have been made to realize the architect's designs. And so it is throughout the whole church—all is rich, and skilful treatment is everywhere present. Expense has not been spared; for £70,000 are said to have been expended upon this small church. The architect also has been empowered both to act without restraint, and to command the co-operation of

the ablest fellow-workers. Mr. Beresford Hope is a most valuable adviser. Mr. Dyce has produced in his frescoes pictures which, in their class and style, know no superiors. Mr. Myers is well known to be a first-rate architectural carver and sculptor. In incised work and the execution of inlaid decorations Mr. Field deservedly enjoys an equally distinguished reputation. Mr. Potter ranks with Messrs. Skidmore, Hardman, and Hart, in the production of decorative metal-work. Besides being an able clerk of works, Mr. Norris has proved that he is a master in the art of carving wood. Minton's tiles need no fresh commendation. Mr. O'Connor is able to paint glass well, if not so well as one or two of his contemporaries at home; and M. Gerente is considered to take rank amongst the first of the continental artists in glass. These are the men who have presided over the production of this church, under Mr. Butterfield, of whom it is superfluous to speak, except, indeed, it be in the fewest possible words to represent him as an architect of the highest eminence. And yet the church is altogether a failure. It is an absolute failure, because it is not even a truthful expression of the style which it professes to typify—because it is an exceptional instance of what may now be done with the Gothic, instead of being a typical image of what the Gothic is, and what it can now accomplish—and, again, because it is throughout characterized by inconsistency, and by a want of harmony and of unity of sentiment. It is a splendid vagary, not a noble work of Art, and, more particularly, not a noble work of Gothic Art. On every side it shows what admirable workmen England now possesses, and how thoroughly they understand the treatment of the rarest and most costly materials; but something more than this is needed for the production of what is great in art or in architecture. Much of the most elaborate and the most carefully executed surface ornamentation is painfully deficient in every truly artistic quality. And, in the same manner, the most precious of the materials employed are but too commonly treated like diamonds, emeralds, and rubies in a kaleidoscope. As an instance of imperfect Gothic treatment, we may specify the large arches of open tracery, entirely executed in admirable workmanship in marble, that connect the choir with its aisles. Here the architect had introduced, with peculiar felicity, a most characteristic Gothic feature, and he might have been expected to have rendered it in the fulness of the Gothic spirit. But his tracery wants the essentially Gothic attribute of *subordination*. It is in marble, indeed, but *it all lies in one plane*. And it will not be easy to discover any imperfections in the cutting of the marble by Mr. Myers's carvers; yet what truly Gothic eye can rest content with the massive geometrical figures in the upper lateral spandrels of the tracery?

We might with ease specify shortcomings, and imperfections, and instances of peculiar sentiments in Art being mistaken for artistic superiority. We are content, however, to protest against the stained glass, the work of M. Gerente, of Paris, which fills the principal windows of the church. It is, without an exception, unworthy of the edifice which it disfigures, as it is calculated to detract most seriously from the artist's reputation. Mr. O'Connor's glass, which consists of arabesques only, and is infinitely superior to these figure compositions, is placed at a great height in the windows of the clerestory.

It is not possible to visit this remarkable edifice, and to examine thoughtfully its magnificent adornments, without experiencing a variety of conflicting impressions. The open-handed and unostentatious liberality which supplied the funds for this costly work cannot fail to be recognised with cordial sympathy. That "Lamp of Sacrifice," which derives its most beautiful brilliancy from the dedication of the Creator's choicest gifts to the glory of the Giver, is seen to have been burning brightly in this new church; and who can discern that light, and not rejoice in its shining? But, then, how soon is that joy converted into sadness, when high aims and noble gifts, and eminent talents, are found to fail, through a willful looking back instead of forward—through the vain desire to reproduce, in unexampled excellence, something that has passed away, instead of seeking a fresh, and consistent, and healthful development of a grand and inexhaustible art? All Saints' Church has failed, because it is an attempt to improve upon the Gothic of the Middle

Ages, under the same conditions in which it then attained to its most perfect expression. Every similar attempt will inevitably lead to the same result. We do not require, and we cannot use, the Gothic of the Middle Ages. We want our own Gothic. Mediæval Gothic belongs to the Middle Ages, and with the Middle Ages it has passed away. VICTORIAN GOTHIC, when it shall have been matured, is our Gothic; and it is the only Gothic that now will either attain to an architectural perfection, or adequately express the existing capacities and excellences of the style. We have yet to await the appearance of a typical edifice in this style; we wait hopefully, however, but we do not rest our hopes upon any of the mediævalists.

THE ILLUMINATING ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THIS association, which has just entered under promising auspices upon what we trust may prove a long career of usefulness and prosperity, is designed to revive a taste for the mediæval decorative process known as the art of illuminating, and also to form a new school of English illuminators. The project, as it is put forth in the prospectus of the society, embraces features that claim for it warm sympathy and zealous support; as may be expected, in several important particulars, it will admit of decided improvement.

The projectors of this "Art-Union" declare that there already exists a large demand among the higher classes of society for illuminated works, executed after the manner of mediæval illuminations; and, they add, that it is "the grand and chief end" of their association very considerably to increase this demand, with the view thus to provide remunerative and also congenial "employment for numbers of highly-educated females who, from their social position, are unfitted for any menial occupation, and whose talents entitle them to be employed in a higher sphere of labour, suitable to their education, and answering the purpose of creating a livelihood, or increasing a scanty income." This passage speaks for itself, and pleads its own cause with powerful impressiveness. A really practicable plan for enabling "gentlewomen of limited income, and respectable females in the middle classes of society," to obtain a "means of livelihood," in a manner at once consistent with their position and in harmony with their feelings, is precisely that to which we should at all times be ready to accord our hearty approbation and support. When any definite scheme is submitted to us which proposes to realize its objects through the practice of a beautiful art, it necessarily follows that our approbation should be strengthened, and, indeed, that it should assume the character of an earnest and active interest. We accordingly invite the attention of our readers to the "Illuminating Art-Union," and refer them for full particulars to Mr. D. L. de Lara, the gentleman to whom the management has been entrusted by the ladies patronesses, and who may be heard of at 3, Torrington Square, or 15, Rathbone Place.

During the last few weeks the attention of the public has been invited to the "first annual exhibition" of this "Illuminating Art-Union." The works exhibited are about eighty in number; and the collection contains many specimens of great excellence, while every individual illumination must in justice be said to possess its own distinctive meritorious qualities. The best and most characteristic productions of the early illuminators have evidently been studied with intelligent care by their modern admirers, and thus the students themselves have been signally successful in acquiring the feeling, as well as the manner, of mediæval illuminating. This is not desirable only, but absolutely necessary, as the foundation upon which they are to build up their art. Let not our living illuminators, however, for a single moment entertain the idea that their highest aim, and in fact their only aim, is to reproduce mediæval illuminations. These ladies, and the few gentlemen who may share their labours, will never become true artists in the department of Art they have chosen, simply because they may have acquired the faculty of expert copying. Their

art, like the architecture of the middle ages, is to be revived in the old spirit, but not practised merely as a reiteration of old forms of expression. They are free to think and to develop their art in harmony with the general conditions of modern life, while the mediæval illuminator was compelled to work within painfully narrow limits, and very commonly restricted to a single specific subject. We hope to see the accomplished, enterprising, and philanthropic members of the "Illuminating Art-Union" speedily adopting comprehensive views as to the range and applicability of their art, and dealing with it in an independent spirit. If they prefer religious subjects, let religious subjects engage their attention. If "missals"—that is, Roman Catholic service books—are specially required, they can be produced by them. But the revived art of illuminating is in no respect or degree restricted to religious subjects, or pre-eminently associated with them; and missals have not a shadow of a claim upon it in preference to any other class of works. Historical and biographical sketches or memoirs, with the brief passages that chronicle to all time the salient points of history itself—these will not pass unnoticed before the modern illuminator, and more particularly when they will admit the introduction of regular and systematic illustrative heraldry. The study of heraldry, indeed, we strongly recommend to the members of the "Illuminating Art-Union;" and we do so in the full conviction that they will speedily discover it to be the means of opening before them a fresh field for the application of their eminently attractive art.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER.—The pupils of the Manchester School of Art have recently presented to their head master, Mr. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., a valuable gold watch, accompanied by an address beautifully engrossed, and richly illuminated and bound, as tokens of the appreciation of the ability and kindness with which he has discharged the duties of his office during the ten years he has held it. The presentation took place in one of the principal exhibition rooms of the Institution, which was appropriately decorated with pictures, choice flowers, exotics, &c.; a large assembly met to witness the ceremony, and to participate in the *soirée*. We have had frequent opportunities of referring to the high estimation in which Mr. Hammersley is held by the directors and scholars of the school, and the general public of Manchester—that estimation arising from unquestionable desert; he has laboured well and wisely, and, therefore, with success. The immense move which Art has taken of late years in the great capital of manufacture, is mainly, if it be not solely, owing to his indefatigable energy and continual exertion. It is satisfactory to find his abilities and his industry fully appreciated where he is best known; but his efforts have been by no means confined to Manchester; by lectures, at meetings, and on various occasions where Art was to be promoted, and the public interests served, in many other cities of England, he has worked earnestly and advantageously. If the prophet has obtained honour in his own country, he has been honoured also very often elsewhere.

BRISTOL.—The Bristol and West of England Art-Union has already purchased a considerable number of pictures for distribution to the subscribers of the current year; among them are works by A. Johnston, J. D. Harding, Gale, Branwhite, Syers, S. P. Jackson, Tutsum, Hulme, Gosling, Rosenberg, &c. A circular which has recently been forwarded to us states that,—“The Committee, after having purchased what was represented to them as the exclusive copyright of Sir Edwin Landseer's picture called 'The Shepherd's Bible,' and engraved by Mr. T. Landseer, discovered, to their great surprise, that a plate had been previously engraved by Mr. C. G. Lewis, from the same picture, under the title of 'The Colley Dogs;' and that Mr. C. G. Lewis had a separate right to the publication of his plate, which had been already before a court of law. Under these circumstances the committee, after recovering a portion of the price paid for the copyright of 'The Shepherd's Bible,' have felt it their duty to purchase Mr. C. G. Lewis's plate also, in redemption of their pledge to issue as their Presentation Plate an engraving published exclusively for the subscribers to this Art-Union, and thirty *Artist's Proofs* taken from Mr. Lewis's plate, variously framed, will be issued as additional prizes to the first thirty names successively drawn from

the wheel after the distribution of the Prize Pictures."

YORK.—The sixteenth annual meeting of those interested in the York School of Art took place on the 9th of June, when Lord Teignmouth was called to the chair. Mr. Swallow, head master of the school, in addressing the meeting, said,—“If the number of pupils had not increased so fast as those who had the immediate management of the school could have wished, they could not help feeling pleasure that the increase had always, under the present management, been greater each successive anniversary. But the most satisfactory test of the advancement towards success was to be found in the annual examination of the school by the Government inspector. The facts proved the steady progress of the York School of Art, and gave promise of still more important results in future.” The report and accounts showed that the receipts for the past sessional year had amounted to £246 8s. 4d., and the expenditure, including a balance of £24 2s., due to the treasurer, to £256 10s. 1d., leaving a balance of £10 1s. 8d. against the school.

GLASGOW.—The local papers state that the bronze statue of the late Sir Robert Peel, subscribed for some years since by a number of Glasgow gentlemen, will soon be erected in its place, at the north-west corner of George Square; workmen are already employed in fixing the pedestal, which is of granite, and will be twelve feet in height. The statue, cast from a model by Mr. J. Mossman, is nine feet high, and represents the statesman in the usual conventional attitude, that of addressing the “House,” with a roll of paper in his hand.

TAUNTON.—We are pleased to learn that the School of Art here has maintained its high and honourable position during the past year, under the able superintendence of Mr. J. B. Williamson, who has just received an appointment on the staff of masters at the Training College, Kensington Museum. As the result of the examination by her Majesty’s inspectors, held in May last, twenty-one local medals, and nearly one hundred other prizes, have been awarded, the latter being a considerable increase on the number of last year. On Monday, the 6th of June, a meeting of the students and some of the promoters of the school was held, to take a farewell of Mr. Williamson before leaving, and to present him with a handsome gold watch and chain, together with an address on vellum, signed by all the pupils, expressive of their “high appreciation of his uniform kindness and unwearied diligence as their teacher, and while deeply regretting his departure, assuring him of their best wishes for his health and happiness.” Mr. Williamson acknowledged the gift in feeling terms, and afterwards, on behalf of the pupils of the evening classes, presented a portfolio of drawings, executed by them, to the Rev. W. A. Jones, and a valuable box of water-colours to Mr. Blizard, the Hon. Secretaries, “as a slight mark of their respect and esteem, and in remembrance of their exertions to promote the interests of that institution.”

LIVERPOOL.—A lecture on perspective drawing, and its application to pictorial art, was delivered here, on the 26th of May, by Mr. S. Burkinshaw. It was illustrated by numerous diagrams, models, and a selection of engravings. The subject is not of a character to draw a large audience, but it is, nevertheless, one of interest, and was rendered so, on the present occasion, by the clear and simple explanations of the lecturer.

YARMOUTH.—The prizes awarded by the Government inspector to the pupils of the Yarmouth School of Art, were presented to the successful candidates, on the 3rd of June, by the Mayor, Mr. R. Steward, in the Town Hall; fifteen medals, and eighty other prizes, were awarded. The number of pupils in the central school, during the past year, was 150, and in the public schools 850.

BILSTON.—An exhibition of works of Art was opened last month, at the St. Leonard’s New Schools, Bilston, the proceeds of which are intended for the benefit of the schools. The Earl of Dartmouth, the Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., the Mayor of Wolverhampton, and other individuals of influence in the neighbourhood, have aided in the formation of the exhibition, and attended the inauguration.

LEEDS.—A subscription having been raised for erecting a statue in Leeds to the memory of the late Mr. Robert Hall, formerly M.P. of the town, and Recorder of Doncaster, a meeting of the subscribers was recently held to consider the design submitted to them by Mr. D. Lee, of Leeds, which it was determined at the meeting should be accepted. The statue is to be executed in white marble, and, when completed, is to be presented to the corporation for the Victoria Hall. The figure, of colossal size, represents the learned member in his robes of office as Recorder, as he appeared when presenting an address from the Corporation to the Queen.

PURITY.

FROM THE STATUE BY M. NOBLE.

FLAXMAN, in one of his lectures on sculpture, makes this distinction between the natural style and the ideal; he says, “The natural style may be defined thus:—a representation of the human form, according to the distinction of sex and age, in action or repose, expressing the affections of the soul. The same words may be used to define the ideal style, but they must be followed by this addition: *selected from such perfect examples as may excite in our minds a conception of the preternatural.* By these definitions it will be understood that the natural style is peculiar to humanity, and the ideal to spirituality and divinity.” This may be correct reasoning if applied only to the works to which especially Flaxman means it to refer, the sculptures of the Greek and Roman deities, on the one hand, and those that symbolize or represent what he calls “the affections of the soul,” on the other. But we frequently meet with examples of the sculptor’s art which are intended to combine, or should actually combine, the two qualities; such, for instance, as that wherein a divine essence, or character, pervades the human form into which it is moulded. The latter—that is, the form—may, however beautiful, offer nothing more to our thoughts than the perishing frame-work of mortality—the image of clay, which we feel every storm of life is shaking, and every year is hastening to its final destruction; the former—the divine essence—associates it in the mind with another order of beings, with a spiritualism, and, therefore, with a state of existence which has no end; in the combination the particular characteristic, or quality, of the divine nature stands forth in a garment not its own, it is borrowed from a world that is not ours, and will not be till “this mortal shall have put on immortality,” and we “are changed.”

Without entering upon any metaphysical discussion, it may be assumed that what Flaxman terms “the affections of the soul” include those which spring from the feelings of the heart, or the desires of the mind: pride, envy, hatred, revenge, and all other vices which arise up within us, no less than the feelings of love, peace, gentleness, purity, and others, that St. Paul denominates “fruits of the spirit.” Now, the sculptor, and the painter too, who would represent in his work any one of the former has, most assuredly, a more difficult task to perform than he who undertakes to embody or personify any one of the latter; and the reason is obvious. It is, as many probably may think, taking a very low estimate of human nature, to say that it has, generally, a direct tendency to evil; nevertheless such a theory is commonly accepted as truth; and if so, the passions which most assimilate to our nature, are just those which the artist finds it the easiest to represent—all others come under Flaxman’s definition of “ideal,” or “preternatural;” they are foreign to us, and, therefore, our conception of them is generally imperfect and inadequate; while, moreover, as they often admit of no especial action or motive, and are solely dependant upon simple expression as the representative of character, the medium by which the artist would convey his meaning, any treatment of his work which falls short of the intention, however *ideal* it may be, does not suggest the *ideas* we desire to have brought before us.

Purity is just one of those abstract propositions, so to speak, which is not easy to personify. It is an attribute of character that, in the absence of cause or motive, as in a single sculptured figure, takes no substantive form, and realises no idea which would not be equally applicable to some one or other “cardinal virtue.” The representation must combine the natural and the ideal; grace of form and simplicity of expression appear to be the essential qualities demanded of the sculptor, and these Mr. Noble, in the figure here engraved, seems to have realized, far more successfully too, it may be added, than we could have expected from him, seeing that the majority of his works, and those by which he is best known, are portrait sculptures of men. His “Purity,” holding a lily in her hand for a symbol, is, however, a refined and elegant example of Mr. Noble’s ability to grapple with a subject in which the spiritualism of Art and its poetical feeling enter largely.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of “THE ART-JOURNAL.”

ART-UNIONS.

SIR,—In these days of Art-Unions and Art-lotteries, a little discussion may sometimes be of service, and in the hope that my humble suggestion may not be too summarily cast aside, I beg to suggest, that instead of such gigantic plates being engraved for the subscribers, as the London and the Glasgow Art-Unions have just produced, would it not be better to have smaller engravings, to suit rooms of ordinary dimensions?—the difference in cost being made up by the highest possible excellence in the engraving of the plate.

I am induced to mention this, as I am constantly told that the cost of framing, on the one hand, and not having any room for hanging such huge plates, as well as the costliness of a portfolio large enough to contain them, all combine to deter many people from subscribing; and it is only in the hope that the usefulness of these societies may not be impaired that I now inflict this letter on your readers.

Would not the example of the Crystal Palace, in giving other works of Art besides plain engravings, such as good statuettes, or good chromo-lithography, be a change and “consummation devoutly to be wished.”

June, 1859.

AN ART-UNION AGENT.

[The complaint of our correspondent is one we have ourselves frequently made; we know the magnitude of the engravings deters many from subscribing.—Ed. A.-J.]

THE “VICTORY” OF MAROCCHETTI.

In justice to the Baron Marochetti, we give publicity to a letter addressed by him to the *Times*. We have treated this subject so often that it is needless to do so again.

SIR,—Will you have the goodness to allow me a little of your valuable space for a few words of explanation on the statue at present exhibited in Apsley House garden, as they seem to be called for by some articles and letters in the public papers? This statue is a part of my design for the monument to the late Duke of Wellington when it was to be placed against one of the pillars supporting the cupola of St. Paul’s. It was my intention to represent Victory sitting on the steps of the door of the tomb, bidding adieu to her favourite son, and taking back the sword which she had lent him,—this is the statue now exhibited, and, though prepared for a peculiar site, a change of position in the figure will adapt it to any other. Had St. Paul’s been opened to any artists except those selected by Lord John Manners, I should have exhibited a full-sized model there, and I have accepted with gratitude the Duke of Wellington’s kind permission to place this statue in his garden, in order to give publicity to a work which I should be sorry to destroy or to bury in a corner without trying to gain some credit by it, and endeavouring to show that my pretensions to the honour of executing in England a great national monument were not founded on absurd vanity, and were not disappointed in consequence of any want of exertion on my part. I have been a candidate for the monument to the Duke of Wellington from the day it was decided that such a monument should be erected. I did not take part in the competition proposed by Sir William Molesworth, which was to have been confined to Messrs. Gibson, Foley, Baily, and myself, or in the general one opened by Sir B. Hall, mainly because in both cases the model was to be small. From such models the effect of the real monument cannot be fairly anticipated. They are good for recollection, not for suggestion; the use of them is mischievous to the pursuit of sculpture as a profession. Only a model of the full size will enable the Government and the public to judge what the monument will be when completed, and thus to understand what they are invited to accept or refuse. A further objection to Sir B. Hall’s competition was that the site was to be under one of the arches of the nave. I thought it a bad choice, as it would have suggested either that the monument was placed there temporarily, or that the church was unfinished as long as every other arch was unprovided with a monument of the same importance. My refusal is, I think, justified by the results. The design pronounced to be the best by the judges, is not to be executed, and the monument is not to be placed under one of the arches. I do not complain that Lord John Manners neither visited my design nor even sent for my plans. As he has selected other artists, it is better for me that my design has not been seen, and consequently has not been rejected.

MAROCCHETTI.



PURITY.

ENGRAVED BY W ROFFE. FROM THE STATUE BY SCARLETT

PICTURE SALES.

ALTHOUGH the present season has not brought into the public sale-rooms any large and important single collection of pictures, many works of a high character, especially by British artists, have been put up to competition. Among them we consider the following as entitled to notice:—

On the 13th of June Messrs. Christie and Manson sold a miscellaneous collection of paintings and drawings, comprising—'The Cornfield,' with cattle and figures, an early work, by J. Linnell, 188 gs.; 'Gillingham,' W. Müller, 103 gs.; 'View near Canterbury,' dated 1856, a large picture, by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 168 gs.; 'La Rochelle, from the Sea,' C. Stanfield, R.A., small, 70 gs.; 'Portrait of Miss Ridge,' Sir J. Reynolds, 500 gs., sold to the Marquis of Lansdowne; 'Portrait of Miss Gwatkin,' Sir J. Reynolds, 200 gs.; 'Portrait of Mrs. Quarlington, as St. Agnes,' Sir J. Reynolds, from the collection of the late Mr. Payne Knight, 220 gs.; 'The Braddyl Family,' whole-length figures grouped in a landscape, Sir J. Reynolds, 1000 gs.; 'The Woodman's Daughter,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., 210 gs.; 'Dead Doe,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., small, 165 gs.; 'A Welsh Valley—Morning,' T. Creswick, R.A., 136 gs.; 'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, 80 gs.; 'Leith Hill, Surrey,' J. Linnell, from the collection of Mr. W. Wethered, 96 gs.; 'Distant View of the Severn, from Leigh, near Bristol,' P. Nasmyth, 330 gs.; 'The Woodlands, near East Grinstead,' P. Nasmyth, 98 gs.; 'View of Dedham,' J. Constable, 188 gs.

In the same rooms the collection of pictures and drawings belonging to the late Mr. W. J. Broderip was disposed of. The latter realized but small sums, and of the oil-paintings we need only notice—'The River Awe on Flood,' F. R. Lee, R.A., 30 gs.; 'Galatea,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 50 gs.; 'Broad Oak Road, Canterbury,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £45 3s.; 'Weary Emigrants,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 165 gs.; 'View of Angera, on the Lago Maggiore,' G. E. Hering, 77 gs.; 'Ariel and Cupid,' Etty, 50 gs.; 'Isola del Piscatore,' G. E. Hering, 44 gs.; 'The Jewelled Hand,' J. Sant, 70 gs.; 'Coast Scene,' G. E. Hering, 63 gs.; 'Portrait of Vestris,' Gainsborough, £101; 'Fruit,' G. Lance, £43 1s.; 'Sheep,' Verboeckhoven, £109. We ought to mention that nearly the whole of Mr. Broderip's works were of small cabinet size.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—At a recent sale of porcelain and curiosities, the property of M. Rattier, the prices given for the following objects show that there is as keen a competition for works of this kind in Paris as in London. An earthenware plateau, of the date of 1525, by Andreoli, of the manufacture of Gubbio, 4700 francs; a dish of Urbino manufacture, date 1558, 4500 francs; three specimens of Palissy ware, 5800, 4800, 1220 francs respectively; two bowls, with the ciphers of Henry II., Catherine of Medic, and Diana of Poitiers, interlaced, 12,500 francs. The earthenware of the time of Henry II. is rare, perhaps its chief merit: the Musée de Cluny has only one example, M. Rattier had four in his collection: a triangular saltcellar, with the cipher of Diana of Poitiers, sold for 12,600 francs; another of the same kind, the heads repaired, 6300 francs; a third, hexagonal in form, 10,000 francs; a cup, restored, 7500 francs. The collection occupied five days to dispose of, and produced the sum of £14,800; it is said to have cost its late owner £4000.—The Fine Arts have recently lost a liberal patron, in the person of M. A. Moreau; he was a great collector of modern Art, and possessed a large collection of the works of the best painters—as many as six hundred pictures. M. Moreau was a great encourager of young artists, and, enjoying an immense fortune, he employed it in the purchase of paintings, and other articles of vertu.—The non-exhibition of the English artists here has been made the subject of some depreciating remarks by various journals.—The emperor has ordered a statue of Humboldt, for the galleries of Versailles, by M. A. Dumont.—An artist of talent, Count L. T. de Crissé, *Membre libre de l'Institut*, has just died at the age of seventy-seven. He was son of the Marquis of Crissé; ruined by the revolution, he resolved to depend on his talents for a livelihood, and he maintained a long and honourable career, respected by all who knew him.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

BEFORE these lines meet the eyes of our readers the grand commemoration festival of the greatest of musical composers will have taken its place amongst the things that are past. Meanwhile the Crystal Palace has for some time continually exhibited the progress that has been made, as the festival itself has drawn near, in the preparatory arrangements. Foremost amongst these is the great orchestra, now enlarged from its former ample dimensions for the reception of upwards of four thousand persons. We have watched the execution of this unique piece of engineering carpentry with great interest, and certainly it may challenge the criticism of the most experienced of inquirers. The whole has been produced by the Crystal Palace staff of carpenters, under the sole direction and superintendence of the chief official in that department, Mr. Earce, who may justly claim the highest commendation for the uniform excellence both of his arrangements and of the manner in which they have been carried into effect. The organ itself has been considerably enlarged, and its exterior has received a fresh decoration, that is in good taste, and produced a very satisfactory effect.

The Fine-Art department of the Crystal Palace has repeatedly excited our wondering regret, from the painful incapacity with which it is administered. Not content with doing nothing whatsoever to improve the Fine-Art collections of the palace, and to render them available for popular instruction and refinement, whenever this department does take anything in hand its works almost invariably excite mingled sentiments of surprise, regret, and indignation. The so-called *decoration* of the Handel orchestra is the latest, and perhaps the most glaring, instance of what the Crystal Palace Fine-Art department is in the habit of producing. Here was no common chance for the display of some taste and some artistic feeling; and an unprecedented opportunity was here presented for advertising the powers of the Crystal Palace Fine-Art people. The screen at the back of the orchestra has been painted to give it the appearance of clouds, seen through bronze pillars that are to be supposed to support the *velarium* of a Roman amphitheatre. Thus the orchestra is adapted in its artistic capacity to the sentiment of the Handel Festival, by associating it with reminiscences of a pagau gladiatorial arena; and the enclosure, that has been constructed expressly for the purpose of completely shutting in the space within it, is made to convey the idea of the whole being in the open air, and without even the covering of the glass vaulting of the Crystal Palace itself! How easily might decorations have been introduced, which would have harmonized with the character and the feeling of Handel's sublime music, and would at the same time have demonstrated the presence of high artistic talent in the councils of the Crystal Palace! One would have thought that the casts from the *angel choir* at Lincoln, which are in the Gothic Court at Sydenham, must have suggested fitting decorations for a Handel orchestra; but it is highly probable that the gentleman who produced the design that has been adopted, and the authorities who decided on its adoption, are ignorant alike of the existence of an angel choir at Lincoln, and of the presence of casts from it in the Crystal Palace.

The wretched failure which characterizes the decoration (?) of the enclosing screen at the back of the Handel orchestra has not saved the front from corresponding, and even more offensive ill-treatment. Here marble paper, and cheap imitative marble painting, have been called in, and the very natural result approximates closely upon the most approved suburban tea-garden type. All this is very sad, and it does not tend either to exalt the reputation of the Crystal Palace or to improve the prospects of the shareholders.

We gladly turn from these *works of Art*, that have thus been produced for the special honour of the Handel Festival, to that great musical demonstration, which may be expected to realize the most exalted conceptions of Handel's music. Full justice will, without doubt, be rendered to the illustrious composer, and a majesty of music far surpassing all that before has been heard by human listeners will then be accomplished.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Sir George Cornwall Lewis, the Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. W. Stirling, M.P., have been added to the list of trustees of this national collection of pictures, which has recently received an accession of four portraits, those of the Duke of Ormond, Cowley, Selden, and Lord Howe.

THE PROPOSED 1861 EXHIBITION.—The council of the Society of Arts have, as we anticipated, resolved that, "with reference to the present and prospective condition of the Continent, the international exhibition proposed to be held in 1861 should be postponed to a more favourable opportunity." They intimate that the guarantee fund would have sufficed for the amount required, and that proceedings will be resumed as soon as affairs are "settled" between the belligerents of Europe; they express a hope also that the names of guarantors will be suffered to continue on the list, awaiting more auspicious circumstances.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.—Mr. Paul F. Napfel has been elected from the list of Associates to a place among the members of this society.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF BENARES,—the "holy city," as the Hindoos call it,—recently opened in Leicester Square, must be classed among the most beautiful pictures which have ever been exhibited in that building, or any other of a similar kind. Benares stands on the banks of the Ganges, and the view is taken from the river, near the centre of a semicircle, whence the whole of the vast city and the surrounding country may be seen. The aspect of the city is grand and imposing—temples, religious edifices, and pagodas of varied size and form, some richly painted and gilt, others of the original colour of the stone, stretch from the banks of the Ganges to a considerable distance inland, and occupy a vast length of frontage on the river line. The Ganges is covered with craft of all descriptions, rigged and unrigged, pleasure-boats, market-boats, merchantmen; and queer-looking vessels these are to an English eye—so top-heavy that the slightest sea-breeze would, it would seem, lay them on their sides. A crocodile opens its ponderous jaws, from the surface of the water, as a boat glides by, and a dead body, shrouded, but not confined, floats down the beautiful river on a raft of bamboo and rushes, unheeded and uncared for by the gay and merry groups among whom it drifts. Both on shore and on water the Hindoo population seems to be holding high festival, and a most animated and picturesque scene it presents, admirably painted everywhere; but especially so is the river—the gradations of tint in depth and transparency, till they blend with the distant horizon, are as truthful as nature. Not only for the interest of the subject, but for its real intrinsic merits, this panorama ought to draw a multitude of visitors. Mr. Burford has, as usual, availed himself of the able assistance of Mr. H. C. Selons in the production of the work.

LIGHTING OUR PICTURE GALLERIES.—In order to have an authoritative investigation into the whole question of lighting Public Galleries with gas, the Lord President of the Council has named a commission of inquiry, consisting of Professors Faraday, Hofmann, and Tyndall, with Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Captain Fowke, R.E., who will commence their investigations immediately.

LORD CLIVE.—A statue of Lord Clive, of bronzed plaster, and on a temporary pedestal, now stands close to the pavement in Parliament Street, behind the iron railing that encloses the ground of old Montague House. It is the work of Baron Marochetti: under what circumstances it has been executed, why it is there placed, or what is to be its ultimate destination, we are entirely ignorant. It is not, we believe, a national commission—although it may be, for there is usually so much of mystery in proceedings of this kind, that very possibly the statue may be already paid for out of the public purse. It is where it is evidently to invite criticism, to which it is certainly amenable. Although by no means so utterly bad as it is represented to be in the columns of the *Times*, it is unquestionably inferior to any one of the many that may be seen a few steps farther on, in the entrance-hall of the Houses of Parliament. The attitude is singularly ungraceful, resembling rather that of an arrogant bully than the

hero of Plassy, to whom England is indebted for India. It is but a confirmation of the opinion we have long entertained and laboured to circulate—that Baron Marochetti cannot compete with our more prominent British sculptors; this is proved by every work he produces, when there is any means of making comparisons. We desire to speak of him in terms of respect, but against the fallacy that he “leads” in this country, it is our duty to raise our voice.

THE LADY MARION ALFORD'S MAJOLICA FOUNTAIN.—The prevailing taste for mediæval ceramic productions, has led to the very satisfactory practical result of reviving some of the more important and valuable of the early fictile processes. Amongst the wares that attained to a high reputation in the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Majolica of Italy occupied so prominent a position, that it is but natural the Majolica *feyence* should be held at the present time in great estimation; and, indeed, the old Majolica but too frequently has found modern purchasers, who have very greatly over estimated its artistic value. The revival of this peculiar ware, however, has been accomplished in a manner that promises well for its future character, as an important branch of our ceramic art-manufactures. The spirit of the old works appears in their successors, and already their imperfections have been judiciously avoided, while in their stead, the varied improvements of modern science and refinement, have been introduced with admirable skill and a thoroughly correct feeling. By far the best example of the revived Majolica that we have yet seen, is a fountain of large dimensions, which has been very recently produced by the Messrs. Daniell of New Bond Street, from the design of the Lady Marion Alford, and for that accomplished lady. The composition, which is distinguished by an impressive holdness, combined with the most graceful delicacy, consists of a shaft formed of a thick cluster of bull-rushes, rising from a tripod base, over each foot of which there is placed a youthful figure charmingly modelled. The basin forms a broad tazza, and it is beautifully wreathed with flowers and shells in high relief. The height of the whole is about five feet. The groupment of this composition has been very happily accomplished, and the modelling of every object shows both careful study and a remarkable freedom and vigour of touch. Texture also has been thoughtfully rendered throughout the whole; the colours are rich and harmonious; and the glaze is peculiarly soft, even, and brilliant. This fine work has been deservedly admired by all who have enjoyed the privilege of seeing it, and many repetitions of it will, without doubt, be required. Several commissions, indeed, have already been given for it; but the expectant proprietors of this fountain must be content to receive their copies in slow succession, since the utmost efforts of the enterprising manufacturers will not enable them to produce more than three or four specimens in a year. A visit to the establishment of the Messrs. Daniell, will prove a source of unqualified satisfaction to all who are interested in the progress and success of English manufactures. The pottery and porcelain of our country may here be seen in almost endless variety, from the Majolica fountain that we have been describing, and from groups of vases that have found ready purchasers amongst those of the nobility who are most distinguished for the soundness and purity of their taste, to the simplest appliances of daily use. The collection of the productions of Herbert Minton and his successors is singularly interesting, and it is also of such importance that it may be considered in itself to form a “Ceramic Court” or museum of fictile art.

ROMAN PHOTOGRAPHS.—We have examined with much interest a portfolio of Roman and Italian photographs, taken by Mr. Macpherson. The entire series, of which we have seen only a part, extends, we understand, to 163 views, embracing the usual subjects from the Roman Forum and other classic and mediæval remains within and beyond the city walls, all well known to the Italian traveller. It is also enriched with the pictorial beauties of Tivoli and the Campagna, with bas-reliefs taken from Orvieto, and with other subjects and details lying on the roads of Perugia and Sienna, long the admiration and study of every traveller and artist. Among the more directly

landscape subjects, we would specially mention the oft-painted Cascatella at Tivoli, a photograph we have seldom seen surpassed, whether for the beauty of its subject, the infinity of foreground detail, or the broad delicate tone thrown over the undulating distances. We would call the attention of the artist to the far-famed bas-reliefs from the Cathedral of Orvieto, and to the group taken from the grand fresco by Luca Signorelli in the same church, all showing in their minute accuracy and detail the services conferred by photography upon art, when contrasted with all previous modes of illustration. Mr. Macpherson has taken these photographs under the special advantages which a long residence in Rome can confer. The traveller well knows that the production of photographs has now degenerated into a direct trade, and an extensive manufacture; we believe, however, that Mr. Macpherson himself, has some better claims to the taste and knowledge of an artist. Ten years ago we ourselves saw in his studio a large cartoon for the execution of a church picture, and the lovers of art and of literature may, perhaps, be interested in knowing that Mrs. Macpherson, who frequently aids in the printing and production of the photographs, has the honour of near relationship with Mrs. Jameson.

THE EXHIBITIONS being all open, landscape painters are hatching themselves to the scenes of their labours. It was not thus with those who worked in the spirit of the fathers of our landscape art: for them June was too green; their principles of colour, when they condescended to imitate natural form and tint, did not allow them to paint trees until the summer was in a more mellow mood. Those passages of art that most nearly approach nature, are greatly applauded by *incognoscenti* lovers of painting, for their reality; but that is not the best reason wherefore they should praise—it is that in each success, difficulties all but heartbreaking have been overcome. In comparison with this, the facile chalk or pencil sketch, realized into a picture with all the poetical license of the studio, is as nothing. We meet with, it is true, much hard and crude painting; but, on the other hand, this assiduous labour from nature, produces pictures of a character that were never dreamt of by the sketchers of an earlier time.

THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.—These works have been photographed, and very successfully, as may be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's. It is now sixteen years since, in this Journal, it was earnestly proposed that they should be protected by glass, like other watercolour works. Glass has been extensively and very properly applied to many valuable pictures in the National Gallery, and if the cartoons have not yet been glazed, they will have again to be subjected to a process of restoration which will, of course, obliterate every touch of the pupils of Raffaele, if that be not already done.

AN AUSTRALIAN ACADEMY OF ART.—The *Melbourne Argus* of April 1, in a well-written “leader,” notices the establishment in the colony of an Academy of Art, which is to include sculptors, painters, and architects. “At present,” the writer says, “the number of members does not exceed fifteen; but, as the founders are no doubt aware, the Royal Academy of England, when ushered into existence by Chambers, West, and others, not quite a hundred years ago, was only composed of about thirty members; and the scheme appeared to be so unpromising that Sir Joshua Reynolds hesitated for some time to join it.” We learn also, from the same source, that the trustees of the public library have “invited the co-operation of artists and others in the preparation of a list of such casts, pieces of sculpture, &c., as it may be most desirable to procure from Europe by means of the grant of £2000, voted for that purpose by the legislature, with a view to form the basis of the collection about to be placed in the lower story of the library.” These are hopeful signs of the times for our countrymen in the new world.

THE LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHEOLOGICAL SOCIETY held a meeting at Guildhall, on Tuesday, the 14th of June, to inspect the antiquities of that building, and afterwards visited the ancient Crypt of Bow Church; and the Church of St. Mary, Aldermanbury. The Lord Mayor presided at a crowded meeting in the Council Chamber, where the Rev. T. Hugo read a paper on the *Liber Albus*, that curious record of civic life in the middle ages. Mr. Fairholt followed with an historic paper on the

Giants of Guildhall, and their ancient fabulous history, as given by the old Chroniclers, and recorded by the civic officials, tracing the use of giants in civic shows at home and abroad. The monuments and other antiquities of the City were liberally displayed, and the company were agreeably surprised by the quantity and curiosity of the ancient books and charters—which are totally unknown to the world at large, and repose in the town clerk's office. Among them is a magnificent volume, a History of France, compiled in the fifteenth century, with admirably executed historic paintings; a singularly curious list of names of Londoners in the time of Henry III.; Papal decretals, charters of early sovereigns, and manuscript volumes connected with the history of London from the days of King John.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. CHARLES KEAN.—Several noblemen and gentlemen, fellow students of Mr. Kean at Eton, have associated, with a view to present to that gentleman a testimonial on his relinquishing the management of the Princess's Theatre. We confess we have read the announcement with some regret; for its tendency is—and no doubt its effect will be—to separate Mr. Kean from the men of letters, the artists, the dramatists, and the general public, by whom his services have been duly appreciated and cordially acknowledged—the classes, in short, to which Mr. Kean belongs, and to which, we hope and believe, he is proud to belong. Such men as those to whom we refer—the aristocracy of intellect, not educated at Eton—are (whether intentionally or not we cannot say) excluded from any share in the honour they would gladly accord to Mr. Charles Kean. No name of celebrity, except that which is obtained by rank, appears in the list of the committee; and we take for granted it will be—as we imagine it is meant to be—the testimonial of “the aristocracy” to a man of talent, who has certainly conferred honour upon the order to which he does not belong. We shall not be satisfied, however, to permit Mr. Charles Kean to leave the management of the Princess's Theatre without endeavouring to obtain for his long, arduous, and valuable services a recognition more palpably that of his “fellows;” for we know there are among his private friends and public admirers many who, feeling themselves compelled—or being compelled—to keep aloof from this partial and limited movement, earnestly desire to place on record the high esteem with which they regard him personally, and their earnest respect for his character as a gentleman, an actor, and a manager.

PRESENTATION TO MR. AND MRS. GOLDSCHMIDT.—A very interesting meeting took place at the Mansion House on the 17th of June. The object was to present to Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt a bust of Her Majesty the Queen,—the presentation of which has been long deferred, in consequence of various circumstances needless to explain,—which resulted from a subscription entered into by several of the supporters of “the Nightingale Fund,” to record their appreciation of the liberal aid that fund received from the services of Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the concert referred to produced to the fund a sum little short of £2000. The expenses were heavy, amounting to nearly £600; but, to the astonishment—we may, indeed, add, almost to the regret—of the committee of the Nightingale Fund, when they sought to pay these expenses, it was found they had been paid—Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt *had paid them!* consequently the *gross* proceeds of the concert, without any deduction whatever, was paid over to the account of the Nightingale Fund. In order to give some expression to the feeling with which this act of unparalleled generosity was regarded, a subscription was entered into, and a commission was given to Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt's friend, Mr. Joseph Durlam, to prepare a replica of the bust of Her Majesty the Queen, thus associating, by one graceful act, three women—the one illustrious and good, the other two good and famous; and we are quite sure Her Majesty the Queen of England will not shame to see her honoured and beloved name thus combined with the names of Florence Nightingale and Jenny Lind. The idea originated in “the City,” at one of the meetings of the City Committee, when Alderman Wire presided; hence the presentation at the Mansion House. The Lord Mayor invited on the occasion

all the subscribers to the bust, and a few other persons distinguished by talent; the proceedings were, therefore, deeply interesting. Mr. Goldschmidt acknowledged the compliment with singular grace, with a degree of simple force that amounted to eloquence, speaking English with remarkable ease and facility; and the Lord Mayor was emphatically "at home," as he always is when honouring intellect, and advocating or aiding a cause of which the heart and the hand approve. The ceremony will long be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present, and who found what a large and unexpected return they received for a very small investment.

A COMMITTEE, consisting of numerous gentlemen directly or indirectly interested in the mining industries of the country, has been formed for the purpose of presenting to Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., Keeper of Mining Records, and for many years one of our most valuable contributors, some testimonial, "as an acknowledgment of the great benefit he has conferred on the mining and metallurgic interests by the compilation of his admirable series of statistics." The intended tribute has been well earned, and the proposition will doubtless find a ready response among the class to whom the appeal is especially made. There are few men better entitled to such a tribute, whether with reference to his eminence in science, or to his many valuable published books.

ART AT LAW.—A curious case has been brought before the Master of the Rolls, in Ireland. It appears that Mr. Wallis sold his picture of the death of Chatterton to a brother artist, Mr. Augustus Egg, who sold the copyright thereof to a Mr. Turner, who designed to make an engraving of it. The sum paid for the picture by Mr. Egg was 100 guineas; what sum he obtained for the copyright does not appear, but it would seem that no part of it went into the hands of the painter, who conceived and executed the work. Mr. Robinson, a photographer of Dublin, having planned a series of illustrations of the life of Chatterton, desired to make this scene its finale, and dressed up his apprentice, and arranged a room as nearly as he could to represent the sad incident as Mr. Wallis had represented it; this photograph he published, but only as a stereoscopic view. Mr. Turner considered this an infringement of his copyright, and applied for an injunction; it was refused—mainly on the ground that Mr. Turner had failed to show any right—that Mr. Egg had equally failed to show any right, and that neither of them was in a condition to apply for relief to Chancery. "Counsel (J. E. Walsh, Q.C.) contended that the case fell within the principles applicable to trade marks—namely, that where a person endeavoured to enhance the value of his production, and to make profit of it, by representing it to possess the qualities of some composition or article produced by another, the court would interfere to restrain the party so invading the copyright." It is indeed high time that the question concerning copyright in pictures should be settled by the legislature: we take for granted, however, that nothing of the kind will be done this year—Parliament being far better occupied in determining which king shall reign in Downing Street than in arranging the affairs of the nation.

OSLER'S GLASS ESTABLISHMENT.—Mr. Owen Jones has completed for the Messrs. Osler, the well-known glass-manufacturers of Birmingham, an edifice designed for the express purpose of enabling them to display to the best advantage their various productions. As we are, it seems, in all cases to expect from Mr. Owen Jones—an alhambresque sentiment pervades this work; which, however, we have pleasure in pronouncing to be eminently successful. The street-front of the building, without so much ornamentation, possesses about as much architectural character as St. James's Hall. On entering, a well-arranged vestibule is found to lead into a second and inner ante-room, appropriately furnished for the accommodation of visitors, from which folding-doors open into a truly splendid gallery, 110 feet in length by 25 in width, and 25 in height, to the crown of the vaulted ceiling. This ceiling is pierced throughout its entire area with four-pointed star-shaped openings, which are glazed with variously-coloured glass, every piece of the coloured glass enclosing a smaller star of white glass. The effect of the whole is admirable; and by this arrangement the lighting of

the gallery is most satisfactorily accomplished—the light being both brilliant and pleasingly subdued, while it is evenly diffused in every direction. When the actual sun-light has passed away, gas sun-burners provide the best substitute with which we are acquainted for the solar illumination. The walls are covered with a rich crimson paper, upon which, on either side of the gallery, are placed fourteen large and lofty mirrors. The end is filled with another mirror of still greater dimensions, and massive mahogany stands supporting mirror-slabs line the gallery, and occupy its centre; upon these stands the manufactured glass is displayed in every conceivable variety of form, and for every possible use. Groups of objects in glass, both useful and of an expressly decorative character, are formed immediately in front of the side-mirrors; and their good effect is very considerably enhanced from their being placed upon graduated raised stands formed entirely of mirror. From the vaulted ceiling are suspended a glittering array of beautiful glass chandeliers, the suspending-rods being most happily adjusted to the stellar ornamentation of the vault itself. At the end of the gallery are the two colossal crystal-glass candelabra, one of which for some time stood in the central avenue of the Crystal Palace. This noble gallery, with its sparkling contents, presents to the eyes of visitors a spectacle that must be designated as magnificent. Nor does the impression produced by the first glance become at all weakened on an increasing familiarity with the scene; but, on the contrary, the real merits of the building, with its decorations and fittings, can be thoroughly appreciated only after a deliberate examination, and it also requires a prolonged examination to discover the high qualities of the manufactured objects that are thus so effectively displayed. We cordially congratulate both Messrs. Osler and Mr. Owen Jones upon this important addition to the really fine edifices that are associated with the commercial enterprises of the Metropolis.

OLD COINS.—Our surprise has often been excited by the large sums paid by collectors of pictures and of other Art-objects; but the prices which numismatists sometimes give for bits of gold, silver, and copper, valuable only because they are rare, almost exceeds belief; and, lovers as we are of antiquities, we can scarcely understand that enthusiasm for such comparative trifles, which can only be gratified at so heavy an outlay. At the recent sale, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of the collection of coins formed by the late Rev. J. W. Martin, of Keston, Kent, the following specimens were sold for the sums annexed to them:—A halfpenny of Edward the Elder, £23; a gold penny of Henry III., £130; a quarter-florin of Edward III., said to be almost unique, £145; half-angel of Henry VI., £31; sovereign of Henry VII., £39; sovereign of Henry VIII., £20; half-sovereign of the same monarch, struck in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, £15 5s.; an angel of Edward VI., £59; real of Queen Mary, £71; half-angel of the same, £35; half-sovereign of Charles I., of the Bristol Mint, £50; a "Lord Baltimore" penny, struck for America, supposed to be unique, £75; a copper-piece, struck for the Summer Islands, £29; a fifty-shilling piece of Oliver Cromwell, £46; a gold five shilling piece of Charles II., £29 10s.; a gold noble of the Scottish King David II., £41; a forty-shilling piece of James VI., £20.

PARKINS AND GOTTO'S PRIZE WRITING-CASE.—With a view to obtain for our soldiers and sailors, and also for emigrants and others who might require it, a very cheap, and at the same time a really serviceable writing-case, the Society of Arts lately offered a prize of twenty guineas, with a silver medal, for the best specimen that manufacturers would submit to them. The competitors were restricted to size, weight, and price. Both money and medal were awarded to Parkins and Gotto, of Oxford Street, for the superior "utility, durability, portability, and cheapness" of their model writing-case; we may add, for its neatness, also generally satisfactory character, as well as for the good quality of its varied contents, all of which are supplied for the sum of sixpence, the cost of the writing-case being one shilling and sixpence unfitted, or two shillings with its fittings complete.

REVIEWS.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by RALPH N. WORNUM. Part I. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

If we accept as evidence with regard to the majority of Turner's pictures, what is undeniably true concerning some, that every year is causing their beauty to fade, and depreciating their worth—and such an opinion is stoutly maintained by many competent judges—then assuredly every good engraving from his pictures must, hereafter, have almost a priceless value. What would not the lovers of Art now give for perfect copies of the works of the great Greek sculptors—of those works the names of which only have come down to us, or of those whereof we possess only fragments, but such fragments as render us too sensible of the loss we have sustained? If the art of the engraver had not been employed upon reproduction, how little, comparatively, would be known of those great pictures of past ages with which, through his aid, we are now well acquainted—pictures that time, carelessness, or ill-use, or all combined, have nearly destroyed;—of the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele, the "Last Judgment" of Michel Angelo, the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino, and, in truth, of a very large number of the paintings that almost immediately followed the revival of Art in the fourteenth century? The perishable nature of the materials with which Turner worked, especially during, at least, the latter half of his life, is a fact patent to all who have taken pains to examine his pictures; if, then, half a century, or even a quarter of a century, has effected so much mischief, what will they have to show at the end of two or three centuries? It is this consideration which must, and will, have its due weight, with regard to any engravings executed from them,

"Before that Time's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

However men may differ in their estimation of his paintings, there can scarcely be two opinions as to the merits of his works as compositions: one may smile at the eccentricities of his colouring, at the blotches of paint that adhere to the canvas we only wonder how, at the forms and shapes which stand for human figures, at his strange and unexampled manipulation, and the many other peculiarities which disturb the eye and draw the attention of the ignorant spectator or the *diletanti* from the "mind" of the artist as expressed in his work; but when the skill of the engraver has rid the composition of all these real or seeming incongruities and defects, when he has moulded the figures into human shapes divine, when he has given form and substance to what probably appeared only as airy or earthly nothings, when, in fact, he has translated the painter's fancies into his own language—one more legible, and, therefore, more easily read by the multitude; then, as we formerly marvelled and were dissatisfied, we now marvel still more at the genius of the artist, so comprehensive, so original, imaginative, and poetical—so full of power and beauty, and we are more than satisfied, we are delighted.

A series of engravings from Turner's finest pictures, and of a size and quality commensurate with their importance, has not till now been offered to the public; nor, indeed, could it have been produced but for the glorious legacy bequeathed to the country. During his lifetime he exercised supreme control over his works, and would allow none to be engraved but what he chose: the large sums, moreover, paid to him for "touching the proofs," which he considered equivalent to what he would have received for copyright, acted almost as a prohibition to such engravings getting into the hands of any but the opulent. The "Turner Gallery," now in course of publication, and of which the first part has appeared, must, therefore, procure a welcome reception from the public, for many of the best line-engravers of the day are employed upon it, and it is issued at a price which will place it within the reach of thousands. Each part contains three engravings: those in the first part are—"Calais Pier," from the picture exhibited in the Academy in 1803, a comparatively early work, but one of marvellous power and grandeur: it is not actually the representation of a storm, but the scene approaches very closely to it; the sky is black, except where the sun illumines the tops of some dark rolling clouds; and the waters are surging and boiling round two or three fishing-boats preparing for departure; on the pier are numerous figures, variously occupied. It is engraved by J. Cousen, in a bold and masterly style, well suited to the subject. "Bacchus and Ariadne," engraved by C. Cousen, a picture of about forty years later than the preceding, is of a very different character, one

of those "sunshiny," mystical Italian scenes, so full of poetical beauty, in which Turner, towards the close of his life, delighted; it is circular in form, and the materials are of the usual description employed by the artist on such subjects,—a river, flanked on each side by rocky heights, whereon temples stand and fir-trees grow; the mythological story which gives a name to the picture is told by a number of figures sporting on the banks of the river. "Dido building Carthage," date 1815, is engraved by E. Goodall: this is the picture Turner painted to compete with Claude, and which hangs in one of the rooms of the National Gallery, near to Claude's great work: the respective merits of the two pictures need not be again discussed in our columns—the triumph of our own countryman is universally acknowledged.

The "Turner Gallery" opens well, and augurs favourably for its future appearance; we have no doubt the public will be found to endorse our good opinion.

THE RUDIMENTS OF BOTANY, STRUCTURAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL; being an Introduction to the Study of the Vegetable Kingdom. By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER.

UNITY IN VARIETY, AS DEDUCED FROM THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM. By CHRISTOPHER DRESSER.

Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

We class these volumes together for two substantial reasons; first, because they are written by the same author, and secondly, because the one is supplementary to the other. The author of both books holds the appointment of Lecturer on Botany, and Master of the Botanical Drawing Classes, in the Department of Science and Art, at the Kensington Museum, and his name must be familiar to most of our readers, we presume, from a series of valuable papers on "Botany applied to Manufacturing Arts," contributed by him to the *Art-Journal*, last year and the year preceding: thus it may be said he makes botany his profession.

The title of the first volume mentioned in the above heading explains itself; but the method of teaching the science, as here propounded, is novel. Justly considering that the first object of the student should be to acquire a complete knowledge of the various parts of a plant,—as of the root, stem, leaf, flower, &c.,—and then of the modifications which these organs undergo, or of the various forms which they assume in different plants, Mr. Dresser has adopted, as the best method of attaining such knowledge, a system of short propositions, each of which contains one statement only: by this mode of writing, or teaching, reference from one fact to another is made easy; notes, explanatory of the propositions, are appended where it has been thought necessary to introduce them. The grammar—for the book may be thus designated—or manual, also answers the purpose of a glossary, by means of the short propositions and the complete index. Again, in order to convey an idea of the growth of a plant, after a definition of an organ, its first appearance, or most early form, is noticed; then its growth, or the changes it undergoes as it advances to maturity; and, finally, its ultimate form, and the modifications in which it appears. The author, however, admits that "the effort here made to give the spirit of growth which we find in nature is extremely imperfect, owing to the difficulties with which the task is beset; but it is deemed more advisable to attempt this plan, though it must necessarily be imperfect, than to leave it altogether undone." The contents of the book are carefully and systematically classified, in the hope that the student will thus gain a feeling for classification, which seems to be an essential element in the acquisition of all natural sciences. Moreover, as the study of elementary botany requires—more, perhaps, than that of any other science founded on nature—that the understanding should be reached through the eye, the "Rudiments" is most profusely illustrated with woodcuts, accurately drawn and delicately engraved, not only of plants, and portions of plants, but also of trees, both singly and in landscape groups, to enable the student to comprehend masses, as well as details of foliage and forms: almost every page is thus illustrated with one or more engravings.

In analysing the contents of this volume, and the system of teaching the author adopts, it appears that one object he had in view, was that of tracing out the unity which exists between all the parts of a plant, and between all plants. He has not lost sight of the idea that a plant in its most elementary form is extremely simple, and that all plants, however far extended, are nothing more than repetitions or aggregations of this simple unit. But finding that this view of the subject, to be fully worked out, would scarcely come within the limits

of an elementary book, and would, moreover, inconveniently extend it, Mr. Dresser has written a separate volume, which, under the title of **UNITY IN VARIETY**—a very appropriate one, by the way—embodies this theory of oneness in principal. From this view of the vegetable kingdom, a special, or primary advantage is gained by the student, who thereby becomes acquainted with those general principles upon which all plants grow, and, as he extends his knowledge, he is made familiar with other laws, all of which are of wide general application, till ultimately he branches into minor considerations that relate to special cases or individuals. "Unity in Variety" seems to invert the usual order of teaching where illustrations are required, these serving, generally, to explain, or make apparent, the text; but here the text is employed merely to explain the illustrations, which, as in the "Rudiments," are most numerous; and there cannot be a doubt that the study of its contents will greatly facilitate the progress of the learner after he has mastered the latter; the one seems indispensable to the other; perhaps it should rather be said they ought not to be separated, by the young student at least.

Yet it is not only he who would acquire a knowledge of the interesting and elevating science of botany, to whom Mr. Dresser's books will prove most acceptable; they will be found valuable to that large class of persons whose tastes or pursuits lead them to study the art of design. Every designer and ornamentist, knows how much he is indebted to the world of nature for beautiful forms, and in these volumes is such a gathering that he need scarcely go elsewhere for a supply: the field is inexhaustible, in number and variety; and to be culled without exposure to scorching heat, or biting cold, without toil or labour. The author's gleanings from meadow and forest, conservatory and garden, yield a store that must satisfy the most insatiate appetite for exquisite forms.

SIXTEEN YEARS OF AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN MOROCCO, SPAIN, AND THE CANARY ISLANDS. By Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. 2 vols. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

The daughter of an artist, Mr. Heaphy, whose works have long been before the public, the writer of these volumes, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, is herself an artist of no ordinary talent: her works exhibited at the rooms of the Society of Female Artists are among the chief attractions of the gallery, and would tend to uphold the credit of any Art-institution in Christendom for the spirit and sparkle of her pencil,—qualities which, as we find here, are equally characteristic of her pen. While yet very young, a love of travel and adventure carried her abroad:—"A vagabond from a baby,"—so she designates herself in the opening paragraph of her book, with more candour, perhaps, than good taste, in a lady,—"I left England at eighteen. I was perfectly independent, having neither master nor money; my pencil was both to me, being at the same time my strength, my comfort, and my intense delight." She quitted England with the intention of visiting Gibraltar and Spain in the first instance, but chancing to meet, on board the ship which was to convey her to her destination, with a Moorish official of rank returning to Tangier from a special private mission to the British court, Miss Heaphy was so interested in his narrative of his race and country, that she determined to extend her trip, and to make Cadiz and Gibraltar stepping-stones only to the romantic shores of Western Barbary: her Moorish acquaintance found a way into the good graces of the young lady by the politeness and readiness with which he consented to sit to her for his portrait; the process of painting it proved a source of great interest to all on board the vessel. Tangier, however, was not destined to be a temporary place of residence for the artist; in less than a year she was married to Mr. H. J. Murray, then English consul in the city, and now filling the same office at Teneriffe: at Tangier she lived nine years, and witnessed, from the deck of a British line-of-battle ship, the bombardment of the city, in 1814, by a French fleet. At the expiration of this term Mr. Murray received instructions to proceed as consul to the Canary Islands; on their passage thither they stopped for a short time at Cadiz and Seville, affording the lady an opportunity of collecting notes for two or three chapters of gossip about those cities, which chapters carry the reader into the middle of the first volume; the remainder, and the whole of the second, are devoted to her doings and wanderings in the Canary Islands.

It might naturally be supposed that a book written by an artist, and especially by one so clever as Mrs. Murray, would contain much that had reference to Art; but it is not so with this: it is a

narrative of travel and adventure; the people, manners, customs, and scenery of the countries visited, are sketched with a freedom and vivacity no less attractive than pleasing; while here and there we meet with stories and histories which form an agreeable variety in the gallery of pen and ink pictures, of which there are many we would gladly copy into our pages if we could find space for them. A more welcome work of its kind, for an occasional hour's light reading, has rarely issued from the press: we use the term "light reading" in no disparaging sense, but only to convey an idea of the style in which the book is written. Mrs. Murray makes no pretence to philosophise upon what comes within her ken, nor is she speculative or theoretic; she writes just what one would expect to find recorded by a clever, clear-headed woman, who has an eye to see whatever is worth seeing, and an understanding to guide her in what is worth telling.

PRACTICAL GUIDES FOR ENGLISH TOURISTS. By AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Anticipating the requirements of continental travellers, during the season now hastening onwards, Messrs. Longman have published a series of Guide Books for Switzerland, Italy, the Rhine, and Paris, each of which may lay claim to the credit of containing *multum in parvo*; the object of the author—whom, by the way, we know to be an experienced traveller—being to indicate all that is really essential, and to exclude all that is irrelevant; in short, to enable the tourist to see all that ought to be seen, in the shortest period, and at the least expense. He is told the best mode of reaching any particular place, and, when he has arrived there, a glance down two or three pages of the "Guide" shows him at once where he may find a suitable hostelry, and what there is in the locality worth seeing. These are certainly the most comprehensive and practically useful guide-books we have seen. To those who do not require all the details introduced into Mr. Murray's voluminous and instructive aids to travel, we cordially recommend these, which are cheap as well as full of information.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN, FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED. A Book for Old and Young. Second Series. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Timbs has volunteered to enlighten the public a second time on things not generally known, when we see, in his address to the "gentle reader" of this volume, that he, or rather his publishers, have disposed of twenty-three thousand copies of his former work—such a result is a powerful argument in favour of continuing the catalogue. What a mass of curious, entertaining, and instructive information is gathered into this little book, which, though trenching occasionally upon Houe's domain, the "Every-day Book," is of a more comprehensive and varied character; and how many records and volumes, unknown to, or forgotten by all, save the "dusty antiquarian," must Mr. Timbs have searched through, to collect all the "things" he here brings to light—things which are chiefly of a domestic character, old English manners, ceremonies, and customs, meals, and housewifery, herbs, and fruits, old plays, pageants, and music, laws, legal customs, home proverbs, sayings and phrases, phenomena of life, and many other subjects; the knowledge of which will help to make us wiser than we are, while many of them ought to render us thankful that we live at a time when the eyes of our understanding are opened to truths of which our forefathers were ignorant.

RECREATIONS IN SHOOTING; with some Account of the Game of the British Islands. By CRAVEN. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

As we candidly admit we have no pretensions to be considered a good "shot," and to be profoundly ignorant of the relative sporting value of a gun, by "Joe" Manton, Nock, Egg, or any other celebrated maker, we cannot enjoy Craven's "Recreations" with that zest which a thorough sportsman would feel in accompanying him over moor and mountain, through wood and thicket. But we can relish his descriptions of natural history, and delight ourselves with the numerous engravings, on steel and wood, which illustrate the volume. There is so much in it to interest others beside the sportsman, that it should, and must, find a welcome among many to whom grouse, partridge, and pheasant are nothing more than acceptable dishes on the dinner-table, or pretty objects to look at, when one chances to catch a sight of them, during an early ride or stroll in the country.

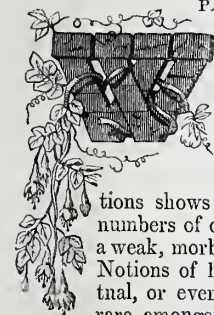
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1859.

RUSKIN v. RAPHAEL.

PART I.



WE have a crow to pluck with Mr. Ruskin concerning Raphael; and why? The reason is "plain as way to parish church." The general aspect of our recent Academy Exhibitions shows that the imagination of numbers of our painters has sukk into a weak, morbid, and painful condition. Notions of healthy moral, or intellectual, or even of personal beauty, are rare amongst us. Noble, refined invention seems almost to have died away, and subjects which require it are built up of the most commonplace, paltry, and offensively obtruded accessories. The character of Hamlet is, now-a-days, indeed left out by particular desire; yet "the trappings and the suits," and especially those "of woe," are rendered with a hideous vividness. But, far more commonly, worthy and interesting subjects themselves are neglected for those which are the least interesting conceivable. We have sunk to goggling phantasms, masquing in human form in the scenes of Shakspeare, old ballads, and romance, to limping goats, to wretched stone-breakers, (pronounced by the oracle the two Art-heroes of last year,) to fantastical dryly painful versions of contemporaneous horrors, to homely scenes, and the meanest landscape objects, selected out of a cheerless ascetic sentiment, and the dullest perversion of Wordsworthian lowliness. It is scarcely possible imagination can be more feeble, trivial, and spasmodic than it has become amongst painters. And in whom are we to seek the instructor most influential in their recent courses? Indubitably in Mr. Ruskiu. It is he who has bound on them faster their heavy vexatious burden of petty material things, and urged them with a spirit intense but narrow, enjoying a morbidly close exactness at the cost of truth of impression, and of all free idea—who, in a spirit part monkish and part puritanical, slighting the human body, is left, except in landscape objects, without appreciation of that beauty, the harmonious union of which with character and feeling completes the painter's loveliest poetry; and who partly, in consequence, become narrow, exclusive, ascetic, ungenial, has sentiments meagre, harsh, and fantastical, like the figures in the pictures he so praises, and utterly at variance with the true spirit and purpose of a liberal art. The true old rights and privileges of the imagination are unduly restrained: the pure is assiduously narrowed with an unmanly rigidity, and even here in our merry England, (heart of our forefathers!) there are to be "no more cakes and ale," a prohibition fraught with

most awful consequences. When, on turning afresh to the works of this writer, we find that the most imaginative, intellectual, and delightful of all painters, is peculiarly the object of his restless aversion, our notions are strikingly illustrated. We have ourselves heard a favoured *protégé* of his speak with off-hand contempt of Raphael, the painter we of course allude to, when it was clear that Raphael is the most perfect example of all those beauties, the contrary of which made his own works operate through the eye, even as a harsh sourkrout operates through the palate. Indeed, so long as this depreciation of Raphael prevails—and we are assured it is widespread in certain corners—we believe there is not much hope in Art for the victim of the sorry delusion. Not that we would have Raphael or anyone else directly imitated; but we feel as if a few gentle aspersions of his spirit were the very thing wanted to calm our petty restlessness, to teach us something of beauty, simplicity, and grace, something of true depth and dignity, and even of the plain elements of good painting. That calm pure spirit still waits to help us. Therefore we think we shall devise for ourselves a good task in clearing away some of the rubbish recently raised around us, within which that delicate spirit cannot, if it would, penetrate with its wise remedial promptings. In plain words, we mean that we now design to examine the principal assertions against Raphael scattered through Mr. Ruskiu's writings. Chiefly they are embodied in a chapter in that compendium of illusory dogmatism, the third volume of "Modern Painters," entitled "The False Religious Ideal," and in the fourth of his "Edinburgh Lectures;" and therefore we shall be somewhat minute in our analysis of these two writings, believing, moreover, that the inquiry will not be uninstruative on broader grounds, since it may tend usefully to put inexperienced readers on their guard generally against violent and unscrupulous writers of the same preteutious and imposing tone. Nor is the plain truth here unamusing, for the solemn blunders and childish fallacies put forth with exquisite grave self-satisfaction in the linked stateliness, long drawn out, of a poetico-theological Hookerian dietion, very often verge on the downright ludicrous.

In the first of the two essays alluded to, Mr. Ruskin gives, at the outset, some querulous, but more than questionable, propositions as to the ordinary use of the imaginative faculty amongst us. He begins with a general complaint that "we place our pleasure principally in the imagination, with a tendency to build all our satisfaction in things as they are not; to take delight in anything past, future, or far-off, rather than things present;" adding that, "nearly all artistic and poetical seeking after the ideal is only one branch of this base habit; the abuse of the imagination in allowing it to find its whole delight in the impossible and the untrue." Now, both these initiatory assertions are inaccurate, even as regards our literature and art:—our only popular pictures, novels, and poems being those which either actually are, or are thought to be, strictly truthful, matter-of-fact, and illustrative of the peculiar dogmas, discoveries physical and metaphysical, and partial advancement of the present day; pure imaginations of the remote character having never been more neglected and depreciated than now. Our own personal experience certainly contradicts Mr. Ruskiu's views on this point, strikingly. It has been an old complaint with us that the conceptions and sympathies of people are but too commonly bounded by the next parish, or, at any rate, by the next county. In the popular tales which they read, no character has seemed in our eyes so much to interest them as the one that might be taken for a portrait of the Rev. Mr. So-and-

so, or Miss Such-an-one, who is so charmingly self-sacrificing in all her ways. And with regard to the Arts, we have hanging up in our parlour fine proofs of Longhi's Marriage of the Virgin, and Muller's Madonna di San Sisto. Rarely can we get the ladies to take any sincere interest in them; but directly we produce any engraving, however indifferently executed, which can show them what Lady Clementina Villiers, or Lady Jocelyn were like, the eager vivacious enjoyment furnishes a contrast that has really often mortified us. Mr. Ruskin's complaint here, that "nearly all artistic and poetical seeking after the ideal has been a delight in the impossible and untrue," is sufficiently answered by a host of illustrious works, including all the greatest.

Having disburdened himself of these preliminary fallacies, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to instruct us as to the legitimate uses of the imagination. He says that "its first and noblest use is to enable us to bring sensibly to our sight the things that are recorded as belonging to our future state," (in direct opposition to Holy Writ, see especially 1 Corinthians xiii. 12, and 1 John iii. 2), "or as invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us," he adds, with superabundance of imposing expression, "to imagine the cloud of witnesses, and see, as if they were now present, the souls of the righteous waiting for us (?), the great army (?) of the inhabitants of heaven; to see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round (?); but, above all, to call up the scenes in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event in the history of the Redeemer." (?) The sanctity of some of these words and separate images ought not to deter us from reproaching the absurdity with which they are put together and misapplied. Simply, this so-styled noblest use of the imagination is an impossibility. Try to imagine but one loved spirit who has departed from you, the one most familiar with yours when on earth, and you will soon perceive the vainness of the attempt; and reason, in alarm, will forbid a persistence in that which would but wrap you in morbid and delusive visions, destructive of the balance of mind, and likely to produce fruits worthy of Bedlam, rather than of any holier place. Indeed, the supposed realization by the writer of such metaphorical ideas as "the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round" shows (if anything) an imagination already partly disordered by such mental habits as he suggests. We affectionately entreat ardent young Ruskinians to pause before they think of dedicating their imagination to any of these, its highest offices, or, at all events, carefully to consult Dr. Conolly before they do so.*

* The heavenly anticipations promised by the Gospel we humbly conceive to be purely spiritual conceptions and emotions, not distinct imaginative perceptions of the class alluded to by Mr. Ruskin; a foretaste of that enlargement and exaltation of spirit to be enjoyed hereafter, not an apprehension of heavenly *imagery*—the mind having absolutely no power that way, beyond the arbitrary and heterogeneous combination of such things as we have here seen. Dante's "Paradiso" may well convince us how hopeless is the endeavour to *imagine* the glorious hereafter. His feelings are ecstatic, and sometimes exalted, but the visible things he meets with consist of but a few ordinary ornaments of our nether sphere, now and then combined with considerable beauty of fancy, but more commonly grouped into signs and emblems which have but the effect of theological puzzles. In the luminous rapture of his soaring, he smiles with contempt at the mean aspect of our little globe beneath him, and yet, in his highest heaven, the beauties are only combinations, and sometimes puerile and fantastical ones, of common little things in that little world so disdained. In so far as Dante can preserve his sympathies for his mother earth, and for sound humanity, he is great and delightful, but where it is otherwise, he abundantly illustrates the grand truth, that in ascetically abstracting ourselves from our appointed native sphere, we only soar to the contemplation of transcendental nothing, and a mere idealism of self. In his remotest flights, Dante, still accompanied by the arid tediousness of school divines, rises but to an excitement too much alloyed by his worst peculiarities to look like heavenly love, ending his sallies in a luminous *blank*—dazzled intoxication, and weak bewilderment. Let us, therefore, gently strengthen

Some of Mr. Ruskin's second and ordinary uses of the imagination are conceived in a better spirit; and, like a little thread of gold in a gaudy woof of flimsy materials, these pleasant words steal forth for a moment. "Its second use in the minor necessities of life is to enable us out of any present good to gather the utmost measure of enjoyment, by investing it with happy associations, and in any present evil, to lighten it by summoning back the images of other hours." But what immediately follows requires revival of caution. One of these second uses of imagination, it seems, is, "to give to all mental truths some visible type in allegory, simile, or personification, which shall more deeply enforce them." This last, (no exercise, by-the-by, of pure imagination, but three parts built of reason,) is a delightful and profitable exercise *in moderation*—a boon to be received heedfully and thankfully when spontaneously or pleasantly inspired; but, as a systematic habit, pursued too far, it is likely to prove highly injurious, and to degenerate into a mere trick of pedantry, easier and easier—indeed, nothing can be easier than it will become,—but more and more lifeless and soulless, till sweet things grow dead and stale from a mere familiarity of intellectual meddling. Let it never be forgotten that many lovely things are pre-eminently intended to afford cheerful rest and relaxation to the mind, and to be the source of *untutored* inspirations; therefore, moral entomology and metaphysical botany are things to be somewhat shy of. There are men amongst us who deem they honour religion by a certain unwillingness to accept a rose unless as a theological exercise; and but too many passages in Mr. Ruskin's works are most disagreeably tinged with that humour, to which we object, even for sweet Religion's sake, knowing how much forced habit deadens feeling, and that the mind has not the power of dwelling constantly on one sort of thing without becoming dull and diseased with regard to it, however admirable and even divine it may be in itself. Finally, after this visionary extravagance, followed, as we think, by a too restless exacting intellectuality, Mr. Ruskin descends to the most trifling and lowest uses of the imagination:—"When the mind is utterly outworn," (he unbends enough to be thus far indulgent,) "we may refresh it with such innocent play as shall be most in harmony with the suggestive voices of natural things, permitting it to possess living companionship instead of silent beauty, and create for itself fairies in the grass, and naiads in the wave." On which suggestiveness our anxious amendment is—advice carefully not to suffer the mind to be *utterly outworn* at all, and to set about creating the fairies in the grass, and the naiads in the wave, while it is yet in a tolerably lively and vigorous condition. We do not think they will come in the least to the languid call of an individual suffering from a repletion of hard dogmas, or a metaphysical dyspepsia, or "utterly outworn" with an oppressive course of theological botany. Of all beings under the moon, they indispensably require an invocation gay, sprightly, vigorous, and clear, even as was Shakspeare's, when came flocking Puck, and Peaseblossom, and the dainty spirit Ariel.

In sober plainness, there is no imagination in these passages of Mr. Ruskin's treating of that glorious faculty, but much solemn pedantry. Metaphorical ideas are forced beyond their limits, and glittering images freely used, with but little feeling of their true spirit and nature. His mental rules and regulations here are but of a brain-fussing, restless, monoma-

and multiply our ties with whatsoever is good and beautiful in the fair mother here below, from whom the heavenly Father raised us. At the least, those who abandon the world leave its virtues as well as its vices.

niac tendency, and would impose a grievous and even a destructive yoke on the imagination of any reader so weak and inexperienced as to be guided by them. Their result would be, not free large-hearted poetry, but a pitcons, petty, self-conscious pedantry masked in her garments.

Having thus, by his grave recommendations warned us what to avoid, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to examine the principal forms of the misuse of the imagination which have prevailed from time to time; and in so doing he descends from his cloudy heights to the vapoury stream of his particular subject. The earliest period to which he goes back he illustrates by a woodcut of an initial letter P, from a thirteenth century MS., enclosing a drolly primitive drawing of the Nativity—a work so rude, really so funnily archaic, that it seems something beside the mark to introduce it into a grave discussion on Art, for it is not Art at all. He regards it, however, complacently; for the hand here employed having, as he says, "no power to assert anything," no harm can as yet have been done through that frailty of faith, that proneness to religious error and lapse, which Mr. Ruskin manifestly thinks wonderfully ticklish. But, it is added, "so fast as the painter advanced in skill, he gained also in credibility, and if he sank into error, that which he *perfectly* represented was *perfectly* believed, or disbelieved, only by an effort of the beholder." This we take to be fallacy the thousandth, or thousand and forty-fifth, as the case may be, roughly estimating the fallacies by the number of pages. The writer quite misapprehends the kind of acceptance given by the minds of sane men to works of imaginative Art. Pictures, no more than poems, are perfectly believed, except by the grossly ignorant and stupid, whom Art cannot step aside from her high purposes to take into account. The imaginative entertainment in the mind of a poetical vision is here erroneously conceived as commonly stupified into actual faith. Hence, according to Mr. Ruskin, "so soon as Francia and Perugino arrived at exquisite power of realization, and consequently of assertion," much mischief was done. Their representations of the Madonna in a fanciful manner, as a beautiful young woman, crowned, jewelled, and kneeling to adore her child on a floor of precious marble, are solemnly and euphonicously reproved for chilling the power of apprehending the real truth. "Their fallacies were indeed discredited, but the real facts not presented were forgotten; all true grounds of faith were gradually undermined, and the beholder was left the prey of vain tales and traditions, and bowed himself to the lovely lady on her golden throne, when he never would have dreamed of doing so to the Jewish girl, in her outcast poverty. And a shadow of increasing darkness fell upon the human mind, as Art proceeded to still more perfect realization," &c. But who sees not at once that the *church*, the *creed*, are here entirely to blame, and not Art, who trustingly and obsequiously followed them; and that, for the Jewish girl in outcast poverty was *purposely, dogmatically* substituted "the Rose, the Lily, the Pearl," so flowered, gilded, and gemmed in everyway in Romish litanies, the mediæval goddess, "the Mother of the Trinity," who offered her Son for the salvation of mankind, as some writers have affirmed. It is saddling the wrong horse with a vengeance—it is a most mistaken Jeremiad, to rebuke in this solemn, deliberate, and highly ornamented manner the Art of any period, for carrying out the creed of that period—to expect from the Italian painters of the fifteenth century the original and reformed ideas on religious subjects.

"But these fantasies of the earlier painters," (as Mr. Ruskin persists in calling the prescribed teaching, the very ritual imagery of the church,)

"though they darkened faith," (the faith already canonically darkened to the height,) "never," he tells us, "darkened *feeling*." It was, however, he proceeds to say, far otherwise in the next step of the realistic progress, when various technical science was necessary to the work, and became the whole pursuit and pleasure of the painter, to the neglect and decay of faith and feeling. True enough: the error is to apply the description to a period too early: the incomparable and wonderful error is to apply it especially to one who painted with a feeling equally tender with that of any other man who ever handled the pencil, and far more comprehensive and varied. The change which Mr. Ruskin laments is exemplified by him under the figure of "the crowned Queen Virgin of Perugino sinking into the simple Italian mother in Raphael's Madonna of the Chair"—an inaccurate figure, by-the-by, for Perugino and his contemporaries rarely or never represented the Virgin as crowned.

"This change," he adds, "would have been healthy if effected from a pure motive; but it was not made for truth's sake, but for pride's, and because the painter had no longer any religious passion to express—he could think of the Madonna now very calmly, with no desire to pour out the treasures of earth at her feet, to crown her brows with the golden shafts of heaven—he could think of her as an available subject for the display of transparent shadows, skilful tints, and scientific foreshortenings—as a fair woman, forming, if well painted, a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir, and best imagined by combination of the beauties of the prettiest contadinas."

The imputation of cold-blooded callousness here astonishingly made against Raphael by the writer, only illustrates, in the most striking manner, his own incapability of appreciating that kind of feeling which the painter, in these particular instances, dedicated to his work. Raphael did not indeed pour the treasures of the earth at the Madonna's feet, or crown her with an heterogeneous and unintelligible diadem, such as Mr. Ruskin himself has composed for her; but he brought to her an offering more delicate and rare—the treasures of grace, and sweetness, and the crown of beauty, the gifts he had to bestow; and these are precisely the gifts which Mr. Ruskin's whole writings convince us that he has but very little power of appreciating, for we have hunted them through in vain for a passage showing him to be anything of a graduate in the matter of personal beauty: on the contrary, his citations of instances of it in the painters evince much poverty and thinness of discrimination. He disparages it unintelligently in many places; sometimes with a poor affectation of the monkish tone; and the word "gracefulness" he will use as if, of itself, without one word of comment, it stood for a disgraceful epithet. Now Raphael, on the contrary, loving these things deeply and seriously, could little have thought that the adorning his sacred figures with them would be interpreted as proof of frivolity and coldness of feeling. He delighted, too, to represent the Madonna as serene and happy, as we wish those we love and reverence ever to be; and having already frequently represented her in various thoughtful, pathetic, and exalted moods, he thought it no dishonour to her, and a commendable honouring of humanity, to imagine her sometimes simply as a mother, pleased with the little, daily, *heaven-remembered* acts of kindness and of love; as in this superciliously-mentioned Madonna of the Chair, where she gathers her child to her bosom, and presses her cheek against his forehead, in the placid enjoyment of maternal love. For the divineness, smiling to us gently through such things as these, it is plain that Mr. Ruskin has no relish, no apprehension—no, not the least. A Madonna released for the moment from the impending cloud of foreboding and care, and feeling but as our sweet human mothers feel, is an object which quite ruffles his temper. He has dwelt with satisfaction on

Orcagna's hideous, monkish *memento mori* morality, in painting "with the most fearful detail" the foulest corruption of death; but the delicate moral here is something *without* him. It is a pity it should be so. We heartily wish writers subject to such humours would alight from their spiritual stilts, and condescend to be entertained by pictures of this class, for they seem to us actually intended to meet their melancholy case: they might instruct them that, after all, there may be something too blessed for a sneer in "the petty watchfulness of maternity," something in the commonest, slightest interchanges of simply human affection which are as a rest and restorative balm to the sublimest soul of man—and more, far more. They might thus tend to restore the broken circle of the sympathies, adjust their healthy balance, and soften a morbidly intense devotion to things inanimate and abstract, which, however sublime in themselves, when followed exclusively, or even too far, demoralise almost like vice.

But, of course, those very precious smaller pictures to which we have just been alluding, by no means give the measure of Raphael's perceptions of the Madonna. He never painted her on a large altar canvas without investing her with seriousness and heavenliness, to the best of his poor ability. Now, is it not edifying, that this, our influential leader in criticism, and public lecturer of uninformed men and youth, in laboriously drawing them to a contemptuous estimate of Raphael's Madonnas, should here wholly ignore the Madouna di San Sisto, painted, by-the-bye, at the self-same period of his career as the Madonna of the Chair? Will he next tell us that she is *there* a pleasant piece of furniture for the corner of a boudoir? Is there, indeed, nothing *there* more than scientific foreshortenings, tints, and shadows, and reminiscences of the prettiest contadinas? Is she, above all, "sinking" from the hands of Perugino and Francia?

No; she soars, she soars! And now she stands awhile on the snowy clouds of the middle air, in all the buoyancy of celestial freedom. She is the most ethereally majestic, the most gracefully sublime of figures, the heavenly queen of all the Madonnas, the empress of them; to adopt for a moment the visionary style, the most divinely beautiful manifestation of herself she ever made through the pencil of favoured painter, and, we believe, the *last*. No "treasures of the earth" are at her feet, but adorning the threshold of heaven, simple love, instead, imaged by two winged children, who, for our comfort, show, with their familiar, artless, genial tenderness, that sweets cordial to our poor hearts survive the grave. The long-forgotten crown, which Mr. Ruskin anomalously and absurdly recomposed for her, lies, probably, with other trash, far in the abyss below. Her drapery of plain and simple wool, stirred by the breeze of heaven, in its rare beauty of line and form, is a far nobler ornament for her than all the barbaric gold and pearl, which our own Milton, in an enlightened hour degraded to hell, to adorn Satan's throne. Her countenance, like something vouchsafed by heaven to the painter, rather than a tribute from him to the celestial theme, is its own *gloria*. She seems somewhat dazzled by her own exaltation, by what is now displayed to her. Her dilated, slightly-wondering eye intimates thus much. But within her divineness the sweet and tender graces of the gentle maiden seem immortalised; within that brow of heavenly clearness and power, still seem to lie profoundest sympathies for those sorrows, ay, and those joys, which once she meekly shared. Those sympathies appear as if radiantly enthroned in Eve's fair form—the loveliest the mind of man can image.—The curtain of the vision falls. But the *aves* of that iris of

cherubim, which nearly merged in light encompassed her, still resound in the soul; and her form itself often recurs, to lift the thoughts above low places, by the might of purest beauty.

But where is Mr. Ruskin all this while? Blindly, gloomily, in the dark below, grubbing in an artist's dissecting-room, purely of his own device. Having disposed of the Madouna della Scdia, and, as if wholly unconscious of the San Sisto, Raphael's highest Madonna-picture, wrought, as we said, at the same period, he thus proceeds, in some of the most precious sentences we are acquainted with, to his own finishing picture of the painter's notions of the Virgin:—

"He could think of the Madonna in her last maternal agony with academical discrimination, sketch in first her skeleton, invest her in serene science with the muscles of misery, and the fibres of sorrow; then cast the grace of antique drapery over the nakedness of her desolation, and fulfil, with studious lustre of tears and delicately painted pallor, the perfect type of the Mater Dolorosa. It is thus Raphael thought of the Madonna."

Of about fifty representations by Raphael of the Madonna with which we are acquainted, four are of the Mater Dolorosa—the only ones, we believe, of any importance—and certainly they betray no callousness. His principal Mater Dolorosa, which is at Madrid, (not without *feeling* in the engraving), Mr. Ruskin, unless we are very strangely mistaken, has not seen, and the others furnish not the slightest data, *in any one particular*, for his descriptions; the designs, on the contrary, are full of true, tender pathos. This cold-blooded verbal picture, therefore, rendered ineffably nauseous by petty arts of antithesis and alliteration, is entirely the coinage of his own brain—fabricated studiously, for the purpose of exciting our disgust against Raphael; and, to render the work still more repulsive, it is put forth on high grounds of religious feeling and moral indignation. In one of his volumes, Mr. Ruskin inserts a long note, expressive of his utter contempt for the arts of the rhetorician. Yet we know of no short passage anywhere which combines more completely, than this one, the least creditable of those arts. Here are false assumptions—untenable deductions from them; a style full of the pettiest and most affected artifices, and, above all, in the awe-inspiring name of religion, an end unjust and slanderous.

In his earliest volumes Mr. Ruskin takes a few brief, off-hand liberties with the name of Raphael, but it is in his Edinburgh Lectures that he first elaborately attacks him. His severity is there based on the mightiest considerations imaginable. "The world," he states (with a singular felicity of diction), "has had a *Trinity* of Ages, the Classical, Mediæval, and Modern;" the essential characteristic of the two first being Religious Faith, and that of the third the absence of it. "To deny Christ, *that* is intensely and peculiarly modernism," are words repeated twice, with a keen consciousness of the startling effect they are calculated to produce. As a necessary consequence of these conditions of things, "all ancient art was religious, and all modern art is profane;" and this great change, we are told, was effected by Raphael's practice. Such are the lecturer's great epical-tragical catastrophe, and his simple and effective means for accomplishing it. In proceeding, he illustrates his assumed notion of the universal affirmation of belief by the art of the middle ages, by citing certain directions given to our Henry III.'s upholsterer, adding, with sententious satisfaction, that "the furniture of the king's house was made to confess his Christianity." Amongst other things, the decorative artist is ordered to paint the king's upper chamber with the story of St. Margaret and certain other saints, the tablet beside his bed with the figures of the guards of the bed of Solomon, and the win-

dows of his great hall at Northampton with the history of Dives and Lazarus. To be sure, this individual monarch, as we all know, was one of our most worthless. Early in his reign, he lost his golden opportunities in France in one of those miserable enterprises which were the disgrace of that beuighted age, in shows, and sports, and revels. And when the lawless, rapacious poverty in this way resulting had driven his barons to one of their grand constitutional rebellions—that which eventually blessed us with our first House of Commons—this same king sought to fill the coffers of idleness and pleasure by accusing the Jews of incredible crimes, by judicially murdering, and occasionally massacring them. He was faithless in prosperity, abject in adversity, semifatuous in both. However, it is some emollient to our contempt to find, from Mr. Ruskin's account, that the very furniture of his house was made to confess his Christianity, and that when he lay tired of his silly sports and revels with Gascon favourites, or scheming the unhalloved means of new ones, (so far as his feeble intellect could scheme anything,) the wood, the glass around him was replete with pious acknowledgment, and the tablet at his elbow pictured with the guards of Solomon. Though vacant his head and heart, whatsoever he reclined upon seems to have presented some sanctified image, if not in the sitter, at least in the seat itself; and his bedstead, and all the little things about it, were, in every probability, rich with theological "suggestiveness." Whenever his exchequer was full, he was the most uncompassionate Dives in his dominions: whenever it was empty, the most importunate Lazarus. "His exactions, in defiance of the charters confirmed by himself, were excessive and shameless. He canvassed for presents on specious pretexts, so as to be accounted the chief of the sturdy beggars of the kingdom."* Thus says the historian. Nevertheless it is an exceeding comfort to learn from Mr. Ruskin that the true moral was all the while glittering vividly before him—in the most "nobly-conventional stained glass," of course. "You see," says the lecturer with grim complacency, "that in all these cases the furniture of the king's house is made to confess his Christianity." Fascinated with this notion, Mr. Ruskin adorns it with his accustomed boundless prodigality of imagery. "There was not a pane of glass in their windows," he adds, "nor a pallet by their bedside (?), that did not confess and proclaim their Christianity;" and he is very angry with our soulless fashionable young ladies for not following the example. Ascending from the evidence of upholstery to that of treaties, laws, and all transactions in the middle ages, we are additionally cheered by learning that the vilest of them were, at all events, devoutly preambled, and that "wherever expediency triumphed, it was never without a distinct allowance of Christian principle as an efficient element in the consultation. Whatever error might be committed, at least Christ was openly confessed." These are indeed the lecturer's own grave words; but one with his eyes only a *little* more open sees that, beyond and above his consciousness, they are all the while exposing him ironically. The noble phrases, in honourable conspiracy against their purblind master, as it often happens, set you on your guard against his mischievous delusions. Yet, truly, had we been of his audience, we should have gently raised our own looks to inquire whether he was really in earnest, or whether the triumph of sarcastic gravity in his countenance was utterly complete, as we have seen so delightfully in Thackeray's. For bearing in mind the

* Mackintosh, "History of England," i. 232.

general actions of the thirteenth century, as described by his own revered Dante and others, we should ourselves rather infer, (and even here we are almost told it,) that this conventional frequency of sacred imagery ought rather to be cited as the grand illustration of that divinely profound old saying, "Familiarity breeds contempt," which is so much overlooked by morbid religionists. In this blending—this confessedly often inoperative blending—of religious forms with all things, whether important or trifling, good, bad, or indifferent, we seem to see that the idea of sacred things, even of Christ himself, had become so staled and deadened by constant obtrusion as to lose its effect; and we find but an argument against that which Mr. Ruskin with so much confidence commends.

Next in his discourse follow some of those brief, rigid, quasi-religious sentences, such as we have known to fall like black drops of blight on the hearts of the timidly cheerful, who are not wary enough to add explanations which alone can expand and brighten them into practical justice, mercy, and reason. Further on, in a similar spirit, we are invited to admire the most loathsome, putrid piece of moralising in monkish art, perpetrated by that overpraised terrorist Orcagna; and so we are brought down to Raphael, who is at once assumed as the cause of a substitution of Pagan imagery, which began to prevail at the close of the fifteenth century, though not to one-fifth of the extent which Mr. Ruskin's words would lead the wholly ignorant to conceive. Raphael is made mainly responsible for it all; and so his beautiful, noble figure, falsely drawn, is held up behind the shaded lamps, a mere unscrupulous lecturer's coarse diagram, for the most religious contempt of the audience, whose ignorance might have been nicely gauged by their applauses. A single person is thus gibbeted as responsible for the change of the age—a change which, so far as it freed the imagination from the wearisome monotony and deadening familiarity of monkish images, (well estimated by our own surfeit of it in a gallery or two,) was highly desirable, and which Raphael, so far as *he* was concerned, only guided within such moderate limits as to merit unqualified approbation.

Nor, we regret to add, is there anything in the tone of this administrator of a monkish black-broth of Faith, instead of sweet, fresh Christian bread, which enables us to suppose that love of anything impels *him* to his task. No love of any kind speaks in this fashion. Tenderness warms and softens not even his approbation. All is cold, hard; not merely rigid, but frigid. His sharp, curt sentences seem punched out of flint, or rather out of Scotch granite for the Edinburgh occasion. They seem mere restless pulsations of assiduously developed little phrenological bumps of pugnacity or combativeness—bilions affections of the mind—habits of invective, availing themselves of that very flimsy old Diogenic device of disparaging and mortifying the present age by exalting over it another, through overstrained invidious comparisons. The exaggerated idea of mediæval piety is but a cynical splendour, a heavy scarlet and gold, coarsely daubed in, to make by the contrast our own poor age look foul and dull.

Besides, it is but libellous on our surroundings, after all. Even whilst we first penned this page, in the inclement season of mid-winter, when deep distress arose, and, thanks to our blessed press, the sigh of the poor—the craving looks of little breadless children could scarcely be excluded from the most luxurious boudoir, we seemed to see page after page of the *Times* newspaper daily covered with confessions of Christ, not simply in munificent subscription lists, but in letters full of precious

charity of thought, sweet ingenuity, labour, and watchfulness. It is true, the name of the Saviour of Man appeared not frequently. But did not the benign influence and promptings of His spirit come forth with unmistakable clearness in hundreds of these gentle ministrations? Benevolent works like these are not all He commanded from us; but we could, we think, demonstrate logically that they declare Him with, literally, as much precision as those vaunted walls, tablets, and windows of our fourth Plantageuet, pictured with St. Margaret, the Evangelists, the Virgin, the gnards of Solomon, and the story of Dives and Lazars.*

* The first sentences of this paper, written before the last Royal Academy Exhibition, may remain as some record of 1858. With regard to the present year, our chief consolation is that Pre-Raphaelitism has now attained that prolonged and complete development of monstrousness and essential weakness, which must soon, surely, lead to its decay, and, in its place, to some return to better things. From woes and horrors, with now and then some force in them, though almost always unhealthy and fantastical, we have this year proceeded, naturally enough, to mere negative ugliness, ugliness for its own sake, and frivolities even more puerile; neither is there progress from over-minuteness to freedom and noble breadth, as admirers have predicted; but rather a divergence to the wayside mud of the crudest and most violent coarseness. This decline is manifest equally in the three leaders of the school who exhibited this year. Their works betray alike exhaustion and disorganization of mind, the inevitable consequence of a slavish drudgery, combined with that constant rejection of judgment and good taste, which (as in the case of all things unexercised,) must lead to the utter decay and loss of those qualities. Though regretting Millais' general decline, Mr. Ruskin, nevertheless, palliates his picture of the Convent Grave-digging, but on untenable grounds, as we conceive. "He assumes that the painter may not have meant it "to be pleasing to us," but only "strange and horrible"—no "sweet piece of convent sentiment," but a stern representation of that hard ghastly Living Death, which he imagines, and no doubt truly, to prevail in monasteries. Filled with this idea, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to repudiate conventional segregation in a strain of that overwrought sensitiveness of imagination, that hectic, "nervous" ardour, which is *in spirit* so much more akin to the condition reprehended, than to the temperateness, and stout health of mind, which are its most effectual opponents; and viewing the picture as expressive of this dire mortification of the heart, he considers it "a great work." But admitting all Mr. Ruskin assumes, neither that nor any other moral purpose would alone make a great, or even a respectable, picture. A mere intention to represent conventional horror is surely within the scope of the very trashiest painters and novelists, alike. It is the rendering it with pictorial ability that would alone make the attempt in any degree commendable; and here the artist fails in his coarseness and monstrousness of line and hue, as well as of expression. The death in life of that nun's face, a staring skull thinly veiled with the semblances of vitality, is justifiable neither on Pre-Raphaelite pretensions of matter of fact, nor Raphaelite principles of poetic art. Neither Art nor nature will recognise or accept it; and the crude gross daubing is here little above the level of the village tyro who irradiates the rural beershop with his pencil. Critical writers, we hear, have attributed much power to the landscape; but, to the best of our judgment, it was a heavy, graceless strength, much tainted with the usual ugliness, and in many essential things wanting truth. That ugliness, for its own sake, is now the object of this most perverse of painters, receives sufficient proof from his other picture of those odious, heartless, little monsters of girls, in topperies of the newest mode, eating syllabus under the apple blossoms. This is the very saturnalia of ugliness; a dull suicidal insult to that natural sense of beauty, which is the very heavenly grace of the imagination, and alone can keep it sweet—its divine preservative against harshness, and gloom, and extravagant violence. In the daintier puerilities of Mr. Hughes, we find a striking want of that physical objective truth, on which the "Brotherhood" so confidently, yet so delusively, rest their claims. Those King's children taking their siesta under more of the apple blossoms, which Mr. Ruskin himself bespoke in his last year's pamphlet, are little fantoccini puppets, or blue-eyed dolls, whose huge heads and shrivelled stuffed limbs, and idiotic types of form, outrage proportion and drawing; the colour, the flesh shades of pure lilac especially, is equally false. Mr. Hughes's other picture, too, is devoid of modelling, and of the modifications of colour by light and shadow. But these monstrousities, and violations of what is universal in the aspects of nature, are quite ignored by Mr. Ruskin; and the painter is simply tutored, most mildly, in soft, luscious, apple-blossomy diction, to content himself with cottagers' instead of kings' orchards, and not to be quite so gay for the future. Never did the divinely enunciated truth, that those who strain at gnats may swallow camels, receive such copious and customary illustration, as in these criticisms. To see how our annual pamphleteer, standing before these pictures, will, as it were, put gross Pre-Raphaelite camels into his spoon, and swallow, and benignly with the mildest savoury digest them, one after another; and then to note how he will strain at some gnat, in the shape of any pretty old-fashioned "conventionalism," which is opposed to the ugly new-fashioned conventionalisms of the Pre-Raphaelites—this is one of the curious features of the time we live in, a something to which the annals of criticism supply no precedent or parallel. We should comment on other works executed under Mr. Ruskin's particular directions, but there is no space.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE NUN.

J. G. Schaeffer, Painter. N. Lecomte, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. by 1 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

ALL that is noble in modern Art may trace back its origin to the thirteenth century. The dim twilight which preceded the gradual rising of the spirit of intelligence and civilization that had subsequently culminated over the whole of Europe concealed the fountain of light, whose beams were for the healing of the nations. In the progress of time man awoke from his mental lethargy, and started into existence as "a new-created thing," after a slumber of more than five hundred years; and step by step he advanced in the development of his intellectual faculties, religion—sincere, though too often mistaken, or false—being his chief helper. Art certainly owes to religion all its greatness; polytheism planted the sacred groves of Greece with the most marvellous sculptures the world ever saw, and filled her cities with temples fit for the habitations of the deities she worshipped. The followers of the Christian faith covered Europe with religious edifices at once the reverence and the despair of all after ages; such treasures of mind, coin, and time as they possessed were lavished for the glory of God—for they believed that inasmuch as they honoured Him they honoured themselves, and considered that by their works they became teachers of the doctrines and truths which they professed. "We painters," said Buffalmeaco, one of Giotto's pupils, "occupy ourselves in depicting saints and holy personages upon walls and altars, to the end that man, to the great despite of devils, should be led to virtue and piety." The earnest devotion to matters of a religious character, so often carried as it was to excess, undoubtedly contributed to the spread of superstition, and was employed by the Church of Rome to promote her aggrandizement and selfish ends; but, as already intimated, it gave to Art an impulse and a power which we are sure it will never again receive: science in the present day makes marvellous progress because the age demands it; Art makes no such advance, because the world does not ask for it, and if it did the outcry would be useless: all we can hope for is to equal the past—to excel it is beyond the bounds of human capacity. Who looks for another Raffaele, another Michael Angelo, Titian, or Rubens? New generations will arise when our heads are mouldering under the clouds of the valley; new nations may people valleys and forests yet untrudged by the foot of man; but they must borrow their Art from the same sources as ourselves, for we believe it has

"Touched the highest point of all its greatness."

These remarks are suggested by Schaeffer's picture of the "Nun," which carries back the thoughts to that period in the history of Art when the solitary painter sat in his retired studio over canvases whereon were depicted the saints and martyrs whose names are inscribed in the calends of the Romish Church. And with what zeal, and love, and devotion he laboured, the works of those old painters, of Giotto, of Angelico da Fiesole, of the monk Bartolomeo, of Francia, Perugino, and of Raffaele in his youth, abundantly testify: so also do those of later date, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Guido, and Carlo Dolce: one may almost fancy they received a direct inspiration from heaven, so spiritual and divine is the expression given to their Saints and Madonnas. We may smile at the enthusiasm and "scorn of earth's delights," and patient endurance, which led them to multiply in so large abundance these feminine ideal portraits; but we must admire the beauty of their productions, and respect the feelings that created them. These artists seem to have adopted for their motto,—

"Nil parvum, aut humili modo,
Nil mortale sequar."

J. G. Schaeffer, the painter of the "Nun," is a modern German artist: the picture belongs rather to the school of Guido than of Carlo Dolce; it is characterised by great sweetness and tenderness of expression, as well as by great beauty of form, and is painted with much delicacy of manipulation.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



J. G. SCHAEFFER PINXIT

N. LECOMTE SCULPT

THE NUN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF
GREAT ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 4.—DAVID WILKIE.

THERE are certainly two ways of learning a thing—the one by going right, the other by going wrong; both teach, and, of the two, the aspirant who waits, and will not begin until he is sure of the right road, is perhaps less likely of success than he who dashes forward and is determined to find his own way, and to succeed by his own efforts. Nature appears, in both cases, to furnish or to withhold the impulse; and some men fail from a distrust in their own powers, just as others succeed from a confident reliance upon them. In no pursuit, perhaps, is this more the case than in Art, so that Sir Joshua Reynolds has remarked, that "few have been taught to any purpose who have not been their own teachers."

In the year 1816-17, I found myself, like Dante, groping my way in the *bosca oscura* of Art, and certainly not waiting to be shown either into or out of the wood. I was courting and desiring information, when I accidentally came across a good little fellow who, as he was a Scotchman, had acquaintances among the artists of his country, and it was thus my good fortune to obtain the beginning of a greatly interrupted intercourse with David Wilkie. We started in pursuit of an interview with this truly great artist, for whose merits, young as I was, I had conceived the highest, and, am proud to say, most just respect. My guide in this important expedition remembered suddenly that he knew something of another Scotch artist, to whom he proposed to introduce me, in order that I might obtain the information I wanted. The name of this artist was Wilson, and, as I think my friend pronounced it, Muster Andrea Wulson. I don't remember his person, but the reply he gave to a question I ventured to ask made a lasting impression upon me. I had been, I remember, a good deal surprised at the practical fact I had just become acquainted with—that black and white did not make the same kind of grey that Indian ink, used with water over white paper, produced, and I wondered by what profound secret in Art this marvel was to be effected. I am not certain that this was the learned query I ventured to put to "Mr. Wulson," but no doubt it was one just as childish; at all events, it was asked in perfectly modest and boyish simplicity, when the painter, turning suddenly towards me, with a look and movement that almost converted me into stone, said, in the harshest voice I ever heard, "Sir, there a' seacrets in the art which, when a man has worked hard to obtain, he maun keep to himself!" Of course I begged his pardon, pleaded my ignorance and inexperience, and, as my friend seemed a little hurt or disappointed too, we rather abruptly took our departure. As soon as we recovered ourselves, my good-natured conductor tried to cheer me, and to excuse the "body," whom he said was "sometimes a queer divil," and offered to take me to another artist he knew. I could not help saying, "I hope he's not a Scotchman!" "Then he just is," he said, "but a very different sort o' chiel ye'll find him, I warrant." I must say I had but very little "devotion for the deed," but when I heard that it was David Wilkie, the painter of the "Blind Fiddler," a glow of warmth shot into my heart. As we made our way along, I determined to take especial care as to the questions I asked, and not to get such a rebuff again. Presently we were at the door of the house at Kensington, and in the presence of the great man, whose broad Scotch accent half knocked me down upon the carpet we stood on. In a few seconds our business was explained, and Wilkie turned to me with an encouraging look, and asked me kindly what subjects I had attempted to paint. I explained myself with difficulty, but he went on encouraging me, and directed my attention to some pictures about the room, and upon the easels that stood there. Presently I ventured upon a remark, and then upon a question, which was replied to by the painter starting off down stairs, and in a minute after bringing up a sketch or study he was just making from a group of glasses, &c., which it should seem had been left by accident,

or placed by a servant, after washing them, upon a table or dresser. The colour was wet, and the bit of panel was placed into my hand that I might examine the mode in which the study was executed. Encouraged by this act of kindness, I ventured to make many inquiries, but under a good deal of restraint. This the kind good fellow saw, and with some gaiety of manner he turned to me and said, "Ye need na fear to ask me ony questions ye please; I am vary pleased to tell ye onything I know; there are na secrets; the art of a painter does not depend, like that of a juggler, upon a trick—it a' comes out o' study and reflection, nothing else." I was attempting some profusion in my thanks, but he stopped me, and directed my attention to the two small pictures which were then standing upon the easels. These, I remember, were the "Refusal," from Burns' songs, and the "Letter of Introduction," two of the most delicately painted and most strongly characterised works in sentiment and expression ever produced by anybody. The production of these true gems of Art mark the date, and point to the fact that it was before the era of *Macquish* had fairly set in. It had not then touched Wilkie at all events, and it would have been better if it never had. For delicacy of execution, and for true finish, these little pictures send Pre-Raphaelitism where it ought to go, and betray, in a peculiar way, the impotency of Ruskinism. It is worth the while of the nostrum-mongers and Macquishpits of the day, to look at and to study these exquisite works of the brush: they are executed in the same manner in which David Teniers painted, and are unclotted, clean, transparent, pulpy, and substantial, without the factitious aid of a slimy medium, and of course they remain firm and unchanged to the present hour.

Of course I asked about the material, the medium with which they were painted, and learnt that the first was simply old linseed oil, thinned with turpentine. At that time the chromes had not been invented. The reds and orange tints, he told me, were principally compounds of vermilion with yellow ochre, which, he remarked, was a heavy colour, and did not mix in a friendly way with the vermilion. He spoke of light or Venetian red, also, as a heavy colour, and regretted that red lead could not be depended upon in oil colour. When I told him that, in my ignorance of the material, I had mixed red lead and verdigris, and used them for the pleasant grey they made, he laughed and said, "Weel, ye could not have done better to bring mischief about in a speedy way." This kind-hearted man listened very patiently and replied very readily to all I asked. Of course, he recommended the close and unremitting study of Nature as the surest guide. As long as this was kept in sight, he said, he regarded all processes with indifference; and that it mattered but little upon what grounds, with what instruments, or with what materials pictures were painted. He remarked that artists had wasted a great deal of very useful time upon very useless studies in these respects; that there were many ways of arriving at the same end, and that most artists took both the means and the road that suited them best, or was best adapted to their peculiar powers.

The whole of this conversation impressed me strongly. Two points were conspicuous and memorable in it: these were, first, that very little indeed could be taught, and that every aspirant and labourer must depend upon himself. For myself, I must say I felt this as the grand lesson I received from David Wilkie. This grand lesson it is which is reiterated in a thousand ways in the practical life of every artist, and is the only certain course to originality, even though it fail, and lead to nothing; then it proves the saddest of all truths—that the aspirant has mistaken his powers.

In his pursuit of Art, Wilkie fully illustrated the doctrine he held and preached. Had this not been the case, his earliest productions would probably have had that false promise in them which is the pure direct result of imitation, and which so often deceives those who attempt to judge of the capabilities of beginners; but (the fact is curious) they had not even this. In the exhibition of Wilkie's pictures at the British Gallery were placed two of the first productions of his pencil, but these had so little promise in them,—such an absolute deficiency and indication of all pictorial power

and capacity,—that, after remaining exposed for two weeks, they were withdrawn by some friends, fastidiously jealous of his reputation. This was a pity, as it would have furnished evidence of the difficulty of judging of the first-fruits of an aspirant's powers, and have furnished a proof that where no promise is given, great results may nevertheless be in attendance, and at hand. It would also have corroborated Wilkie's own remark on the importance of self-dependence, and that there is a better prospect of success for the aspirant who produces what is worthless, than for the imitator, who flies to conventionalism, ever at the service of the feeble, and easily made available to deceive the weak judgment of the unenlightened.

That Wilkie trusted to the native power in him is certain enough, since he changed his style, as it is called, at least five or six times in his professional career, and this without becoming the imitator of anybody. All and every one of these changes were experiments made upon himself and his own capabilities—assertions of his own independence, and the determination to think for himself.

But another and a far more important change still awaited him, and would inevitably have taken place, had not death prematurely interrupted the course of his highly interesting artistic career. It has been seen but by few artists, while the world is altogether too ignorant of Art to have caught the slightest impression of what was pending. Whoever remembers the exhibition of the drawings and studies which were exhibited after the painter's return from the East, might have discovered that he had been in a sphere of instruction pregnant with new elements of colour, and that, as in the "Penny Wedding," a chromatic new birth awaited him. It was easy for the cultivated eye to perceive that a new light was about to break in, of a kind of which there was no evidence in the productions of his previous practice. It was clear that the *varied greys*, worn by the people he had been among, were about to unite the cold, crude blues and reds, and other unbroken tints introduced into the ordinary combinations and compositions of colours observable in his works. It is clear to the common critic that Wilkie had the true feeling for colour; and it will ever be matter of the most serious regret to the enlightened that he did not live to realize and perfect what he had just seized in the opportunity that had offered itself, and in the scenes with which he closed his valuable life.

The practical course pursued by Wilkie offers the most valuable lesson the world of Art has ever received. He had been a shrewd and watchful observer all his life; he had lived surrounded by, and had studied closely, the best examples of Art, and had, in his practice, given ample evidence of his powers to seize, and his great capabilities to do; but he had nevertheless missed an excellence which till now had only presented itself in pictures and not in life—not in the living examples which, as a matter of course, became his models.

As in every point in the lore of Art ignorance and false notions prevail, so in that which insists on a large and varied collection of works of Art for professional study there is a similar error. As an axiom of real wisdom and experimental truth, it is abundantly proved that the produced and applied thing is not in itself sufficient to teach; but that the true impression must come through an acquaintance with principles—the true knowledge through study, assisted by practice. People may go to exhibitions of pictures—stare, wonder, and admire, and be as ignorant of the real merits of Art at the end of a long life as at the beginning. I have known even dealers in pictures, men of good sense and average taste, and whose livelihood depended on a certain kind of acquaintance with pictures, as ignorant of the merits and the aims of Art as mere children. In the same way the history of Art, in its progress and decline, clearly prove that the possession of examples has neither advanced it nor retarded its fall. Real artistic force is a power obtained by absorption, and in no way from plagiarism of any kind. The mere pretender gives examples of a certain kind of excellence by imitation only, while that produced by the true artist is ever *per se*; while the mere connoisseur learns just enough to distinguish one example from another, without ever knowing what are the true qualities of Art, or what should be common to all its produc-

tions. Artists afford evidence of this truth as much as the common observer; and the great man who is the subject of this little essay is a striking example in proof. With powers superior to most men,—with an earnest study and scrutiny adopted by few,—with abundant opportunities, David Wilkie remained untouched until *impression from living examples* was about to be converted into knowledge, applied and reduced to practice. It is not intended to be said that pictures had done nothing for this great aspirant in Art,—one whose greatness was built upon reflection; but in comparison it was nothing, since, taking for example the article of colour, forty years of exposure to impression, aided by study, failed to achieve that which, among the living examples in the East, took place in six months!

In the largest collection of pictures existing in the world, and in such a one as it would be vain to expect should ever be got and held together for any efficient purpose of study, there would still be but few examples of chromatic combination, when compared with what takes place in one single hour, where the lesson comes from life and nature—from the real living and existing ingredients fortuitously combined. Something in the way in which we may suppose it to take place in a kaleidoscope, could the particulars and ingredients be of the true and varied character, such as is found in life and nature among the people, who in themselves and the costumes they wear present the required combinations and effects. But here, of course, only a very imperfect result would take place. As regards pictures, it is clear that a picture can offer but one example, where, for the purpose of instruction, thousands are required; and thus it happens, as has been said, that the applied and practised thing teaches but in a very small degree. An ordinary collection of pictures constitutes no important school for artists, and beyond mere matter of amusement is utterly useless to the public. It may be regarded as a great misfortune to the interests of taste that David Wilkie never put this important fact, deduced from his practice, into ordinary language; but it may be fearlessly said that the character of his genius and the course he pursued in Art proclaimed this to the world in language as plain as that in every day use. Wilkie knew all Art, yet it had but small influence upon his practice; one short and hasty journey to the East, among the people and the scenes reflecting new and varied elements of colour, changed his whole being as a colourist, and would, had he lived, have made him one of the highest examples that ever adorned Art. Colour was the *forte* of Wilkie rather than any other quality of Art. It was not *humour*, for he had in that but a very confined scope—compare him with Tom Hood, as far as they can be compared. Certainly, he was without the remotest conception of beauty or grace—think of Raphael. Even in character he was very confined, whilst in expression he was great, and in what he attempted a perfect master. His "Columbus" exalts him far above all modern competition, while the keenness, scrutiny, and suspicion depicted in the figure and face of the old gentleman to whom the letter of introduction is presented, the female looking into the tea-pot, and the boy with the cut finger, are examples rare indeed, perhaps matchless. Expression is excellent everywhere, but Wilkie's true power was in colour. The loose, free style he adopted in the middle period of his career, especially in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," is beautifully calculated by its unmixed, its disunited tinting, to give cleanness, brightness, and effect to colour. Wilkie was also a man of deep and serious reflection in his art, so that the influence of his instruction would not have acted and subsided in one single or in a few specimens, as often happens with artists who make an accidental hit; it would have been absorbed, and assimilated, and become a part of him, and nothing he produced would have come forth unadorned and unexalted by his newly-acquired power. When one reflects on the cold leaden treatment all subjects received in the conventionalism of English Art, and that this never affected Wilkie, we have reasons to feel certain that he would have become, not only a regenerator, but the Titian of native art.

It was perhaps twenty years after my first memorable interview with Wilkie that I met him one evening at the house of Allan Cunningham, a sadly altered and a shattered man. He was then

about to start for Spain, where he rallied, and returned laden with the newly-acquired riches of his keen and close observation. At that time an intercourse with the world had taught me something, and I listened to the clear, deep, and learned remarks which fell from him with a full sense and conviction that such powers of intelligence carried into Art, where unfortunately there is so small a stock, could not fail to achieve great and extraordinary things. Irving the preacher, Barry Cornwall, and other choice spirits were there, but their brilliancy in no way eclipsed the solid, steady light given out by Wilkie: perhaps I admired him beyond his claims that he was an artist. Wilkie was of tall stature, angular and bony, but now rather stooping and emaciated. His head was of the round type, and his hair sandy. The upper part of his face broad, with cheekbones high; eyes light and grey, and with an expression severe and searching. His nose rounded and compact, with mouth spreading, but closing firmly. On the whole, there was nothing pleasing or inviting in his aspect. Amongst his compeers he was marked by a kind of dry, cold humour, and, judging from the anecdotes told of him, he would submit to be joked, and sometimes venture upon a witticism, or a repartee. It seems that the severity seen in his outward man produced only a simple seriousness and quietude within. The statue of him in the vestibule of the National Gallery resembles him more at the age of thirty than at that at which he died; but, on the whole, conveys a tolerably correct impression of his personal appearance.

ENGLISH HOMES:

AS THEY ARE, AND MAY BE, IN FURNISHING AND DECORATION.

THE homes of this country present many phases of attraction, and furnish abundant scope for reflection. The moralist sees them from one point of view, the statesman beholds them from another, the social reformer fixes his gaze upon their ills, and the state educator dwells upon the want to which all ills are supposed to be attributed. These and many others, enlightened and benevolent, are doing good service to the people and their homes, and should have all honour for their intentions and their works. Still, every section has its *specialities*, and the *Art-Journal* will prove itself a help rather than a hindrance, to all interested in the general refinement and elevation of Englishmen, by first glancing at what homes are, and then showing what they might be made, by a little popular knowledge on matters connected with taste and decoration. A rapid sketch of homes as they are, from the cottage to the palace, compared with homes as they might be, shall, therefore, form the subject of this and following papers; and while principles shall not be ignored, how practically to secure more pleasure-giving and instructive homes shall be the chief object sought.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the general influence of home education upon children—among the thoughtful of all ranks that is fully appreciated. Neither is it necessary to insist upon the difficulty of outrooting false prejudices, or habits of thought contracted in youth; nor can it be doubted that the example of all around is carrying on an involuntary education of the mind, which is bending it silently, but more powerfully, than the precepts of parents or the lessons of teachers; and from these admitted truths, the homes of England may be first glanced at. If this involuntary education be going forward almost exclusively through the eye, and if everything seen is leaving some impression on the mind, how few parents and guardians are alive to the duty of providing that these impressions shall be those only of taste, elegance, and beauty! The present notion is, that anything is good enough for the nursery: the cheapest paper-hangings cover the walls, and the cast-off furniture from all other rooms is good enough for children to destroy; but those who so act forget that such decisions have most important bearings on the optical and mental education of their children; and those nursed and nurtured amidst distorted forms and vulgar incongruities of colour, cannot be blamed for being what their education makes them. Parents wisely secure

the best nurses and teachers within their means, as most advantageous to the children; but how few appreciate the fact that everything around, whether home be a cottage or castle, is daily impressing indelible lessons of elegance or vulgarity upon the minds of children—that the chairs in every room, and the carpets on every floor, the ornaments on the mantel-shelf, and prints or pictures on the wall, are each educating the eye more successfully, and forming the minds more surely, than the lessons of the schoolroom, the books in the library, or the admonitions of the parlour. With this feeling emerging into a recognised truth, it is not wonderful that increased attention to taste and domestic embellishment should be considered essential to the full development of home influences, and the due discharge of parental responsibilities.

The multitude suppose (for they cannot be said to believe what they have never examined or thought over) that everything pertaining to taste and style in the "doing up" of a house is the exclusive inheritance of the rich; and the working classes are especially prone to that listlessness of feeling on such subjects which would throw the burden of teaching children elegance and taste on the shoulders of the wealthy. The cotter or the artisan supposes, and acts on the supposition, that to teach a son to distinguish between good and bad forms, belongs to the same class of accomplishments as French or fencing, and that while all may be included in the education of a gentleman, the children of the working classes cannot expect indulgence in such luxuries. Nor is this feeling confined to the working classes, although, as shall be shown, it is more destructive to them and their children than to their richer neighbours. The influences of home and parental responsibilities are not confined to the richer classes of society; and if the surroundings of home be perpetually educating the eyes of children in lessons of elegance or the reverse, it will not be difficult to show that peculiar responsibilities rest upon those whose children must be trained to labour, and who will live comfortably just in proportion as that labour is increased in value through increased taste and skill. As has been demonstrated at length elsewhere,* this subject of home embellishment and taste may be a matter of pleasure to the rich, but it is a matter of wages and comfort to the labouring classes; and to them one half of what they receive as education, small as that may be, is worthless as a means of living, compared with the money advantages that would accrue from having the young mind trained to familiarity with fine forms and harmonious arrangements, but which, unfortunately, both for parents and children, are the kinds of instruction most neglected both at home and in the school-house. Take a cottage as it was twenty years since, and what were the daily lessons it enforced on children in matters of taste? Even low walls and unceiled roof did not extinguish the inherent love of home decoration which is found to be universal. When the walls were of mud, and the floor brick or clay, the honest, thrifty couple had their mantel-shelf decked with what cost money taken from their scanty store. The familiar stucco parrot, blotched over with dabs of green and red, or a shepherd and shepherdess, attached to some tree or tower, occupied the post of honour, while one or two "jolly tars," or buxom "haymakers," still worse in taste and execution, supported the principal article of humble *virtu*. The girls were educated in taste by hideous dolls, whose one qualification was that they did not break; and the boys, inured to symmetry through horses formed of four square pegs, supporting a horizontal half-round block, with something attached to the one end for a head, and a smaller something placed at the opposite end for a tail: everything in the form of ornamentation was on a level. If prints were added, the Woodman, or Black-eyed Susan, Peace and Plenty, or the Seasons, drawn without reference to form, and coloured without regard to outline, kept the mantel-piece ornaments from blushing at their badness; while in better houses, in town or country, the children's toys were as bad, the ornaments made of delft, perhaps, instead of stucco, but not better in quality, while "Black-eyed Susan" and the "true

* Paper on the Advantages of Art-teaching in Common Schools, read by Mr. Stewart before the Social Science Conference at Liverpool, in 1858.

British Sailor" would probably be superseded by "Courtship" and "Matrimony," with a couplet under each—

"The youth in courtship hands his lass
Over a stile a child might pass,"

and the love-sick swain was helping his Duleinca accordingly; but matrimony changed this state of anxiety—

"But now she is a wedded dame,
Tumble or not, to him 's the same;"

the husband being represented as walking off, while the wife was left to scramble over a five-barred gate as best she could. The other efforts at decoration did nothing to redeem the character of ornaments then so common; and it is some consolation to know that we have got beyond that dreary night of taste-destroying darkness. And what has succeeded? What usually fills the transition from ignorance to knowledge,—the incongruous, the grotesque, and the picturesque. In Art-knowledge generally, the people of this country are passing through the picturesque period of thought; and the still increasing light will as surely lead them, in all pertaining to Art, decoration, and design, from the picturesque to the really beautiful, as increased knowledge has already led those who revelled in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, while in their "teens," to wonder now how they could then be delighted with such works.

And while the change has been passing over other classes of society, has it done nothing to elevate the poor? It has not done a tittle of what might, even with present means, be accomplished; but it has, nevertheless, transformed nearly every article in the cottage, and, with few exceptions, for the better. It is true that the fine forms of many of the old spinning-wheels, and other occasional pieces of cottage antique furniture, have disappeared, and have not been replaced with articles equivalent; but compare the ornaments on the cottage mantel-shelf, or the pictures on the cottage walls, or the illustrations on cottage book-shelves, with what these were even ten years ago, and how Art has influenced the dwellings of the industrious will be conspicuously apparent. Instead of the old parrot, or the more expensive Shepherd and Shepherdess,—ornaments so called, which could only pervert the taste and vulgarize the minds of all whose eyes were suffering education from such objects,—the cotter can now secure vases of respectable forms, some of them beautiful when compared with the parrots of the last generation; and figures of almost exquisite symmetry can be purchased at less than the cost of the Shepherd and Shepherdess.

And if this is true of the art of the statuary, which has been less encouraged, how much more is it true of engraving and its cognate branches, on which the greatest amount of popularity has been bestowed? Compare the prints which used to adorn the parlours of even respectable houses,—the Peace and Plenty which well-intentioned, industrious people, with gropings after Art, used to hang up on each side of the mantel-piece ornaments already described, to support the mirror, decorated by crossed peacock's feathers (and these are the only old cottage ornaments that we should care to see preserved); or even the Four Seasons, as they are still to be seen in the back parlour of an old-fashioned country inn; or glance back at the Woodman, or the Sailor and his Lass, and others of the same class, and which but comparatively a few years since were manufactured in thousands, and spread over the country like a pestilence, perverting by their presence those lessons which might have been learned by the more susceptible minds from the silent teachings of natural beauty. Or go a few steps higher, and compare expensive cottage prints, which in their day cost some shillings each, with those now issued by many of the newspaper proprietors gratis, or with any of the better class of illustrated cheap publications, as, for example, the woodcuts after Turner in the *Illustrated Times*, or the portraits of the *Illustrated News of the World*, and it is difficult to convey in words the progress Art has made in this direction. Twenty-five years ago, many pictorial publications had a large sale at high prices, the prints of which would not now find admission into the cheapest illustrated serials, and really great works, like Turner's "England and Wales," were

left unappreciated, as dead stock in the market. Thirty years since, prints, for which boys paid sixpence each, were greatly inferior as specimens of Art to anything which now appears in the *Illustrated London News*; and the caricatures of Gilray and his cotemporaries, which sold at from five shillings to a guinea each, are quite equalled by those of *Punch*, at one-twentieth part of the cost. The rate of progress in the same direction is at present more rapid than ever. And why? Not because the British population have been taught to draw, or have received systematic instruction in the Fine Arts, but because the public eye has been involuntarily educated up to the appreciation of a higher style of illustration, and the supply and demand are acting and reacting on each other, in raising the quality of popular Art devoted to periodical publications.

The same kind of attention, devoted to other branches of the same educational agency—to the combination of inexpensive elegance with the necessities and comforts of home—would exercise the same kind of influence for good over the entire people. And how much might not the rich assist the poor, by aid which would return ample interest for the outlay? What an air of comfort would a few shillings, judiciously laid out on paper-hangings, throw over hundreds and thousands of the cottages of England? Even where the money is not required, what might not be effected by a lady of taste and kindly spirit assisting, by words in season, the cottage housewife to adorn her humble dwelling? If the village matron knew that a warm-toned, harmoniously-coloured paper on her walls would not only educate the eyes of her children in useful lessons of taste, but would also save fuel, by the increased appearance of comfort given to the apartment, and that certain combinations of colour give her more light at less cost for lamp-oil, the person offering such knowledge would be looked on as a friend, and not as an officious intermeddler; and if further told that green was a cold colour, even with red roses on it,—that red itself was most difficult to light up, and "salmon-colour" would never appear comfortable if the bed-curtains were light blue, she would receive information really to her advantage. But if, in addition to this negative information, the lady could also say—or, what would be far better, show,—that the various modifications of "colour" are those best and cheapest for saving light and diffusing a feeling of warmth and comfort over cottage apartments, the daughter of the matron so instructed would not repeat the error of her mother, by choosing light blue bed-curtains when she was required to assist in furnishing her own cottage. And what is true of paper-hangings and bed-curtains is in principle applicable to everything within and around the cottage.

But while the poor would be undeniably benefited by such knowledge, would there be no reversion to the rich who qualified themselves to be instructors? Would the village labourer or mechanic be less ready or neat-handed, that the amenities of home had been increased? Would the girls be less tidy when sent out to service, because their home looked more comfortable than the houses of their neighbours? or would the boys be less likely to find employment, or make inferior workmen, because their eyes had been educated by congruity, if not elegance, rather than by ugliness? The reverse of these questions would more truly represent the experience of such a family; and they would not only be better themselves, but their influence would be felt among their neighbours. The rich would reap a large share of benefit from such improvement of those whom they must employ, either as in-door or out-of-door servants; so that, as already said, kindness bestowed with knowledge in this direction would yield a high return, both of satisfaction and profit, to those among the rich, willing and qualified to become, in domestic decoration, the helpers and advisers of the humblest sections of our industrial population.

Glance now at the home of the artizan, the clerk, or the small tradesman,—men who by education, or persevering plodding or ingenuity, have raised themselves, or have been raised, above the cottages in which they were most generally born. The number is small compared with the mass of ordinary workmen, but large in proportion to any other class above them, and specially important, as from this

class the tradesman class is most generally and successfully recruited. These heads of families, with incomes varying from £100 to £200 a-year, have been more impressed by the transition state of home embellishment than those below them. Generally, with more power of discrimination, they have used that power more continuously, and have been more strongly stimulated by that love of the picturesque, than any other section of the community. They have been among the first to appreciate that growing excellence which has characterized the cheap illustrations of literature. They probably began as readers of the *Penny Magazine*, and have enjoyed, watched, and encouraged the best illustrated serials ever issued. It was this habit of seeing and appreciating better things from worse that made them what they are—men looked up to by their fellows for their superior intelligence, or placed in offices of trust by discriminating masters. Home decoration with them is a practical matter, and that only. Accustomed to have value for their money, they carry this principle into everything, house furnishings included; and value with them means something that will fill the eye. They act upon the maxim of making all show that will be show, and upon this inherent falsity satiate their eyes and startle their neighbours, at the expense of everything like taste. The love of gaudy colour imbibed from infancy is not subdued, although its development has been changed: the crude brilliancy of the old parrot on the mantel-shelf is transferred to the paper-hangings on the parlour walls, while the hideous forms of the old tree-stump or round tower, which supported the Shepherd and Shepherdess, or the Knight and his true Love, are transferred to equally hideous carvings on the mantel-piece mirror or the chiffonier, the side-board or the sofa.

Considerable noise has been made in the Art decorative world against "imitations," that is, against the not uncommon practice of imitating woods and marbles on houses, the reuts of which admit of such expenditure. This question of imitation shall be dealt with in due time, but the homes now under consideration have none or ought to have none of these, for the simple reason that the price which can be afforded out of rent or general means for doing such work, cannot secure its being well done, and of all styles of decoration, bad "imitations" are the worst. The builders of houses for this class supply the interior ornaments for walls and woodwork, and although they are nominally responsible for the atrocious want of taste so often displayed, still, they supply a demand that exists, or self-interest would speedily compel an alteration in style. The greatest show for the lowest cost is the trade motto, and unfortunately it fully coincides with the opinions of the class who become tenants. The furniture, the hangings, the ornaments, the pictures, and, as a rule, everything is selected on the same principle, and the usual result is gathering together a mass of vulgar incongruities, enough to corrupt the taste of any, and all but universally fatal to the development of those appreciations of delicacy and beauty, with which children are so generally endowed. The accustomed fondness for show, strengthened through a perverted or neglected education in the parents, is in time perverting the children's minds in a similar direction, transferring, it may be, that perversion from one class of objects to another, according to the fickle foibles of fashion. Still the spring is poisoned at its fountain, so that its pestilential influence is the most prominent characteristic of the stream whichever way the waters flow. Nor is that influence confined to home: it extends far and wide throughout the homes of England. No class in the community has so much practical influence over general house embellishment as that comprising artizan's foremen, managing clerks, and those in similar positions; they influence the workshop and the customers more than the employer can; and even masters are more influenced by their managing subordinates than by any other individual cause. If these, then, are content, and prefer inhabiting houses the walls of which are covered with paper-hangings which words cannot describe, but which may be seen in the shops of fourth or fifth-rate paper-stainers, and the furniture, carpets, and etceteras, are selected from corresponding furniture dealers, what can be expected in the houses of the general public, which

are very much what this class suggest they should be? Other commercial causes conspire to perpetuate this state of things, and it would be mere affectation and cant for those interested in elevating the people's homes, to overlook or ignore those commercial influences which must be encountered and overcome before success in the promising work can be achieved. Men with families and limited incomes, whatever their position in the counting-house or workshop, must have a certain amount of accommodation at a limited rent; and the builder cannot both furnish large houses and expensive decorations for small quarterly instalments. Family necessities would seem, therefore, to stand as an insuperable barrier between the foreman or the clerk and a tastefully-arranged home. Happily, this root of the whole evil is a delusion, which growing knowledge will dispel as effectually as the belief in witchcraft. Money would be saved by altering the proportions in which it is distributed. Mere money is not the real want, but that discrimination which shall pay more to the Art-workman and less to the manufacturer of blazing reds and poisonous greens, more for the elegance of form than for the vulgar fantasies of so-called "carved work." Now, vulgarisms are made for the million, and therefore showy things are cheap; but chair-makers have shown that increased elegance of form has no necessary connection with increased price, and a paper-stainer could lift and impress an elegant design as cheaply as a block disfigured by John Gilpin, or those ships, towers, and trees, which rise above each other in worse arrangement than any Chinese landscape ever seen. The want of general demand makes the more refined class of goods higher priced, but this kind of reduction, increased consumption would immediately effect.

Another difficulty under which both tenants and builders of this class labour, is the wholesale style in which blocks of building are run up, and the frequency with which houses change tenants. It is impossible that every house should be done to suit each new occupier, and when work requires to be done to price, no amount of detailed information would help in the production of general harmony of effect; but there are general principles which, if understood and applied, would destroy half the crudities that now exist in such rank profusion. First, it may be taken as a settled point that in houses of few rooms, all in general use, the prevailing tone should be that of genial light and warmth, and this would infallibly destroy the popular but mistaken dogma that "dark papers wear best." The reverse of this opinion is nearer the truth, for although it is essential for profitable wear that patterns should be properly distributed and distinctly pronounced, yet that has as little connection with darkness of colour as depth has with blackness in the pleasure-giving effect of a picture. By contrast and combination the tones of paper-hangings may be so arranged as to be nearly all of one depth, and yet secure decision of pattern and harmonious effect, combined with more substantial wear. Another obvious general principle is, that the style adopted in such blocks of buildings should have reference both to aspect and general situation. Who wants to look out on green meadows, radiant with sunlight, from a room redolent of arsenic green? or upon a garden of living flowers from a room covered with bad imitations in dead distemper? The simple mention of such anomalies shows their absurdity, not only from the bad being made worse, but also by the annihilation of that variety and contrast from which so much of optical pleasure is derived. The same principle is true, but in the opposite direction, when applied to houses situated in the centre of great cities; and it would be as pedantic in decorative architecture to exclude flowers, which awaken such universal delight when well executed, as it would be to cover a garden wall with the choicest productions of De la Cour or De Fosso. Whether flowers should be introduced as they are at present, is a subject reserved for after discussion.

Another general principle applicable to all houses, but more especially to houses of the class now treated, is that paper-hangings which look best in piece or in pattern, seldom look best upon the walls. The effect is almost invariably felt, but the cause is little understood; and hence the same round of disappointment and complaint goes on

from year to year, and threatens to descend from sire to son, if additional attention to such subjects prevent not. This arises from one of three defects, and not unfrequently from all three combined. The first and most common is an inharmonious ratio of colour, which escapes the unpractised eye when seen in small quantities, but which forces itself on attention when too late; the second cause is that false distribution of colour, which has the same general resemblance to truth which a gilded farthing has to a sovereign, and whose showy worthlessness so often hattles and disappoints the uninitiated. The third cause is what would popularly be called over-elaboration of form. The art of concealing Art is wanting, and the design which is elaborated into a perfect pattern in the piece, expands into unpleasing lines and spots upon the wall. A striking example of these defects may be seen where it might not have been expected, except, indeed, as a beacon warning the unwary of the danger. In the lecture hall of the Kensington Museum is a specimen of paper-hanging, marked "No. 47," where the combinations are green, brown, and white (so at least the latter appeared in gas-light), but where, from the drawing of the pattern without reference to the distribution of colour, alternate stripes of white run across both red and green in a most disagreeable style. Nothing so readily displays poverty of grasp in a designer as this inability to distribute the volume of forms in proper relation to the distribution of colours, and nothing is more essential to the agreeable aspect of a room than that these relations should be consistently sustained. Experience proves that those paper-hangings whose forms are least complete and attractive in the hand, make the best embellishments for walls; but although this rule be true, experience alone can teach how far the truth is applicable to each individual pattern. Without the selection of paper-hangings, when these are used, upon what practically amounts to the recognition of general principles guiding the choice, congruity and harmony when these embellishments are used, will be found all but practically impossible. Another general truth in decoration, and one specially applicable to the smaller class of rooms and houses, is that the appearance of size is greatly affected by the style of paper-hanging used. At best, the rooms of moderately rented houses are always small enough; and although their real area remains unchanged, their apparent size may be expanded or contracted almost at the will, or rather by the ignorance, of the builder. Nor is it either necessary or expedient to have paper-hangings all of one shade to give an enlarged appearance to an apartment, because the result does not depend on uniformity of tone, so much as on the uniform depth or intensity of the colours used.

Another important practical truth essential to decorative success in such houses, is that the colour used upon the wood-work should be in tone consistent with the walls. This may be effected either by repeating those on the paper-hangings—the most common and easiest way—or by using the wood as a connecting link between the carpet, the furniture, and walls. When that is impossible or inconvenient—as in the case of wholesale builders—a very great improvement in general harmony of home decoration could be effected by picking in the mouldings of doors, shutters, and cornices, to suit the furniture rather than the walls.

Another class of influences tend to perpetuate present evils: stocks must, if possible, be cleared out, and the older goods are, and the worse they are in taste, so much more anxious are many sellers to dispose of them. A master tradesman, taking a broad view of his own interests, may hesitate to press the sale of such articles, wisely judging that reputation is more valuable than immediate profit; but zealous servants have not the same responsibility, and clearing out old shop stock at remunerative prices, seldom goes without a meed of encouraging approbation. Such influences act as checks upon rapid change, but they cannot prevent decided progress. Neither nations, nor sections of nations, can be "crammed;" knowledge with them must be a growth; intelligence must be digested and assimilated to themselves, to be influential in affecting national habits and modes of thought; and such checks as have been indicated may prevent the car of knowledge from being driven rapidly forward, but they also prevent it from losing ground.

JOHN STEWART.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

DRACHENFELS, FROM BONN.

J. A. Hammersley, Painter. R. Brandard, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 2 ft. 2 in. by 1 ft. 6 in.

BYRON, in his "Childe Harold," has offered an elegant tribute to the beautiful scenery represented in this picture. Every traveller who has journeyed up the Rhine must have remarked how the interest of the voyage increases after passing the small, but not unimportant town of Bonn; it is here that the beauties of this picturesque river really commence. From the ramparts of Bonn, not very distant from the spot where Mr. Hammersley made his sketch (it was taken, we believe, from the garden of the Hotel Royal), the view is magnificent; the Rhine is seen winding a course of several miles through a flat, fertile country, above which, in the distance, rises the range of hills known as the *Siebengebirge* or the "Seven Mountains," among which the *Drachenfels* is conspicuous; several of them are crowned with some ancient ruined tower, or other edifice. Byron thus eulogizes the scene:

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowding these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene which I should see
With double joy wert thou with me.

* * * * *
The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The laughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine."

Mr. Hammersley, the painter of this picture, has for a considerable time most efficiently occupied the post of head-master of the Manchester "School of Art." When the Prince Consort visited the late Art-Treasures Exhibition in that city, he embraced the opportunity of seeing also the exhibition of local Art then open in Peel Park; and it was Mr. Hammersley's duty, as chairman of that successful undertaking, to accompany his Royal Highness through the galleries, where, we believe, some of the artist's works were hung. The commission for the picture arose out of this interview, and was sent to Mr. Hammersley, through Sir Charles Phipps, after the Prince had returned to London. The view was selected by him as being that of a locality with which he is very familiar; his Royal Highness studied at the University of Bonn, which bears a high character in Germany, owing to the discipline maintained among the students, and to the discernment exercised by the government in the appointment of professors.

Soon after Mr. Hammersley received the commission, he went over to Bonn for the purpose of studying and sketching the scenery. He has treated the subject in a simple, unpretending, but very pleasing manner: there is no attempt to enhance the beauty of the pictorial representation by any of those scenic effects in which many artists are apt to indulge, and which, in a view like this, offering few, if any, points of striking picturesque beauty, might advantageously be introduced; such, for example, as a passing thunder-shower, a brilliant sunrise, or a glowing sunset. The whole range of country is seen under the effect of a bright clear day—the early part of it, perhaps. A few clouds are floating beneath the blue sky, throwing their shadows over the distant part of the landscape, and causing an agreeable variety in the tints and colours. The "castled crag of Drachenfels" towers above the level plains, clothed in a robe of purple grey, while the rapid, yet tranquil Rhine, bearing on its bosom some indications of the commercial industry of the country, reflects in subdued tones the colour of the sky, as the river flows onward through verdant banks, and ripe cornfields, and vineyards yielding the luscious and cooling grape. On the right bank of the river, in the distance, is the pretty village of Godesberg, standing about a mile from it; and beyond the village is the Castle of Rolandseck, an ancient ruin.

The picture is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.



R. BRANDARD SCULP

J. A. HAMMERSLEY PINXT

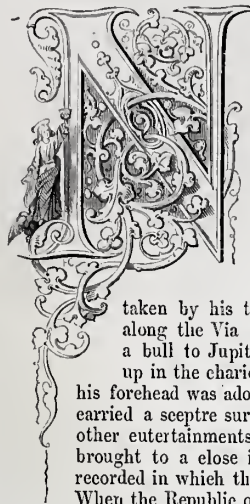
DRACHENFELS, FROM BONN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON JAMES S. VICTOR

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART III.—COLUMNS: SCULPTURES.



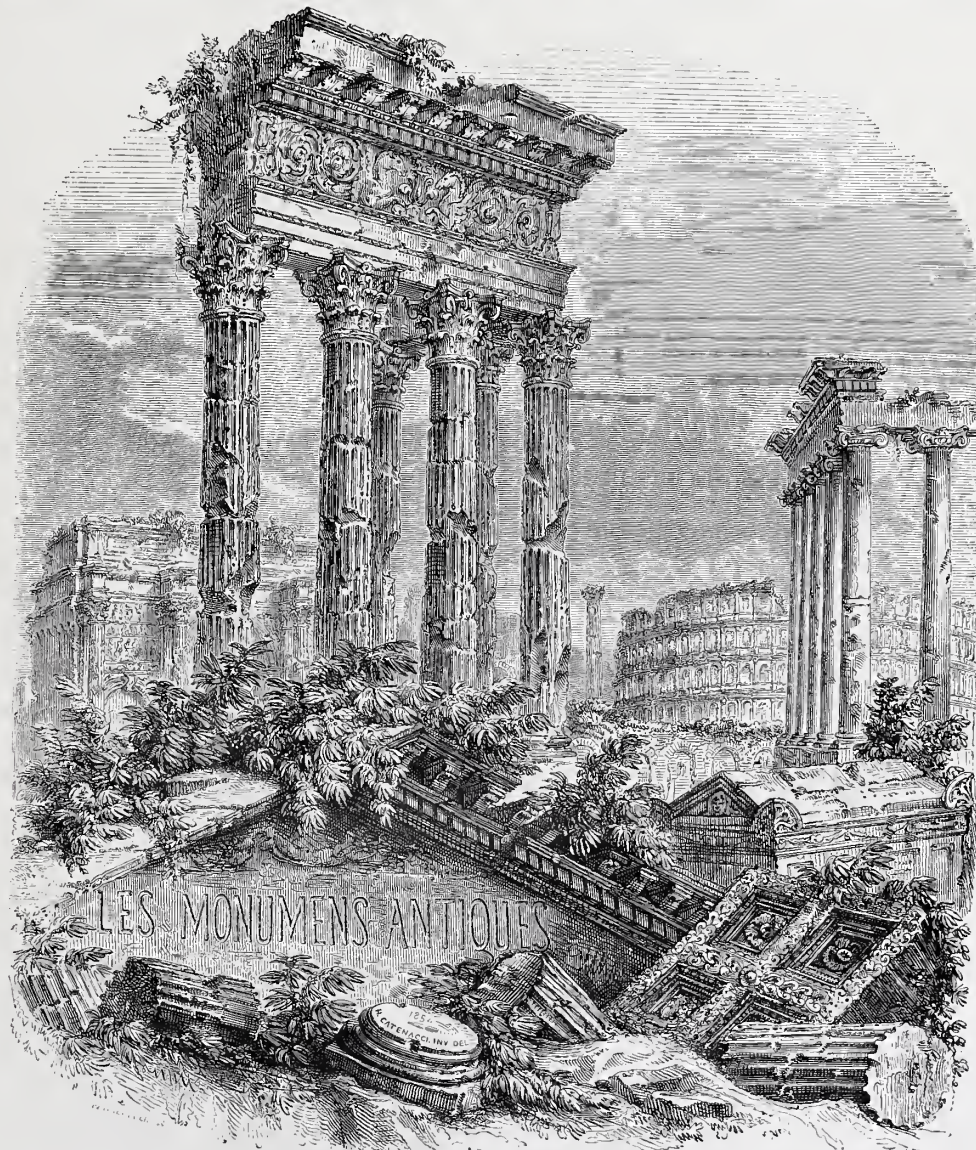
NOTWITHSTANDING modern warfare is waged among the nations of Europe on a scale of grandeur and vastness greatly surpassing, generally, the wars of the ancients, we are far behind the latter in the honours awarded to victorious commanders. The Romans, above all other people, were distinguished for the magnificence with which they welcomed him who had borne the standard of the republic triumphantly over its enemies. When a general had gained a victory deemed of sufficient importance to entitle him to such an honour, he entered the city in a chariot drawn by four horses, preceded by his prisoners and the spoils

taken by his troops, who closed up the procession; it passed along the Via Sacra to the Capitol, where the general sacrificed a bull to Jupiter. During the triumphal procession, he stood up in the chariot, wearing a purple toga, embroidered with gold, his forehead was adorned with a wreath of bay, and in his hand he carried a sceptre surmounted with the Roman eagle. Banquets and other entertainments concluded the solemnities, which were usually brought to a close in one day, though in later times instances are recorded in which the celebration was continued through three days.

When the Republic of Rome gave place to the empire, the emperor himself being the commander-in-chief of all the armies, was the only person

who could claim a triumph, and it was rarely granted to any but one of the imperial family. To these distinguished personages still greater honours were awarded, arches were built, and columns erected to commemorate their victories; hence arose most of those splendid Art-monuments, of which a few only remain to testify to the grandeur of the ancient city. One of the former, the Arch of Septimius Severus, was engraved and described in a former article (page 139); others will be similarly treated in future papers: our present purpose is to speak of the Columns.

The most perfect, as well as the most beautiful, of these is the COLUMN OF TRAJAN, of which an engraving is given on the next page: it stands upon a space of ground known as the Forum of Trajan—as at present seen, a spacious oblong excavation, 12 or 14 feet deep, according to Sir Francis Head's account, with a level surface at the bottom, sunk in the middle of an oblong piazza called the Piazza Trajana, in such a manner that the sides of the excavation are parallel to the sides of the piazza, leaving merely sufficient space all round for a convenient thoroughfare for foot-passengers and carriages. The Forum was commenced by Trajan after his return from his victories over the Dacians; and it is stated that the architect of the Forum and the column, Apollodorus, caused a portion of the Quirinal Hill, to the height of 141 feet, to be removed, in order to form the area; the work was completed A.D. 114. In process of time, the area became partially filled in by the accumulation of earth and rubbish to such an extent that houses and other buildings were erected on it; but, in the sixteenth century, Sixtus V., or, as some say, Paul III., had the accumulation removed from the base of the column, whereby the pedestal was once more brought to light. No further attempts at exploring the area, or, at least, none of any importance, were attempted till the early part of the present century, when Pius VII. instructed the architect Camperesi to remove the buildings that stood on the area—two convents and several small houses, and to level the ground: the sides of the excavations were protected by brick walls, above which a railing was placed, as seen in the engraving. During the opera-



tion of clearing away, the basements of four rows of grey Egyptian granite columns were discovered, from which the design of the *Ulpian Basilica*, so called from one of Trajan's names, is distinctly marked out. "These columns, planted from west to east, directly across, are about 11 feet in circumference,

composing an assemblage of fractured shafts of different lengths, from 10 to 20 feet, as jagged and uneven as if shattered by a thunderbolt—magnificent fragments, that, standing in their original places, indicate precisely the ground-plan of the Basilica." Their original height is supposed to have been

55 feet. Around the area are numerous fragments of marble capitals, entablatures, and portions of the original pavement.

Trajan's Column has always been regarded as the finest historical column existing: it stands close to the northern side of the excavation, and, as may be learned from an inscription, yet legible, on its pedestal, was erected by the Senate and Roman people in honour of Trajan's victories over the Dacians; though it is supposed he never saw it completed, inasmuch as it was not finished till about the period of the Parthian wars, from which the emperor did not live to return. In a crypt under the pedestal his remains are said to have been deposited; but other authorities affirm that the ashes were contained in a brazen globe, placed in the laud of the statue of Trajan, that once crowned the column. The figure which now occupies the summit is that of St. Peter, erected there by Sixtus V., who caused the excavations to be carried out. The height of the column, including the statue, is about 143 feet; the statue is about 11½ feet high. The column is composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, twenty-three of which, laid all the way to the top in a spiral band, are covered with bas-reliefs having reference to the victories of Trajan over the Dacians. The pedestal is decorated with warlike instruments, shields, and helmets: the human figures alone are said to number 2500, and, with the horses, form an admirable study of antique sculpture, as they are of considerable size—above two feet high, and in admirable preservation. In the interior a spiral staircase, lighted by numerous loopholes, leads to the summit.

The other principal columns in Rome, to which we can only just allude, are, that of Antoninus Pius, discovered on the Monte Citorio, in 1709: the Antonine Column, erected by the people and senate of Rome, in 174, in honour of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; in design it is a copy, though very inferior in execution, to Trajan's Column; the bas-reliefs relate to the victories of Marcus Aurelius over the Marcomanni and other nations of Germany; it stands in the Piazza Colonna, to which it gives its name: and, lastly, the Column of Phocas, spoken of by Byron as the "nameless column with a buried base." This work, which stands in an open space in the Campo Vaccino, had, up to the year 1813, baffled all the learning and researches of the antiquarian: at that period, however, the column was excavated to the pedestal, an undertaking, we believe, commenced at the cost of the late Duchess of Devonshire, and subsequently continued in 1817, when an inscription was discovered, proving that it was erected in honour of the Emperor Phocas, whose statue of gilded brass was placed on its summit by Smaragdus, Exarch of Italy, A.D. 608. It is formed of white marble, is of the Corinthian order, fluted, and is supposed to be of a far more ancient date than the period of Phocas; it is generally supposed to be of the time of the Antonines, and to have been procured by Smaragdus from some other locality.

The oldest monuments of antiquity in Rome are, undoubtedly, the Obelisks taken thither from Egypt by the victorious emperors as memorials of their triumphs, and which, under the orders of successive pontiffs, have been applied to the decoration of the city; Sixtus V., in 1586, setting the example by erecting several, among them that now known as the Obelisk of the Vatican, a solid mass of red granite, without hieroglyphics, found in the circus of Nero. Its entire height is rather more than 132 feet, and on two sides of the pedestal there are still visible portions of writing, which show that it was dedicated to Augustus and Tiberius: it was carried to Rome, from Hieropolis, by Caligula, and an account of the voyage is recorded by Pliny. But the most remarkable of the obelisks, considered in connection with the sculptures that flank it, is

the OBELISK OF THE MONTE CAVALLO, or Piazza del Quirinale, of which an engraving appears on the following page. It is supposed to have been taken from Egypt to Rome by the Emperor Claudius, in the year 57, together with another, both of which stood in front of the mausoleum of Augustus, in the Campus Martius; the other is now in front of S. Maria Maggiore, and bears that name. The Cavallo obelisk was exhumed by the architect Giovanni Antinori, under the direction of Pope Pius VI., in 1786; the shaft, which is surmounted by a cross, is of red granite, upwards of 48 feet in height, and elevated upon a lofty pedestal, between the pedestals of the sculptures, and close to a small fountain. But to the lovers of Art, the great features of attraction here are the sculptures, called Castor and Pollux, and ascribed to Phidias and Praxiteles, though the authority which gives these works to the celebrated Greek sculptors is very doubtful. They are of colossal size, and are supposed to have been originally planted on the mole of Alexandria, and afterwards were transported to Rome, by Constantine, and placed in his baths on the

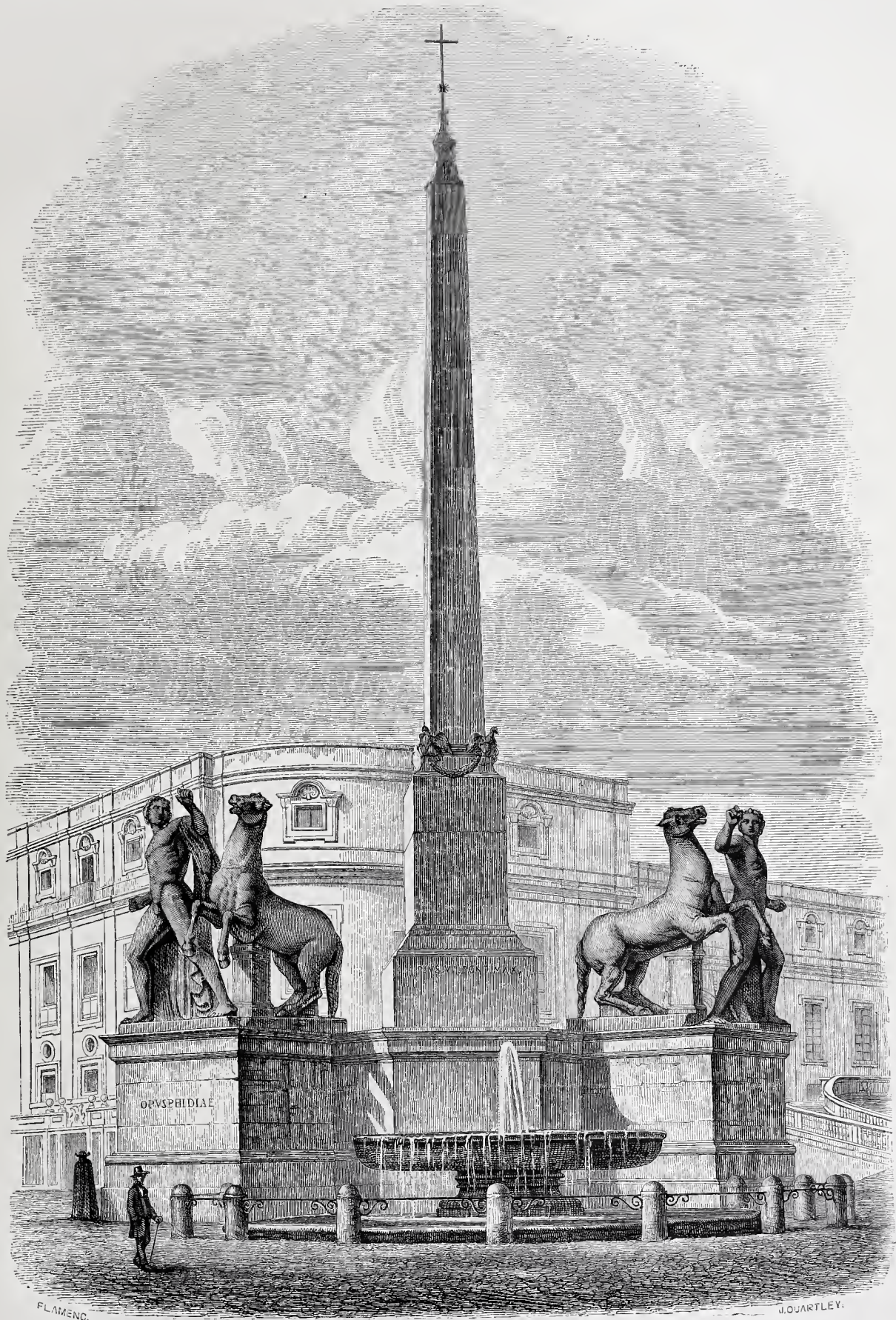
Quirinale, where they were discovered about the year 1589, in the pontificate of Sixtus V., who caused them to be erected where they now stand, and wrote an inscription, in Latin, relating to their discovery, which is engraved on one of the pedestals. Pius VI., towards the end of the last century, had them restored, by Antinori, and placed in their present relative positions, which cannot, certainly, be the same as they originally held. The change, as Sir F. Head, in his "Tour in Modern Rome," judiciously observes, "has produced the worst effect possible, inasmuch as the relative position of each man and horse, as they now stand, is contrary to nature; for the nose of the horse, instead of bearing towards the hand that holds the bridle, points in the opposite direction—precisely the reverse of what was intended by the sculptor—and in such a manner that, especially as the spectator advances from the Via di Porta Pia, he looks, as it were, right down the open throats of each rampant animal, both of which, from that point of view, and seen from a little distance, might be readily mistaken for sea-horses attached to the car of Neptune. On close inspection the figures of the horses, considering the heavy, uncouth description of horse represented, are certainly very beautiful, especially the animated expression of the countenance and wrinkled nostril, as the body is thrown backwards in an extraordinary degree on the haunches." Canova is known to have greatly admired the fine anatomy and action of these figures, and to have entertained no doubt of their Greek origin.



TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

The other principal obelisks in Rome are that of S. Maria Maggiore, already alluded to, which is supposed to have been carried to the city, by Claudius, in the year 57; that of St. John Lateran, said to have been taken, by Constantine, from Heliopolis to Alexandria, and afterwards conveyed to Rome, by his son Constantianus, in the year 357; it is covered with hieroglyphics, which the distinguished Eastern scholar, Champollion, deciphers as affording the information that the pillar was originally erected at Thebes, in honour of Thoutmosis III., one of the Pharaohs, whom Herodotus speaks of under the name of Moeris; that of the Monte Citorio, remarkable for the beauty of the hieroglyphics; it belongs to the period previously to the conquest of Egypt, by Cambyses, and is supposed to have been originally erected in honour of Psammeticus I., in front of the Temple of the Sun, at Heliopolis, whence it was transferred to Rome by Augustus, and erected in the Campus Martius; Pliny speaks of it as being used in his time as a meridian, or sun-dial, on account of being made to show the divisions of time by casting a shadow on the ground: and, lastly, the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo, which also is presumed to have stood

before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and to have been erected by Rhameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, or even at an earlier period, that is, before the days of Moses; it was taken to Rome by Augustus after the battle of Actium. These obelisks were all erected by Fontana, in 1589, during the



THE OBELISK OF THE MONTE CAVALLO.

pontificate of Sixtus V. To attempt even an enumeration of the sculptured works which Rome contains would, within our prescribed limits, be an impossibility: scattered over various parts of the city, or kept as sacredly within the walls of the Vatican and of the Museo Capitolino, as a miser treasures up

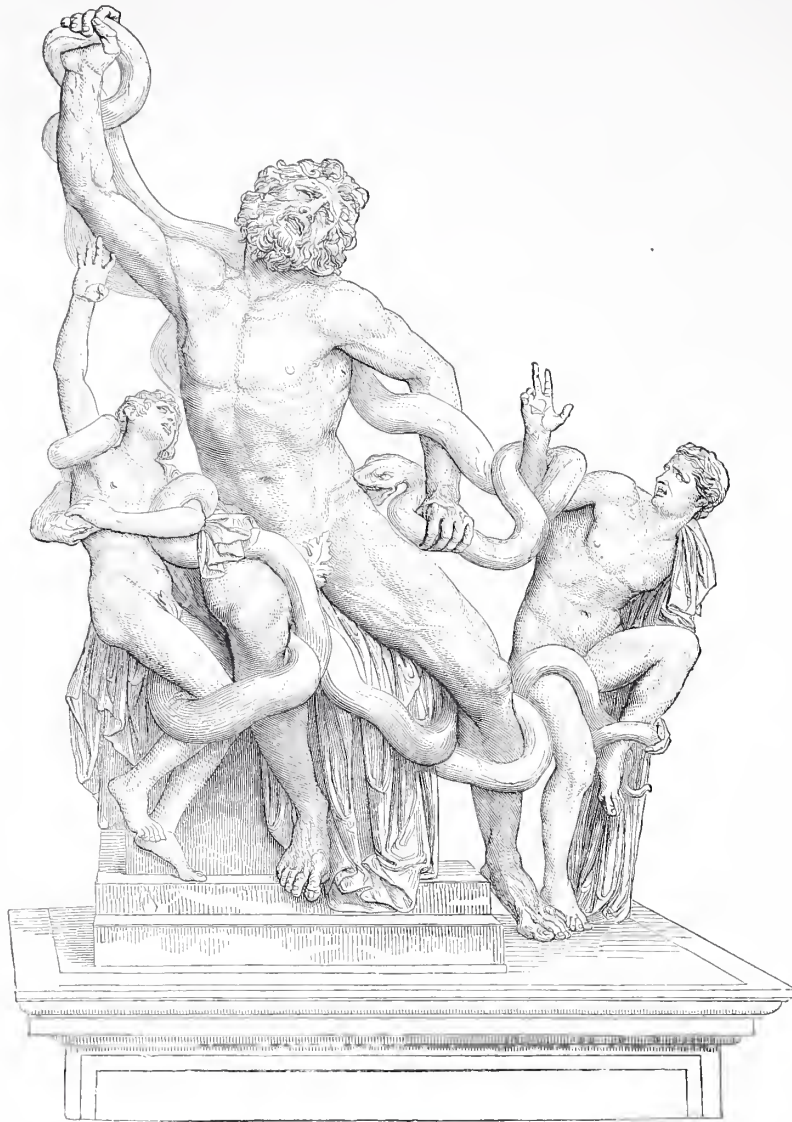
his stores of gold, is a vast array of productions such as no other city in the world can boast, and among them are works which the highest genius of man has executed. The former edifice contains that magnificent fragment of Greek art, the Torso Belvidere, generally supposed to represent Hercules reposing after his labours; it was found in the Baths of Caracalla, is executed in white Parian marble, and was sculptured, as we learn from an inscription at its base, by Apollonius, son of Nestor of Athens. Winckelmann considered that it approached nearer to the sublime than the Apollo Belvidere, also in the Vatican, discovered about the commencement of the sixteenth century at Porto d'Anzo, the ancient Antium, where it is supposed to have ornamented one of the imperial baths. Byron has sung, in two exquisite stanzas of his "Childe Harold," the praises of this glorious work, which has a world-wide renown, though no writer or critic has satisfactorily proved by whom it was executed, or whether it is of Greek or Roman origin: Canova was of opinion—one shared in by many of the most distinguished modern sculptors—that it is a copy of a statue in bronze. Here, too, is the Belvidere Antinous, to which Visconti has given the name of Mercury; it was found near the Church of S. Martino, on the Esquiline, where the baths of Trajan were situated—the ancient Romans are known to have ornamented their baths with the finest examples of sculpture,—during the pontificate of Paul III., that is, about the middle of the sixteenth century: the anatomical expression of this figure has been pronounced faultless by the most competent authorities, though, unfortunately, the loss of the right arm and the left hand destroys its symmetry and exquisite proportions. In the Vatican is the well-known group of the LAOCOON, sculptured by the celebrated artists of Rhodes, Agesander, Polydorus, and Athenodorus; it was discovered in the pontificate of Julius II., in the year 1506, in the vineyard of Felice de Fredis, near the Sette Salle, on the Esquiline: Pliny is supposed to have spoken of this work as standing in the palace of Titus. Like most other ancient sculptures that have been exhumed, the Laocoon has passed under the hands of the restorer, and not to its advantage; still, with all its present defects, it is a wonderful work, a monument of artistic genius, which, of its kind, has no parallel. Most of our readers will doubtless recollect that a cast from this group stands in the entrance-hall of the Royal Academy, where, however, it attracts but little attention from the crowd of visitors hurrying up the stairs to look at the annual exhibition of pictures.

The walls of the Hall of the Emperors, in the Museo Capitolino, are decorated with several fine bas-reliefs, one of which, the "CALYDONIAN BOAR-HUNT," representing a legend of ancient Greece, is here engraved: it is a comparatively modern work, but the composition is bold, spirited, and shows a true feeling for the antique. In this building, and in

an apartment designated "The Chamber of the Dying Gladiator," is this famous statue, found, in 1770, in the same locality as the Apollo Belvidere, at Porto d'Anzo. This remarkable and eminently beautiful example of sculpture modern criticism has shown to have received a wrong title; it is unquestionably of the best period of Greek Art, and therefore of a period long antecedent to the introduction of gladiatorial contests, a circumstance which seems not, till somewhat recently, to have entered the minds of connoisseurs and antiquaries. General opinion now asserts it to be the representation of a Gaul, and that it formed one of a series of figures illustrating the irruption of the Gauls into Greece: "the ligature round the neck, previously supposed to be an implement of disgrace, is unequivocally recognised as the honorary distinction of a Gaul—the *Torques*." When the figure was again brought to light after having been hidden for centuries, the right arm and the toes of both feet were broken off; these were restored in a manner almost worthy of the original work by Michael Angelo. The distinguished surgeon and anatomist, the late John Bell, thus expressed his admiration of this, in its class, incomparable example of the sculptor's art:—

"It is a most tragical and touching representation, and no one can meditate upon it without the most melancholy feelings. Of all feelings this is the surest of the effect produced by Art. Although not colossal, the proportions are beyond life, perhaps seven feet; and yet, from its symmetry, it does not appear larger than life. The forms are full, round, and manly; the visage mournful; the lip yielding to the effect of pain; the eye deepened by despair; the skin of the forehead a little wrinkled; the hair clotted in thick, sharp-pointed locks, as if from the sweat of fight and exhausted strength; the body large; the shoulders square; the balance well preserved by the hand on which he rests; the limbs finely rounded; the joints alone are slender and fine. No affectation of anatomy here; not a muscle to be distinguished, yet the general forms are as perfect as if they were expressed. The only anatomical feature discernible is that of full and turgid veins, yet not ostentatiously obtruded, but seen slightly along the front of the arms and ancles, giving, like the clotted hair, proof of violent exertion. The singular art of the sculptor is particularly to be discerned in the extended leg; by a less skilful hand the posture might have appeared constrained; but here, true to nature, the limbs are seen gently yielding—bending from languor—the knee sinking from weakness, and the thigh and ancle-joint pushed out to support it. The forms of the Dying Gladiator are not ideal or exquisite like the Apollo; it is all nature, all feeling."

In the same room is another celebrated statue—the figure of Antinous, called the "Antiquary Antinous," in the J. DAFFORNE.



THE LAOCOON.



THE CALYDONIAN BOAR-HUNT.

nous of the Capitol," to distinguish it from the "Belvidere Antinous," in the Vatican.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE removal of the pictures from the northern wing of the Crystal Palace to the western gallery, southward of the transept, is a change of locality of the greatest advantage to the works exhibited. In all similar spaces fully lighted, reflections occur at certain angles on painted surfaces; but the amplitude of the light here enables the visitor justly to estimate the labour in highly-wrought pictures; and this, to the careful painter, is the desideratum which he cannot secure if he be not a member of an Art-institution—and, unfortunately, the number of the privileged bears but a small proportion to the "unhoused" talent of the profession. To Mr. Wass, the director of this department, all praise is due for the discrimination that he shows in the disposition of the works, every one of which is placed according to its deserts. In any catalogue the names of Roberts, Stanfield, Ansdell, Creswick, Cooke, Etty, Wilkie, F. Goodall, E. A. Goodall, Lance, Haghe, Poole, Sant, Pyne, W. Hunt, &c., give such an interest as renders it desirable to see any collection containing their works; and that interest is sustained by the numerous productions of merit exhibited by members of our rising school. The foreign works constitute a very interesting feature of the collection, being contributions of painters of the French, German, Belgian, and Dutch schools, among which there is a greater number of cabinet pictures than appeared there on the early institution of this gallery.

Prominent among the English pictures figures the famous 'Alderney Bull,' by J. Ward, R.A., which was painted in emulation of Paul Potter's Bull, at the Hague. A comparison of the two works is in every particular favourable to the former. 'The Widow's Mite,' J. E. Millais, is a large picture, painted in 1847, in the feeling of an Italian, say the Bolognese, school, of the time of the Carracci. In certain parts of the composition there is an assertion of independence, but as yet no tendency to the illusory manner which has seduced many who have no power of otherwise giving distinction to their works. A View of Rome, by D. Roberts, is not the large picture exhibited a few years ago at the Academy. This, however, like the view alluded to, is panoramic in character—a long picture describing a great extent of space. The point whence the view is taken is from near the Convent of St. Onofrio, looking across the Tiber to the Castel S. Angiolo, and showing all the prominent objects between the point of view and the Sabine Hills. 'Evil Tidings,' A. Egg, A.R.A., is a study of a girl seated in a chair, painted with much of the firmness that characterizes Mr. Egg's execution. 'Argan feigning Death,' Egley, is a subject from Molière, recently exhibited. 'Venus and Cupids,' by Brocky,—rich in *morbidæzza*, with a Venus more graceful than Brocky usually painted. 'Feeding Rabbits,' F. Goodall, A.R.A.,—one of those small glowing pictures which, in his earlier time, extended so much the popularity of the artist. 'Cottage Interior,' A. Provis,—as warm in colour, but perhaps not so agreeable in composition, or so careful in execution, as some recent pictures. 'A Calm,' E. W. Cooke, is very like the small Dutch subject by Mr. Cooke in the Vernon collection—and truly in his North Sea subjects there is more of the charm of natural simplicity than in his Venetian views. 'Christ Healing the Palsied,' G. Cattermole. This is an oil picture full of impressive figures; but every production in oil exhibited under this name shows the fallacy of the artist's dereliction of water-colour art, for the spirit of his body-colour never can be equalled in an oil medium. In this sketch there is a great deal of red, and from the paucity of patients, and the numerous spectators, it would be difficult to identify the subject.

'The Suppliant,' Mrs. E. M. Ward, is a brilliant little essay. 'The Flower Girl,' H. O'Neil. A profile study of a head and bust of a girl occupied in tying flowers in bouquets for sale: smooth in surface and minute in touch. 'Autumn,' H. Jutsum. A happy combination of harvest-field and trees; mellow and airy in its tones, and decisive in its manner. 'Lytham Common,' R. Ansdell. A few years ago, Mr. Ansdell exhibited a

picture of two or three sheep, with a partial view of Lytham Sands; it was more highly finished than this, but the latter looks as if sketched on the spot. The place is not far from Preston, in Lancashire. 'Friends in Adversity,' T. Brooks. A carefully painted composition, showing a girl apparently in the last stage of illness; her friends being a visitor, her canary, and her Bible. 'The Bridal Bouquet,' G. Lance. A superb fruit and flower picture, painted ten years ago. 'The Fish-Market, Rome,' E. A. Goodall. This seems to be the sketch for a very carefully executed work, which was exhibited under the same title about two years since. The fine old Roman arch has a much better claim to attention than other much hacknied material, but we very rarely see it painted. 'Lucerne,' D. Roberts, R.A. A small picture, bright and sunny—a phase now very seldom treated by this artist. 'View in Venice,' C. Stanfield, R.A. A peep from beneath one of the lagune-side houses, over the water, to the opposite lines of palaces, the sparkling points of which are all duly registered. It has been painted on the spot. 'The Recruit,' L. Haghe. This subject has been exhibited lately—it will be remembered as a guard-room scene of the seventeenth century—in which the part of the recruit is played by a white poodle, that is going through the manual exercise, to the edification of the whole burgher guard, a company of well-conditioned and soldier-like citizens, painted with all the relish that Terburg threw into his works. 'Job and Friends,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A. The sketch for the large picture which was painted some years ago. 'Pier at Broadstairs,' C. Stanfield, R.A. A small sketch of a section of that nondescript wooden erection enclosing the nook pompously called at Broadstairs a harbour; the material is such as the uneducated eye would not look at a second time, but the manner in which it is here dealt with shows, of how little pictures are made in skilful hands. 'Interior of a Breton Cottage,' D. W. Deane. In these singularly primitive dwellings the management of the light by this artist is very effective, but the painting is perhaps opaque and cold. 'A Path through a Wood,' G. Sant. An extremely honest study, worked as if diligently copied from the locality that it represents. 'View on the Rhine,' J. B. Pyne. A very Turner-esque breadth of sunshine, in which the few necessary dark spots are so admirably disposed as to fulfil the functions allotted them without being felt as spots—a science apparently facile enough, but only to be acquired by a lifetime of study. 'Young Artillerymen,' W. Gill. Some children amusing themselves with a miniature cannon; a very Wilkie-like sketch. 'Flowers,' Miss Mutrie. A small composition, in which a lily figures as a principal, showing the peculiar freshness and beauty of this lady's work. 'The Warren,' J. W. Oakes, has been very lately exhibited. The subject is a section of rough bottom near the coast, with a population of rabbits. The merit of the work is the minute attention with which the locality has been realized, every blade of grass being individualized, and yet with the preservation of perfect breadth.

'An Old Mill near Haweswater,' J. W. Blacklock, is a marvellously finished work of another character as to manipulation, which here and there inclines somewhat to hardness; but every stone in the old mill has its full measure of justice. 'Cupid Asleep,' W. Etty, R.A. This sketch seems to have been made from a female figure, perhaps in the school in St. Martin's Lane: it is extremely pure in colour. 'Love me, love my dog,' C. Baxter. A charming study of a child with a dog. We have seen this picture before; it is one of the most successful of Mr. Baxter's works. 'Summer Evening—North Wales,' T. Danby, is a picture that appeals to the eye as a literal transcript of a picturesque passage of Welsh scenery; the colour is natural and harmonious, without the vitiation of any tendency to prettiness. 'Charles the First's Parting from his Children,' C. Lucy. The figures in this picture are of the size of life: it appears to be one of those works to which artists have sometimes recourse that their works may still be seen, though placed on the first line below the ceiling. 'The Dewdrop,' E. V. Ripplingill. This picture was exhibited, in 1857, by the late Mr. Ripplingill; it presents two life-sized female figures disporting themselves in a meadow. 'A Study,' H. Le Jeune. A small female head, brilliant in colour and full of senti-

ment: to give so much interest to a subject so simple demands power of no ordinary character. 'Venice,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A. This view extends from the corner of the Ducal Palace along the Riva degli Schiavoni, broken by craft, and showing here and there the remarkable buildings of that part of the city. 'An Egyptian Temple,' D. Roberts, R.A. Few artists could succeed in giving a character so pictorial to these upright pillars, the colours of which are almost as brilliant as when first laid in. 'The Liverpool Steeple Chase,' J. F. Herring, represents the field "taking" a stone wall; some of the horses are over, some are about to take the leap, and others refuse it: the action and forms of the animals are those which can be shown only by one who has devoted himself as earnestly as Mr. Herring has done to the study of the horse. 'Windsor from the River-side,' W. Hunt. An uncommon subject for one who has won his laurels by microscopic imitations of spadefuls of wayside herbage. It is an oil picture, painted forty years ago, and in the free touch of the time, without the slightest tendency to that minute manipulation that distinguishes Mr. Hunt's water-colour drawings. The transition from water to oil is common, but that from oil to water colour is rare. It frequently occurs that an artist passes half his life before he discovers the particular path in which he is qualified to excel. 'Shades of Autumn,' A. W. Williams. A Welsh lake and mountain composition of remarkable force. 'Dors, mon petit Amour,' J. H. S. Mann. A study of a mother and child, the latter sleeping in its cradle; charming in its actual reality and harmonious colour. 'Helping Mamma,' S. Anderson. A small picture, exhibited, we think, last year at the Academy; the subject is a little girl in an arm-chair, busied with her mother's work: it is remarkable for the beauty of the draperies, and for very elaborate painting throughout. 'Harvest Home,' F. Goodall, A.R.A. A sketch for a picture of the subject painted some years since. 'A Nereid,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A. One of those miniature figures which this artist qualifies with such delicacy of colour. 'Birch Catching,' W. Hensley. A highly-wrought composition, exhibited this season at the British Institution. 'On the Tames,' C. Stanfield, R.A. An example of the painter's manner thirty years ago. 'Near Treves,' G. C. Stanfield. The views on the Moselle, so frequently painted by this artist, are remarkable for their local truth. 'Interior of St. Jacques, Antwerp,' D. Roberts, R.A. This picture was painted in the church in 1849; we have seen it before; the subject is at once recognisable; it is dealt with as a breadth of light, strongly marked below by a crowd of dark figures, the screen, and a few other objects. In the same year Mr. Roberts painted the interior of the church at Lierre, which forms a pendant to that of St. Jacques.

'Sunday Morning,' J. M. Anthony. It is some years since this work was exhibited in Suffolk Street; it has settled into one of the best of its author's productions. 'The Minstrel,' J. Sant. This is Beattie's Edwin; he is presented as looking up while resting against a fragment of rock: the sentiment of the head is very effective. 'Joan of Arc dedicating herself to the service of her Country,' and 'The Execution of Joan of Arc,' may be called the wings of the larger picture which Etty painted during the latter years of his life, from the romantic story of the Maid of Orleans. 'King Lear and the Fool,' W. Dyce, R.A. The least successful of this painter's recent works; it was exhibited in the Royal Academy some years since. 'Rustic Love,' J. J. Hill. Two figures brought forward with telling effect against the sky and a low distance. 'The Shepherd's Revenge,' is a composition painted by Creswick and Ansdell. It shows a wolf pierced by an arrow while in the act of devouring a sheep. It has been exhibited. Two Coast Scenes by Collins, rather large pictures, exemplify the earlier manner of this painter. 'The Choir of Santa Maria, Florence,' L. Haghe. There are in Florence two or three dedications to the Virgin; this, however, is the choir of St. Maria Novella, and we think the best of Mr. Haghe's oil pictures; it has not the brilliancy of his water-colour interiors, but it is admirable throughout: a production of rare merit. 'Before the Covenant,' and 'After the Covenant,' are two remarkable pictures by John Martin; and by Wilkie there is a subject from Scott's "Monastery"—Christie of the

Clint Hill, with his prisoner before the prior, painted and engraved as one of the plates in the first illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels. 'A Harvest Field,' H. Jutsum. A class of subject which this artist is pre-eminent in painting; the picture was exhibited in 1849. 'Veaus and Phaou,' C. Broeky. Successful in colour, but the figures want grace. 'Market Morning,' J. Teunant. The landscape and effect are very happily treated. 'The Martyr for Truth's Sake,' W. C. Thomas, has been exhibited in the Royal Academy. The subject is the persecution of the Saviour by the Jews. It is a work of high pretension, sustained by valuable artistic quality. Jesus is walking bound, before a crowd of men, by whom he is scourged and stoed with merciless acrimony. The drawing and painting are most careful, and every accessory in the composition has been studied with reference to its particular function in the composition. In 'Vandyke and Frank Hals,' D. W. Deane, we recognise at once the former as the visitor to Hals' studio. 'Crochet Work,' W. Etty, R.A. A sketch which the painter exhibited a year or two before his death. 'Village Church,' J. M. Anthony. Very forcible in opposition to the sky; it looks like a portrait of the "ivy-mantled" church of Stoke Pogis. 'The Battle of Waterloo,' G. Jones, R.A. Well known through the engraving. 'The Lay of the last Minstrel,' W. D. Kennedy. A work of a very high degree of excellence, first exhibited, we believe, about the time of the Westminster Hall competitions. Sir Walter Scott is introduced as the minstrel; the composition is very ingenious, and the whole evinces abundant resource. 'Apple Gatherers,' E. J. Cobbett; 'Autumn,' Percy; 'Ceres instructing Triptolemus,' C. Broeky; 'Sleep,' Morris; 'The Return from the Fair,' J. F. Herring; 'The Destruction of Toulou,' W. A. Knell, &c.

In that part of the gallery set apart for foreign pictures, we find works by Van Schendel, Mücke of Dusseldorf, Dieffenbach, Lambinet, Schaeffels, Troyou, Guérard, Tenkate, Verlat, Corneelins, Crans, a pupil of Scheffer, Verboekhoven, Trayer, Isabey, Meyer of Bremen, Jordau, Rust, &c.

Of the works of our own school, the above are but a portion, for the gallery is extensive and well filled, and contains very many memorable productions with which we are much pleased to renew our acquaintance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL,"
THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF LIVING
FRENCH ARTISTS.

SIR,—I presume to offer a few observations on the general merits of the exhibition of contemporary French art, now open in the Champs Elysées. On each occasion that I have visited the annual salon,—and my first visits were paid to the exhibition in the Louvre during the palmy days of Vernet and Delaroche, those same days which Ingres may consider his best,—and every time that I have thus seen these annual expositions, more deeply have I been impressed with the vicious fallacies of the teaching of what is called a "school." There was formerly, in France, a school of David, and, at the time of its existence, all were imitators of a man of unquestionably rare powers. But now French art is labouring under the oppression of a French "school," and the vices of this school are less corrigible than were those generated of the precept and example of David. The number of works exhibited in painting and sculpture amounts to 3517, and in both departments of art the evils of school teaching are conspicuous. There is the usual proportion of government commissions, commemorative of the triumphant passages of the French arms before Sebastopol, with others in honour of the restoration of the imperial regime. This self-glorification has been a national weakness ever since the days of Louis XIV., and has been productive of innumerable bad pictures. There is 'La Gorge de Malakoff,' by Ivon, a very large canvas, wherein the French troops are advancing from the right in their ultimate struggle for the Malakoff, with the Russians defending the position on the left, and, like all similar compositions, it presents the usual heroic

episodes. Another state picture is 'La Commission du Musée Napoleon presente a leurs Majestés Imperiales, au Palais de St. Cloud, les plans du Musée fondé à Amiens par l'Empereur,' a picture, by Court, in which the proposed incident is perspicuously set forth. Then there are 'Allocation de S. M. l'Empereur à la Distribution des Aigles, le 10 Mai, 1852,' by Glaize; 'Rentrée dans Paris de S. A. I. le Prince President,' by Lariniere, &c., &c., with others also destined for Versailles; and these commissions from the government tempt numerous adventurers into the lists with such themes as 'Combat de Kanguil,' 'Le General Canrobert reconnaissant les travaux des Russes devant Sebastopol,' both by Beaucé, and many others of similar character. But as these are not the works whereby a school is characterised, I turn to the general figure-subjects, and find, as productions of various degrees of excellence, 'Une École de Village dans la Forêt Noire' (No. 58), Albert; 'Communion de St. Benoit' (No. 252), Bertrand; 'L'Abreuvoir—Souvenir de Bretagne,' and 'Troupeau dans un chemin Breton,' 'Amateurs de Peinture en Visite,' Brillouin; 'Les Sœurs de Charité' (No. 433), and 'La Pharmacie,' both by Henriette Browne; 'La Dormeuse' (No. 584), Chavet; 'Le Chant du Rossignol' (No. 667), and 'Le Cardinal de Richelieu' (No. 674), the former by Comte Calix, and the latter by Comte; 'Un Violoniste' (No. 706), Conder; 'Premier Pas dans la Mendicité' (No. 740), Culverhouse; 'Le Retour' (No. 792), De Dreu; 'Les Dames de Charité' (No. 983), Duverger; 'Des Amateurs dans un Atelier de Peintre,' Fichel, with two or three others by the same hand; 'Les Funerailles d'une jeune Fille à Venise' (No. 1229), Geudron; 'Cesar' (No. 1237), Gerome, and 'Le Roi Canaule,' by the same; 'Une Arrestation sous la Terreur' (1256), Gijoux; 'Dante à Ravenne' (No. 1393), and 'Stradivarius' (No. 1391), both by Hamman; 'Le Tasse à Ferrare,' and 'Lucas Signorelli,' both by Heilbuth; 'Le Cinquantaine,' Kuas (No. 1669), 'Christophe Colombe au Convent de Sainte Marie de Rabida' (No. 1794), Langée; 'La Première Priere' (2163), 'Frère Capuchin dans son interieur' (No. 2322), Muyden; 'Une Visite chez un Peintre' (2339), Peeras; 'Le Livre d'Images,' Petit (No. 2407); 'La Famille' (No. 2474), and others, by Plassan; 'La Sainte Famille' (No. 2782), Signol.

The above titles comprehend those of some of the most remarkable works in the exhibition. The selection is limited; but its characteristics are so far uniform as to show that most of the painters are indebted for their position to academic study rather than natural genius. It was a precept of Reynolds's, that technical labour would always secure a certain amount of success, and that principle is fully and entirely illustrated here. There is much powerful and beautiful drawing, but none of the painters can or dare vindicate for themselves a natural sentiment; everything is vitiated by manner, inasmuch that the surface of paint alone appeals to the mind. The number of works rejected was two thousand, and if these were refused in consequence of their inferiority of quality, it is difficult to conceive what could have been the demerits of the most of them. The severity of judgment exercised at the Royal Academy, in reference to the acceptance of works proposed for exhibition, has established such a salutary influence on the development of our school, that we have never seen in any given section of the exhibition at the Academy, at any recent period, one tittle of the artistic crudity and disqualification that any equal section of the exhibition in the Champs Elysées presents. To the powerful drawing—even though demoralised by the *chic* of academic discipline—I bow in deference, and there is no want of this; but any painter who acknowledges the subtle and fresh vicissitudes of nature in preference to the dry results of atelier precept, must be wearied with the insipid uniformity of execution that prevails throughout the vast collection. There has long existed a conviction among French painters, that there was no art in England—the feeling is inordinate, traditional; but, without any fastidiousness, a picture might be taken from the walls of the Academy, and transferred to those of the Palais des Champs Elysées, which would in colour and natural quality throw all around it into the shade. Of all those

who among ourselves have arrived at eminence, no two paint alike, because that which they know, and can do, are accomplishments they have won for themselves by self-cultivation. We have been reproached that there is no school among us; it is our glory and our boast that we have, in the foreign interpretation of the word, no "school."

What I mean by the vicious mechanism of the art, may be illustrated by one instance, and for the purpose it is best to refer to once to some eminent inability. Let us turn, therefore, to M. Ingres, whom, as a professor and master in the literal sense, I hold in the highest estimation. This artist enjoys a high reputation, but it has not been achieved by what he has painted—he has sustained himself by the mechanism of his art, not by its poetry or even its melodrama. He is entirely devoid of that imagery, which in others is a prolific and a varied source of pictures. His power, therefore, being limited to an elementary accomplishment, he fell into a dry and severe pedantry which communicates an academic rigour to everything he does. It may be presumed that the Luxembourg contains some of his best works, but neither in 'Roger delivrant Angelique,' nor in his sacred subject, 'Jesus Christ donnant les clefs à Saint Pierre,' is there any scintillation of genius. That which the instance of Ingres illustrates, happens to all who paint without being able to conceive pictures; and in our own school, as well as in the French, the number is proportionably considerable; but with us it is not so obvious and offensive, because not so uniform in feeling as that which in France has settled into the universal manner of the French school. Not less than in figure painting is this obvious in landscape art, as the compositions in this department seem executed according to one formula—that is, to present the entire field in a warm and very low toned breadth, with trees very loosely sketched, and distances without atmosphere. In marine painting there are no examples that represent water forms with any truth. It has been a prevalent fashion among French artists to deery every essay of English production; but among the rising section of our painters there is an earnestness and independence which will qualify their works with a distinct excellence that will establish them permanent examples of laborious and well-directed study. To the uneducated eye, the difference between the two methods of study is more apparent in the treatment of draperies than in other parts of composition. At home we find these carefully studied, while it is the practice of the French school only to sketch.

M.

COLOURS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PAINTING.

As we advance towards perfection in the practice of photography, curiously enough, the desire increases for the introduction of the adornments of Art. We are not quite satisfied with a picture, perfect in all respects but one; and if we cannot by our science supply that one, we endeavour to do so by calling Art to our aid. It is interesting and instructive to study the mutual assistance promised by the alliance of Science and Art in photography. The object of every true lover of sun-painting has been to render his camera-obscure a mirror of nature, in which he has the power of fixing the otherwise fleeting images. Advancing from the Calotype, by the hundred steps, to the rapidity and the perfection of Collodion, we now see the wishes of the early enthusiasts realized in all things save colour. From the delicate photographs which are now common amongst us, the artist is eager, perhaps too eager, to borrow the beautiful detail, which ever charms by its finish and its minuteness. On the other hand, notwithstanding the discoveries of Becquerel and Niepce, since we are not able to copy nature in the variety and charm of colour, the photographer is glad to receive the aid of the artist in imparting those tints which so greatly increase the beauty of his picture. Seeing that more than fifteen years have passed since it was boldly stated that photographs coloured by the solar rays were a possibility, and yet they are produced not, many may infer that the difficulties of fixing the impressed colours are so great as to render the

desideratum improbable. It is to be regretted that there is, at the present time, scarcely an experimentalist in this country whose attention is turned to the production of chromo-photographs. Charmed by the facility of collodion, which renders the production of an almost perfect picture the easiest possible thing, they care not to wade through all the difficulties, or to encounter the disappointments which stand in the path of the inquirer; consequently, that which has been effected by Becquerel and by Niepce (both of whom have succeeded in producing copies of nature in colours, perfect in all respects, save that the tints were fleeting), is left without examination, though the promise of reward is high.

The artist is summoned to the aid of the photographer, and great have been the improvements within a few years in the application of colour to the sun-drawn picture. While we were yet endeavouring to improve the calotype, numerous experiments were made in the application of water colours, and even of oil colours, to the paper. None of these were, however, very successful; indeed, it was only where the artist has been satisfied to allow the photograph to tell its tale, *through* his transparent colours, that any pleasing effect could be obtained. The collodion pictures introduced new conditions, and they are but few who have succeeded in rendering those pictures pleasing by the additions of their colours.

It has been to portraits chiefly that the artist has turned attention, and since the profession of the miniature painter has been so deeply entrenched upon by the photographic artist, numerous well-skilled painters on ivory have directed their attention to this branch of Art, and now we meet with photographic portraits finished with all the minute delicacy of the ivory miniature. But, even if we select examples of the most effective of these productions, we shall find that they are of very varied degrees of excellence. In many of them the original photograph is entirely obliterated—it, indeed, has served no other purpose than that of a mere outline, over which the painter has disported at pleasure. The consequence of this is, that the likeness is frequently very much modified; in some cases, it may be improved, for a skilful artist can remove a frown, or dispel the gloom which falls upon some faces in repose; but, in the majority of examples, the artist does not improve that which the camera-obscura has done, and in many the truth is sacrificed to the conventionalities of the school in which the artist has been trained. The perfection of a coloured photographic portrait consists in the preservation of all that chemistry and physics have effected, superadding those tints which will more nearly represent nature.

It will of course be understood that we speak of a portrait as perfect as photography can render it—a portrait obtained in from two to three seconds upon a perfect collodion film, by means of a lens which shall be truly achromatic, and free from all the defects arising from spherical aberration. These defects may not be entirely removed, but they can be reduced to such limits as to be scarcely appreciable. Again, the photographer must be an artist, who, while he disposes his sitter so as to avoid any wide differences in the focal lengths of the several parts of the object, shall secure ease of position and artistic effect. The arrangement, too, of his light shall be such as to give no deep and unnatural shadows to the face. By attention to these and other points, which need not be referred to, a good photographic portrait being produced, the problem to be solved is, to colour it.

We have been examining the colours prepared by Mr. Newman, of Soho Square, the well-known artist colourman, and it appears that the principle adopted by them in the preparation of colours for photography, and in the application of those colours, ensures the best possible effect. The general views will be found in a little publication issued by this house, entitled "*Harmonious Colouring in Oil, Water, and Photographic Colours, especially as applied to Photographers.*" It is not quite easy to give a correct description of the mode of applying those colours to a collodion portrait, so as to render it intelligible to those who are not familiar with the processes of colouring on glass; we must, however, endeavour to do so. A perfect photographic portrait being obtained in the usual manner, the dry colours are applied by a soft rubbing motion, with a short camel-hair pencil,

on the side covered with the collodion; the application of the colour depending, of course, on the judgment and skill of the artist. These colours do not appear on the other, or the uncollodionized side of the glass plate, the darkened argento-collodion surface being tolerably opaque. When it is considered that a due amount of colour has been applied to the portrait, the plate is gently warmed, and then it is flooded on the painted side with a penetrating spirit varnish. The result of this is, that the colour is carried, and diffused, through the darkened collodion, and appears beautifully clear, but with a softened character, on the other side. It now is seen through the glass, and although any required intensity of colour may be applied on the *back* of the picture—as we will call the collodion side of the plate—it will appear through on the other side, the minutest details of the photograph being undisturbed; careful examination, indeed, shows that every line, however minute it may be, is brought out with somewhat increased effect, colour being thoroughly diffused through it. The picture may be regarded, in some respects, as dyed, for although there is no such chemical combination between the colour and the photographic picture as that which takes place in a dyed fabric, yet the penetrating varnish so completely diffuses, and, in drying, fixes the colours, that a result in all respects analogous is produced. The advantage of this process is, that colour can be again and again applied with the penetrating spirit, until any depth of tone is secured; and yet the perfection of the original picture is preserved. Many of the pictures which we have examined have displayed in a striking manner the correctness of this principle of colouring the collodion photographic portrait. With all the exquisite finish of the most perfect ivory miniature, these portraits possess a perfection which those could never reach. The delicate pencil of the sunbeam has drawn with unerring fidelity lines which no artist could describe with his pencil, consequently the texture of every part of the dress, the condition even of the skin, and the physical state of "each particular hair," remain preserved, so as to bear very high magnifying power, while the brilliancy of colour is given to the whole. An effect is obtained in a few hours upon these photographs which could not be reached by days of the most laborious application on ivory.

We have also examined the effect of a gelatinous solution prepared by Mr. Newman, in aiding the diffusion of colour on albuminized and on salted paper. Not only does this preparation enable the artist to spread his colour freely over the paper, but, as it dries, it so perfectly fixes the colour, that a second colour can be readily washed over the first. Many of the stereoscopic views which we saw had been painted with this preparation, and they were all of very high merit.

We cannot refrain from alluding to some experimental trials which have been made by the Messrs. Newman for *tinting* large photographs on paper. The results were of the most pleasing character, and, although there appears at present to be some difficulties in the way of preparing the liquid colours employed, so that they may be kept for sale, we trust these will be soon overcome, when we shall have pictures which can only be rivalled by such as may be coloured from Nature's own palette by the solar pencil.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—Mr. Mossman's statue of the late Sir Robert Peel has been placed in its position and inaugurated; it is on the north side of George Square, which seems to be the locality of sculptured works, as it contains in addition to the Peel statue, one of Sir John Moore, one of Watt, and the memorial of Sir Walter Scott. In other parts of the city are statues of Her Majesty, and of Wellington.

STIRLING.—The designs for the Wallace monument were exhibited here during the past month: they are seventy-six in number, but the local journals do not speak very highly in praise of any of them. The *Scottish Press* says,—"The present exhibition, like the last, is a complete failure, and only proves to us what we were somewhat suspicious of before—how few real men of merit have entered the lists."

BIRMINGHAM.—A movement, emanating from the Birmingham Society of Artists, has been made for erecting a monument to the memory of the late David Cox, which it is proposed to place in the little church of Harborne, where the remains of the venerable artist lie. It is intended that the memorial shall include a bust.—The statue of the late Mr. T. Attwood, M.P., erected by public subscription, was recently inaugurated with due ceremony: it stands in Stephenson Place.

WROXETER.—Mr. Thomas Wright, whose contributions to our pages have made him well known to our readers, has been the superintendent for some months past, of the excavations at Wroxeter—the Uriconium of the Romans. This once important city is about five miles from Shrewsbury, upon the banks of the Severn, and was only known by a fragment of Roman wall standing about the centre of the modern village. Mr. Wright suggested the possibility of much interesting discovery in its vicinity; and ultimately a committee was formed in Shrewsbury, subscriptions opened, and Dr. Johnson, of that town, appointed honorary secretary. On tracing the ground near this wall, the foundations of large and important buildings were discovered, once the proud edifices of a prosperous Roman town; the hypocausts of other buildings were discovered, and in one of them, crowded in a corner, were the skeletons of an old man and two females, who had apparently fled there for shelter; the town having evidently been destroyed by an incursion of barbarians, who had burnt and ravaged it; marks of fire and violence being spread around. Near the old man lay a little heap of 130 small copper coins, mostly of the Constantine family, the small treasure he had endeavoured to secure. In the progress of the excavations various smaller objects usually found among the debris of a Roman city, as pottery, styli, hair-pins, &c., &c., as well as a few small bronzes, have been from time to time exhumed. The site is one of much interest, and it is to be hoped that the works thus established will be persevered in for some time, until the larger part of this city be again uncovered for the instruction of the student. The Duke of Cleveland, the owner of the site, and his tenantry—with one exception—are all interested and helpful in the matter. A new subscription has been opened, and the Society of Antiquaries of London have liberally awarded £50 towards further investigation.

LEEDS has erected a monument, in the parish church, to the memory of those natives who fell in the Crimean war. It "consists of a pedestal, enclosing a panel of white statuary marble, with a Gothic canopy. Upon the pedestal is placed a sculptured group, consisting of two life-sized figures—a dying soldier with the angel of Victory placing upon his head a wreath. The rocky ground appears strewn with the wreck and spoil of war. The canopy over the tablet, on which is inscribed the names, consists of a groined and foliated series of trefoiled flying arches, the cusps of which have angels recording in open books the acts of the heroes. On the pilasters are inscribed the Crimean victories, entwined with laurel. The composition is surmounted by the standards of the 68th regiment." The height of the monument, which has been designed and executed by Messrs. Dennis Lee and Welsh, of Leeds, is 14 feet. The cost is about 300 gs.

CARLISLE.—The large east window in Carlisle Cathedral is to be filled with stained glass: a design for which has been approved by the committee, and sanctioned by the Dean and Chapter. The groups are illustrative of the life of Christ. In the centre light are the three principal groups, that at the top representing the Ascension, with angels on each side of the chief figure, and apostles standing below; a full-length figure of Christ, with beneath it the Roman soldiers guarding the tomb; and the Crucifixion, with the Maries at the foot of the cross and angels at the top on each side. The prevailing colour around the central figure is blue, and the rest is varied.

BATH.—The workmen engaged in digging on the site intended for the additions to the Bath Mineral Water Hospital, have discovered, fifteen feet below the surface, a Roman tessellated pavement in excellent preservation: it is several yards in length, and of the pattern known as the "Etruscan Key," worked out in white and blue *tesserae*, cut from Winterbourne stone and the lias of the neighbourhood. The outlines of the building to which it belonged are plainly discernible, some courses of the masonry still being perfect. The pavement will be allowed to remain in its present position till a place can be found for it in the building about to be erected.

PLYMPTON.—There is some talk of erecting a statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds in this his native town; the corporation of which, however, were *liberal* enough to sell a few years since the portrait of the great artist, which he painted for them,

and presented during his life-time: it was purchased by the Earl of Mount Edgemont.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Lough, a native of this town, has been selected to execute a model of the proposed statue to be erected here in honour of George Stephenson. If approved of by a committee of the subscribers, and the consent of the corporation can be obtained, of which there seems to be no doubt, it will be erected at the junction of Westgate and Neville Street.

PICTURE SALES.

THE collection of pictures formed by the Hon. General Phipps, which at his decease became the property of the late Hon. Edmund Phipps, was, by direction of the executors of the latter owner, sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, at their rooms in King Street, on June the 25th. The collection contained numerous excellent works by ancient and modern painters, and realized prices quite commensurate with their value. The most important were:—'A Female Head,' adorned with a wreath of laurel, Giorgione, 115 gs., purchased by the Marquis of Lansdowne; 'Tohit and the Angel,' Elsheimer, admirably engraved by Goudt, 155 gs., purchased by Mr. Farrer; 'The Dogana, Venice' and 'Church of San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice,' a pair of brilliant cabinet pictures by Canaletti, 291 gs., bought by Mr. Gamhart; 'A Champêtre,' Watteau, 100 gs., Mr. Farrer; the companion picture of the latter, 97 gs., bought by Mr. Anthony; 'View of the Thames from the Adelphi Terrace,' Canaletti, 141z., Mr. Webb; 'Interior of an Apartment,' a lady nursing a child, and female servants, P. de Hooghe, 169 gs.; 'River Scene, a sunset, a fine example of the pencil of Vander Neer, 200 gs., Mr. Farrer; 'The Music Lesson,' Jau Steen, a small picture of high quality, 215 gs., Mr. Mawson; 'Sea View,' Van de Capella, 170 gs., Mr. Farrer; 'Interior of a Church, with a congregation assembled,' E. De Witte, 150 gs., Mr. James; 'Interior of the Picture Gallery of the Archduke Leopold of Austria,' D. Teniers, 260 gs., Mr. James; 'Gil Blas and the Actress,' painted expressly for General Phipps by C. R. Leslie, R.A., 138 gs., bought by the Marquis of Lansdowne; 'The Gentle Student,' the picture well-known from the engraving, C. R. Leslie, R.A., 200 gs., bought by Mr. Mawson; 'Sportsman Reposing,' containing portraits of Lieut.-Col. the Hon. C. B. Phipps, and Lady L. C. Phipps, a small cabinet picture painted for General Phipps by Wilkie, 383 gs., understood to have been bought for the Marquis of Hertford; 'Interior of a Cathedral,' D. Roberts, R.A., 102 gs., purchased by Mr. Rhodes; 'The Boat-Builders,' W. Collins, a coast-scene, 220 gs., Mr. Jones; 'The Widow and Child,' Bonington, 180 gs., Mr. Mawson; 'Highlander and his Daughter, with a white horse and dogs, on the bank of a lake,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 815 gs., said to have been bought, by Mr. Mawson, for the Marquis of Hertford; 'Distant View of Dort,' Callcott, 270 gs., Mr. Jones; 'Count D'Orsay's Dog, with a cat and kitten,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 505 gs.; 'An Interior, with portraits of Mr. Dudley Woodbridge and Captain Holland,' 235z., Agnew; 'Portrait of Sir J. Reynolds,' by himself, from the collection of the Marchioness of Thomond, 212 gs., Farrer; 'Portrait of Mrs. Nesbitt,' Sir J. Reynolds, bought by Mr. Mawson for the Marquis of Hertford, 600 gs.; 'Contemplation,' a portrait of Mrs. Robinson, seated near the sea, Sir J. Reynolds, 800 gs., also purchased by Mr. Mawson for the Marquis of Hertford. The entire collection realized the sum of £9255.

A collection of English pictures, "the property of a gentleman removed from the country," was sold by Messrs. Foster on June the 29th, and realized £4000. The principal works were:—'A Summer's Afternoon,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 225 gs.; 'The Sanctuary,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 231 gs.; 'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, 255 gs.; 'A Rustic Home,' W. Muller, 300 gs.; 'Sea-shore,' W. Collins, 210 gs.; 'The Waterfall,' P. Nasmyth, 305 gs.; 'The High Altar,' D. Roberts, R.A., 350 gs.; 'Cranmer led to the Tower,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 370 gs.—this, we believe, is the finished sketch for the large picture exhibited at the Academy in 1856.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

FROM the time of its first establishment, the meetings that have been periodically held at the Architectural Museum have uniformly been agreeable, and the annual conversazione has always been the most agreeable meeting of each year. The institution fully maintains its old reputation in this matter, now that it is established in state at South Kensington, instead of being the occupant of a range of quaint hay-lofts near the Clock-Tower, at Westminster. The annual conversazione for the present year was held on Thursday, July the 7th, on which occasion the whole of the South Kensington Museum was opened for the reception of the members of the Architectural Museum and their friends.

In place of the president of the institution, the Earl De Grey, who has usually presided in person on these occasions, the chair was occupied by Mr. A. B. Beresford Hope, now the chairman of the museum committee. Mr. Hope is an excellent chairman for this institution, and he made exactly the speech that might have been expected from him in such a position, setting forth the character and aim of the Architectural Museum, and indicating what it had to do, and was desirous of doing. Mr. Gilbert Scott also addressed the assembly after his customary habit, and in his capacity of treasurer of the museum urged once more its claims for an enlarged measure of pecuniary support. The cordial reception of Mr. Scott declared, in the most gratifying manner, that his valuable services to the institution continued to be appreciated, and that the museum itself still remained true to its original character. The other speakers were Sir Charles Barry, the Revs. G. Williams and W. Scott, Mr. Godwin, Mr. R. Smith (of the Science and Art Department), Mr. Bloxam (of Rugby), and Mr. S. C. Hall. By these gentlemen the duties and objects of the museum were again and again brought before the meeting; Mr. Hall especially devoting his remarks to the importance of extending the range of the practical working of the institution amongst the public at large, and more particularly with a view to the instruction in Art of architectural workmen. We hope, that when it again becomes our duty to record the proceedings at another of these yearly gatherings, we may be enabled to specify more of actual work than the Architectural Museum has really done, in place of reiterated declarations of what it would like to do and ought to do. The officers of the institution have told us year after year what their museum is, and what they propose it should accomplish; and their friends have not failed to signify the course which, in their opinion, the museum ought to take. We very naturally, therefore, look for some practical indications of the efficient action of this institution. We expect, at its yearly assembly, to hear of its systematic training of architectural students and workmen, and to see its collections applied to their grand object of making architecture a popular art, through making it understood as an art. Mr. Hope, the other evening, directed attention to a restored copy in alabaster of one end of the monument of Queen Philippa, in Westminster Abbey, by Mr. Scott and Mr. Cundy, as a proof of the value of such an institution as the Architectural Museum. We remember this singularly beautiful work in the Great Exhibition of 1851, and consequently we felt surprised that it should be adduced now, in 1859, to corroborate the practical worthiness of the museum. What has the museum been doing during the last few years, and how has it been exercising its influence?—what is it doing now, and what are the present effects of its influence? These are points which we must urge upon Mr. Scott and his colleagues, as the only arguments that will effectually avail to strengthen their hands in the administration of their museum. They must be able to point to noble architectural works, not eight years old, and to a growing and evident diffusion of true architectural taste, that may be traced in its onward progress from year to year. They must be able to refer to their courses of lectures, plain, yet attractive, which they have addressed to the public and to architectural workmen, and which they have also published in a popular form for general use. They must meet their friends and supporters with the consciousness that their museum has become recognised as the

architectural training institution of England, and that it is in vigorous and healthful working order in that capacity. There then will be no longer any necessity to appeal for an enlarged sympathy, and more abundant support. The public will not subscribe largely, merely for the purchase of collections of casts: what they look for is the *use* that may be made of those collections after they have been obtained. In like manner, it is not in the increasing numbers of visitors to the Architectural Museum that we recognise any tokens of advancing influence for good; but it is in an increase of students. There may be very many persons who now regularly walk through the gallery of the museum—and most certainly, in its present habitat, the museum has acquired a dignity before unknown; but we must confess to entertaining grave doubts as to whether its collections are more studied than they were at Cannon Row, or whether what has been gained in dignity has not been purchased by a corresponding loss in usefulness. The question of popular schools of Art will be brought much more prominently forward, as time advances, than it has been brought before, and then it will be for the Architectural Museum to demonstrate its claim to be regarded as the national institution for instruction in the great art of architecture. We shall always be found ready to support this museum in a career of earnest, thoroughly practical working; it has always had, and it still has, our cordial good will. It is for that very reason that we urge upon its officers an increased energy, and the substitution of results for aims—the substitution also of work for promises of working.

The architectural exhibitions of the present year have been decidedly below the average standard of respectable mediocrity, instead of rising honourably above it. In fact, we are not now in possession of anything that may justly claim to be an architectural exhibition; certainly the Royal Academy knows no such exhibition; and with equal certainty such an exhibition has yet to find its way to Conduit Street. Meanwhile the Architectural Museum rests on its oars, enjoying an *otium cum dignitate* at South Kensington, and promising the great things that it purposes to do. Once more we ask for the fulfilment of these promises, and for at least a first instalment of the "great things," in the shape either of a good architectural exhibition, or of whatsoever is really good and truly architectural.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Horace Vernet has started for Italy, charged by the Government with commissions for certain incidents of the war: his first visit will be to the field of Montebello, to sketch the ground on which the late engagement took place.—A small gallery has been added to the long gallery of the Louvre, and some fine apartments are completed in the portions of this edifice. The system of cleaning and repairing the pictures is being continued to a considerable extent, and, according to the opinion of some of our correspondents, by no means to the advantage of the paintings.—A statue of Dr. Jenner has been erected in the space between the Louvre and the Pont des Arts.

ROME.—In digging recently to form the foundations of a railway, the workmen discovered a fine female statue of Venus, which is said will bear a favourable comparison with the far-famed *Venus de Medici*: the Emperor of Russia is reported to have purchased it at the cost of £3,000. Several mural paintings, mosaics, and other antiquities have also been brought to light in making excavations near the Baths of Caracalla. The researches are being made under the direction of Signor Gnidi.

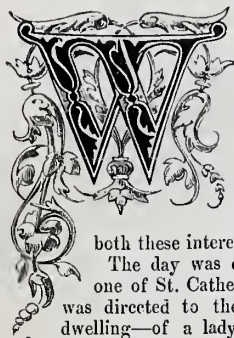
ST. PETERSBURG.—The colossal equestrian statue, in bronze, of the late Emperor Nicholas was erected and inaugurated with much ceremony, during the past month: it stands on a pedestal of pure white marble.

BRIENNE.—A bronze statue of Napoleon I. has recently been inaugurated in this place, at the Military School of which the Emperor received his education. The statue is the work of M. Louis Rochet, who has represented Napoleon as a pupil of the school: one hand is placed on the breast, in the attitude of a student receiving his honours, and in the other is a volume of Plutarch's Lives, his favourite book of study.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART VIII.—TENBY, &C.



WE have described ST. CATHERINE'S, the steep island cliff that sentinels the town, and contains on its summit some venerable relics, and of the CEMETERY CHAPEL it will suffice to say it is a pretty edifice that lies on the side of a hill, just outside the town, whence beautiful and extensive views are obtained:

both these interesting subjects we have pictured.

The day was calm and beautiful, as seated on one of St. Catherine's green slopes, our attention was directed to the residence—not the permanent dwelling—of a lady, the business of whose life is “to do good, and to distribute:” one of those admirable women, at once benevolent and beneficent, who obtains, by giving, happiness—who employs wealth in the service of God, by dispensing it to the needy. We were reminded of an incident that occurred to us not long ago: we need not say where, and we are bound to withhold the name of “the good and faithful servant” to whom we make reference. One of her “homes” is not far from the place we are describing; another is in a far-off county, by the sea-side: there may be others of which we know nothing: an accident made us acquainted with these two.

“He looks very ill,” we said to our landlady, who had been “doing up” the fire; “he looks very ill; your fine air can do little for him. How attentive his servant is!”

“That person is not his servant,” she replied; “that man belongs to ‘the Lady,’ and comes from No. 9.”

“Is the poor gentlemou insane?”

“Ob, no—not at all—he is only very ill. Ah, if ever there was an angel upon earth,” added the good woman, laying down the coal-box and taking up the hearth-broom, which, however, she did not use, but balanced, while she put the other hand under her apron, a movement indicating that she had leisure and inclination to give any information we required, “if ever there was an angel, it is ‘the Lady;’—not that she's anything particular to look at—very quiet and plain in her dress. She would keep her good works secret, too, if she could; only grateful hearts will speak,—and God forbid they should be silent,” she added, with warmth, the more unexpected, because she is a gentle twilight sort of woman, who seems to have dwelt under the shadow of sorrow all the days of her life. We waited; but the landlady had turned away to sweep a little at the hearth, and we observed her put her apron to her eyes.

“‘The Lady’ always makes me choke, like,” she continued, “and I am sure that's not what she'd desire to do. But, living at No. 2, I *must* know what passes at No. 9.” We believed her!

“About two years ago ‘the Lady’ took No. 9 for one-and-twenty years. She had always been a lady of property; but some one died, and left her more—more than she wanted. Well, she took No. 9. I thought, what could she want with it? it is a very nice house, and in the *best* situation; I don't mind saying that for No. 9, as well as for this, No. 2; but I did not think it grand enough for ‘the Lady.’ Well, it was taken and furnished in a week; all the rooms turned into bed-rooms, with single beds, and the front rooms divided, so as to increase the number, and folding-doors put to the parlours, to make one large sitting-room; single beds, and children's beds (oh, yes, two or three of them in the large top room); capital furniture, but plain. On the Saturday down came a man and his wife. Strangers they were; so short and stiff in their answers; would tell nobody what they came about. The next week two flies drove up, with *nine* children! such objects—some crippled—some twisted—some with coughs—some, such wasted creatures!—but all looking like gentlemen's children; not fine, nor even well dressed, but with something about them that told what they *are*, though some say, it only tells what they *were*. I think it came out through the doctor, and it was this: ‘the Lady’ devoted the money she had been left, to taking No. 9, and fitting it up for invalids; invalids, you understand, who are too respectable to go to a sanatorium, and yet have no means to seek health at a place like this. She pays every expense, provides every comfort, baths and chairs, and a drive now and then over the Downs, and comes herself when least expected, to see that everything is properly attended to. I watched those children at first creeping about, seemingly unable to bear the breeze from the common; and two

that could not walk at all, wheeled in a perambulator. It was wonderful how they improved. One dear child—such a pretty boy!—found it so hard, at first, to get up those steps even with his crutch; at the end of six weeks I saw him run over them after his ball, like a lapwing. Two sisters came, in black—little dears, such sweet lambs!—clinging round each other as if determined not to be parted. How they were tended, to be sure! their little stool carried down to the river's bank, that they might sit and enjoy the cool air together; and one morning the Lady was pacing up and down here, with the doctor, and I heard her say, ‘You must save her, doctor; they are



ST. CATHERINE'S.

alone in the world—two little orphans—if one dies, the other will soon follow: they must be saved!’ I don't know what he answered, but in about ten days one of the dear little snowdrops was gone. A few months after, the grave was opened to receive another coffin.

“No. 9 is never empty; I wish No. 2 was always as well filled. If those who come down like ghosts, leave at the end of their month or six weeks refreshed and strengthened, the very next day others take their place. We have old and young, but I like to see the young best—there is hope for them; they get on so rapidly. ‘The Lady’ sends the *worst cases* in the



THE CEMETERY CHAPEL.

summer. I never knew any one looking so ill as that poor gentlemou come at this season, which is so wild and gusty!—but, law! many are so glad of such a home, even for six weeks.”

The *fact* we gathered is simply this:—A lady, who is blessed (in her case it *is* a blessing) with a superabundance of wealth, expends a large portion of it in sustaining comfortable homes for persons, gentle-born, who, requiring change of air during or after illness, are too poor to obtain it, and whose natural pride closes the door of public charities against them.

May God give to her the happiness and the health she distributes with so large a heart and so liberal a hand!

Let us take a morning walk, and visit HOYLE'S MOUTH; nay, let us enter the cave and see its wonders, speculating, on our way, as to how it obtained its name: whether "Hoyle" was hut an easy change from "Hole," for tradition is silent concerning any derivation; and whether it be a work of art or a freak of nature, for we are cognizant of the ancient rumour that its exit is at Pembroke—that it is a passage of eight miles long, leading to the "mervellous cavern"—the Hogau—underneath the old castle. Hoyle's Mouth is seen from afar off; it is on the side of a hill, just where the "Ridgeway" begins. The entrance, high up far above the level of the sea, is hidden from below by tangled brushwood and trees of stunted growth; a narrow winding path conducts to the spot, and the visitor finds himself on firm earth in the cavern. Standing under the arched roof of solid mountain limestone, we look out upon the landscape: the picture from this secluded spot is surpassingly beautiful, taking in, as it does, many of the best points of the surrounding scenery.

The interior of the cavern is of singular interest, whether we advance far into it, or are content with inspecting merely the title-page of the book: the roofs and walls, "venered" by time and weather with a thick coating of grey, are closely crusted with stalactite matter, which when chipped is pure white, while all around, some distance in, grow luxuriant ferns and kindred plants. At the further end is a small arch—the entrance to the interior. A low passage of thirty feet conducts, over sharp rough stones, to an apartment large enough to contain half a dozen persons in a crouching position. To proceed one must "wriggle" through a small tunnel, several feet above the head of the cave, over a mass of stalactite protuberances, with a risk of the light being extinguished by the bats, or by drops of water oozing from above. The remaining caverns and passages are lofty and spacious. The sides and roofs throughout are beautifully adorned by stalactites; in some places clustering like grapes and acorns of frosted silver, or pendent from the roof like huge icicles; in others, meeting the stalagmites beneath, it forms pillars and arches that seem to support the roof. In one place the dropping of the water has formed a miniature chapel, with a flight of steps leading to its high altar, the whole shut out from the cavern in which it is situated by an almost perfect arch. In all, there are eight compartments, and as many passages. At the extremity of the most remote is an aperture too narrow to admit a man, but, from observations made, it is thought that it very probably leads to another series of these curious cells.

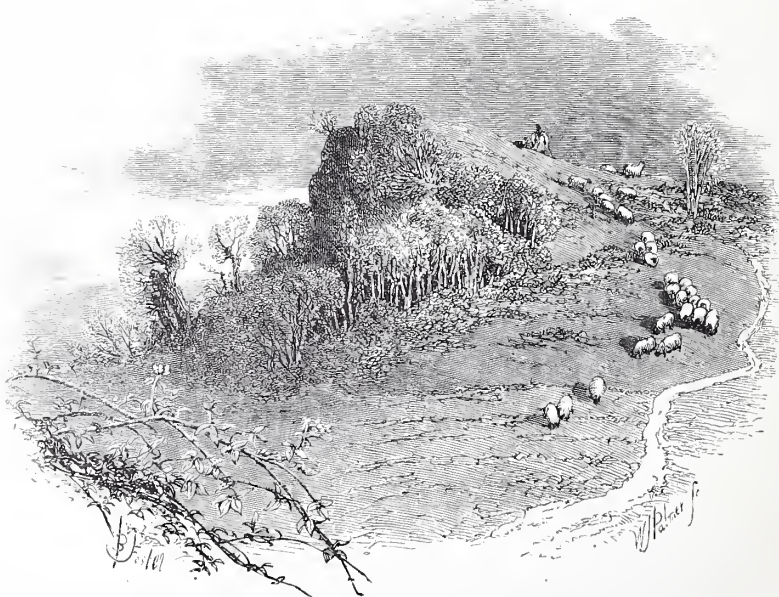
How far man has aided nature to produce this singular work it is, as yet, impossible to say. That it was used in old times is certain, for relics of a remote age have been found there; it may really have been a passage by which, in perilous times, communications were kept up with Pembroke Castle; at all events, there can be little doubt that it was often a place of secrecy and security to the wild Welshmen when hovering about their Norman foes, or harassing the Flemish intruders on their soil and their rights; or that, during later periods, many a band of smugglers, when all along this coast illicit trade flourished, must have there sought, and found shelter, dividing their cargoes, and sending them hence throughout the country. What tales these rugged walls could tell! Many a gentle tourist will sit at the entrance we have pictured, and call imagination to aid, while gazing over the lovely landscape and the blue sea, to behold successive warriors, from the piratic Danes to the Ironsides of the Commonwealth, all with one common purpose—to subdue and spoil a people hardy, brave, and energetic, yielding inch by inch to the invader, fighting as gallantly and as continuously in their thin cloaks of coarse wool, as did the knights and squires clad in panoply of steel. Reader, if your fancy be not dull and lifeless, you will linger and muse here! Here, perhaps—nay, probably—assembled the early Britons, watching the Vikings, Ingvar and Halfdene, brothers and chiefs, crossing from Caldy Island to plunder and to kill; here may have hidden the sturdy Welshmen who dogged the footsteps of the Normans whom Arnulph de Montgomery led along the Ridgeway to occupy lands that William Rufus gave him—the bear's skin before the bear was slain; here may have gathered those who slew the soldiers of the king, when "the unevenness of the country and bad weather" aided "rebellion;" hence may have issued the "tall men," who spoiled the Flemings, breaking down their stone walls as fast as the strangers built them, "making verie sharpe warres upon them, sometimes with gaine, sometimes with losse;" here unsubdued bands of fierce Welshmen may have seen invaders, under Mac Murehadha, with his "seventy heroes dressed in coats of mail," proceeding to make "the king's town of Tenby clene Irish," there "to commit many great riots, routs, and unlawful assemblies," as is their wont, "against the king's peace, crown, and dignity;" here may have been secreted Meredith and Rhys, sons of Griffith, Prince of South Wales, who sacked Tenby, "falling foul" upon its

garrison at midnight, in revenge for wrong done to their brother Cadell; here, perhaps, Maelgwn, son of the Lord Rhys, gathered his followers, and again sacked and burnt the town, although a person of "evil behaviour and honesty in all his actions," who became very terrible to his enemies, and, "like a lion hunting, slew all the Flandrysians who came against him;" and here,



ENTRANCE TO HOYLE'S MOUTH.

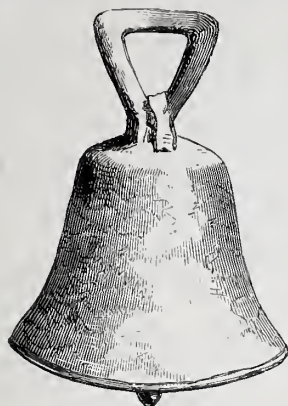
no doubt, assembled the heroic remnants of the defenders of Trefloyne House, close at hand, when the soldiers of the Commonwealth drove forth its loyal master and his brave household, converting his home into a ruin, of which some fragments yet endure to claim a place in history. It is easy, indeed, to associate this wild and secret hiding-place, concealed from sight, and difficult



HOYLE'S MOUTH.

of approach—in which a score or a thousand fighting men may have sheltered while watching an enemy—with all the stirring incidents of ages, from the war-prows of the pirate kings, ten centuries ago, to the transports of the French "invaders," who, in 1797, sailed by this coast to land and become prisoners in a dell at Peneae, near to Fishguard.

Let us walk again to-day, and visit the old house of Scotsborough, and the pretty hamlet and venerable church of Gumpfreston; the one little more than a mile, and the other scarcely two miles from Tenby; both will repay us well, for we traverse a pleasant road, by the side of the little river Ritec, crossing a long and narrow causeway bridge, observing the mill that stands beside a broad sheet of water, into which the stream falls, where boy-anglers are often seen watching "the quill down float," and taken note of the roads that lead, the one to Penally, Lydstep, and Manorbeer, the other to St. Florence and Carew—roads we shall take when a drive, and not a walk, is our purpose, and a longer time is arranged



THE SANCTE BELL.

for than will be needed to visit Scotsborough and Gumpfreston.

SCOTSBOROUGH—whence its imported name we cannot say—is merely the picturesque ruin of an ancient house, which belonged to the honourable and far-descended family of Ap Rhys, whose monuments are in Tenby Church. The ruin consists of a number of crumbling walls, many of them held together by twisting bands of ivy—the ivy being remarkably fine. As an example of the strong dwelling of a period when, although defences of domestic buildings had become less a necessity than they had been, it was still a policy and a duty to be always prepared for attacks, the old house of Scots-



THE STOUP.

borough will be examined with interest; its numerous small rooms, its rambling and "incoherent" architectural character—evidences of additions from time to time—may tempt the tourist to a somewhat careful scrutiny; but, at all events, the neighbouring trees, the green lanes all about it, the pleasant dell in which it lies, and the soft breezes that seem to have settled here, without a wish to wander, hill-way or seaward, cannot fail to lure the resident at Tenby into many a health walk at morning or at noon.

The little Church of GUMFRESTON slumbers on the inner slope of the high land that for miles overhangs the vale of St. Florence on the north, as the Ridgeway does on the side

opposite. Shut in by trees, and covered with vegetation, it can scarcely be distinguished, at any great distance, from the surrounding foliage; and not before the gate of the quiet churchyard is reached can this picturesque remnant of the past be seen in its venerable beauty and unadorned simplicity. Although within a stone's-throw of the highway, the situation is so



SCOTSBOROUGH.

retiring that, were it not for the occasional lowing of cattle on the opposite hill, and the continual twitter of birds fluttering among branches of luxuriant ivy that cover sides and roof, it would be almost a perfect solitude. The church, which dates back for six hundred years, consists simply of a porch, and of a nave and chancel linked together on the south by a small

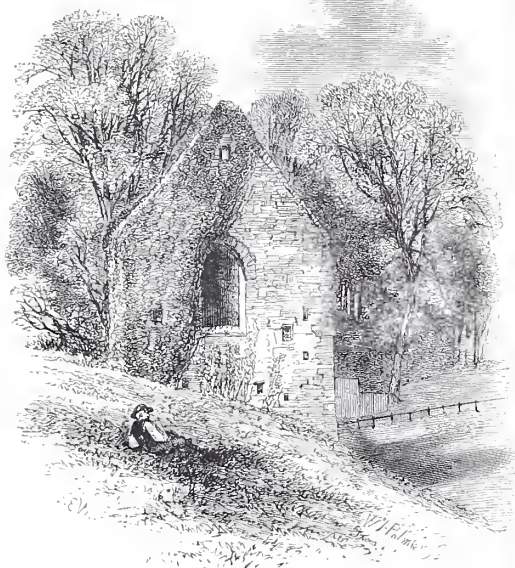


GUMFRESTON.

mortuary chapel, and on the north by a plain square tower, the ivy-crowned battlements of which lift their heads just high enough to catch the rumblings of the ocean or the quick strokes of the curfew wafted, on wintry nights, over the hill from Tenby, two miles away. The porch, which contains a SROUP, and is furnished with a cold stone bench on either side, forms the

entrance to the "darksome" interior. We found it decorated with ivy, giving to it a character beautifully picturesque; it had forced its way from the outside through crevices in the wall, and was flourishing as we have shown in our engraving.* The walls and low vaulted roof are whitewashed throughout; and on the narrow, concrete floor about a dozen dark, rickety pews serve to accommodate the rustic congregation. With the exception of that in the chancel, the windows look to the south, the ivy, that veils the whole of them on the outside, answering the purpose of stained glass in mellowing the beams of the noontide sun. Among architectural features worthy of notice, in addition to the stoup, are the curious baptistry that bellies out from the wall of the nave, and the decorated piscina in the chancel. In this piscina is deposited a plain, bronze HAND-BELL, seven or eight inches in height, which was used in times past as the *sancte bell*.†

At the bottom of the churchyard are three clear bubbling WELLS, bordered with tall grasses and wild-flowers of various hues; they have been analysed, and two of them are said to contain certain medicinal properties.‡ Hence a wicket-gate opens into a long green lane that re-conduces to the road; the trees growing on the side twist their over-



RUIN AT PENALLY.

hauling branches together to form a shady roof; the hedges are profusely covered with graceful ferns and beautiful mosses; and on one side there is a little brook, bridged over by the roots of many trees.

A lonely, yet tranquil and pleasant "place of rest" is this isolated churchyard, far away from the bustle and business of life. Here, as in many other parts of South Wales, the graves are in several instances planted with flowers. The custom is unhappily falling into disuse; and in the neighbourhood of Tenby, these indications of the love of the living for the memory of the dead are becoming rare. The subject is, however, one to which we shall recur when a better opportunity than we have met with in this district is offered to the pencil, as well as to the pen. Gurfreston Church and village will be visited often by those who are sojourners at Tenby.

* "Stoup, stoppe, a basin for holy water, usually placed in a niche near the entrance door—sometimes in the porch, sometimes within the door—for the purpose of aspersion on entering the church; sometimes standing on a pedestal or short pillar, and detached from the wall."—*Archit. Diet.*

† "So called because it was rung out when the priest came to those words of the mass, '*Sancte, sancte, Deus Sabaoth,*' that all persons who were absent might fall on their knees in reverence of the holy office which was then going on in the church."—WARRINGTON. "The congregation were to fall on their knees at the ringing of this bell. In later times it was frequently used to announce the arrival of the clergyman, and also to precede a corpse on its way to the final resting place; then called the *banger bell*."

‡ We borrow a passage from our friend, the naturalist, Gosse, whose valuable and deeply-interesting volume—"Tenby, a Sea-side Holiday"—should be continually in the hands of visitors to the sea-side—especially everywhere "hereabouts":—"The wells are so contiguous that a child with his wooden spade could have made them all but one. The upper contains pure spring-water; the next has been built up by Art into the quadrant of a circle—this is chalybeate, found to be exactly similar to that of Tonbridge Wells in its sensible and chemical properties; it deposits a floccose red sediment of oxide of iron, and, as it bubbles up among the gravel, discharges great volumes of gas now and then. Below this is a third spring, also a chalybeate, but less impregnated; steps of worn masonry lead down to it, indicating its former reputation; but now it is never drunk; people have a notion that it springs out of the churchyard."

Before we return home, let us retrace our steps, and walk through a charming lane that leads to PRETTY PENALLY. It is a sweet village, inclining upwards from a glen, and receiving into its bosom the sea-breezes, that seem softened as they approach it. We may have more to say of this place hereafter: at present we must content ourselves with asking the Tourist to



GURFRESTON WELLS.

examine the venerable church, with its peculiar and interesting antiquities, and, if he may, the old ruin in the grounds of yon graceful dwelling, in which a good, and kind, and generous lady resides—the consoler of all poor neighbours who need help. The village is little more than a mile from the town; a pleasant walk it is, and fruitful of instruction as well as enjoyment: whether the teachers be old stones that have endured for centuries; Nature, that here revels in abundance, freely and liberally shared; the eloquent though silent monitors found in every



PENALLY VILLAGE.

hedge, clothed in "all their glory;" the open sea, the cliffs, or the ever green fields, teeming with fertility on hill-sides crowned with trees that love the winds of ocean, under the influence which they flourish. Surely, "if there's peace to be found in the world," it is in this sweet village—Pretty Penally.

THE
NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:
THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.
WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF
OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF A "MANUAL OF BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGY,"
"CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONU-
MENTAL BRASSES AND SLABS," ETC., ETC.

PART I.—INTRODUCTORY.

FROM the very earliest periods in the history of mankind of which any authentic records remain to us, we find it to have been an usage universally prevalent for both individuals and communities to be distinguished and known by some *sign, device, or cognizance*. The idea of symbolical expression, indeed, appears to be natural to and inherent in the human mind. A wide range of thought may thus be concentrated within a very narrow compass, and a visible form and a vocal expression may be given to the whole by the agency of figurative imagery.

On many occasions the use of some such distinctive insignia would be not desirable merely, but actually necessary. Thus, in the ratification of important documents, whether of a private or a public character, it would be requisite for the contracting parties to be provided with *seals*, which, both at the time then present and throughout all time to come, might appear as their corroborative witnesses. Again, the seal or signet of a potentate would form a peculiarly expressive, as well as a most consistent, symbol of high rank or of delegated authority. The application of the royal signet in the matter of the faithful and upright Daniel is a well-known and an early instance of such an usage. We have commonly substituted the written name for the impress of the signet: we preserve, however, a memorial of the original usage in our word "signature."

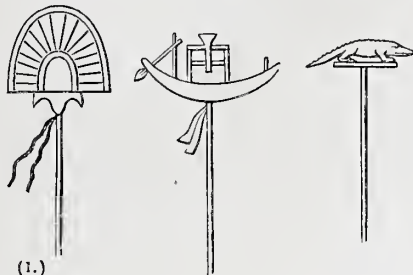
The same device with which the seal would be charged would also provide a ready and appropriate mark for various articles of property, as it might be employed for purposes of decoration and adornment. And then in war some modification of the device of the chief would naturally be adopted by his followers, as being at once a token for mutual recognition and a sign of community of feeling and purpose; while the presence of the chief himself would be indicated by the display of his cognizance upon his own person, and also upon some banner or ensign, which might be raised aloft, and so be seen and distinguished from afar. Hence the origin of FLAGS. They may, that is to say, be considered as having been first introduced in consequence of the necessity for some such blazonry in war. In the first instance, the flag of each chieftain would denote his own band or following, arranged under either his personal or his delegated command. Other flags would be added, as the collective symbols of the principal military divisions of an army, while the general-in-chief would have his own peculiar standard. In process of time, flags would naturally be invested with national as well as with personal symbolism; and so, on all peaceful solemnities and on all festive occasions, no less than amid the chances and in the front of war, the sentiment of a people's nationality would be significantly expressed by the national ensign floating in the wind. Such an ensign would instinctively be regarded with strong feelings of attachment and respect. The traditions and even the reputation of a people and of their country would be inseparably associated with the flag of the nation. Its preservation from all danger and from all insult also would become points of national honour; and any violation of the privileges attending its presence would be deemed a national disgrace.

In Holy Writ there occur frequent and express notices of standards, both as the distinctive insignia of certain confederacies of men, and as the ensigns of war. Thus in the Book of Numbers (chap. i. 52; ii. 2; and x. 14, 18, 22, 25) particular mention is made of the standards of the several tribes of Israel—of their stations, and of the order of their precedence. And, amid the poetic imagery of the prophets, the presence and the lifting up of

the banners of war are introduced with vivid and powerful effect.

The bas-reliefs which Layard and his successors have discovered inform us that the standards of the ancient Assyrians were carried by the charioteers, the standard-staff being partly supported by a rest, affixed for that purpose to the front of the chariot. In the examples that have been observed in the Assyrian sculptures, the devices of the banners are composed of symbolical figures,—the figures, for example, of a divinity standing on a bull and drawing a bow, and of two bulls running in contrary directions. These "are enclosed in a circle, and fixed to the end of a long staff, ornamented with streamers and tassels." (Layard, vol. ii. p. 347.)

Standards, somewhat similar to those represented in the Assyrian bas-reliefs, were also in use, and probably at even a much earlier period, in Egypt. Some sacred animal or emblem, or some royal



(1.)

cognizance, was generally placed upon them, and they appear repeatedly amongst the wonderful remains of ancient Art that yet linger along the valley of the Nile (1).

In Europe, amongst the classic nations of antiquity, military standards were in general use, and they were regarded with the most chivalrous attachment. That standards were employed by the Greeks in their warfare, both by sea and land, is apparent from various passages in the writings of the Greek historians; but of the peculiar characteristics of the Greek ensigns, called by them ΣΗΜΕΙΑ (*Semia*), we possess no distinctive details. Nor does any representation of a banner survive, so far as I am aware, amongst the yet existing relics of ancient Greek Art.

PART II.—ROMAN MILITARY ENSIGNS.

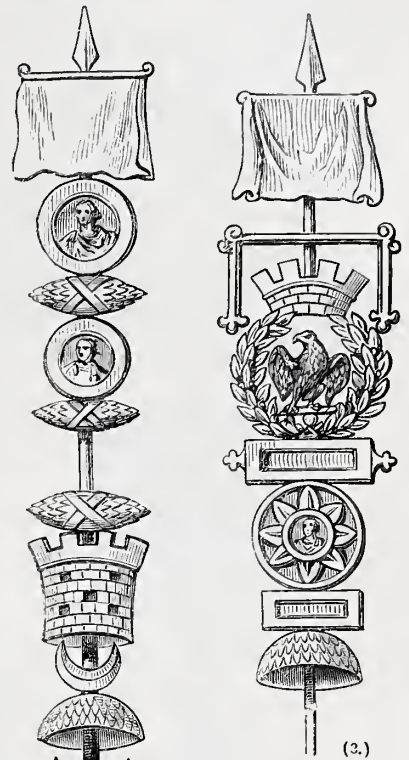
In the systematic organization of the armies of ancient Rome, the standards of the legions bore a part closely analogous to that discharged by regi-



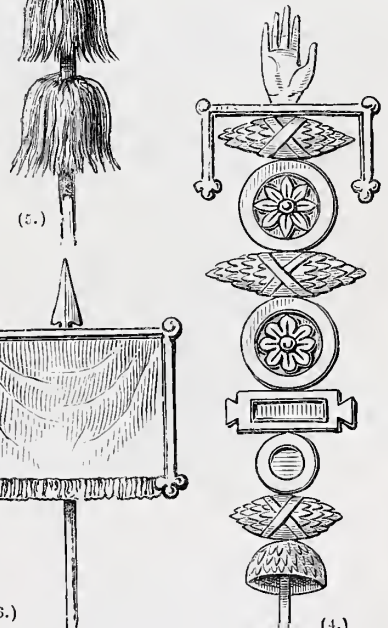
(2.)

mental colours amongst ourselves. Accordingly, in Roman military parlance, the advance, the halt, or the retreat of an army was expressed by the carrying the standards forward or back, or by their rest. Men were said to join, to follow, to defend, to desert the standards. "Hostile standards" implied the army of an enemy; and the act of closing in the mortal strife of battle was described as a "collision of standards." The standard-in-chief of each legion was the "eagle," and consisted of a figure of the imperial bird with expanded wings, standing, as if about to rise, upon a spear or staff, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied with other devices (2, 3). Every *manipulus* (the prototype of our "company"), of which three formed a *cohort*, had its own standard, which consisted of certain symbolical figures placed one above another. In

the primitive simplicity of the earliest Roman times a bundle (*manipulus*, handful) of hay was said to have been borne on a spear before each division of the little army. In later and greater days the standards—SIGNA—of the *manipuli* retained figures of the old hay-bundles, and with them were associated circular plates or discs, variously ornamented and inscribed, and sometimes bearing the portraiture of some general or deity. The figure of an



(3.)



(5.)

(6.)

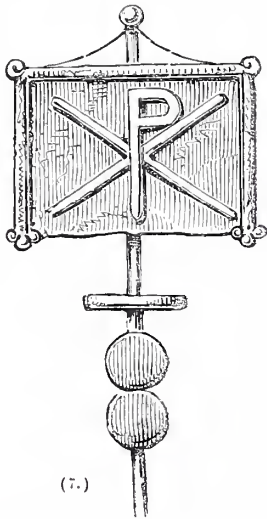
(4.)

open hand (*manus*) significantly surmounted many of these *signa*, and sometimes it was encircled with a laurel wreath. Occasionally, also, some famous exploit had its figurative memorial—as a small turret, to indicate the capture of a hostile fortress (5). These standards being thus simply carved figures, notwithstanding their use, may perhaps be scarcely regarded as flags: those ensigns, however, which distinguished the bands of the "allies" (*socii*) from the legions of Rome herself, were strictly and pro-

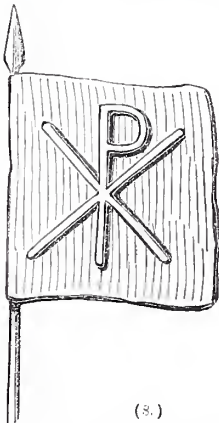
perly flags (6). They resembled the banners of the Roman cavalry of the empire (*equites*), which were called *VEXILLA*, and were formed of a square of silk or other rich material, displayed from a frame fixed transversely at the head of an ensign-staff. The small flag thus displayed is sometimes seen to have surmounted the groups of symbolical figures (3, 5). Fine examples of the Roman *signa* and *verilla* exist amidst the sculptures of the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, the Arch of Titus, and other historical monuments; also upon the almost innumerable series of the coins and medals of ancient Rome.

In addition to the eagle, Pliny (Hist. Nat. x. 5.) speaks of figures of the wolf, boar, horse and minotaur, as Roman "*signa militaria*," before the second consulship of Marius, that is, B.C. 104. The British Museum contains, amongst other Roman relics, an eagle of brass, with a wreath about its head, standing upon a hemisphere which rests on the shaft socket, and the figure of a boar, which also appears to have once formed a military ensign. In the armoury at Goodrich Court, there is one of the horse-ensigns mentioned by Pliny.

The imperial standard carried before Constantine and the Roman emperors, his successors, in form



resembled the *verillum* of the cavalry, and consisted of a square of imperial purple (scarlet) silk, attached by a cross-bar to the shaft, and richly ornamented with gold and embroidery. It was called *LABARUM*, and was emblazoned, in token of the Christian faith then recognised by Rome, with the figure of a cross and a monogram of the title of Christ. This monogram, shown in the accompanying example (7),



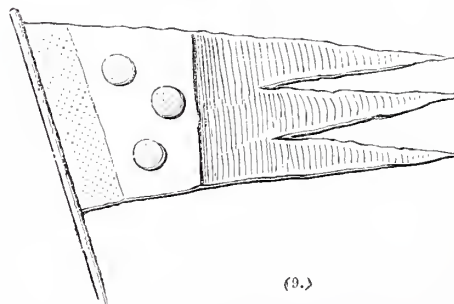
is formed from the three Greek characters X, P, I. (CH. R. I.). The *LABARUM* was also occasionally displayed, without a cross-bar, from an ensign-staff, as in (8). Thus a coin (figured in Wilberforce's "Five Empires") represents Constantine standing erect in the ship of the Roman State, which is steered by an angel, and carrying the standard of his Christian profession in his hand—or, rather, the emperor grasps it as his support, and is resting upon it. In his right hand the emperor holds a ball, upon which rests a phoenix, to intimate that he was

the second founder of the Roman empire. It will be remembered that the *labarum* derived its origin from the luminous standard, charged with a cross, and bearing the legend, *IN HOC SIGNO VINCES*, which is said to have appeared to Constantine, when he was about to engage in battle with Maxentius for the empire. The *labarum* appears on coins of Constantine, Magnentius, and others, besides those of Constantine himself.

The high importance attached by the Roman soldiery to the safety of their standards, on more than one occasion, led to the achievement of those brilliant deeds of arms that encircled the eagle-banner with imperishable lustre. The Roman historian Livy tells us that, on one hard-fought day, the consul, in order to excite the ardour of the soldiers to the highest possible pitch, seized the eagle of the legion beside him, and flung it amidst the lines of the enemy. To win back the symbol of Roman fame, and in so doing, to carry the hostile intrenchments, followed almost on the instant. On another memorable occasion, the eagle-bearer (*AQUILIFER*) himself made a rush, eagle in hand, towards the enemy, in order to attract his comrades forward. He was the first who bore towards the shores of Britain the ensign of imperial Rome. When the invading Romans under Julius Cæsar hesitated to attempt a landing in the face of the hostile array of the islanders, and the more so (as their chief tells us in his admirable "*Commentaries*,") because of the depth of the water into which they would have to leap from their ships, having first invoked the favour of heaven upon his purpose, the eagle-bearer of the tenth legion cast himself into the sea, and, with his precious charge, waded towards the shore. "Follow me, comrades," he cried, "if you do not desire to deliver the eagle to the foe. I shall not shrink from the discharge of my duty. I advance!" He did advance, struggling with the surf. The safety of the eagle must be made sure at any hazard; they hesitated no longer; the rush was made by the entire force, and the shore was gained. Then there arose a fierce strife at the water's edge—"pugnatum est ab utrisque acriter." But, the eagle was safe. We know the rest. On a very different day, when the three legions of Varus, with their chief, fell victims to the fierce treachery of the Germans, the captured eagles were placed in the most sacred of their temples by the conquerors, and there kept by them as trophies of inestimable value.

The great Roman has not told us whether the gallant *aquilifer* of the tenth legion fell in that act of heroic duty which has immortalized him; but we know that in later times many a good soldier has sacrificed his life while imitating this example. Thus, with a mournful pride, we remember how, on the heights of Inkerman, a young hero of our own, Ensign Clutterbuck, fell gloriously with the "Queen's Colour" of his regiment in his hand, while leading his comrades against the dense masses of the Russians, and with the words in his mouth, "Come on, sixty-third!"

PART III.—MEDIÆVAL FLAGS.



There was abundant occupation for every warlike device throughout the stormy period of the middle ages. The peculiar institutions of the feudal system at this era identified the flags displayed in war with each chieftain, who appeared in person, and brought his own armed vassals or retainers into the field with him, to serve under the supreme banner of the king or suzerain prince, or of the great baron to whom the king might have entrusted the command-in-chief. The use of defensive armour at this period rendered it necessary for each warrior of high rank

to assume and wear some personal cognizance, without which he could not have been distinguished. *Crests* were for this purpose placed upon basinetts and helmets, and the rich *surcoats*, (whence the heraldic phrase "*coats of arms*,") that the knights wore over their armour, were also emblazoned with appropriate devices. In the flag of each knight the same device, or some modification of it, was repeated. The number and variety of the devices assumed by the knights of the middle ages necessarily led to the adoption and recognition of a system of laws for their regulation. This system we know under the title of *Heraldry*. Like many other matters that, in the first instance, are associated with times long passed away, heraldry is now generally regarded as a dry and antiquated science, researches in which can at best attain to certain quaint and obsolete usages, once prevalent during dark and turbulent conditions of society. Such, however, is very far from being really the fact. Beneath a superficial dryness that does not actually extend beyond certain technical peculiarities of expression, the student of heraldry will find that this science comprehends vast stores of equally valuable and useful information. With this brief passing tribute to the real worthiness of heraldry, and more especially in the capacity of an handmaid to history, I proceed to consider and describe the flags that were borne in England during the middle ages.

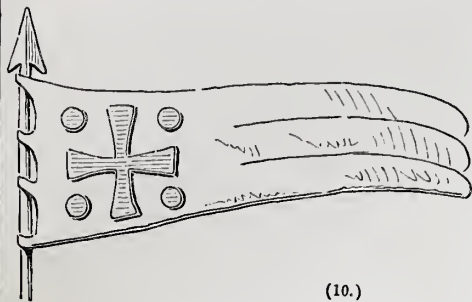
The devices that appeared in the military ensigns of the middle ages, while occasionally they must have been the choice of mere fancy or caprice, more generally had some direct signification, or conveyed some special symbolism. As would naturally be expected, the earlier examples exhibit a much greater simplicity than those which succeeded, or were added to them at subsequent periods. Of these devices, there is one variety which, from the peculiarity of its character, and from its close association with the flags now in use by us as our national ensigns, demands especial attention. The devices to which I refer are the *emblems of tutelary, or patron saints*. They were assumed, at an early period, by both individuals and communities, and were borne by them either as their own peculiar cognizance, or (as was more frequently the case) associated with some other device. By Richard II., for example, the armorial ensign attributed to Edward the Confessor was placed side by side (*Heraldicè*, "impaled") with the royal arms of England; and after this manner was the royal banner of that unfortunate prince emblazoned. In the church at Felbrigge, in Norfolk, there is still preserved one of those memorials known as "*monumental brasses*," which exhibits the portraiture of Sir Symon de Felbrigge, K.G., banner-bearer to Richard II., with the royal banner resting on his arm. I believe this to be the only known instance of such a monumental representation. (The royal banner at Felbrigge is represented in Part V.) Royal banner-bearers, as in the instance of Sir Symon de Felbrigge, who was one of the knights Founders of the Garter, were always personages of eminent distinction. Nigel, son of Roger, came over with William of Normandy as his banner-bearer, and he received from his victorious master lands in the counties of Derby and Stafford. He was ancestor of the present Sir Nigel Gresley. In Westminster Abbey, in the chapel of St. Paul, there is a remarkable monument to Louis Robsart, K.G., (*jure uxoris*), Lord Bouchier, who died A.D. 1431. He was banner-bearer to King Henry V. Four sculptured banners, supported alternately by a lion and an eagle, are introduced as architectural accessories of the canopy of the monument; they bear the quartered arms, not of the king, but of Lord Bouchier himself. Sir — Waterton carried St. George's banner, which appeared beside the ensign, charged with the royal fleurs-de-lys and lions, at Agincourt; thus we read—

"And Waterton the banner bore
Of fam'd St. George, at Agincourt."

The office of royal banner-bearer still exists in connection with Her Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, and it is now most worthily held by Major D. J. Harmer, formerly of the Life Guards.

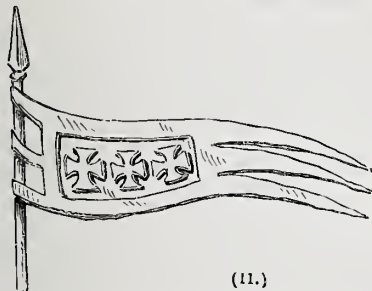
However indiscriminately such words as "standard," "banner," "colours," "ensign," and others may be used at the present time, each of these terms had formerly its own distinct and definite meaning.

The three principal varieties of mediæval flags, distinguished each by its peculiar title, are the PENNON, the BANNER, and the STANDARD.



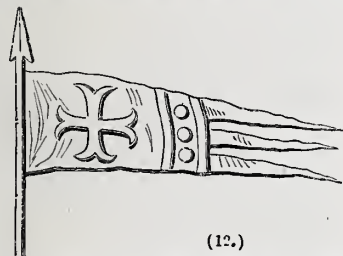
(10.)

But before these varieties of flags had assumed distinctive attributes, consequent upon the systematic regulation of heraldry, princes and knights had long been accustomed to display from their lances flag-like appendages, generally adorned with crosses, a group of circles, or a series of bars. They were in many instances loosely attached to the lance-staves by loops (10 and 11), and they may be denominated



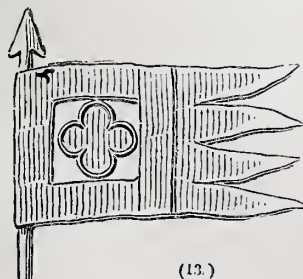
(11.)

LANCE-FLAGS. Examples of these lance-flags appear in the illuminations of MSS. of Saxon and Norman times, upon some few seals, in the Bayeux tapestry, and in certain other early relics. It is remarkable that they generally appear to terminate in three points, and that their circular devices are three in number. This triplicity, coupled with the presence of the cross symbol, has led to the supposition that these ensigns were of a religious character, and designed to symbolize the Christian faith. Similar circles and crosses appear in many of our early coins, and in the great seal of Henry I. (12). I have



(12.)

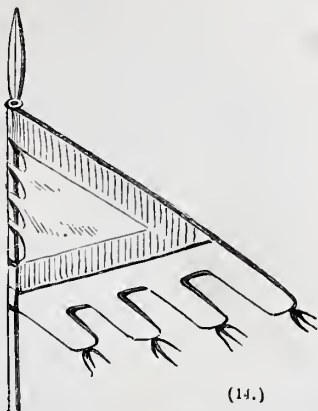
introduced several of these singular and very interesting early ensigns, from various authorities. The examples here figured from the Bayeux tapestry are Nos. 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, and 21. The flag that appears in the Bayeux tapestry, near the person of William, probably represents the consecrated standard sent to the Conqueror by Pope Alexander IV. (13). The chronicler (Ordericus Vitalis)



(13.)

informs us that it was carried near the person of William throughout the day at Hastings, by the

knight Toustain, the son of Rollo, and not by Nigel, the duke's banner-bearer. The Saxon standard is displayed in the tapestry near the spot where Harold and his brothers fell (14). Another curious ensign is



(14.)

also introduced into this graphic record of the famous conflict of Hastings: it is fringed, and bears a bird, and has been considered to be a flag derived from the old Northmen by the Danes of those days (15).

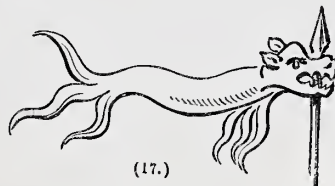


(15.)

A dragon was another device used at this period as a military ensign in England (16). It was borne by Harold at Hastings, and is represented in the tapestry. Similar dragons also are depicted upon many of the Norman shields; and others, apparently of the same class, may be seen in the Arch of Titus, and in the Column of Trajan, held aloft on spears, as the ensigns of ancient barbarian warriors (17).



(16.)

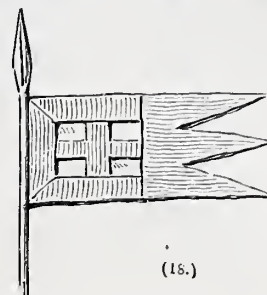


(17.)

In the accompanying woodcuts, from the Bayeux tapestry, no attempt has been made to improve upon the simplicity, and, indeed, the coarse roughness of the originals. The example, No. 11, is drawn from an illumination in the MS. in the British Museum, Roy. MS. 2 A. xxii. fol. 219. The whole figure, which is very curious, is engraved in Hewitt's "Ancient Armour," p. 255.

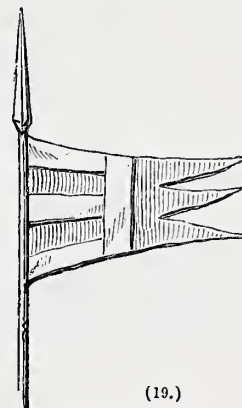
Besides the lance-flags, certain other ensigns of considerable size were in use in the same early times, and were evidently employed to distinguish the different divisions of armies. The standard-in-chief sometimes was of such ample dimensions that it was necessarily conveyed from place to place in a car

provided for that purpose. The *car-standard*, or *carrociun* of King Stephen, gave the title of "Battle of the Standard" to the conflict between the English, under the command of Thurston, Archbishop of York, and the forces of David, King of Scotland, which was fought at Cuton Moor, near North-



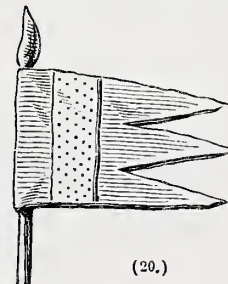
(18.)

allerton, in August, 1138. This extraordinary ensign is described as having consisted of a tall mast, placed upon a car, bearing at its head a silver pix, with the host, and beneath this the three flags of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St.



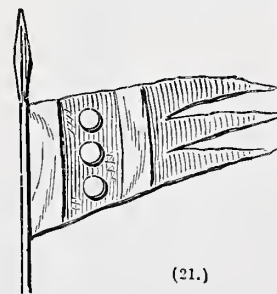
(19.)

Wilfrid of Ripon. These saintly flags were probably adorned with portraitures of the saints themselves. At the battle of Lewes, in 1264, between Henry III. and his barons, De Montfort and the revolted nobles displayed the ancient *car-standard*; and, at that same



(20.)

battle, Matthew Paris tells us, that "the king went forward to meet his enemies with unfurled banners, preceded by the *royal ensign*, which was called *the dragon*." Richard Cœur-de-Lion (A.D. 1190) also retained the dragon in his armies, as we are

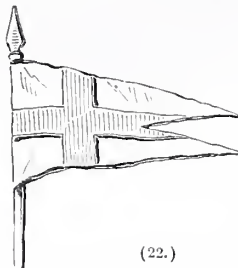


(21.)

expressly informed by Hovedon and Richard of Devizes, the latter of whom says, "The King of England proceeded in arms; the terrible standard of the *dragon* is borne in front."

PART IV.—THE PENNON.

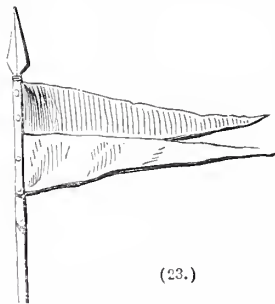
Some years before the close of the thirteenth century, the regular *Pennon* appears to have taken the place of the lance-flag. Of comparatively small size, and in its proportions long and narrow, the pennon was either swallow-tailed, or pointed at the extremity. The pennon was charged with the armorial cognizance of the bearer, or with the cross of St. George—an upright red cross, that is, upon a



(22.)

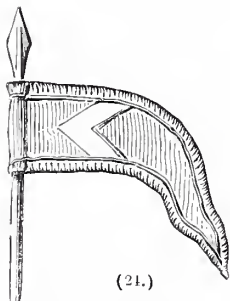
white ground, or field (22). St. George himself, I need scarcely add, has long been regarded as the patron saint of England, as St. Andrew and St. Patrick are severally held to be the patron saints of Scotland and Ireland. Who this St. George may have been, that is so highly honoured, yet remains almost a matter for conjecture. He is generally considered to have been a valiant soldier of Cappadocia, who suffered martyrdom in Palestine during the great persecution under Dioclesian, A.D. 290. Under what circumstances and at what time St. George became associated with our far-off island, chroniclers say not.

The PENNON was borne by every knight, as well as by the more powerful feudal dignitaries, and by them all it was displayed upon their own lance, immediately below the lance-head. This appendage of the knightly weapon still flutters above the heads of our own chivalrous lancers, though now it is plain red and white, without any device (23). A valuable



(23.)

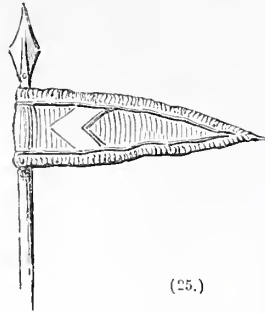
example of the military equipment of the times of Edward I. is supplied by the brass to Sir John d'Aubernoun, preserved in the Church of Stoke d'Aubernoun, near Esber, in Surrey. In this memorial the knight appears with lance and pennon. The pennon (24), which is fringed and pointed, bears the



(24.)

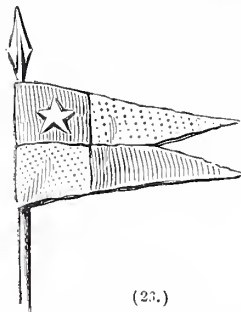
armorial cognizance of d'Aubernoun—*azure, a chevron, or*, (a golden chevron on a blue field); and in this instance the heraldic blazon is so set upon the pennon that the ordinary (or device) would then appear in its proper position when the weapon should be levelled for the charge, as is shown in 25. It is uncertain whether this method of placing pennons upon lances was frequently adopted. If such were the case, in very many instances the heraldic charges must have presented not only a

singular, but a perplexing effect, when the lances were carried erect. The pennon of De Vere, for example, which is *quarterly, gules and or; in the*



(25.)

first quarter a mullet, argent (a silver star of five points), affords a striking illustration of this. In (26) this pennon is blazoned correctly when the lance is levelled; but, in this case, when the lance is raised, the tinctures would necessarily have their



(26.)

positions reversed, and the mullet would shine in the wrong quarter.

The Sir John d'Aubernoun, whose engraven monumental effigy places before us so excellent a contemporary example of a pennon, was twice high sheriff of Surrey, an office involving no trivial responsibilities in the troubled times in which his lot was cast: and the brass to his memory is the earliest memorial of its class known to be now in existence. It is also the only instance of which I am aware of the introduction of the knightly lance, with a military effigy, into the composition of an English work of early engraven monumental art—except in the case of some of the small figures which appear in the compartments of the canopy of the fine Hastings brass at Elyng, in Norfolk. The brass to Sir John d'Aubernoun is engraved in full, in the noble work by the Messrs. Wallers, in my own "Monumental Brasses and Slabs," in the "Transactions" of the Surrey Archaeological Society, in Hewitt's "Ancient Armour," p. 237, and, on a small scale, in the *Archaeological Journal*. In the illuminations with which the MSS. of the middle ages abound, an almost innumerable series of knightly pennons and banners is introduced, and with them, in the later works, standards are associated. As a matter of course, they are charged with a great variety of heraldic devices. Other examples may be observed upon seals, and in stained glass, mural paintings, carved ivories, &c.

In the pages of the old chroniclers we find mention made of some variety or modification of the pennon, under the title of *gonfannon*. Thus Wace writes:—

"Li barons ouvent *gonfannons*;
Li chevaliers ouvent *penons*."

"The barons had *gonfannons*, and the knights had *penons*." It seems probable that the *penons* of the more powerful members of the mediæval chivalry, which subsequently assumed the form, character, and title of banners, were distinguished originally by this title of *gonfannon*. The same name was also occasionally given by the early writers to the lance-flags.

Mention is also made of the *penoncelle*, which would seem to have been an elongated, streamer-like pennon, the prototype, perhaps, of the standard that was introduced somewhat later, and became prevalent in the armies of England.

MAIDENHOOD.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. HANCOCK.

It is a misfortune for the art of sculpture in this country, and a still greater misfortune for the sculptors themselves—especially for those who have not as yet succeeded in gaining the eye of the public—that original productions are rarely seen where their merits may be judged of, and appreciated. The sculpture-room of the Royal Academy has well-earned its epithet of the "condemned cell," and, as a consequence, few visitors enter it except those whose enthusiasm in favour of the art urges them to inspect it under whatever disadvantages; but, as a further consequence, numerous works, the result of genius, thought, and time,—works that would confer honour on any existing school of Art,—are never seen by the public at all: they are carried in by the back doors, as if guilty of some crime that renders concealment necessary, and are carried out the same way after having served their term of imprisonment, not to be let loose on society, who knows nothing of them, and cares little for them, but to be again immured in the studio of the sculptor, to his discomfiture, and to the continuance of that happy state of ignorance in which the public mind is left.

It is not presumption on our part to say, that through the medium of the *Art-Journal*, which circulates wherever the English language is spoken, the world has been made acquainted with the works of British sculptors, which, but for its existence, would have been as effectually hidden from mortal sight, as were those glorious productions of centuries ago, the "Veus de Medicis," the "Gladiator," &c., when buried among the *debris* of ancient Rome. It has been, and will be, our privilege to rescue from the oblivion, to which fate and not demerit may have consigned them, many beautiful examples of native talent, and to present them, by the aid of the engraver's art, to the notice of our readers.

To the long list of those which have already appeared, we now add the statue of "Maidenhood," by Mr. J. Hancock, a sculptor whose name has long appeared in the catalogues of the Academy exhibitions, but whose works are not so familiarly known to the public as they deserve to be, and, doubtless, would be, if seen under more favourable circumstances. The statue was in the Academy in 1856, and appended to the title in the catalogue were the following lines from one of Longfellow's poems, which it is presumed, suggested the idea and treatment of the work:—

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!"

* * * * *
Childhood is the bough where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many numbered;
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in each hand,
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand."

The remark we made on this statue when exhibited was, that "it shows great refinement of conception, and is beautifully modelled, though the appearance of the lower limbs through the drapery is scarcely a feature coincident in spirit with the rest of the work;" in truth, the lower limbs are crossed rather awkwardly, so much so as to render it somewhat difficult to determine to which leg the foot in advance belongs; the draperies and accessories give considerable richness to the composition.

By an error which escaped our observation till it was too late to have it rectified, the initial letter of Mr. Hancock's Christian name is wrongly inserted in the plate: it should be as it appears above this notice.

Among the works executed by this sculptor, we may point out "The First Impulse of Love," an angel teaching two children to kiss one another; a bas-relief of "Christ led to Execution," modelled for the Art-Union of London; "Miranda;" a statuette in bronze of Dante's Beatrice; "Ariel," "Ophelia," "Angel's Mission," &c. &c.



MAIDENHOOD.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. EGLINGTON, FROM THE STATUE BY C. HANCOCK.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 7.—THE ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS OF WORCESTER.

OUR venerable, but ever vigorous contemporary, Mr. URBAN, has recently animadverted with just severity upon those elementary and popular volumes from which youthful students of the present day are in the habit of deriving what they very naturally suppose to be correct views of English history. Readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, however, have just discovered that these so-called "histories" are at best specious pretenders, being in reality, in a greater or less degree, either culpably imperfect, or tainted with gross errors. Mr. Urban has done good service to the cause of popular education by thus exposing the true character of this class of educational works. The next thing to be done is to associate with Parker's "Annals of England" a Student's English History, that shall be thoroughly sound, comprehensive also, and both simple and attractive.

The importance of portraying, in a clear and

graphic manner, the social and domestic condition of the people of England at different historical periods, is one aspect of English history that hitherto has been almost overlooked, but which we commend to the serious attention of those who may contemplate the production of future popular histories of England. With this view, such writers will do well to make themselves masters of the archeology of Art and Manufactures, as they have reference to English history. Thus they will discover the true value of genuine archeology as an ally to the historian. Let them take that one application of Art working in happy association with manufacturing industry which deals with ceramic productions, and observe with what telling effect it throws light over the pages of history. It is by no means an easy matter to picture to ourselves our own England, peopled by our own ancestors, in times with the leading and most characteristic incidents of which we have long been familiar, as being without any manufactory of earthenware of whatsoever kind (except for architectural uses), and destitute altogether of home-made fictile manufactures. And yet, if we would really pass in review before

our mental vision the England of the times of the Edwards and the Henries, we must advance a step beyond substituting armour for scarlet uniforms, and, walking in the gardens of our forefathers and entering their private houses, we must realize a condition of society which was almost, if not absolutely, ignorant of cups, and plates, and jugs, and porcelain chimney ornaments—ignorant even of flower-pots, *et id genus omne*—unless, indeed, they were obtainable, by some unknown means, from some equally unknown foreign potteries. It is certainly within the limits of possibility that some kinds of pottery may have continued in use from the Conquest till the Reformation; but if so, their use must have been rather exceptional than generally prevalent, since it is certain that we possess no such relics of the pottery of those centuries as would enable us to deduce from them any distinct and definite information with respect to ceramic manufactures during that period. Roman pottery yet remains in this island in abundance; and the rude relics both of the aboriginal Anglo-Celts and of the scarcely more refined potters of the Anglo-Saxon era, each tell their own historic legend. The potter's art in



WORCESTER PORCELAIN ENAMEL.

England evidently declined from the middle of the fifth century, nor did it show any decided indications of a revival until, in the middle of the sixteenth century, the brown stone-ware of Edward VI. made its appearance. The close of that century witnessed the introduction of the Elizabethan ware. Then another hundred years elapsed before the discovery of the salt glaze—an important step in advance in the development of our national fictile manufactures; but meanwhile an enamelled stone-ware had been produced (commencing about A.D. 1650) at Fulham and Lambeth, and in Staffordshire. About the year 1700 porcelain manufactories were established at Chelsea and Bow. The porcelain of Derby and Worcester date from the middle of the last century. And from about the year 1760, till his death in 1795, the English Paliissy, JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, flourished.

Without attempting to do more than direct attention to the comparatively recent origin of the existing ceramic manufactures of England, it is our present purpose more fully to describe the career of

one great establishment which has uniformly enjoyed the very highest reputation. It was in the year 1751 that Dr. Wall, a distinguished physician, and a good artist, in connection with several intelligent and enterprising citizens of Worcester, formed a plan for introducing in that city the manufacture of PORCELAIN, a peculiar and beautifully translucent fictile production, which is universally admired and valued, and which at that period was engaging the thoughtful attention of both learned men and sovereign princes throughout Europe.

The Worcester Porcelain Company from the first have aimed at the production of such works as should command decided admiration, and secure extensive patronage. Their earliest efforts were directed to the imitation of the porcelain of the Chinese. Chinese patterns, accordingly, in blue and white, together with the forms in favour with the ceramists of the Flowery Land, were reproduced on the banks of the Severn. About the same time also Japan colours were introduced by the Worcester artists in their works—that is, they employed those conven-

tional arrangements of red, blue, and gold, which technically are distinguished as "Japanese," when applied to fictile manufactures. These early Worcester works, wherever examples of them (now precious as relics) are to be found, exhibit evident indications of that thorough appreciation of the true qualities of porcelain, coupled with so happy an artistic feeling, that they may justly claim to be regarded as the auspicious forerunners of a triumphantly successful career. The execution of the designs in this earliest Worcester porcelain, together with the gilding freely introduced into many of the patterns, are remarkable for their excellence.

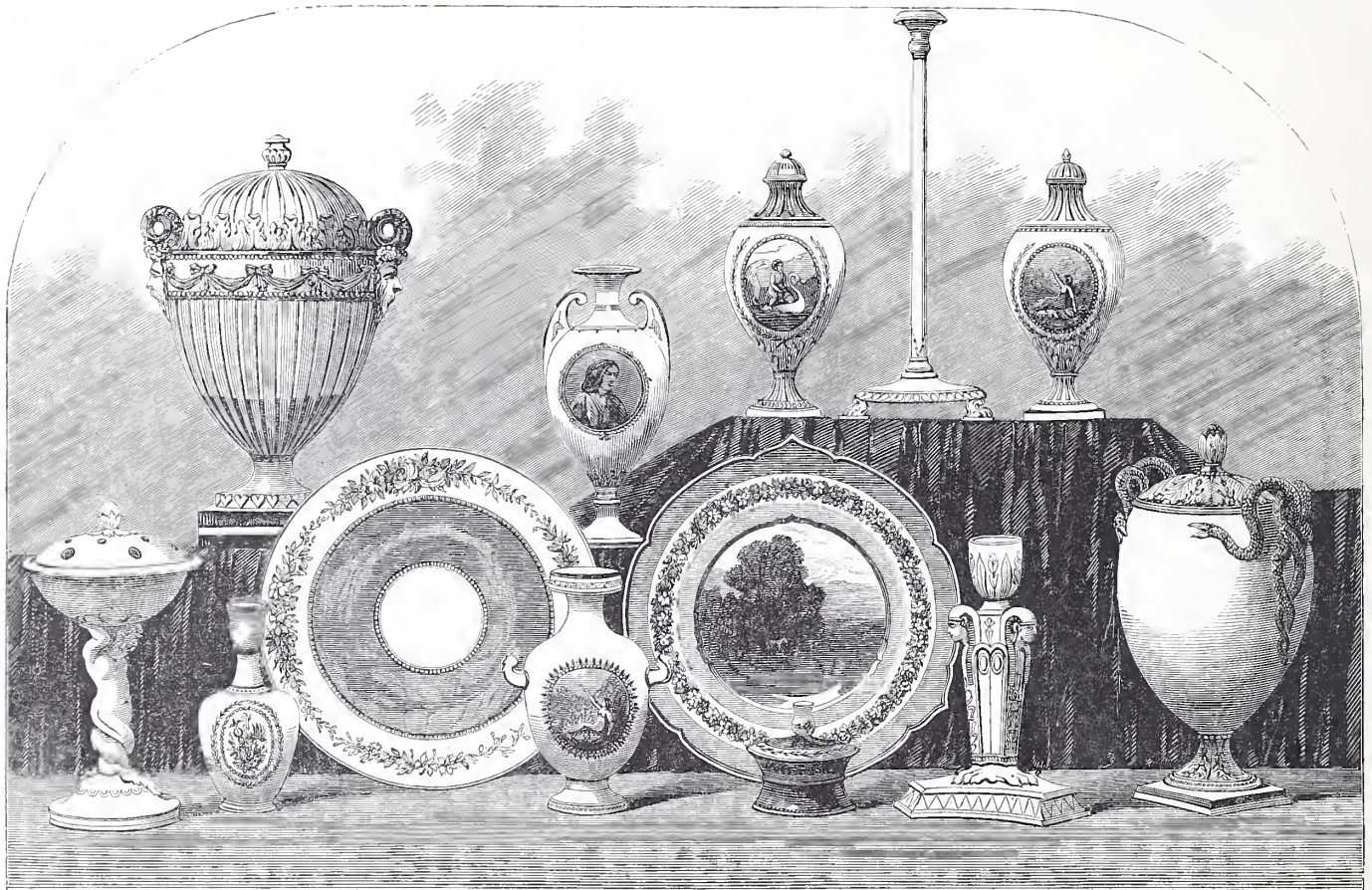
About the year 1756 the Worcester Company began the course of progressive improvement, which has distinguished their establishment now for more than a hundred years. At this time the invention of *transfer printing* was introduced, and it rapidly exercised a most important influence for good upon the ceramic manufactures of England. In fact, this process, discovered and first employed at Worcester in 1756, may be considered to have been the means

of extending the demand for British fictile productions more effectually than any subsequent discovery. As in the instance of the imitative Chinese and Japanese porcelain, the new transfer process was executed at Worcester with complete success. Of the engraved works executed at the period of the discovery many specimens are still in existence, which in themselves are truly beautiful, and as examples of porcelain manufacture remarkably fine.

The next incident which contributed in an important degree to advance the interests of the Worcester establishment, and to develop its practical powers, may be considered to have occurred in 1763, when the Chelsea works were closed, and the artists who had been there employed, were dispersed in search of engagements in other manufactories of porcelain. The more excellent of the Chelsea artists established themselves at Worcester, where their co-operation enabled the company to produce various works of considerable beauty after the manner of the old Sèvres and Dresden porcelain, but which, at the same time, were distinguished by certain characteristic peculiarities. The history of the Wor-

cester Porcelain Works does not supply any clue to the causes that, within twenty years of this period, brought about the first and only decided decline they have experienced. The productions of the year 1780, however, and of the few previous and succeeding years, are far less satisfactory than the works which preceded and followed them. They determine for themselves their own comparative value; and, when tested by comparison with both earlier and subsequent Worcester porcelain, they must be pronounced inferior in material, taste, and finish. But this decadence was speedily to be succeeded by such a change in the administration of the establishment, as might be expected to impart a fresh impulse to its productions. In 1783 the works were purchased by Mr. Flight, of Hackney, for his sons, and in the hands of those gentlemen they rapidly regained, and even rose above, their former reputation. At this critical period in the history of the Worcester Porcelain Works, an event took place which gave them an addition to their title, and very materially strengthened their powers of action. In 1786 King George III. paid a visit to the city,

when he granted the patent which gave to that city the first "Royal Porcelain Works" in England. This decided mark of royal favour, coupled with the abundant patronage which immediately followed it, placed the establishment beyond the reach of any future vicissitudes. Its success was indeed secured. Artists of the first talent were employed, under whose care a school of students was trained up in the study and the practice of the ceramic art. In 1793 Mr. Barr became associated with the works, and, in connection with the former proprietors, succeeded in introducing into all their productions the expressions of a pure and refined taste. About that time a second porcelain manufactory was established in Worcester by the Messrs. Chamberlain, which at once obtained a share of the popularity enjoyed by its rival. Both of these works were actuated by a similar spirit, and for many years the two may be said to have produced by far the larger part of all the important porcelain executed and purchased in this kingdom. Fortunate in being able to command the services of really able artists, and no less happy in the consciousness that their productions were



WORCESTER PORCELAIN.

duly appreciated, Messrs. Flight and Barr, and the Messrs. Chamberlain, made a large number of porcelain services for the Royal Family of England, and for many Continental princes, in addition to those which were sought from them by the nobility and gentry of this country. The patterns that still remain in the show-rooms attest the number and variety of the services executed during the forty-six years that succeeded the appearance of the second Worcester manufactory.

In the year 1839 the two establishments were united in that of the Messrs. Chamberlain, who, in their turn, were succeeded by the present proprietors of the one united manufactory—MESSRS. KERR AND BINNS—in 1852. Without doubt the emulation excited and stimulated by the presence at Worcester of a rival establishment, tended to act beneficially upon the art of porcelain making as it was practised in that city; and so also, on the other hand, it is equally certain that very decided advantages now result from the concentration of both talent and energy which has been effected by the existing arrangements.

From the time of the first production of porcelain at Worcester until the commencement of the present century, the artists of the establishment appear to have been influenced by an irresistible desire to imitate the most attractive works of other ceramists; and yet, despite of this imitative tendency, Worcester porcelain has always been distinguished by some decided Worcester speciality. If the class of designs were Chinese, they were executed not in the Chinese, but in the Worcester manner. If the style of decoration and the method of treatment were both adapted from some foreign specimens, the paste possessed peculiar translucent qualities that impressed upon the work some Worcester characteristic. This porcelain, consequently, is at all times easily recognised, notwithstanding the many features in which certain of its productions are assimilated to the porcelain of China and Japan, of Sèvres and Dresden. The exceedingly beautiful translucency of the fabric is the special characteristic of the earliest Worcester porcelain, when Chinese patterns were prevalent, and when the taste of the time attached peculiar importance to subjects

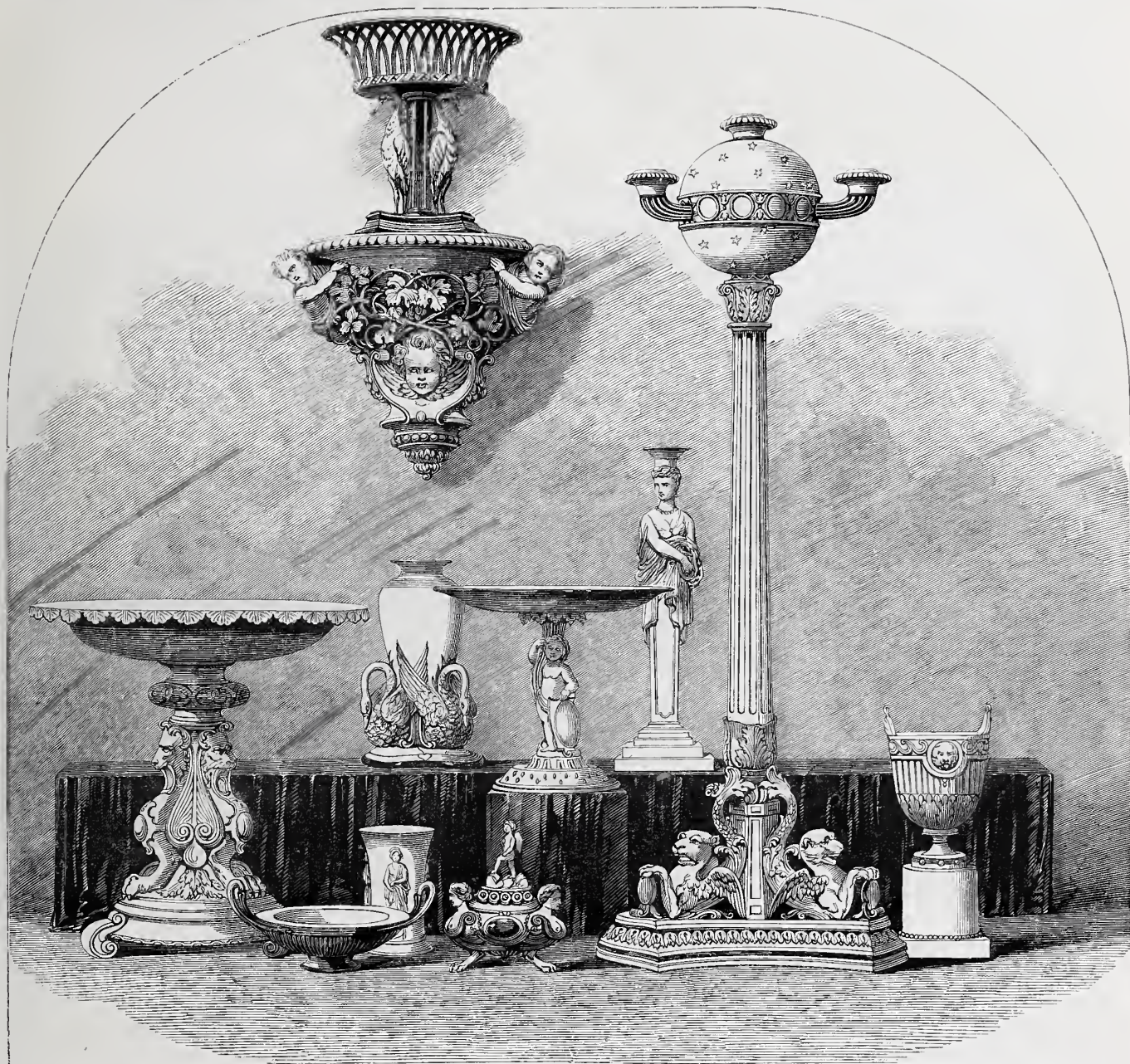
executed in black by the transfer process. Subsequently, as the last century advanced towards its close, the soap-rock body then used imparted a singular yellowness to the Worcester porcelain, which detracted very seriously from the effect of its finest specimens, at the same time that it stamped upon them all a Worcester identity. A corresponding distinctiveness of local character may always be observed in every variety of the finest Worcester porcelain: it is invariably *Worcester*, however studiously it may have followed the works of Sèvres, and of the German ceramic artists, in its gaily painted birds, in the rich variety of its beautiful flowers, its dark blue patterns and fine and lustrous gilding.

With the advance of the present century, the Worcester style has gradually assumed a more decided character. A succession of specialities has been superseded by a definite system; and, in the place of imitating foreign excellences, Worcester has studied how she might secure the universal recognition of excellent qualities intrinsically and permanently her own. The effect principally aimed at

early in this century appears to have been a gorgeous richness. Such is the effect produced both by the Japan patterns, executed for the royal family, for Lord Nelson, and others; and in the more classic, but still equally splendid, services that were made about the year 1815. Some of the paintings executed at that period by Baxter, Humphrey Chamberlain (great masters in their Art), and others, are still considered to be admirable specimens of the art of enamel painting. The gradual improvement in the practice of Art which has distinguished the succeeding years of the present century has not failed to exhibit its happy influences in that peculiar Art-manufacture, that has identified itself with the

city of Worcester. The ceramic productions of England have now risen to a position of the highest importance amongst our national manufactures, and an honourable rivalry exists, not between two establishments in a single city, but between a series of great works placed in various localities, and all of them conducted upon the same sound principles, and with the same aspiring aim. It is delightful to observe how this admirable manufacture has thus extended the range of its operations, not only without any falling away from the standard of its earlier excellence, but in increased power, and with more fully developed capabilities. And, at the same time, the present condition of the Worcester establishment

is a subject for special congratulation, since it still retains, nay, extends, its long-established reputation midst the group of its able confederates. A careful comparison between the productions of the various great ceramic works of the present day will confirm the high opinion of Worcester porcelain, that is excited by a visit to the establishment of KERR AND BINNS, at Worcester itself. Whether the material, or the forms, or the style of decoration, or its execution be investigated, in every one of these conditions the Worcester porcelain of the present day is prepared to endure the most searching tests. It bears about it evident tokens of care and thoughtfulness, expressing their action in association with a



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liberal spirit, and genuine artistic feeling. The more systematic course of action, that has so honourably distinguished the Worcester Porcelain Works during the last half century, and particularly in the latter twenty-five years of that period, has not by any means repressed the enterprising spirit which has made Worcester the scene of many fresh discoveries, and various new modes of treatment. The recent improvements, on the contrary, include many novelties of great interest and importance. Amongst these the honeycomb, or pierced porcelain, introduced in 1846 by the Chamberlains, may be specified as a characteristic example, which has since

continued to be a Worcester speciality. In 1854, a much more important class of new works were added to the Worcester productions. These consist of enamels, executed on porcelain in the style of the celebrated Champlevé metallic enamels of Limoges, but without their thread-like outlines in gold. These very admirable works, which exhibit the same beautiful tints with the enamels of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, have contributed beyond every other recent adaptation of the porcelain manufacture, to elevate the character of our existing ceramic establishments in their Art capacity. The enamels executed after this process have been applied

to various purposes of decoration with complete success, and many are the gems of Art of this class that have already been produced. These enamels are uniformly distinguished by an exquisite delicacy of touch, and that purity and refinement of general treatment which declare them to be the works of artists of rare talent. The author of the finest specimens claims a distinct recognition for his masterly productions, which would unquestionably have been regarded by the old enamellers of Limoges as triumphant expressions of their art. We should not accord justice to this establishment if we omitted honour to the artist—M. BOTT—who princi-

pally paints in this new, interesting, and very important department. He is not the only artist at these "Works" entitled to special mention: there are others whose merits are of the first order, and who are the valuable auxiliaries by which the supremacy of Worcester is maintained. There is no manufacturer in England better qualified to direct such Works than Mr. R. W. BINNS, F.S.A. It is most fortunate that its "Art" is under his direction; and assuredly to him we are largely indebted for the valuable results now universally admitted—that the prosperity of the manufactory at Worcester is secured. To Mr. KERR, also, we must give voice to public approval, for the energy and enterprise he has exercised over his establishment.

The judgment that has selected the subjects of these enamels from modern pictures and works in sculpture, cannot be too highly commended. As a most perfect example both of a consistent subject and of its successful rendering in the Worcester porcelain enamel, we may specify the large plaque, after Ary Scheffer's noble picture of Paulo and Francesca di Rimini, a specimen of which may be seen in the Cera-

mic Court, at the Crystal Palace. In the same case will be found a series of the "Worcester enamels," which exhibits fine and eminently characteristic specimens of every most important variety. These works we commend to the thoughtful study of all persons by whom the Crystal Palace is accessible. They will do well, indeed, to undertake a special pilgrimage to Sydenham for this very purpose. The beautiful material, now well known as "Parian," has not failed to be employed at Worcester, as the vehicle for producing a variety of graceful and attractive works. Others have appeared in which the surfaces exhibit the texture of ivory; and these have been very agreeably treated, in some instances, by the introduction of silver upon parts of the figures and other objects. All these artistic processes have experienced the most generous patronage from Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort, and also from the most distinguished admirers and patrons of ceramic art.

The accompanying engravings represent some of the most admired specimens of Worcester enamels, including vases and pateræ, coloured and enamelled,

vases of the new ivory body, and candelabra, tazzi, and other objects in parian. The *first* of our series of four groups of Worcester productions comprises a collection of the most beautiful miscellaneous objects that have been executed in the porcelain-enamel; but it does not include the Di Rimini plaque. The plateau in the centre, with chalice, ewer, and dish, may be specially noted for the elegance of their design, and the exquisite skill and finish of their workmanship. A variety of pleasing forms, and of appropriate and effective decorations, is apparent in the *second* group, which consists of objects in painted porcelain. The *third* engraving is devoted to works in parian, and it exhibits several of the productions in this beautiful material that are held in the greatest esteem. The styles of art that appear in these designs are classic and Renaissance. The *fourth* of our engravings is devoted to those various objects of more general use, which have contributed in no slight degree to the high reputation of the Worcester establishment. The Worcester characteristics of fine forms and chaste decorations are clearly apparent in our sketches, though they necessarily fail



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to convey any ideas of the rich colouring which is so important an element in the complete effectiveness of these works.

In addition to the new porcelain-enamel, the Ceramic Court, at the Crystal Palace, contains a fine and richly-varied collection of the more choice works produced in porcelain, parian, and other materials at Worcester. The adjoining court, in the occupation of Mr. R. Hawkins, is also entirely devoted to the display, for the purpose of sale, of the more useful varieties of fictile productions, a considerable portion of the whole being from the Worcester establishment. We desire particularly to direct attention to those departments of Mr. Hawkins' varied collection which comprise the less costly works in porcelain, and are such as would provide for the ordinary requirements of domestic use. Here, as well as in the more decorative works of high prices, the same good taste and the same manipulative skill are apparent. In place of any detailed or lengthy descriptions of Mr. Hawkins' section of the Ceramic Court, we prefer to request that our readers will seek from Mr. Hawkins himself the opportunity of examining such

illustrative specimens as will most satisfactorily convey to them correct impressions of the *useful* porcelain of Worcester. They will not readily forget the beautiful forms, the exquisitely tasteful decorations, and the delicate material of the cups and plates, and dishes that will be put into their hands; and their sentiments will be abundantly confirmed by a comparison with the great majority of other works of the same class. This is a matter of the greatest importance, since it is in the more popular productions of any Art-manufacture, and in such as extend their influences far beyond the mansions of the wealthy, that the practical advantages of improved and really beautiful productions are to be most effectively displayed. Thus the public taste is to be cultivated and refined, if it is by any means to become susceptible of cultivation and refinement. Thus also the appliances of daily life are to be elevated into instruments of perpetual gratification, and life itself may derive a charm from the humblest and most unexpected agencies. In the natural world, all is beautiful as well as useful—everywhere the requirements of utility are accom-

plished by the most skilful adaptation of means to the proposed end, and in everything the eye is either soothed or delighted by the beauties of form, or colour, or arrangement. We do well, when in the works of our hands we blend together, in the closest union, the useful and the beautiful. In so doing we are following a high precedent, and we are seeking to emulate the noblest of examples, when we regard the trifling appliances of common use as the means for displaying our own sense of external beauty. While, therefore, they point with justifiable and honourable pride to their costly enamels, and their delicate parian, and to the glowing tints of their translucent vases, let the proprietors of the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works continue to bear in mind that fully equal in importance with all of these is the character of their humbler and more useful productions. Here they may address themselves to the community at large, through the length and breadth of the land; here they can command opportunities for imparting fresh graces to ten thousand smiling homes, and thus they may excite, or at least convey, the first healthful stimulus to unnumbered sympathies with Art.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL, AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THIS long anticipated event—the musical incident *par excellence* of the present year—duly took place at the time appointed, on the 20th, 22nd, and 24th of June; the grand full rehearsal having been given on the 18th of the same month. In many respects decidedly successful, this unprecedented musical demonstration has pronounced a final and conclusive opinion upon the conditions necessary for securing such a measure of success as shall be complete and unconditional. It has shown that one of these conditions is an edifice suitable in its form, its arrangements, and its fittings, both for the diffusion of sound, and for its equable diffusion throughout its entire expanse. The Crystal Palace is now proved to be hopelessly unfit for great performances of music. It cannot do justice either to the musical sounds produced within it, or to the audience who may be assembled beneath its transparent vaults. The music experienced unjust treatment, since its volume is absorbed, and its sourous qualities deadened by the building, and the audience may rightfully complain that while the acoustic qualities of the palace are uniformly imperfect, there are many gradations of this imperfection, which at last subsides to the minimum of hearing. Whatever the general impression produced by this festival upon the audiences, these two points admit of no denial—the one, that grander and more impressive effects of music have been obtained, with an executive force numerically very much weaker; and the other, that not half of the whole number of visitors were able to form even a tolerably or approximately correct idea of what this festival really was. The teaching and the application of these facts may lead to much consideration, and it is to be hoped that they will conduce to ulterior results of no inconsiderable importance.

It is useless for us, so long after the festival, to offer any critical remarks upon either the performances or the performers. We have simply to record the occurrence of the festival; it being also, at the same time, our gratifying duty to add that all persons concerned appeared to exert themselves to the utmost, and that their efforts impressed upon this festival an unique reputation. The spirit of Handel's glorious compositions was deeply *felt* by all that choral and instrumental army, and under the influence of that deep feeling they gave expression to the great composer's music in the fullness of its majestic grandeur. There were no shortcomings in the executants, as there was no weakness in the administrative management. The general arrangements also were excellent, and they claim the most explicit recognition, as well as a strong expression of grateful admiration. Mr. Grove, the able secretary of the company, and their prime mover in everything that reflects honour upon their proceedings, was the unseen author of all the arrangements that caused the whole affair to move onwards as pleasantly and smoothly as a successful ship-launch. Whatever Mr. Bowley's particular duties may have been, we have no doubt that he discharged them zealously and well: he is at home in musical gatherings, and accordingly the Handel Festival would provide for him precisely that occupation which he would most efficiently fulfil. It is needless to do more than mention Mr. Costa as the conductor of the festival, and to add that he accomplished his serious task even more triumphantly than had been expected from him; and he was most ably seconded—the principal singers, the band, the chorus, all vied one with the other in a generous emulation, and all alike merit the same honourable remembrance.

The spectacle afforded by the interior of the palace was singularly impressive, and also peculiarly beautiful. From the upper side-galleries, the view was pre-eminently striking, since from thence the eye could range along the entire length of the central avenue of the building, and at the same time could comprehend nearly the whole of the vast assemblage in the central transept, leaving out from a place in the panorama just enough to enhance the impression produced upon the mind through the consciousness that, much as was seen, there yet remained something beyond the power of vision.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The following is an official account, published in the *Times*, of the pictures purchased since the 31st of March, 1858:—A portrait of Jeanne d'Archel, by Antonij Moro, was, with the sanction of the trustees, and of the treasury, purchased from Mr. C. J. Nieuwenhuys in June, 1858. The following pictures were subsequently purchased on the continent, on the recommendation of Sir C. L. Eastlake:—A half-length portrait of a Brescian nobleman, by Moretto; a small picture of St. Francis, by Filippino Lippi; a picture of St. Dominick, ascribed to Marco Zoppo; the upper portion of an altarpiece, representing a Pieta; the 'Dead Christ,' with other figures, by Marco Palmezzano; a bust portrait of a lady, by Battista Zelotti; 'The Madonna adoring the Sleeping Child,' by Marco Basaiti; 'The Madonna and Child,' by Cima da Conegliano; 'A Pieta,' by Carlo Crivelli. A picture of a blind man led by a girl, painted by J. L. Dyckmaus, bequeathed by Miss J. Clarke, was placed in the gallery in March last, and another, given by the late Mr. J. Kenyon, called 'Geraldine' (a half-length figure), by W. Buxall, A.R.A., is to be placed or hung up at the South Kensington Museum. As soon as the new galleries at South Kensington are completed, it is intended to place in the larger of those galleries a portion of the pictures now in Trafalgar Square, as a temporary arrangement, till the alterations proposed to be made in the present National Gallery, on the removal of the Royal Academy, can be carried out. By this means it is hoped that sufficient space will be gained to hang the pictures in Trafalgar Square without undue crowding; although it may not be possible, under the circumstances, to arrange them quite systematically with regard to schools. Fourteen pictures were protected with glass in the year 1858, making a total number of sixty-four in Trafalgar Square. Four pictures were varnished during the year. 553,766 persons visited Trafalgar Square last year, and 238,377 the pictures in Marlborough House. The highest price given for a picture last year was 641*l.* for a Marco Basaiti (Florence), and 537*l.* for a Marco Palmezzano (Rome). The lowest was 200*l.* for an Antonij Moro, bought in London.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The trustees have handed in their second annual report. The following is the list of donations since the last report—viz., a portrait of General Wolfe, 1726-59, by Highmore; James Stuart, named "Athenian Stuart," 1713-88; William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, 1737-1805, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; Admiral Boscawen, 1711-61, by Reynolds; Sir J. Mackintosh, 1765-1832, by Sir T. Lawrence; Robert Burns, 1759-96, by Raeburn and Nasmyth; John Kemble, 1757-1823, by G. Stuart; Mrs. Siddons, 1755-1831, by Sir W. Beechey; John Keats, the poet, 1795-1821, by Severn; President Forbes, of Culloden, 1685-1747; Dr. Edward Jenner, 1749-1823, by Northcote; Dr. Nathaniel Hooke, died 1764, by Dandridge; and Sir Charles Bell, 1774-1842, by James Tannock. Besides these donations of single portraits, the Government have offered the great picture of the House of Commons, at the opening of the first Reformed Parliament, in January, 1833, as painted by Sir G. Hayter, and recently secured to the nation. This picture, which measures 17 by 10 feet, contains nearly 400 portraits, including all the principal statesmen of the time. The gallery at the disposal of the trustees is so small as to preclude the immediate reception of this picture. The purchases have since increased to forty-four. These include portraits of Pulteney, Nell Gwynne, Lord Clive, Theodore Hook, the novelist, Sir J. Reynolds (painted by himself), the Princess Charlotte, Lord Southampton, the "patron" of Shakspeare, as he is amusingly and artlessly styled by the trustees; Sir D. Wilkie; Jeffreys, the infamous Lord Chancellor; George Colman the elder, William Harvey, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, at the age of eight years; William Congreve, by Kneller; Sir Robert Walpole (Vanloo); Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and sister of Sir P. Sidney (died 1621); and Elizabeth, Princess of England and Queen of Bohemia, 1596-1662, the source of the "House of Brunswick." The portraits now in the gallery are seventy in number.

MACLISE'S CARTOON.—The drawing for the fresco intended to be executed in the Royal Gallery in the Houses of Parliament is finished, and has been temporarily placed in the situation which the fresco is intended to occupy. The subject is 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at La Belle Alliance after the Battle of Waterloo.' When the length of the cartoon is given as forty-six feet in length, it may be supposed to contain many figures. Towards the centre of the composition Wellington and Blücher are in the act of shaking hands; the latter is elated, and full of congratulation, but the expression of the English general is mournful. Each is attended by his staff, and Wellington has behind him a party of the Life Guards, and there are near him Lord Somerset, Lord Sandys, Sir Hussey Vivian, and other officers; and on the left, with Blücher, are Bulow and a numerous staff. The meeting takes place immediately in front of the house, and on each side, on what looks like high ground, in the immediate rear, we see the retreating French artillery attacked by cavalry. In the base of the composition are massed dead and dying men and horses, dismounted guns, and shattered gun-carriages, and prominent among the prostrate figures is an officer, apparently of lancers, supported and teuded by soldiers of one of the Highland regiments; this figure must represent a Pole, for we had no lancers in 1815. The extreme left is occupied by the Prussian band, that halted, and played "God save the King." Mr. Maclise, as we understand, has been occupied only fifteen months in the execution of this cartoon; if this he literally true, it is the largest composition that has ever been completed in a period so brief; for there is nothing imperfect, the whole being made out with a finish as careful as if the work were a large lithograph. It is throughout drawn in French chalk, the entire surface being lined and hatched like an academy study. In contemplating such a work, we look about for similar instances, but there are no modern productions of a like character with which it may not be advantageously compared. Maclise shows himself a more able tactician than those artists who, in painting battle subjects, choose the everlasting *mêlée*; it is more difficult to paint the meeting of the two generals after the battle, than to paint the defence of Hougoumont, the terrible slaughter of the French reserve, or the charges of the Household or Union brigade. We see the Crimean episodes at the Palais des Champs Elysées, and the wars of the Empire, and those of the more recent history of France at Versailles; but they are never without that something scenic, which qualifies all the historical art of the French school. There is an energy of naturalness in Maclise's cartoon transcending the mere military narrative of Veret. It is scarcely too much to say this is the greatest work of its class that has been produced in England: nor is there any painter of the Continent who has surpassed it—not even Kaulbach; assuredly no other. The picture is therefore one of which the nation may be justly and rightly proud.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The University of Oxford, during the repairs of its public galleries, has liberally consented to the removal of its original drawings by Raffaele and others, from Oxford to the South Kensington Museum, where they will be exhibited for some time. Permission has also been given to the Science and Art Department to take photographs of those drawings required to complete the extensive series of Raffaele drawings, which have been collected by the department from public galleries at home and abroad.

THE ROYAL GALLERY.—The series of DRAWINGS, one hundred in number, from pictures in the royal collections at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne, are now exhibiting at the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall. These are the drawings made for the engravers, engravings from which have been published in the Royal Gallery and the Art-Journal. Our readers are therefore familiar with the burin copies; we desire they should see the originals, which they may do by visiting the French Gallery; they will readily believe they can thus enjoy a rare treat, for the series comprises examples of many of the ancient and modern masters, the interest of which cannot fail to be enhanced by the fact that they are either the private acquisitions of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, or heir-looms of the British Crown, many of which are of inestimable value.

JACOB BELL'S BEQUEST.—This very munificent bequest of sixteen first-class pictures, the productions, chiefly, of renowned British painters, has met with the treatment it is our custom to accord to national benefactions. The sixteen pictures are hung upon the staircase at Marlborough House! It would seem as if there existed a deliberate resolve on the part of "authorities" to warn such persons as are inclined to augment our National Gallery, that bequests create more trouble than they are worth, being extremely inconvenient accessories to those upon whom rest the duty of finding places where to hang them. They may, indeed, attract and delight hundreds of thousands during the year; but they may be annoyances to those who do not care about them. They will, however, be very soon removed to South Kensington, where they may be seen and appreciated. It is a noble bequest: honoured by the memory of the man who made it!

EVENING ADMISSIONS TO PUBLIC GALLERIES.—There has been much discussion on this subject; it has, indeed, been considered in the House of Commons, hitherto without result. There is an indisposition on the part of the trustees of the National Gallery to concede this valuable boon to the public. It is conceded, however, at South Kensington; the Sheepshanks Collection is there shown during evenings; and upon what ground, except that hitherto "it has not been so," it is withheld as regards the Vernon and Turner Galleries, about to be removed to the same locality, we are at a loss to guess. It is true these grand bequests are only to be at Kensington *pro tem.*, but the *pro tem.* is likely to outlast the present generation. Surely all thinking, right-minded, and religious men must believe that, to encourage visits to picture galleries, is to promote social order, virtue, and piety; working men must have relaxation somewhere; shall we send them to public-houses, tea-gardens, and dancing-saloons, rather than to museums? We scarcely conceive it possible that a true philanthropist can vote for excluding "the people" from such sources of improvement.

"THE HEART OF THE ANDES" is the title of a picture now exhibited at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond Street. The painter is Mr. Church, an American artist, the author of a work exhibited in this country some time since, the subject of which was the Falls of Niagara. The present landscape is of large dimensions, being ten feet in length, by about five and a half in height; on approaching it with impressions of South American scenery, the eye is gratified by the surpassing verdure of the scene—its freshness being accounted for when it is understood that the subject stands thousands of feet above the arid plains of Ecuador. The near section is divided perpendicularly by a river, which obviously derives its current from the snows that mantle the peaks of the mountains; and from the foreground, with a masterly definition of distance, the view rises like an amphitheatre, until it is closed by the towering grandeur of the principal mountain that all but fills the distance of the composition. We look for palms and all the gigantic members of the South American flora, but these are all in another climate below. The subject has much natural beauty, and, with a most successful expression of space, there is a minuteness of description which is very happily combined with that breadth of treatment whereby alone Mr. Church has felt he could do justice to his material. In feeling, the work is purely realistic. It must add greatly to the reputation of the painter.

AT MESSRS. COLNAGHI'S, in Pall Mall, there are exhibited two ivory statuettes—works of the Baron de Triqueti; the subjects are a Faun and the Death of Cleopatra. The latter figure, about a foot and a half in length, reclines in a bronze chair, into which she has just fallen back, as closing her eyes in death. The asp is still entwined round her arm, and the basket of flowers in which it was concealed, is falling from her lap. The Faun is seated on a wine-skin, and with right goodwill is clashing his cymbals in honour of Bacchus—stimulated to joyous action and expression by the free use of wine. Both of these figures are conceived in the purest spirit of the antique; indeed, they come so near in feeling to the best period of Greek art, as of themselves to suggest the works with which they may be successfully compared. Ivory not being a material employed among ourselves for cabinet

sculpture, the classic character and beautiful execution of these works of M. de Triqueti ought to be very attractive.

AT MESSRS. GRAVES, in Pall Mall, there is to be seen the original sketch in terra-cotta for the Pietà, by Michel Angelo, which gives the name to one of the chapels on the south side of St. Peter's, at Rome. The grand work, which is in marble, is one of the Art-marvels of St. Peter's; it was designed and executed by Buonarroti when he was about twenty-four years of age, and displays much more careful execution than later works. The sketch was long known as a gem in the possession of Mr. Clerk, of Eldin, at the sale of whose property it was purchased by Mr. Woodburn. The head of the Virgin is remarkable for beauty and elevated character, and the modelling of the figure of the crucified Saviour is more highly finished than perhaps any other similar essay of its great author.

THE SALE OF THE NORTHWICK GALLERY, entrusted to the hammer of Mr. Phillips, of New Bond Street, commenced on the 26th of the last month, at the mansion of the deceased nobleman, Thirlestane House, near Cheltenham: it will occupy, including the furniture, wines, and other "effects," twenty-one days, whereof eighteen will be given to the disposal of the pictures and other works of Art; this portion of the sale will conclude on the 24th of the present month. It extends to nearly 2,000 lots, of which the pictures by the old masters are by far the more numerous; but those of our own school are considerable in number, and include some admirable examples of our best painters. The catalogue issued by Mr. Phillips, and bound in bright blue and gold, makes an imposing volume of two hundred pages: a well executed lithographic view of the front of Thirlestane House forms a frontispiece to it. In glancing over the "conditions of sale," the auctioneer very properly guards the purchaser against the warranty of any "lot," by stating that "it shall be absolutely cleared away, with all faults and errors of description, at the purchaser's expense, within one day after each day's sale, without reference to the identity of either subject or master." The passage we have marked in italics is not usually found, we believe, in such announcements; but it seems in this particular instance to be especially necessary, because it is well known to those who have of late years watched the progress of picture-buying, that Lord Northwick was not unfrequently the victim of the unprincipled seller.

THE STATUE OF THE GREEK SLAVE, by the American sculptor, Hiram Powers, was sold by auction the other day, to the Duke of Cleveland, who paid 1800 guineas for it, a sum, in our opinion, far beyond its real worth, though a fine work of Art. We have half a dozen sculptors in our own country who could produce as good a statue, and would be only too glad to get the commission, for about half the above sum.

CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The drawing will have taken place before our Journal is in the hands of its readers, and a report will have been made to the subscribers. On that report, and the proceedings generally, we shall freely comment, when information is fully before us. The number of members is much more limited than it ought to have been; for the objects supplied are unquestionably good, as regards both the presentation works and the prizes; but if errors have been committed, experience is gained, and a far more prosperous season may be anticipated next year.

SCENERY OF INDIA AND HIGH ASIA.—About five years since, three brothers, Hermann, Adolphe, and Robert Schlagintweit, natives of Germany, and already known to the scientific world by two books on the physical geography and the glaciers of the Alps, were sent out to India by the Court of Directors of the India House—chiefly at the suggestion of Colonel Sykes, on the part of the East India Company, and of General Sabine, on the part of the Royal Society, seconded by recommendations of the friend of the travellers, the late Baron Humboldt. The chief object of their mission was magnetic observation (as successors of the late General Elliot), geology, and physical geography in general. To their scientific researches and collections, they added, on their own account, a series of artistic works, two hundred and seventy plastic casts, and numerous photographs in reference to ethnology, and seven hundred water-colour drawings of land-

scape scenery, &c. These gentlemen, during three years, traversed not only India by various routes, but also the Himalayas, Thibet, and territories connected with the names of Turner, Griffith, Hodgson, Hue, Hooker, Moorcroft, the Strachays, Falconer, Cunningham, Thompson, and Speke; and they were the first to cross the Karakorum, to the north of Thibet, and to proceed by the Kueluen to Turkistan, through countries never visited before by Europeans. It would seem that in the course of their travels the brothers almost always separated, for Hermann and Robert have returned without Adolphe, who, from information collected by the survivors, is supposed to have been killed by a party of fanatic Asiatics, at Kashgar, in Turkistan, in August, 1857, only because he was a European. The two others are now in London, and have brought with them many specimens of their works, which we have had an opportunity of seeing, and which will shortly be published in Leipzig and London. Amongst their works a most interesting plastic collection of the Indian and Asiatic races, represented by facial casts, have been placed in the museum of the India House. Our object, chiefly, is to mention the drawings. These are partly reproduced in colour-prints, intended to accompany a work entitled, "Results of the Scientific Mission to India and High Asia;" many of them are of large size, and among the whole will be found representations of some of the most magnificent scenery of localities rarely, if ever, trodden before by the foot of the European. Some idea of the industry of the travellers may be gathered from the fact that their portfolios contain seven hundred finished sketches, which include landscapes, temples, trees, and groups of vegetation, glaciers, hydrographical objects, &c. &c. A photographic edition of the whole set, with a peculiar and rather novel mode of reproducing the original effect, by a skilful combination of colouring with printing on paper previously slightly tinted, is being prepared, and will, no doubt, meet with deserved success, since the originals are evidently drawn by artists possessed of eyes for the picturesque, and of a fine feeling for the beautiful and the grand in nature.

THE GLASGOW ART-UNION has issued its first list of pictures purchased by the council for distribution to the subscribers of the present year: it includes 'The Tod Hunter,' by R. Ansdell, 350*l.*; 'Job,' J. Paed, R.S.A., 250*l.*; 'Tinkers,' R. M'Innes, 250*l.*; 'Bedouin Arah exchanging a Young Slave for Armour,' J. Paed, R.S.A., 180*l.*; 'Undine,' F. Wyburd, 168*l.*; 'The Picnic,' D. Pasmore, 145*l.*; 'Low Tide,' G. E. Hicks, 120*l.*; 'Venice,' J. B. Pyne, 105*l.*; 'Contentment,' C. Baxter, 70*l.*; 'Schevelling Sands,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 52*l.* 10*s.*; 'Evening in Greece,' and 'View in Arran,' both by G. E. Hering; 'Jealousy,' J. Craig; 'Venice, from the Riva Schivoni,' and 'Venice—Entrance to the Grand Canal,' both by E. A. Goodall; 'Eddystone Light-house,' Melby; 'A Girl's Head,' J. Sant: these last were bought at 50*l.* each. The total number of pictures purchased up to July 1, is forty-two, at a cost of 2673*l.* 11*s.*

ILLUMINATED INDICATORS.—Under this name it is proposed to disfigure the public thoroughfares by a series of erections, the first of which has been placed opposite Apsley House. London already enjoys such unenviable notoriety for the tastelessness of its public monuments, that we had hoped the climax was reached, and perchance improvement might set in. If, however, aristocratic parishes will sanction anything so hideous as this, what hope can we have for less refined districts? The design consists of a polygonal glass box, surmounted by a lantern, representing a gigantic tetotum. When this monstrosity is lit at night, and glares hideously in the very centre of the roadway, its effect is so grotesquely horrible, that it gives this entrance to London the appearance of a scene in a Christmas Pantomime. The sort of "information" which it is its excuse to give, we are better without; the advertisements of every penny paper supply it, and we have it so constantly thrust before us, that darkness is welcome to relieve our eyes; but now it glares forth after sunset more hideously than before. It is much to be regretted that parishes are left to be ruled by the least educated and most vulgar of their inhabitants, and that gentlemen eschew the business. Consequently we have St. James's taking

the lead in a disfigurement of the metropolis, which shows that local self government has occasional disadvantages. Continental cities are not permitted to be made publicly ridiculous by the freaks of parish vestries. London seems now, more than ever, to require some protection against an alarming exhibition of bad taste, which it is doomed to display.

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF CHATTERTON.—It appears that we were in error with regard to the result of the case *Turner v. Robinson*, the Irish Master of the Rolls having granted the injunction. We confess we cannot see what injury could have been sustained by the publisher of the intended print; we believe, on the contrary, the photograph might have been its best advertisement. The picture, although a work of singular ability, is not calculated to make a popular engraving; the subject is grievously painful; the "marvellous boy," dead from poison administered by his own hand, is surely not an incident to be contemplated with pleasure, although it may be a necessary adjunct to a pictured history of his mournful life.

HART'S METAL-WORK.—We have had much pleasure in examining a chandelier, or corona of brass, of unusual excellence in both design and workmanship, and also remarkable for its large dimensions, the production of Messrs. Hart, of Wych Street and Charing Cross. A previous familiar acquaintance with the metal-works of the Messrs. Hart led us to form great expectations from what we had heard of this particular specimen of their taste and skill; but the chandelier itself proved to be even superior to its own reputation. It is in every respect an admirable work, and we rejoice to know that it is destined to adorn the residence of a wealthy merchant at Sydney, where it will most favourably exemplify the present manufacturing powers of the mother country. The design is pure Gothic, and the spirit of the style is preserved throughout the composition: around the circular rim are set eight groups of candle burners, each to contain nine candles, the whole being executed by the hammer in burnished brass. The touch is most artistic, and the impressive character of the design is fully realized through the skilful manipulative treatment of the artist-workman. To such of our readers as are interested in the progress of modern metal-work, we can promise more than ordinary gratification should they visit the establishments of the Messrs. Hart. At Charing Cross the show-rooms are now being fitted up permanently with decorative iron-work of great beauty, and admirably adapted to the purposes to which it is applied. A large collection of works in brass and iron is also being formed, which will illustrate the abundant resources of these enterprising and eminently successful artist-manufacturers.

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE, MUSWELL HILL.—This project is now a fact; a meeting has been held, at which Lord Brougham presided; satisfactory statements as to progress were made, and there seems no doubt that another Crystal Palace will be created—north of the metropolis. We are not of those who anticipate that such a scheme can be prosperous in a "monetary" sense, and we have grave doubts as to its success—having before our eyes a warning, and not an encouragement, at Sydenham. We shall, however, do our utmost to render our apprehensions groundless, and aid the project by all means in our power. If it is to be done, it is most essential that it should be well done; there is no truth more palpable than that which tells us of the utility of competition; wholesome and fair rivalry is always useful. At Muswell Hill, no doubt, errors that have been committed at Sydenham will be avoided, while all serviceable hints will be freely taken. The moderate estimate for erecting the one may "pay," while the enormous outlay of the other rendered pecuniary recompense, almost from the first, improbable, if not impossible. At all events, a new establishment so far north of the metropolis cannot be other than a public gain; it may, and we believe, will, delight and instruct millions who are precluded by distance from enjoying that which, by comparison, is old; and we cordially desire for it the prosperity we shall endeavour to promote.

THE STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE, by Foley, has been erected on its pedestal, close by the Government House, in Calcutta. Mr. Mowatt,

secretary to the committee formed for the execution of the work, has received a letter from Calcutta, in which is the following statement:—"The statue is greatly admired, particularly by the natives, who have never seen anything approaching to it before. The Arab horse-dealers, with whom the love of the horse is a passion, and knowledge of their points of excellence a universal acquirement, are daily to be seen gazing at it. A more impressive admiration than that of these wild children of the desert, it is impossible to witness anywhere. The European judgment of this city is, that, as a work of Art, it has no rival, and that nothing which India has yet seen approaches to it in excellence." We believe that Europe has rarely seen any work of Art, of a similar class, which surpasses it.

STATUE OF THE LATE JOSEPH HUME.—The statue of this veteran reformer—whom his political adversaries are willing to honour as an honest man—about to be erected at Montrose, has been completed by the excellent sculptor, Calder Marshall; it is a work of considerable merit.

IN THE STUDIO OF MR. PAGE, an American artist, at 74, Newman Street, there is privately exhibited a picture by him, executed at Rome, entitled "Venus conducting Æneas and the Trojans to the Latin Shore." The goddess is borne on the smooth sea in a shell drawn by doves and impelled by cupids, one of whom is in the act of turning the shell towards the left, as indicating the direction of the land. It is an admirable conception, entirely original, for there is no passage in the classic poets suggestive of the subject, as the artist has treated it; and the originality of the treatment is further vindicated by the communication of action to the figure, all the antique versions of the impersonation being in repose. The figure is nude, and of the size of life; behind her, at a short distance, are seen the Trojan galleys, the relation established between the principal and secondary portions of the composition being such as to give point to the subject. In the drawing of the figure, the object has been to preserve the essence of the antique character; and, in respect of attribute, Mr. Page has endeavoured to do that which the Greeks themselves would have acknowledged. The subject is a most felicitous conception, which the painter has carried out with a profound feeling for antique Art and classic poetry.

MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—Every now and then some novelty starts up to show us the marvellous results arising from the progress of photographic science. The last we have seen are some extraordinary minute specimens, taken by Mr. J. Amadio, of Throgmorton Street, portraits of living characters, of Mr. Charles Diceus, Mr. Albert Smith, &c., so exceeding small as to be scarcely discernible to the naked eye, but which, when placed under Mr. Amadio's powerful compound microscopes, come out as clearly and truthfully as a miniature of the usual size; there is a portrait of a youth, occupying in the glass about the two-hundredth part of an inch, which is a most beautiful work of art; and a view of the Thames, at Westminster Bridge, with the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the steam-boat pier at Hungerford Bridge, is an absolute gem of a picture, accurate in all points. These specimens are quite curiosities of the photographic art, and, as the saying is, "must be seen to be believed." Mr. Amadio's ordinary pocket microscopes are sufficiently powerful to test the truth of these pigmy pictures, but his compound microscopes show them, as might be expected, to far greater advantage. To this intelligent and enterprising optician we have been often indebted for many valuable scientific improvements. We record an addition to our debt.

In our notice, last month, of Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's book, "Sixteen Years of an Artist's Life in Morocco," &c., it was inadvertently stated that the author is the "daughter of an artist, Mr. Heaphy, whose works have long been before the public;" we should have said that the lady was sister of an artist, &c. The father of the present Mr. Heaphy and of Mrs. Murray was an artist, but it is full forty years since he last made his appearance as an exhibitor. Our error may seem of little importance to the readers of the *Art-Journal*, but as it may not be so considered by those most interested in the matter, we gladly rectify it.

REVIEWS.

THE PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY, AS MANIFESTED IN NATURE, ART, AND HUMAN CHARACTER. With a Classification of Deformities. An Essay on the Temperaments, with Illustrations. And Thoughts on Grecian and Gothic Architecture. By MARY ANN SCHIMMELPENNINCK, Author of "Select Memoirs of Port Royal," and other works. Edited by her relation, CHRISTIANA C. HANKIN. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This book is the production of an earnest, thinking, enthusiastic, and, we may add, devout, mind, though sometimes tinged with peculiarities of idea that have their origin in German mysticisms. It would seem that the author, during a somewhat protracted life, lived under the impression that she had a mission to fulfil in leaving to the world a legacy of her thoughts, in reference to beauty, which bear upon the moral and spiritual relations of man, and she expressed upon her death-bed, in the following words, the responsibility of the task undertaken:—"I wish," she said, "to discharge my trust as an author, in its full extent, to Him who gave it. And I believe that trust to have been to aid in the interpretation of the symbolic teaching of God in his visible creation, and to show to others what He has taught me of the manner in which we may make everything around us instinct, as it were, with the anointing of that Spirit which has been bestowed upon ourselves; how we may imprint on our own domain of taste and domestic scenery, those very same characters of beautiful moral expression which God has written on the face of nature." This passage affords an index to the spirit in which the work is written.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck seems to have had her attention directed to the principles investigated from her earliest childhood. She was then resident at Birmingham, and at a time when numerous scientific men, and others distinguished by various meritorious acquirements, were located there, and were frequent visitors at the house of her friends. She was plentifully supplied with books of all kinds, but Lavater's "Treatise on Physiognomy" was her favourite, and the school-room of the little girl soon exhibited a remarkable collection of portraits, most of them drawn from the "originals"—the guests of the family, whom she delighted to show up in every variety of costume and accessories, even to the ludicrous. Here was the foundation of the edifice reared in after life, and which she left in charge of her friends for posthumous publication.

It is almost impossible to give a distinct idea of the nature of this book, so peculiarly is it written; there is no attempt to discuss principles by connected observations and logical reasonings; it is a volume of sentences sometimes, but not always, bearing on each other, as if the author had noted down the thoughts occurring to her mind as they presented themselves. These thoughts are, however, almost always full of beauty, and, generally, of admitted truths; the language is expressive and graceful—the offering of a heart full of love, gentleness, and holy feeling. The "Essay on Temperaments" is amusing; our portrait-painters may borrow some "notions" from it.

The chapter on Architecture has no reference to the subjects brought forward in the other parts of the volume; the tone of her "thoughts" is Ruskinian; Grecian architecture is pagan in principle, Gothic is Christian. The short essay, and the book itself, terminates with these remarks:—"In conclusion, may I be allowed to add, as a Christian, and as an aged one, who has found in the Gospel hope, the sunshine of a long and tried life;—shall I be excusable to God if I do not add, that as principles are nearly connected with tastes, it does appear to me that the classic pagan tastes ought to find a less prominent place in education, and that we ought to cultivate that taste which is the genuine outpouring of a Christian heart. Happy the time when England was not ashamed of being and of seeming Christian, when her flowers—the Star of Bethlehem, the Passion Flower, Solomon's Seal, the Speedwell, or the Traveller's Joy, marked the habit of giving to all, even to that which is evanescent, pleasant and sweet names, showing that the spontaneous utterance of the heart was love to God, and love to man."

If this lady's previous writings had not already given us an insight into the character of her qualifications of head and heart, there is ample evidence in this posthumous book to convince the reader that it was written by no ordinary woman. Her name deserves to be classed with those female writers of whom England has good reason to be proud.

THE ALMS-DEEDS OF DORCAS. Painted by W. C. DONSON. Engraved by W. DAVEY. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This is a favourite subject with the artist; he has, we believe, treated it several times—always with "variations." But the theme admits of infinite variety; for it describes that which is ever touching and eloquent—a good and fair woman distributing alms to the needy; acting on the divine principle, "Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my little ones, ye did it unto me!" "Feeding the hungry, clothing the naked," is the holy duty which Dorcas here performs, and thus a lesson is taught, the teaching of which should ever be a first and strongest purpose of the artist. There are few readers of Scripture who are not familiar with the brief story of that "lady of Joppa," whom St. Peter raised from the dead, who, in life, was "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did," and who, when the apostle visited Joppa, and had been "shown the coats and garments she had made," was restored to earth to continue her labours of beneficent love. The artist has pictured "the lady" as distributing her charities with her own hands; it is scarcely "a licence" to do so; we require no authority for the belief that in the almsdeeds which she did she was her own almoner. The subject is among the most touching to be found in the Holy Book; and this always excellent and self-thinking painter has shown, by his choice of it, the feeling, sympathy, and devotion, which influence his own mind. He has been ably seconded by the engraver; the print is one of rare merit and of universal interest.

The print is dedicated to a lady who is in truth the "Dorcas" of our country—one who is blessed by thousands for "the almsdeeds that she did;" whose charities bear their fruits less in the high-ways (though the churches she has built cannot be hidden), than in out-of-the-way places of the metropolis, where help, comfort, and consolation cannot often come. Long may it be ere, like the lady of Joppa, she furnish by her almsdeeds themes for retrospective Art! but assuredly, hereafter, it will be the duty of the artist to be their chronicler.

NEWTON IN BOYHOOD. Painted by NEWMHAM. Engraved by ATKINSON. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This is a charming print of a beautiful boy, gazing on the stary firmament, sowing the seed that was thereafter to bear abundant fruitage for a world, and for "all time." The artist has felt his subject; fancy may have supplied the model, but in the thoughtful and holy expression he has pictured on that sweet face, it is easy to imagine truth. The portrait (for it has that character) is gracefully drawn; the youth sets upon a mossy bank, contemplating the milky way, and seeing, by the eye of faith, those far-off worlds, compared to which ours is but a speck. The print is engraved with much ability, and cannot fail to be popular. This picture was one of the judicious purchases of the late Lord Ellesmere.

THE DREAM OF QUEEN KATHERINE. Painted by HENRY LEBEUNE. Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This subject has been often painted, but rarely with so much effective power, and never with more touching interest. The moment pictured is that when "sad and solemn music" is heard, and the queen, Harry's "long trouble," yet one who, by the king's report, was, for "sweet gentleness, meekness, saint-like, wife-like government"—

"The queen of earthly queens,"

is sleeping her last sleep; while six sister spirits, as good and pure, enter, bearing a garland, and

"Promise her eternal happiness."

The theme has been treated with considerable skill. The figure of the sleeping queen—"How pale she looks, and of an earthy cold!"—admirably illustrates the passages that relate the close of the sad story; the attendant, Patience, reads on, unconscious of the vision; the "blessed troop" of angels, whose "bright faces" cheer the death couch, necessarily supply the leading attraction of the work. They are admirably grouped, sufficiently varied in character, and beautifully drawn. The picture exhibits the accomplished artist in a new phase—one in which we have not been accustomed to see him; but of a surety he proves himself as fully capable of dealing with the loftier themes of Art, as in treating the more homely topics which have usually supplied material for his pencil. The engraving is also remarkably good—refined, yet forcible; and altogether we have here a print of a high, yet most agreeable order. The artist has been largely indebted to Mr. Charles Kean for the "apliances" that have enabled him to produce this

charming work: indeed, the picture may be in a degree considered as a transcript of one of the most remarkable and effective scenes ever put upon the stage. Under ordinary circumstances this would have been a defect and not a merit; but Mr. Kean has studied truth and accuracy in the theatre quite as much as the painter could have done in his atelier; and if the one has been furnished with models by the other, it has been for the honour and advantage of both.

TOBACCO; ITS HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS: including an Account of the Plant and its Manufacture; with its Modes of Use in all Ages and Countries. By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., Author of "Costumes in England," &c. &c. With 100 Illustrations by the Author. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

Our friend Mr. Fairholt has not written this book either by way of condemning those who indulge in the use of the "weed," or of inciting to the practice of smoking any who may hitherto have refrained from it; though, as he says in his preface his father's tobacco-warehouse was his playground, he might well be excused for entertaining a predilection for the flavour of a genuine Cabana or a pinch of Lundy-foot. But he is neither a smoker nor a snuff-taker, and, therefore, no controversialist; he has undertaken the task, we believe, partly from old associations, and partly because there is in the subject enough that is curious and interesting to a lover of research and an antiquarian.

When Sir John Hawkins, in 1565, or Mr. Ralph Lane, in 1586,—for each is said by early writers to have introduced the use of tobacco into this country,—smoked his first pipe in England, he could have had but a faint idea how comparatively universal the practice would become in a few years, and of the controversies to which it has given birth: we wonder what these gentlemen would say, if they could rise from their graves and read Mr. Fairholt's compilation of facts and anecdotes, poems and songs, that bear on the subject, and could see the amusing illustrations of which it forms the material? Speaking of French and German pipes, he says, "An illustrated volume might easily be composed on the subject, so extensive is the variety, and sometimes the beauty of the form and design they exhibit. Ingenuity, so far from exhausting itself, absolutely seems to revel over the production of new and uncommon forms." In England, till within the last few years, the smoker was generally contented with indulging in the luxury through the medium of a few inches of white clay; now the silver-mounted *Meerschaum*, with its mouthpiece of agate, or some other costly material, is essential to the aristocratic smoker who prefers the pipe to the cigar.

Smoking has become so common in this country—more than twenty-eight millions of pounds of tobacco were consumed in Great Britain in the year 1851, according to a statement published in the *Journal of the Statistical Society*—that, although not universal, as it is almost everywhere on the Continent, it has grown into something akin to a habit; few mansions of any pretension are now erected without a "smoking-room," where the gentlemen may indulge their tastes without annoyance to the ladies of the household, who have not yet followed—and are not likely, we apprehend, to follow—the custom of the Spanish and Spanish-American ladies: in the latter country, we have heard travellers say that a lady can offer a gentleman no greater compliment than to take the cigarette from her lips, and present it to him; to refuse a whiff would be regarded as an insult which would assuredly not pass unpunished.

Mr. Fairholt has put forth a volume that cannot fail to interest all who may choose to read it, whether friends of the narcotic weed or enemies. Some fastidious people may possibly exclaim on reading the title of his book,—"Tobacco! what a disgusting subject to write about!" but we can assure them there is nothing disgusting, or in any way offensive in the subject, and certainly not in the manner in which it is here treated, for the author has exercised singular good taste in the selection and application of his materials: our fair readers, as well as their fathers and brothers, who may chance to have some sympathy with the subject, may turn over these pages without sustaining any shock of their sensitive nerves, and will certainly be amused with them, though unable to sing with the modern German poet, Friedrich Mare,—

"Sweet cheerer of sadness!
Life's own happy star!
I greet thee with gladness,
My friendly cigar!"

Were Mr. Fairholt a smoker, we should desire for him that his whole life were a continued enjoyment of the "pipe of peace;" as he is not, may he have the "peace" without the "pipe."

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Parts I. to IV. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

Our old friend, Buffon, whose acquaintance we made in our school-days, has been almost forgotten among the numerous writers who have since his time given to the world the fruits of their investigations into animal life. Buffon and his countryman, Cuvier, must, however, always be recognised as two of the most illustrious names in the science of natural history; their researches and observations form the groundwork of most other writings on the same subject—one that is equally curious, interesting, and instructive, and which, as manifested in the pages now before us, has found an able commentator and expounder in Mr. Wood. The publishers of the "Illustrated Natural History" have acted well and wisely in securing the services of a writer who, in his previous publications, has shown his peculiar fitness for the task now in hand. We have little doubt of this becoming the most popular work on the subject which has hitherto appeared in this country, for it is written in a singularly easy and agreeable style, is as full of anecdote as of information, and is profusely illustrated with clever, life-like engravings, by the Messrs. Dalziel, from drawings by Wolf, Harvey, Harrison Weir, Coleman. Moreover, it is printed in clear, bold type, on good paper, adapted to the eyes of both old and young; and this is no small recommendation of a cheap book, at a time when half the cheap literature published, to the optician seems to be a kind of *bonus*.

OUR WOODLANDS, HEATHS, AND HEDGES. A Popular Description of Trees, Shrubs, Wild Fruits, &c. With Notices of their Insect Inhabitants. By W. S. COLEMAN, Member of the Entomological Society of London. With Illustrations printed in Colours. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

Our readers have had frequent opportunities of forming a judgment upon the merits of Mr. Coleman as an artist, from numerous illustrations, the work of his pencil, which have embellished our Tours on the banks of the Thames and in South Wales, the botanical and entomological specimens, especially in the former Tour, were all from his hand, while he supplied us with the descriptive notes which accompanied them. In the little book bearing the above title he has carried out his researches in these departments of natural history into a far wider field of observation, one that embraces the principal objects indigenous to our beautiful island,—the trees that form our sheltering woods, or grace the parks of the wealthy; the shrubs that live in the shaded dell, or wreath themselves into impenetrable walls of green by the rural wayside; and the various insect tribes that hum and murmur not inharmonious music in the ear of the traveller. And a most attractive and instructive story does Mr. Coleman tell of all these common things, which, common as they are, people in general know little about. It is just such a book as people who live in the country, and desire to learn something of what they see every day, but of which they are often as ignorant as those who rarely see them, ought to look into; and which the visitor to the country, especially at this season of the year, would do well to put into his carpet-bag. The descriptions are plainly and pleasantly written, and the illustrations serve every purpose of identification.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOTHIC ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE; with an Explanation of Technical Terms, and a Centenary of Ancient Terms. By M. H. BLOXAM. Published by KENT & Co., London.

The announcement "Tenth Edition," which appears on the title-page of this volume, renders the critic's task nugatory. It is now nearly thirty years since the first edition of the work was published; during this period it has been used as a text-book for all students and amateurs of the subject treated of, and it has also been translated into German, and published at Leipzig. The edition now on our table has been enlarged, by two additional chapters, on the internal arrangement of churches, previous to, and after, the Reformation, and the number of illustrations has also been considerably increased. These additions will be found of great service to the architect of the present day, when the character of our ecclesiastical architecture is so widely discussed, and freely canvassed, and opinions differ, "as far as the poles asunder," as to what is right or wrong in an edifice of the reformed faith. Mr. Bloxam is no controversialist; he only points out those particularities of arrangement which mark the two defined eras of Christian worship.

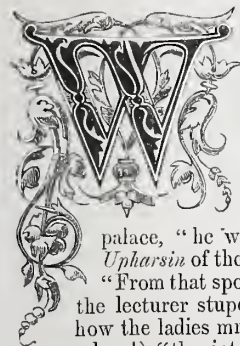
THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1859.

RUSKIN v. RAPHAEL.*

PART II.



W e revert to Raphael, to consider the particular misdeed, of lamentable issue, which Mr. Ruskin imputes to him. It is that in introducing Apollo and the Muses in a picture in the pope's palace, "he wrote the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* of the Arts of Christianity." "From that spot, and from that hour," the lecturer stupendously asserts (here how the ladies must have fanned themselves!) "the intellect, and the art of Italy, date their degradation." "Raphael had neither religion nor originality enough to trace the spirit of poetry to the inspiration of the true God, as well as that of theology."—"The doom of the arts of Europe went forth from that chamber."

The triumph of profane and paganish imaginations, we are given to understand, was secure; and from Raphael's example, "execution was henceforward looked for rather than thought, and beauty rather than veracity." All which flimsy and monstrous assertions are made with oracular brevity and confidence, and garnished freely with scripture images and lofty religious generalities, such as Mr. Ruskin always has ready at his wits' ends; so that the audience must have been at least as much edified as interested, and some of the stricter part charmed to find themselves listening, not only to a profound Art-critic, but to an energetic and sonorous theological moralist, with something, really, of the fine old stern Scotch tone about him.

The plain unpuritanical comment here is:—If a work, according to all visual impressions and fair interpretations, so purely, nobly beautiful as Raphael's "Parnassus"—the picture alluded to—cannot be admitted into any *palace* without corrupting Art, let Art, a thing so weak and frail, corrupt at once, and rot away from the earth. If we cannot contemplate anywhere such figures as are here, without unchristian emotions, let us never look on picture more. We are too base for liberal entertainment. But it is, of course, a sour and ridiculous libel on human nature, to say that we can be so easily contaminated. And it is an aspersion on Religion herself to teach that she is so illiberal as, in any place unconsecrated, to forbid all images not strictly sacred, binding and forcing us down to dwell on her own alone. Rather, we believe, she is well pleased to group close by her holy sanctuaries

* Continued from page 232.

remembrances of those great powers, Poetry and Philosophy, which, not inspired expressly, have yet drawn from Nature collateral evidence in harmony with heavenly truths. Therefore, we doubt not that Raphael did thoroughly well in clearly distinguishing Poetry and Philosophy from Theology, and in not repeating in the first two subjects the *very personages he had already, with deep feeling, revered in the third*; as Mr. Ruskin says he should have done, and indeed excommunicates him in his Edinburgh Bull (a bull in every sense of the term) for not doing. Already Raphael's master, the purist Perugino, had set him an example by painting mythological subjects in a public building at Perugia; Bellini also sometimes chose them; but it is the dignity of the place which Raphael so profaned, "the palace of the so-called head of the church," which gives occasion to Mr. Ruskin's reprobation. Yet, assuming that place to have been far holier than even the painter need have thought it, he might plead an example which surely the Edinburgh lecturer himself must respect, if not absolutely bow before. We mean that of Dante. Of all uninspired men Mr. Ruskin seems most to reverence Dante. He calls him, in his peculiar way, "the central man of all the world," and places him on "a great religious throne" above Shakspeare and Homer. For our own part, we consider this but a foolish and presumptuous kind of praise. It is something new in our critical literature. Formerly it was enough to indicate to us how such or such an author was wise, pathetic, witty, or sublime, and to give us sensible, plain, and modest directions for the discovery and enjoyment of his less obvious merits; but now we appoint ourselves High Chamberlains to heavenly courts of fame, and conduct our illustrious *protégés* in a blinding, gas-like glare of our own raising, to "their great religious thrones."* This, however, is beyond our present purpose. But what does this "central man"—in whom, according to Mr. Ruskin, "the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties were all in perfect balance at their highest"—do, when, entering the last holy part of his subject, he would brace up his powers for the high and arduous task before him? † He deliberately invokes Apollo, in a passage of many lines! Not on entering Hell or Purgatory, be it observed, but on the threshold of Paradise, where his thoughts were already full of the holy and the just, with whom he was immediately to commune; and not in the outset only, where he promises to come to the god's loved laurel for his wreath, but in his second canto also, where he repeats that "Apollo is his guide." This is precisely analogous to the position in which Raphael has placed the Delphian deity. It appears to us, therefore,

* "We see by this light three colossal images looming in their great rest of spirituality above the whole world-horizon—Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Dante, and then separated from their great religious thrones only by less fulness and earnestness of Faith, Homer and Shakspeare." Why not poor Cowper, Dr. Watts, and Mrs. Hannah More, on religious thrones also above Homer, and Shakspeare, and others of equivocal, or less demonstrative piety? This presumptuous and silly habit of ranking poets and painters by their supposed religious feelings, and even of saving and damning them accordingly in richly figurative language, is frequent with Mr. Ruskin. We humbly conceive that many an occupant of high religious thrones may be unrecorded by earthly fame, for piety is not poetry; nor are the best poets and artists the best theologians, or the most eloquent in expression of religious feelings. Confusion on this subject leads to much casting puerility. And Phidias too! The Elgin fragments are nearly all that is known of Phidias. What there is in them to raise him to one of the three great religious thrones above Homer and Shakspeare, we should very much like Mr. Ruskin to tell us.

† With all our admiration for Dante, we cannot escape from the impression that he was rather the grand example of a partially enlightened man, of very imperfectly balanced faculties. His sublimely rolling orb of song is luminous only on one side; keen rays of tenderness being alternated by unjust and inhuman severity, and gospel light by a Franciscan ascetic gloom or darkness.

sufficiently demonstrated that, so far as this matter is concerned, the repudiated painter and the almost worshipped poet must stand or fall in company.

And not one word from Mr. Ruskin to his audience is there of all the series of highest sacred subjects Raphael afterwards painted, though numerous as those saints Dante conversed with in his onward progress. So that, as the lecturer makes him the great example of "impious modernism," which substituted Paganism in Art for mediæval Piety, Ignorance must have gone home with the impression that he afterwards really did little but hang over "Floras, Pomonas, Satyrs, and Graces"—to repeat Mr. Ruskin's words; whereas such were as nothing, either in number or labour, compared with the sacred topics, the most numerous, and the grandest painter ever treated, to which he chiefly devoted himself, and, in the latter part of his career, with what may be termed a *reformed* purity of conception.

It may naturally be thought, too, by those unacquainted with Raphael, that he painted this picture of "Parnassus" with a somewhat voluptuous, or licentious feeling; but nothing could be further from him. The figures are all entirely draped but two, and even those are so partially, inasmuch that it were an extremely gross and vulgar disrespect to the memory of our first parents to be in any way offended at them. A more purely, modestly pensive group Dante met not in the Paradise of Purgatory, where he found the lovely Matelda gathering flowers in that breezy, tuneful forest, beside the dark clear-rolling stream of Lethe. Reader, their aspect can but refine and dignify whatever tenderness is in you. Remembering them, whatever you are about to do will probably be done more nobly, and in a sweeter temper. If you write, your sentences may be more pure, clear, and harmonious: if you sing, or touch a musical instrument, the tone may be more delicately fine and warm: if you draw, the line, the hue may be more temperately, calmly just and fair. This company is a perpetual mute protestation against all harsh, mean, and turbid thoughts, actions, and manners. Landing enthusiastically somewhere a Tintoret, Mr. Ruskin says, "it is a picture of the moral power of gold." This is a picture of the moral power of *beauty*—beauty which animates the human heart with pleasant sunshine, and fills it with a bland and courtous delight, prompt for things generous, and noble, and *morally* fair. Certainly, either Mr. Ruskin never looked at this picture, or else his rocky, watery, cloudy, vegetating, ascetic fancy and affections have carried him away from human beauty and nobleness by much too far. And that "central man" himself is there. He has descended from his "great religious throne" to the epic summit, where he stands gazing at his former guide and friend, Virgil, who is forgetting himself, too much perhaps, in his devotion to the glorious rapture of old sightless Homer. And between the laurels to which the Florentine has come for his wreath (mindful of his vow to the propitious god), the Muses themselves are assembled in a silent pause of deep creative feeling—out of the loveliest bevy of figures that ever infused enchantment through the eye. Thalia, the most prominent of them, is, with drooping head, softly lamenting her mad follies, and meditating new strains of more chastening tenderness—some *gentler* Divina Commedia we may hope; so pensive is even the frolic Muse in this repudiated picture. As the Bard of Monkey gazes, the serene expanse of the harmonious mountain, the spirit of immortal flowers, the galaxies of eyes full of the quiet tender depth of the soul, all calm his fiery thoughts; and when he hears the glorified

tenderness of the old blind heathen bard, and sees his laurels shine not unlike a saint's nimbus, he begins to question himself whether, the bitterness of exile and poverty venting itself in pangs of religious severity, he may not hypochondriacally, dogmatically, and delusively have consigned to perdition many admirable men, who served their brethren even better than he himself did. Conceptions of uncovenanted mercies, never so felt before, soon trouble his soul, and threaten lamentably the stultification of his muse. *Charity* now, for the first time, meets and rebukes him; and, as when Beatrice rebuked him before, he weeps, less violently, but more wisely. In truth, we believe the poet would have been softened and edified to see embodied with such matchless grace, such easy, amiable, endearing majesty, in this picture of Parnassus, visions surpassing his own in those kinds of attractiveness. He would have written a canto in honour of Raphael, calling him, perhaps, the sweet Casella of his sight.

The crowning and closing misstatement in this bull of excommunication fulminated at Auld Reekie by our lecturer is, "that execution was henceforward looked for rather than thought, and beauty rather than veracity," in consequence of Raphael's example; whereas, in sober truth, his peculiar glory is, that he had incomparably more thoughtful invention than any other painter; and, secondly, his beauty was nothing but the result, the bright consummate flower, of that kind of veracity to be looked for from a great painter, namely, true and noble conceptions of the external aspect of things, such as his art alone can render—a worthy report of nature, as she impressed herself on his great mind, not the obtrusion of things it heeded not, however proper for other points of view; neither strict nor narrow moral teaching, but, rather, something that shall liberally tend to correct it. Always keeping within the "just domain" of his art, Raphael, nevertheless, indicates moral truths with far more variety and comprehensiveness than any other painter. Having excelled his predecessors in illustrating the beauty and touchingness of devotion, to which they almost confined themselves, he took a wider scope, improving in knowledge and manly wisdom. Chiefly, no doubt, from the mental exhaustion consequent upon unprecedented labours, not a few works of his last period are, it must be admitted, comparatively heavy in feeling and execution; but in his last picture, the Transfiguration, we seem to see, already, a glorious rallying. This decadence has been exaggerated by certain writers, and unwarrantably, ungenerously treated as absolute and final. In their own favourites they admit periods of feebleness and lapse of power, but then they ingeniously ascribe them to some creditable cause, consider them transient, and take care they shall not diminish the glory of their idol.*

So far of Mr. Ruskin's Edinburgh *matter*, as regards Raphael: one word more of his *manner*. A certain popular preacher, the other day, as we are told, was careful to

* Not to dwell with more severity on Raphael's few failures, than on *their* far more numerous ones, or to class them amongst the principal models he left behind him, in only one way can he be fairly connected with the decline of Art. There have been culminating points in all such pursuits, beyond which the human mind seems not to have had power to go. And they who have attained those points, do certainly appear, in one sense, to have innocently led to the corruption which came after, since their productions have so fascinated their successors, as to become models exclusively, to the neglect of nature, and original powers of conception; this being especially deplorable, that the common herd of imitators seize upon mere superficial characteristics and mannerisms, and so render them more and more the fashion, till the great things, even of their revered prototype, are overlooked and forgotten. In this sense only Raphael corrupted Art; but so did Michel Angelo and Da Vinci; and in the same manner have many admirable poets, orators, and philosophers, with little or no blame, led to a similar corruption in the objects of their several pursuits.

impress upon his congregation, that what he was about to say of the Lamb, had no reference to mint sauce. This, surely, cannot be called a commendable style for a religious teacher; but we have no hesitation in saying that an arrogant and acrimonious familiarity with sacred things is, in our opinion, far more reprehensible than even a jocular one; since to simple, vulgar irreverence it adds pride and ill nature. When excited by severe feelings, it is a presumptuous thing to assume that the Almighty has views precisely identical with our own; and to make no scruple of applying his most awful, miraculous judgments to the objects of our extravagant and fantastical dislikes. Besides, in a mere rhetorical point of view, the likening a so-styled immoral picture to the tremendous truths drawn on Belshazzar's wall by the Divine Hand, is about as anomalous and bad a simile as well can be. It is just as if the king's master of the revels were conceived to be the author of the fiery scripture, and the words such as Sardanapalus wrote on his monument. The taste is quite on the low par of the feeling. It is in every way but a blundering and foolish attempt to imitate the Prophet Daniel.

Before leaving this Edinburgh lecture, we are anxious to dissipate the clouds of some of its general propositions, which otherwise might settle on the intellects of the unwary and inexperienced, in a manner extremely prejudicial to their advance in the knowledge of Art. Mr. Ruskin makes it a leading dogma, that, "in mediæval Art, thought is the first thing, execution the second;" that is, such thought as Mr. Ruskin happens to care about, (a limitation carefully to be borne in mind when meeting with the word in his writings,) is the first thing, and execution the second, simply because the rudeness of Art could not yet raise it higher. His antithesis is, "in modern Art execution is the first thing, and thought the second." If by execution he means, (and we cannot understand him otherwise,) the whole imitative or representative art of forms and hues, very rightly was it promoted and exalted; the proper business of painting being to display the *external aspects* of things, which cannot be done perfectly, or in any variety, without a high refinement of this so-styled execution. Secondly, thought—*i. e.* such thought as Mr. Ruskin happens to care about—was less considered, because a variety of thoughts beyond his sympathies had now to be represented. The age of all-absorbing monkish pietism, and severe ascetic moralizing in Art was past; and religious dogmatism being through the printing press consigned to better hands, painting assumed the proper functions of a liberal art, which are rather to rescue us from the control of the narrow and strict dogmatist, and give our minds that free and pleasant relaxation, which will enable them the more freshly and vigorously to see through, and cheek, his cramped and dingy fallacies. But, in truth, this distinction between thought and execution in the works of a great painter is altogether unsound and false. You might as well make distinction between Shakspeare's drawing and colouring and power of thought in a character, as separate the execution and thought in a character by Raphael. His execution is the only language of the thought; and the exquisite expression is but exquisite lines and hues. It is Mr. Ruskin's wide error to limit too much the application of the word *thought* in a picture to the conception of an incident, or general notion of an attitude, as a means of telling a story, or enforcing a moral, (often a trite, childish, superstitious moral enough,) as we see in the rude sketches of the Giottoesque period, which he calls narrowly and absurdly, *The Age of Thought*. That this is his meaning is clear, because all that was added to

Art by Michael Angelo and Raphael, in his opinion, but qualifies their age to receive his nickname of, *The Age of Drawing*, the most abundantly monstrous one, as we conceive, to be found in the whole circle of Art-criticism. Now the *thought* proper and peculiar to painting is an infinitely more subtle thing than Mr. Ruskin here seems to have any notion of. It is not merely a rude or general "motive," (parallel with those found in old ballads and novelettes;) it is not only a suggestion of incident or sentiment, such as may give available hints for writers like himself to improve upon, for their own glorification; but it is such a subtle, visible perfection and completeness in the image itself, (analogous to the developed characters of consummate poets,) as words have not the power of even shadowing forth, and for which the most refined skill is requisite; the essential excellence of the figure produced, its sublimity, its moral and intellectual beauty depending on that highly cultivated power of presentation which Mr. Ruskin obtusely separates from thought, and calls mere execution. "Original thoughts belonging to the fifteenth century are comparatively rare," he says. "Even Raphael and Michael Angelo themselves borrowed all their principal ideas and plans of pictures from their predecessors; but they executed them with a precision up to that time unseen." It is quite wonderful such a statement should have survived the proof sheets. These mighty artists, it is true, borrowed certain rude motives, most of them so old as to be of Byzantine origin; but where, before their own handiwork, were the Duke Lorenzo, and the Night, and the awful multitudinous Sistine Presences, and the heaven-breathing Creations in the halls of the Vatican, which are the productions distinctive of Michael Angelo and Raphael? As already hinted, we might just as well say that the age of the old ballads was *The Age of Thought*, and the Elizabethan Age, *The Age of Literary Finish*; that Shakspeare borrowed all his principal ideas and plans of dramas from such works as the songs of old Leir, and Gurnutus the Jew, or the tale in Boeæcio, on which he founded his "All's well that ends well," but added a precision, a beauty of expression, up to that time unknown. Fancy a lecturer so discoursing on literature, in brief, pompous, oracular sentences; yet it would be nothing more than what Mr. Ruskin has ventured to do with respect to Art.

In mildly turning over the Ruskinian pages, pleased with the author's rocks, and clouds, and waters, we have sometimes said, "Well, well, by and by the Cartoons will mollify him. The species of beauty designated human not having fallen much within his studies, he ought not to be expected to care much about it; or perhaps, may be, it really alarms him. To be sure, Raphael's treatment of it is pre-eminently remarkable for a sweet delicacy: even his nude figures are finely garmented in modesty; yet possibly fervid men, who so inveigh against these soft melodies of the eye, may occasionally have been bewitched by them, in some perilous way foreign from our own duller feeling, and so stand excused for that which seems to us needless austerity. But this beauty, which, in Raphael's earlier works, does somewhat overflow the bounds of strict *dramatic* propriety, is in the Cartoons subordinated to a sober desire to represent the apostolic history with plain, manly simplicity, and with a more close, unwandering, Shakspearian discrimination; as we may see on comparing the Ananias with the Heliodorus, where the difference is much the same as that between our poet's later and earlier dramas. However, we were mistaken here in our surmises with regard to Mr. Ruskin's opinions; he is only more and more violently vituperative.

In his chapter on the False Religious Ideal, immediately after the point where we left it for our excursion in his luminous wake to Edinburgh, he introduces the Cartoons as the final consummated instance of everything that he reprobates. Their wonderful truthfulness, force, and grandeur, their unrivalled narrative power, are utterly ignored, and they are stigmatised as "cold arrangements of propriety and agreeableness, according to academical formulas." From all which saturnalism of words we gather, either the by no means valueless moral warning, how blinding a thing is prejudice, or simply the fact that for true noble expressiveness and grandeur in the human aspect, Mr. Ruskin has no more perception or interest than for its beauty, whatever he may have for clouds, torrents, and stones, whether in their native beds, or in architectural order. With the Charge to Peter, especially, that admirable union of tender feeling, fine distinctions of character, and appropriate dignity of composition, he is actually beside himself with wrath, and belabours it with a rude and coarse verbal shillelagh, so to speak, gesticulating with strange and certainly not Raphael-esque antics, and in the blindness of a deplorable excitement, calling it names strangely blundering and inapplicable, "an infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy, a lie"—a doubtful departure from strict accuracy in an incident is, with a beautiful mildness and moral purity of language, called a lie—"a faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads of Greek philosophers." "Oh, for heaven's sake—for your own sake," one anxiously exclaims, "hold your arm, open your eyes, shut your excited fancy, gently remove from your sight this bandage of prejudice." First, "a faded concoction;" surely that is the painter's misfortune, not his fault. Secondly, see you not that the garments which you elsewhere call "vapid fineries," are wholly plain, and their "fringes" as simple as the law which prescribed them renders possible.* Muscular arms! Do you not observe, sir, that not an arm is uncovered, except one of the Saviour's, which is far indeed from muscular? Yet had the arms of these habitual drawers of nets and oarsmen been displayed, surely, on Pre-Raphaelite principles, they ought not to have been drawn as meagre or attenuated. Nor should we have thought, in our simplicity, that healthy and vigorous hair could have been objected to, except by Tribulation Spintext, and him who wrote on the unloveliness of love-locks; especially since fine hair has been deemed an emblem of spiritual power, as instanced in the case of Samson. "Note," you say, "the handsomely curled hair, and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea mists, and on the slimy decks." Why, their hair is partially disordered and spiky—really one might fancy it recently wet; and half of them are barefoot, the rest most plainly and somewhat carelessly sandaled. But, more than this, you think their heads like those of Greek philosophers? Poor contemptible Greek philosophers—quibbling Socrates, parblind, pedantic Aristotle! The baseness of such a resemblance certainly appears at once. Yet let us calm ourselves; it is at least a comfort to see them here *converted*—converted into that foremost kneeling figure surrendering himself to his Redeemer

* Not to seem wholly ignorant of this law, Mr. Ruskin just glances at it in a foot note, adding, that if Raphael's intention was to denote its observance, he should have added the blue riband also required. So it seems that he should rather have abused Raphael for not making the garments ornamented enough! As the imputation of "finery" will not at all adhere to these only too plain borders, the only remaining charge against the painter in this matter would be the incompleteness of his biblical lore. Here also he may be vindicated; but we will content ourselves with asking whether any great work of Art can be seriously affected by such a charge.

with perfect humble trust. And love itself, in the figure called St. John, one may almost think, glides forward from the middle of the group, like a dove, leaving behind another, who (like Thomas,) stands doubtfully wondering, his hands pressing his bosom, stilling his last remains of scepticism. Nay, but, you add, worse than all, the "bold fallacy," the "mere lie" of introducing all the apostles "to serve the papal heresy of the Petric supremacy."—"A lie! oh breathe not that word again, unless to your physician, as Sterne wisely recommends on a similar occasion; for, see you not, it is no fitting epithet for the mere representation by the painter of one of the tenets of his religion, especially when, so far as he refers to it, it happens to be the perfectly right and true tenet." The error was to go further than Raphael has here done, and apply to Rome what was conferred on Peter. But, after all, this is only a paroxysm of that sad complaint, the Raphaelophobia. Oh, calm those agitated nerves! You say somewhere, a fit of unjust anger, &c., &c., cannot hold its own in the presence of an Angelico or Perugino. There is a most soothing Francia in another room; let me gently lead you to it, supporting your arm. Or there are those divine roses in the garden. I have found roses myself, the sight of roses, wonderfully beneficial in allaying the other symptoms you eloquently mention, "dark passion, unreasonable vexation," and all the rest of the uncomfortable brood. Or better still were a stout merry game of tennis in the old court, to throw a little of this excessive action out of our minds into our idle, neglected bodies. "Softly come: so, you are better now."

But to proceed with a fitting seriousness, though that is somewhat difficult. As a proper substitute for Raphael's conception of this subject, Mr. Ruskin favours us with his own—a coarse commonplace description on pre-Raphaelite principles, made up of the most ordinary accessories, and rendered strangely disagreeable by the dead-ground of pretentious arrogance on which it is sketched, and the nauseous familiarity and affectation of the manner, which is in the worst taste possible. We have, to be sure, a morning sun, and its glinting on the sea, the eating of broiled fish, a coal fire, thrice mentioned—twice insisted on with much solicitude. We have St. Peter, too (whose chief glory, we are profoundly informed, was his wet coat girt about him, and his naked limbs), swimming ashore, wet and shivering. We have these, and many other things, germane neither to the matter nor moment; but no sense of scriptural feelings and characters, such as are almost all our really cares about in an instance like the present; not a single touch or hint of the slightest imaginative power or value. It is simply what one would expect from this writer—a scenic or landscape-painter's conception, and, as might have been anticipated, from the excited pitch of his feelings, a conception full of blunders, beyond even those already noticed. He makes St. John, for instance, recognise our Lord in a manner which contradicts Holy Writ, that is to say, by a strained and gradual effort of his sight—a mere common act of personal recognition, and not, as sacredly recorded, by the divine light, in the water, of the miracle—the very same which once before had first avouched the Lord to some of those very men. We cannot here congratulate Mr. Ruskin on his "Imagination Penetrative." This little variation from scripture is the reverse of a deep or elevated conception. Then, at the moment of the Charge, Peter is absurdly described as "all dripping still, and shivering," though, by this time, the company had taken their meal beside the coal fire, and, we may gently trust, had dried themselves, and resumed

their ordinary walking garments. Finally, with regard to the character of those garments, the principal objects of his invective, Mr. Ruskin stigmatizes Raphael's plain draperies as "vapid fineries," "an apostolic fishing costume." Now, be it borne in mind especially, that these men were no longer habitual fishermen, but preachers of the Gospel, for whom the painter's most simple vestures cannot be considered too costly or ornamental; for, indeed, consistently with common decency and gravity, nothing could well be less so. However, for Raphael's complete vindication, it happens, with a really beautiful and enjoyable appositeness, that in another cartoon of the First Miraculous Draught,—an event which occurred before they were called to our Lord's ministry,—these same men are introduced as simple fishermen, with bare backs and rolled-up sleeves, as rough and workmanlike as Mr. Ruskin could possibly desire; but by the time the conferring of the Keys took place, they must, surely, have been somewhat changed in attire and general aspect, by the experience of their sacred calling. The figures of Peter in these two cartoons indicate that change with admirable nicety. He is represented in both as the selfsame honest, zealous, forward man, but, in the earlier event, with a strong dash of rusticity, which, in the later incident, has given way before the sanctified dignity of some three years' apostleship, such as, however, by no means seems to have interfered with his frank simplicity. The disposition of Raphael's transcendently admirable grouping also is quite misrepresented by Mr. Ruskin, in accordance with his general purpose, and the character of the landscape grossly exaggerated; his own notion of what the latter ought to be, being mere unauthorised assumption.

Mr. Ruskin calls these things, which he ascribes erroneously to Raphael, "decorative lies." If they are so, whose are they, Mr. Ruskin, Raphael's or yours? But, no; we are not about to imitate a mode of expression so reprehensible. Neither ornaments introduced by taste or fancy, nor even the deformities conjured up and imputed by a heated imagination, can, without a gross abuse of language, be called lies. The pity of it is to find that abuse in a chapter, the heading of every page of which is, "The False Ideal Religious;" but the tone so immeasurably above the feeling, that it becomes itself only a flagrant example of "The False Literary Religious Ideal." Our ultimate object is altogether charitable; but an immediate purpose is to warn unwary readers from being prejudicially influenced by such bait as this—for bait it is. Cant is a religious tone, without religious elements. Amongst the component parts of all religious writing, which does not merely sully the paper on which it is printed, will be found, on a calm and close analysis, pure justice and charity, temperance, learning, and wisdom; and, without them, scriptural phrases and images, and a lofty severe style (trumpetings about the "Rock of Zion, the Vision of Gibeon, and the lightning of Damascus," and such like matters), are but repulsive and contemptible deformities. To which must here be added that the writer who makes so many blunders in simple and obvious things, must be expected far more to make them in those which are subtle and abstruse; and he who so plainly breaks down where a few moments' common temper and delicacy of feeling would have saved him, cannot prudently be accepted as a guide in those highest, those most momentous things, which require patient wisdom and the largest sympathies and charities for their right unfolding. We write this in no mere spirit of rhodomontade against Mr. Ruskin, but from the very heart of our philanthropy towards his readers;

for we consider the general character of the religious and moral instruction he has thought fit to incorporate in his critical pages, highly pernicious: it is altogether wanting in charity and liberality of feeling; it is asectic, ungenial, and, therefore, especially adverse to sound human and religious Art. To speak generally, it tends to force the warmth of the heart away into the brain, where it only adds to the dry, restless, painful, consuming heat of thoroughly morbid imaginations. It belongs, in its degree, to that vast class of writing which imposes on the mind a petty rigidity, a restless self-consciousness, fraught with pedantry, and, perhaps, immense self-complacency to the firm-knit, but with depression of spirit and mental disorder to the weak. Mr. Ruskin's moral philosophy and metaphysics will often awaken the smiles of the strong; but his images, at least, are forcible, and of some haunting power, and he is affluent in mere words of awful association, such as act upon the weak more potently than clearest sense. His Malvolio-like endeavour to suppress the "cakes and ale" is especially unendurable, and, if successful, would lead to most serious consequences.

Having belaboured the cartoons, Mr. Ruskin immediately proceeds with some other blundering sarcasms. The St. Paul, in the St. Cecilia picture, at Bologna, a figure entirely draped, is disposed of as "a meditative Hercules leaning on a sword." Mr. Ruskin's humour of aversion to anything muscular, and his hankering after the emaciated, founded on that contempt for the body which is at once one of the shallowest and most ominous of errors, is really something highly nauseous. And here, again, he amends Raphael with an intolerable sketch of his own. Manhood revolts at his "feeble, subtle, suffering, ceaseless energy and humiliation of St. Paul;" and, scoring out the name of the noble apostle, substitutes that of St. Francis or St. Roche. And here, too, this writer, elsewhere so fond of symbols, chooses to ignore the fact that the sword is a scriptural emblem of spiritual power, and the conventional attribute of St. Paul. In another place he thinks the musical instruments, lying on the ground in this picture, are in the way—overlooking the fact that they are one of the chief parts of a very pleasing allegory, just such as in the work of Tintoret, or any other *protégé*, would, most likely, have been seized upon as an occasion for much ingenious interpretation, and brilliantly-written praise.* The sneer, coupled with the one on the St. Paul, and ascribing a "kicking gracefulness" to the uppermost figures in the Transfiguration, is entirely flippant. The Christ and Elias are most beautiful aerially-buoyant figures, in simple, probable attitudes; the Moses, though fine and grand in the head, is, we think, artificial and constrained in the turn of his advanced elbow; but this fault, like others of a similar kind in Raphael, is no proof of levity of mind, as Mr. Ruskin seems to fancy, but simply a partial inferiority frequent in the greatest works—a failure, so far, in the usual production of majestic grace by one who deeply and sincerely admired it, and probably never thought how morally contemptible an ill-success, arising from momentary lapse of power, might be considered. It is no subject for a sneer; and none but a writer, obtuse in his feeling for beauty and grace, and without due reverence for them, would have thought of so poor a one.

Thus ridicule still follows Raphael up to the heaven of his last sublime, and truly Chris-

* St. Cecilia stands so wrapped beneath the heavenly choir, that the pipes drop unregarded from the little organ in her hand. Even the highest harmonies mortal ear produce now tremble and die away forgotten. What wonder then to see those instruments of the profaner music, which Mr. Ruskin so simply wishes out of the way, degraded and broken at her feet.

tian picture. Thus he has been assailed with such a rabble of misrepresentations, blunders, enormous oversights, and paltry sarcasms, as perhaps was never before crowded into so small a space by rash and rampant prejudice. And now having, to his relief and satisfaction, descended upon Raphael's imaginary failings, it remains for the writer to make us acquainted with his tremendous imaginary punishment. Here, at last, this unfortunate Ruskinian Raphaelophobia breaks out into its most violent paroxysm, in the following notable sentence: "Raphael ministered with applause to the impious luxury of the Vatican, but was trampled underfoot at once by every believing and advancing Christian of his own and subsequent times." To which crowning delusion, or slander, whichever it may be, the answer is, that though the Vatican was impiously luxurious, Raphael did in no way minister to that vice: he only ennobled its magnificence by a series of works, lofty, and grave, and pure, without exception. To the second assertion that he has been trampled underfoot by every succeeding Christian, we will reply, not with a pretty little apologue, after the oriental fashion, but with a short though sufficiently apposite historical anecdote. Even in the highest prevalence of stern religious austerity in our country, to which Mr. Ruskin himself expressly alludes as having contemptuously rejected Raphael, when Charles I.'s collection, containing masterpieces of many various kinds, was sold by order of Parliament, Raphael, and Raphael alone, was honoured by the retention of his principal works; for Cromwell himself came forward and purchased the Cartoons for the nation for £300; being, no doubt, struck with the sound, manly, impressive Christianity in them, so widely different from the popish leaven common in foreign religious pictures. And our first stern Protestant champion having thus retained them, our second, William the Dutchman, honoured them by building the gallery they still occupy. We think this, in itself, a fair answer to Mr. Ruskin's assertion. But it is certain, besides, that no other religious pictures have been more popular with every class of cultivated minds amongst us than these, and Raphael's Transfiguration, and Da Vinci's Last Supper. They have even been frequently alluded to, and written upon, by ministers of the Gospel, as pure and surpassingly intelligent illustrations of scripture. To take the lowest possible view of the estimation in which Raphael has been held, if he has been "trampled upon," it is precisely in the same sense that Leonardo, and Michael Angelo, and Mr. Ruskin's other favourites and shining exemplars have been trampled on, and in no other. Indeed, whatever neglect has befallen his works, has been the fate of theirs in a still greater degree. But, seriously, we think it a pity Mr. Ruskin should deprive himself of the credit due to his own originality in the present instance, for we firmly believe that he is himself the first man who has trampled on Raphael. Sometimes, when an impression frequently recurs to us, thinking there may be something in it, we venture just to give it ventilation, though for the present too much occupied to examine strictly its foundations. Therefore will we now add, that these mountebank feats of Anti-Raphael word-tossing have often reminded us of the tumbler, who, once upon a time, stood on his head on the cross of the dome of St. Paul's; and we think that the reward here should be the same as that suggested by the jocular potentate for whose amusement the astonishing antic was chiefly perpetrated. We should like to hear that a patent had been issued to Mr. Ruskin, to reserve to him and his heirs for ever, the right to repeat this very ingenious and original feat of trampling on Raphael.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE DEATH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

C. W. Cope, R.A., Painter. W. Greatbach, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 9 ft. 9 in. by 7 ft. 8½ in.

THIS picture, a commission from His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, who, we remember to have heard, took much interest in its progress, was painted in 1848, the year of Mr. Cope's election as a member of the Royal Academy; and if anything had been required to justify the artist's admission into the highest rank of that institution, this fine painting affords ample proof. The subject is sufficiently grand and impressive to tax the powers of the most accomplished painter, and presents difficulties with which only one of more than ordinary talent could successfully grapple; perhaps there is no artist of our day whose mind, judging from the ordinary character of his works, is so well suited to the appropriate and truthful realization of such a scene as he who has here presented it: a man who possessed not the finest and most delicate sensibilities of human nature would have utterly failed in an attempt to place before the eye of the spectator the closing act of the life of the once ambitious, proud, but now crest-fallen, Wolsey.

Mr. Cope has adopted as the text of his composition the account of the cardinal's death, which Shakspeare, in "Henry VIII.," has put into the lips of Griffith, one of the most pathetic descriptions to be found in the whole range of our great dramatist's writings:—

"After the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He felt sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words:—"Oh, father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last), full of repentance,
Continued meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

The interest of the picture centres, as it should do, in the dying cardinal, whose condition is the fulfilment of the prophecy he had himself uttered, in the language of the poet, but a short time previously:—

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more."

The head of Wolsey is a fine study: the old man—more statesman than ecclesiastic, though he aspired to the dignity of the papal chair—has just been lifted from his mule, and is being assisted into the abbey by his page and an attendant. The head falls languidly on one side from weariness of body and anguish of heart; the face is marked by strong lines, though it has lost little of its roundness, and but for these and its distressed expression, might be that of one advanced in years, yet in the enjoyment of sound health and peace of mind; the eyes are fixed almost imploringly on the abbot, and we may fancy we hear the supplication proceeding from his lips—

"Give me a little earth for ebarity!"

To the right of the principal group stand the abbot and a numerous assemblage of monks, waiting to receive their distinguished guest; many of the heads of these figures will well repay examination for the varied characters which give them individuality; some of them are of the true Holbein stamp. This group is balanced on the left by the cavalcade which has attended the cardinal on his journey. The entire composition is most striking, and, from the artist's judicious arrangement of light and shade, makes a most effective engraving.

The picture is in the royal collection at Osborne.



THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER
FROM THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW

C. W. CLAY, B. A. H. 1855

LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

No. 3.—THE PUPIL OF WATTEAU.

SCENE I.
REIGN OF TERROR.

*A humble Room in the Painter's House in a suburban Street of Paris.—Dramatis Personæ—M. BEAUJEAN and his wife ANNETTE.
Time—The French Revolution, July, 1794. Morning.*

Annette. And Robespierre, what *did* he want? The weasel! how was he dressed, Jean?

Beaujean (*at his easel, setting his palette*). Hush! my dear.

Annette. And what did he send for you for, at that hour in the morning? I am sure that wretch's knock at the door frightened me half out of my wits.

Beaujean. Well, my rose in sunshine, you shall have it all from the beginning to the end; but just poach those eggs, and froth that chocolate, while I talk.

Annette. For mercy's sake go on, dear Jean, I am so impatient.

Beaujean. And, like all impatient people, you keep interrupting me to make me speak faster! just as a man saws at his horse's bridle to quicken his speed. Hear, my lily in June.

Annette. Go on, you tiresome creature, or I'll keep you waiting for your breakfast.

Beaujean. Well, I followed the wooden-legged man, who brought the letter this morning, to a cabinet-maker's, No. 376, Rue St. Honoré, opposite the Church of the Assumption, where the saviour of France—

Annette. Saviour!—butcher!

Beaujean. Annette, Annette!—I passed into a poor courtyard, surrounded by timber sheds, where you heard the saw biting, the plane shaving, and the hammer rapping. I went up a rickety staircase to a garret opening on to the court, and there I found M. Robespierre,—quietly reading a volume of Rousseau; the book half in sunshine half in shadow, and a white butterfly fluttering round a bunch of red roses that crept in at the window.

Annette. If the wretch lives long, every flower in France will soon be red; for the earth is soaked with blood!

Beaujean. You know the great man's face; his tight receding forehead, sharp thin nose, close lips, keen eyes, arched brow, and full, firm chin?

Annette. Know, yes! have not I trembled at the ape-monster a hundred times, when he came to see us?

Beaujean. There he sat, the ruler of France, the terror of the aristocrats,—his throne, a plain straw-bottomed chair: he wore his bright blue tight-buttoned coat, his white waistcoat, his yellow breeches, broad tri-coloured sash; his neat hand as—

Annette. Crimson!

Beaujean. No; thin and small, emerging from its delicate white ruffe, white as the huge mass of cravat he wore;—rested on the head of his great mastiff, Brout. No artisan could have lived in a humbler room than that little study, with its deal table, four chairs, and plain bed, hung with white and blue damask, its simple flowers, and shelves. But for the silver buckles in his shoes, his nosegay, and the plumed hat and sword that hung from a nail in the wall, it might have been Duplay, the cabinet-maker himself, of No. 376, Rue St. Honoré, that I stood before.

Annette. Poor Jean! Go on. What did this cruel rat attorney, who now goverus our unhappy France, say?

Beaujean. He first called the wooden-legged man, who I found was his secretary, and said,

"Go, Simon, to Mademoiselle Eleonore, and tell her, with my love, that to-night, if she is willing, I will conduct her to hear *Lina*, at the Theatre Français;" handing him a list of names, marked through with red lines, to take to the governor of the prison of the Luxembourg. He then turned to me, and said, "M. Beaujean, since I first met you, one Sunday, in the woods of Versailles, sketching,—and I and the four ladies who were with me sat round as you drew, gathering wood strawberries and wild flowers,—I have regarded you with attachment. I would save you from the fate of the wicked men for whom the untiring axe of Liberty works day and night.

Annette. Wretch! Let us fly, Jean!

Beaujean. I stammered some thanks. He then added, drawing a paper from under his book, "You were yesterday, M. Beaujean, at three o'clock, in the Garden Egalité?"—I said, "Yes."—"At the third tree from the second fountain, you met a man in a striped red and white waistcoat, with a large stick?"—I bowed assent.—"You went together to No. 3, in the Rue de Belle Perle."—"Yes."—"This man," he said, "is the greatest enemy the Republic has; he is the false god of the multitudes, that—" Here he stopped.

Annette. And did you answer nothing?—you, the enthusiast of Art, who move in a quiet world, so far from intrigues and this terrible butchery that nothing stops.

Beaujean. I did, angel of mine: I told M. Robespierre, with the clear eye and truthful brow of an innocent man, that I did not know the citizen.—

Annette. Citizen! how quick you have learnt the new jargon.

Beaujean.—That we talked only upon indifferent subjects; that we separated without knowing even each other's names. He replied, "I believe you, M. Beaujean; no man who ever lied spoke as you do now. But, my friend," he said, "as our informers have their suspicions of you, and as your name has even been mentioned at the Committee of Public Safety, I wish you, as a precaution, to dine with me to-day at M. Charenton's, where I have arranged a seat for you, and where you must announce publicly your intention, through conversations of mine, of renouncing the frivolous Art of your master Watteau, and of painting henceforward heroic Grecian pictures,—such as M. David has produced with such glory to himself, and such benefit to the cause of the Revolution."

Annette. You, Jean? give up your dearest Art—your innocent open-air revels—graceful Boccaccio fancies! Of course you expressed your inability to change old, deep-rooted ideas, and bowed yourself out.

Beaujean. No, headstrong wife of mine, I did nothing of the kind. I asked M. Robespierre the hour of dinner, and thanked him for his advice.

Annette. And you give up the ideal of a life in half an hour, because a blood-stained lawyer advises!—

Beaujean. As to change, I shall see; but wearing a toga for a night or two's masquerade, does not necessarily, my rose, imply a total abandonment of modern dress. Trust me to trick this M. Robespierre. In the meanwhile to work, dearest, for I must leave off to dress at five, and it will take me a good half hour. Mix me some blue, dear, for this our gay lady playing the lute, in the Fête Champêtre, that I have sketched in for my suspected friend that I met in the Egalité Gardens,—he told me he liked blue; and some white, and cream colour for the Pierrot, who is dancing the minuet with the lady in the Rose Dubarry sacque. "Above all things," said my stern friend with the large stick, "it must be gay; I myself like operanature, and the butterfly life of the old fêtes

galantes, that our Revolution frightened away by the first gleam of the axe."

Annette. And to give up all this sunny life of the old palace slopes, for those bronze men of M. David!

Beaujean. Nay, nay, Annette! you know M. David has force, transparency, and fine drawing. He has dignity, severe taste, and keeping.

Annette. Yes; ease, nature, and tenderness of colour.

Beaujean. Now you go too far: M. David has no sense of colour.

Annette. Depth, tenderness, and more airy grace than Greuze or Watteau.

Beaujean. Tenderness! what, the man who painted the loathsome horrors of the Plague, and the harlot Tullia driving exultingly over the dead body of her father! David, whose figures are statues; David, whose lights are cold, and whose shadows are opaque; who cannot compose, who—

Annette (*breaks out laughing, and flings her arms round the painter's neck*). There, take breath, my dear husband! I knew I would soon make you throw off your new master David, indeed! Look, is this the right blue? Keep your praise of David for to-night; I won't listen to it, I tell you. I am a rebel, and all for Absalom.

SCENE II.

The Dining Room at M. CHARENTON'S. Dinner-table laid for thirteen. M. ROBESPIERRE in the place of honour, conspicuous with his blue coat and immense nosegay. Guests, except ROBESPIERRE, are standing waiting, their eyes turning frequently to the door, their hands on the backs of their chairs. M. BEAUJEAN, with his back turned to the door, is intent on a picture of WATTEAU'S on the opposite wall.

Charenton. We wait only for M. Danton.

Robespierre (*frowning*). You have never met Danton, M. Beaujean, I think?

Beaujean (*turning to reply, then resuming his critical study of the picture*). Never, M. Robespierre—never.

[*Footman flings open the door and announces M. DANTON.*

Danton. I am sure M. Charenton and these gentleman will pardon my delay, when I tell them that business of the Jacobine Club has kept me. [*Dinner commences.*

Robespierre (*sarcastically*). What!—the Mountain in labour again!

Danton (*about to reply angrily, comes face to face with M. BEAUJEAN, who looks astonished, and falls back*). What, my pleasant friend of the Egalité Gardens! Do you not recognise the stout man with the stick, that talked to you for two long hours yesterday, about statues and Apelles, and the different blunders of antiquity?

Beaujean (*hesitating*). I think,—moussieur,—you have mistaken me—for some chance acquaintance.

Danton. Not I! Did I not give you an order for a Fête Champêtre picture, with a special arrangement of colours, that we discussed at length?

Beaujean. I do remember meeting a gentleman, and some such conversation.

Robespierre (*sternly, looking suspiciously at BEAUJEAN*). It is unfortunate, my dear Danton, for you then, that M. Beaujean will not be able to execute the order for that exquisite little Siren retreat of yours at Sèvres. He has just, he tells me, relinquished the meretricious follies of fan-painting Watteau, and has become a warm adherent of the school of the great painter of *les Horaces*.

Charenton. Allow me to have the pleasure of helping you to some more soup, M. Robespierre?

Robespierre. Not a drop, M. Charenton—many thanks. People have dared to accuse M. Beaujean, as they do greater men (*looking at DANTON*), of treasonable villainies. Now, this retraction, citizen, shows that he is a true republican. Would we had the old cynic's

lantern, to read the hearts of other suspected men as clearly!

Charenton (alarmed for fear of a quarrel). Allow me to take a glass of wine with you, M. Danton. We are thirteen at table! I asked that number, wishing to show I despised the legends of the old superstition, that we threw off with the incubus of monarchy.

Danton. All the worse for one of us. I am not one of those who pretend to disbelieve the instincts of my nature. And so, monsieur (to BEAUJEAN), you have renounced all that gay, open-air school you spoke of so warmly to me, and embraced the hard, rigid, lifeless manner—the cold Greek-statue manner—that only a few days ago you were so bitter on!

Robespierre. Not bitter, I should think. What! the Art that excites our republican youth to honourable deeds.

Danton. Not bitter, perhaps, as M. Robespierre counts bitterness. My friend here of the Egalité Gardens only said that M. David mixed powdered brick with the rose colour of his flesh; that he had a dull actor's conception of the Greek statues; that his figures were bloodless; that—

Robespierre. Merely, M. Danton, on our new convert! Zeal abates in other things than Art. I know men who now stuff their ears to prevent hearing the death-earn, who once would, but for me and other calmer-blooded patriots, have paved the streets of Paris with innocent men's heads.

Charenton. Shall I help you to some Burgundy, M. Robespierre?

Danton (standing up). M. Robespierre, we hold between us peace or war—woe be to him who first cries "war!" I am for peace—I pray for it to the great Providence day and night; but I will not sell my head quietly to please thirty tyrants!

Robespierre. Whom do you call tyrant, Danton? There is no tyranny where the voice of the country rules.

Danton. Who is ignorant of that one among the dictators that thirsts for my blood?

Robespierre. You deceive yourself, Danton; the Committee thirsts only for justice, hates only bad citizens. But are those good citizens who would disarm their country, and lay it at the foot of its enemies? and who would set themselves up as advocates for mercy merely to brand their opponents as murderers?

Danton. Is that an allusion?

Robespierre. No! an accusation, M. Danton. Your friends desire my death,—and to slay the Republic through me.

Charenton. Gentlemen—M. Danton, be calm! M. Robespierre, restrain—for the love of heaven, restrain—your patriotic ardour! Let not the enemy hear of the quarrels of the twin buttresses of the Republic.

Robespierre. M. Danton mistakes the wishes of the Committee: we desire ardently the support of the Mountain. Danton, would I be here if I desired your head? would I offer my hand when I was planning a murder? Calumny is busy between us, Danton. Beware!—by suspecting friends as enemies sometimes they become so. Let us understand each other—let us state our views. Is it necessary a government should, when danger presses, be terrible or not?

Danton. It should be terrible, Robespierre, but not implacable. The anger of the people should be a movement—your scaffolds are a system; I made them ramparts—you make them slaughter-houses. You strike without selection.

Robespierre (sneering). Was there selection in the September prisons?

Danton. Those massacres cannot be excused, yet cannot be punished; they were the results of fever—delirium—madness. Your Committee

of Safety sheds blood drop by drop, as if for amusement. Yours is the very voluptuousness of cruelty: you prick men's hearts, and then count the life-drops as they ooze out.

Robespierre. There are men who prefer wholesale butchery. Shall we clear the streets with merciful grape-shot, or burn prisons-full at a time? Has one innocent man perished? has a single aristocrat died without trial?

Danton (laughing bitterly). Innocent! innocent, indeed, before a Committee that sends the cannon-ball to pick out the bad at Lyons and at Nantes, for jest! Robespierre, you call it crime when men hate you for your cruelty: you murder your enemies, and call it justice!

Robespierre (colours, rises, and pushes back his chair). It is a lie! and the proof is that you live!

[Exit from the room angrily, slamming the door, followed by many of the company, M. CHARENTON jussily attempting to detain each guest as he leaves.]

Charenton. God bless my soul! these great men are as dangerous as bomb-shells in a house. Why, there are the omelettes to come, and the—Now do, gentlemen, resume your seats. If one—I really—M. Danton, let us take wine together. Pass the wine, M. Beaujean.

Danton. He desires war, and he shall have it; but not yet—not yet. How long are we to have this cruel pedant standing at the sluice, and choosing his hours and times to swirl our streets with blood! We must at last put on the tourniquet: the patient has bled enough.

Charenton. Dear me, dear me! I would not have had this happen in my house for ten thousand louis. It is these things compromise a man. Gentlemen, these are times when a very slight draught blows a man's head off. There was M. Danbussou, at No. 14, called away only yesterday; and M. Boissy, the avocat, at No. 16, summoned to a better world last week. I don't know what will be the end of it!

Danton. The death of one man—that will end it!

Charenton. Oh, M. Danton, for mercy's sake don't run on in that way. I have got into hot water already, and now you are spicing it with treason. Pray sit down to your wine quietly, and talk about other things. M. Robespierre has been working too hard in the holy cause: this is a megrim. I wouldn't for ten thousand louis have had this scene here. I shall be called up and examined, I know I shall. It's getting late, and—

Danton. M. Charenton, I need no hint to learn that my presence is superfluous. The De Trops are a large family, and I would not be of them. These are no times for lukewarm friends: an endangered man is never very welcome. But first one word with my artist friend here of the Egalité Gardens. Is he, too, afraid of the enemy—of the blood-leech—of this Robespierre—who thirsts for heads as men say I have done for money?

Beaujean (advancing frankly). I do fear; but I'm not afraid of offering my hand to M. Danton, though a recent conversation with M. Robespierre, on his first entrance, made me appear reluctant to renew his acquaintance.

Danton. No apologies, my friend. I see that you are a kind-hearted, generous fellow, embarrassed by some threats of that incubus that now rides France. I can see that you have not renounced in heart the style of Watteau, for the grim stoniness of M. David.

Beaujean. I have not altogether.

Danton. You have not at all. What! abandon our pretty rococo Watteau world, with its fans, and high-heeled shoes, and saques, and lutes, Pierrots, Harlequins, and silver leaping fountains, and clipped hedges, and mimnets on the turf, for those lifeless, naked warriors, sham Greek heroines, French Heeubas and Parisian

Helens. Bah! if both are shams, our old Watteau sham is a thousand times the gayest; your world of perpetual fête champêtres is arched with rainbows, and every man in it is a lover, every second man is a daneer, and every third a lutanist. We will take you under our protection, as the Capets used to say; and woe be to him who touches you. Now I am off to Sévres, to arrange my campaign; for the present, *au revoir*. Remember my picture. Prudent M. Charenton, and poor frightened gentlemen, good night. [Exit DANTON. *Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE III.

M. BEAUJEAN'S Studio. BEAUJEAN and ANNETTE; the former is at work, the latter hearing her little Boy read.

Boy. Mamma, Babet won't let me go outside the door, because I struck a baker's boy in the street for saying papa was an aristocrat. Wasn't I right? He had no right, mamma, to say papa was an aristocrat. Had he?

Annette. What is that you have hidden in your froek, Louis? Who gave it you?

Boy (pulls out of his froek a little toy model of a guillotine). Babet bought it me to kill mice with. She said every one had them.

Annette (seizes and breaks it). Fie! Louis; I will have no such cruel toys. And what made you cry so when Babet brought you in?

Boy (sobbing). Because the street boys pointed up to the *lanterne*, and told me that if you didn't take care, you would swing there, and that papa's head would go to make another basketful.

Annette. Wretches! But we are safe under M. Robespierre's care. No villain in Paris dare cross our threshold; and now we have M. Danton's promise, we are doubly safe. (Knock at the door.) Come in.

Enter M. CHARENTON, who bows to ANNETTE, and shakes hands with M. BEAUJEAN.

Charenton (looking at BEAUJEAN'S easel). Bon jour, M. Beaujean, I could not resist calling upon you, after that unpleasant affair at my house the night before last. If twenty thousand louis—but there—The fact is, I felt it a pity that our intimacy should not be fostered. (BEAUJEAN bows.) And besides (*fidjgets*), to confess—there have just been great disussions at the Jacobites' about your sudden change of style in Art, and doubts have been expressed of its sincerity. I came partly to discover the truth. I need not say that one glance at the exquisite picture now on your easel at once answers the question.

Beaujean (starting up and half drawing his sword). Am I to conelnde, M. Charenton comes in the form of a spy?

Charenton. Gently, *mon ami*, I have a dislike to steel; for I never, my dear M. Beaujean, drew my sword in my life but I cut my own fingers. I come merely as a quiet friend to warn you of danger.

Annette. Danger!

Charenton. Yes, danger, madame. St. Just has been elocsted all day with Robespierre—some blow is aimed. The guillotine is at work this morning harder than ever; the people are agitated; the clubs are violent; the papers get more bloodthirsty than ever; the cry at the Jacobites' is still "more heads!"

Annette. But how does this affect my husband, M. Charenton?

Charenton. Much, madame; for M. Robespierre has been heard to say that M. Beaujean is a mere fickle trimmer, and much to be suspected. When once M. Robespierre has a suspicion of a man, that man is like a fellow tied to a tree during a storm of lightning—no one knows where he may go.

Beaujean. He will never touch a man who does not attend the clubs, and lives out of the world.

Charenton. Not to frequent the clubs is sus-

icious—to frequent them is suspicious; to attend the guillotine is suspicious—to stop away is suspicious. Do you know any one who has Robespierre's ear?

Beaujean (firing up.) I know one who is stronger than Robespierre, who will some day grapple with that vampire, and tread him to the mire he sprang from; one who with a wave of his hand can call round him ten thousand sabres—(ANNETTE smiles and claps her hands); who could, if he chose, this very night loose his dogs, and tear down this blood-stained tyrant, who, like a bad surgeon, is draining France of life, and killing her by exhaustion.

Charenton. Who is this?—you joke; you mean Providence, or Fate, or some abstraction of the philosophers?

Beaujean. No! I mean DANTON. But you turn pale.

Charenton. Doomed, unlucky man! Why what cave do you live in, that you have not heard that Desmoulins and Danton were last night arrested, and sent to the prison of the Luxembourg?

Beaujean. Great God!

[Covers his face with his hands.]

Annette. Let us place ourselves in His wise hands.

Charenton. Well, I'm nicely compromising myself for a prudent man! I may as well go and put my head at once under the guillotine to save a trial. Will people call me prudent again ever after this? An enemy of Robespierre, with a royalist wife who talks with respect of obsolete Christianity! Oh 'tis all over with me! Here, executioner, be quick with the job!—How do I put my head?—Oh here—very well. Now then. When I give the signal—

Annette (sternly). If we are dangerous, why not avoid us?

Charenton. Because I like you both, and think you an imprudent, right-hearted couple; sane when all the world beside is stark mad. Oh, but I had such a fright two streets from your door!

Beaujean (anxiously). What was it?

Charenton. Well, you must know the clubs have just made a demonstration to express sympathy with Robespierre in the present crisis. They had threatened to attack the prisons, and massacre Danton; I met them full butt. Loathsome wretches in rags, with bear eyes and hairy chests; a brutal fellow with a maniac stare, and a huge red beard sweeping down to his waist.

Beaujean. That is one of our artist models. He helped take the Bastille; he leads all these things.

Charenton. Then a mob screaming, carrying pikes with calves' hearts stuck on them, a crowd with red caps, and clubs, and muskets, and flags. Amongst them rode frenzied women, brandishing sabres; then a train of the *tricotuses* and the *insultuses*, cursing the aristocrats; and then following a troop of children, some butchers with crimson arms smoking with new blood, dragging a cannon, with a *poissarde* brandishing a flag riding cross-legged on it. Every one shouted something different from his fellow. Some wore priests' robes that had been cut and gashed, and the last man—ugh!—bore a woman's head on a pole, the long black hair fluttering round the staff.

Annette. Devils! Does God sleep, or does he only pause before he strikes! Jean, don't look out; if we are suspected it is dangerous. Keep from the window, dear Jean; Louis, go up to Babet. [Exit Boy.]

Charenton (looks out of window). I think I hear something: Holy Mother, here they come down the street! *Mon Dieu!* Yes, how unfortunate—this way too! The drums beat, and a man on horseback, with his lips black with powder and a smoking musket in his

hand, addresses them. They move on—rags, red caps, torn flags, pikes, and all the signs of butchery following. No, they turn; they draw up in ranks, to let something pass.

Annette. Tell us what, M. Charenton. O God, would that the monsters would go! What is it?—why do you not answer?—why do you turn pale?

Charenton (in a low voice). It is the death-cart passing to the guillotine: this is not their usual way; they must have been sent round here by the mob for some purpose—to threaten and frighten some special aristocrat. It is full of nuns in long red garments—poor things! Their hair is cut short by the priest long ago, as if to prepare them for this dreadful hour. The *poissardes* hoot them, and utter obscene cries. Hark, Monsieur and Madame Beaujean, the nuns are singing as if they were calling to the angels who hover near. (*A hymn of the church is heard rising to the window of the apartment, soon drowned by cries of "Aristocrates à la lanterne," "Ca ira!" ending finally in a stormy burst of the Marseillaise, that with the grinding wheels gradually dies away down the next street.*)

[ANNETTE sinks on her knees, and prays for the souls of the doomed, as ten successive shouts announce the ten falls of the guillotine are.]

Beaujean (to CHARENTON, who is still watching eagerly from the window). Is all danger past?

Charenton (keeping back BEAUJEAN with his hand). Not all.

Beaujean. You jest, my good friend, there is no danger.

Charenton (anxiously.) A little. When the mob passed away round the corner of the street, I noticed two muffled men, with tri-coloured sashes, who had been watching our windows, quietly withdraw from the ranks of the mob, and step into the shadow of the church-porch, ten doors off on the opposite side.

Beaujean. Well; they sat down, rested, and went on.

Charenton (laying hold of BEAUJEAN'S arm, and dragging him to the window, and pointing). No! They are there now. I saw just now the sun catch the knob of a sword, as the figure moved forward, I suppose, in the shadow.—Now I see the red and white of the second man's plume in the sun, the blue of it is still in the shade. They look this way. A man with a dog turns the corner of the street, in the direction of the Rue St. Honoré—(turns with a face a fixed mask of terror, his hands rigid; his mouth moves, but he can say nothing. ANNETTE rushes to the window.)

Annette. It is Robespierre!—Devil! I can see his nosegay, his white cravat, his blue coat, his plumed hat; the sun glances on his silver buckles.—Mother of God!—he points to our house, and walks away. The men—the men—the—advance—they will be here directly!—Hide, dear Jean! M. Charenton—to the roof, you must not be found here.

Charenton. I need no pressing. Curse on my fate for mixing myself up with a low painter!—I would not for twenty thousand louis—(Runs off.)

Annette. Hide, dear husband!

Beaujean (rising from his easel, brushes still in his hand). I will not hide. I throw myself into God's hands. I can but die. But for you, Annette, death were not terrible to me, dearest!—(They embrace.)

[The butt-end of a musket strikes at the door. A hoarse voice cries—"In the name of the Committee of Safety."]

(Two Myrmidons of ROBESPIERRE enter.)

Beaujean. Gentlemen, I am your prisoner; I know my fate. But one word,—I have papers here, in the drawer of my paint-box,

which I must take with me, to prove my innocence,—grant me a moment to look for them. (*Opens a drawer, takes out a pistol, and shoots himself.*) Adieu, Annette! we meet again! (*Dies.*)

[Annette swoons on the body.]

Myrmidon 1 (man with beard). This is a bad business.

Myrmidon 2. This is how the aristocrats trick Mother Guillotine. They are always at it.

Myrmidon 1. Two stabbed themselves yesterday, in La Force. I wish I had the hanging 'em, they should have been all strung a week ago.

Myrmidon 2. Let us read the letter M. Robespierre told us to give this dead meat.

(Reads.)—

"M. Beaujean,—You are a weak, but a good man. I know all. You will never be a citizen fit to brave these dangerous times. Fly at once to Holland. On being shown this, the bearers will conduct you safely to a carriage waiting for you beyond the barriers at the Champs Elysée's gate. Do not forget your country among strangers.—ROBESPIERRE."

Myrmidon 1. *Hein! Ventre bleu!* M. Boison, you have made a nice mess of it!—Yesterday you let a prisoner go; now you let an innocent man blow his brains out. Fire at the aristocrat woman, or I will. (*Fires.*)

Myrmidon 2. Well, well, it is all the better for the undertaker. Bring the picture M. David told us to—Come along, or we shall miss the second batch at the guillotine,—and they're priests too. Vive la guillotine! (*Event shouting, "Allons, enfants de la patrie!—le jour de gloire est arrivé!"*)

ANTIQUÉ ART.*

WHEN we speak of the "antique" in reference to matters of Art, the ellipse means almost exclusively Greek Art; and although this application of the term may be in some degree an abuse, it is countenanced by strong relations, which are not difficult to determine. The works that the Romans have left bear an affinity to those of the Greeks, which ranks them in so far a continuation of the productions of the Hellenic sculptors, that no such distinction can be drawn between Greek and Roman, as between Greek or Roman and any of the so-called barbaric styles, as Egyptian, Phœnician, or Assyrian—all of which, how marvellously and significantly soever they deal with their respective materialities, are so wanting in æsthetic and even aspirative quality, as entirely to exclude them from any category under which the cognate Greek and Roman might be gathered. On the other hand, the Greeks were peculiarly and essentially an artistic people; their works were, in the most exalted sense, *Art*; and these, remaining to us models of a perfection of the grand ideal which may be imitated but never excelled—these are designated especially *antique*; the term in this application having a conventional interpretation which almost supersedes the letter of its signification. And it is to the reliques described by the epithet—remnants of the glories of the "Rhodian" art—that modern aspiration is indebted for those most beautiful examples to which its nearest approaches are its most signal successes.

The history of antique Art celebrates also the names of men who were as greatly distinguished in painting as the most famous sculptors were renowned in their department. It was not, therefore, in sculpture alone that the Greeks excelled; their paintings were more perishable than their sculptures; had it not been so, there might have survived to us instances that would have raised our admiration of Greek painting to a degree equal to our appreciation of Greek sculpture; for the time is now past when the prejudices of manner blinded us to their truth, which stands fully confessed through a deepening

* Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik für Künstler und Kunstfreunde von J. Overbeck. Leipzig, Verlag der J. C. Hinrich'schen Buchhandlung.

intensity and devotion—that kind of study, indeed, whereby the Greeks themselves arrived at their paramount excellence.

Although the museums of Europe are so rich in antique sculpture, we may reasonably hope that the catalogue will yet increase, for each recovery is a historical text, in addition to its Art-value. If, however, the soil of Italy and Greece were to yield us nothing more, there exists an ample sufficiency to supply material for a detailed history, and to chasten the taste of modern schools. The recovered statues and reliefs comprehend some of the precious works of the most eminent artists—as of Phidias, Polycletes, Praxiteles, Lysippos, and Scopas; as also copies of works of like merit, to which, although ancient writers have scarcely made allusion, they stand, nevertheless, in close relation with the rare productions of the best times. And these extant remains do not indicate isolated periods, but they constitute a series of originals, showing the progressive development of the art during a succession of ages; and between these and the classic writings can be established such a relation as may effectually serve as a basis for a history of Greek Art.

The origin of Art in Greece is veiled in an obscurity which perhaps will never be satisfactorily penetrated, for there exist no authentic accounts of the earliest Art impulses. There are certainly many allusions in ancient literature, but these are at best inferential, not positively statistical; for not only do the writers themselves belong to the latter times of the decadence, but the authorities they quote are unauthentic. It were, therefore, better to forego inquiry relative to this dark period than to put forth a baseless theory, since it is admitted that there is no material for the construction of a veritable history.

The presumed connection of old Greek sculpture with that of other countries, but especially with that of Egypt, has of late years been received as conclusive; and so tenacious are the partisans of this conclusion, that they ignore all the grounds of a contrary argument. By these theorists it is held that Greece, inhabited by the Pelasgi and other barbarians, the forefathers of the Greek nation, had scarcely made the first steps in civilization while surrounding nations could already show the results of centuries of cultivation. Greece, however, was easily accessible by sea, and its inhabitants were susceptible of the influences of Art; and it happened that their proud neighbours introduced among them their arts and their cultivation. The earliest Greek cities were built by these immigrants, who also set up gods, of whose characteristics the rude Pelasgians as yet knew nothing; and by these foreigners also were names given to the gods, and their respective worship, with all the peculiar ceremonies, taught and inculcated. Nothing, therefore, remained to a nation penetrated with veneration for their new theology, and warmly susceptible of the influences of Art and Poetry, but to embody their deities with all their attributes as faithfully as possible. The inquiry, however, as to the nation that first stimulated the Greeks becomes very embarrassing, at the time when they yielded to the influence of the Carians, the Thracians, the Phœnicians, and the Egyptians; yet a candid consideration of the arts of all these nations must terminate in a conclusion that Egyptian Art is the mother of that of each of the other nations. Such are the heads on which are based the arguments of those who advocate the theory that Greek Art has an affinity so strong with Egyptian Art, that it may be directly referred to it for parentage.

But since the acceptance of this theory, a closer study of the arts of all nations has established fundamental differences which cannot be reconciled. The Egyptians were great in stone sculpture, and they gave to their works an architectural character. Their statues were hewn with the utmost precision out of the hardest stones, as granite, syenite, and porphyry, and also extensively out of fine-grained sandstone, being designed to assist architectural composition. In all sitting figures it may be therefore supposed that there prevails the most perfect repose. The size of these figures was often colossal, and the transport of these colossi was an extremely difficult problem. The treatment of the forms was a consistency prescribed by the hierarchy, the forms being rather geometric than organic, and therefore entirely devoid of all natural

warmth. But although Egyptian artists worked according to certain scales, there were yet observable deviations according to time and difference of district. The sexes are clearly distinguished, but, on the other hand, nothing certain has hitherto been discovered as to distinction in portraiture, for Egyptian sculptors identified persons by colour, dress, varieties of head-dress, and by such adjuncts as the heads of animals and wings of birds. The animal forms were characterised by more of animation than was given to that of man, because, from the earliest times, the Egyptians symbolised with all forms of animal life.

Overbeck diligently and ingeniously combats the commonly received opinion that the Greeks borrowed from the Egyptians, and in support of his view refers to Müller's "Archæology of Art," and also to Hermann's studies of Greek artists, and proceeds to argue that if Greek sculpture were based on the Egyptian, necessarily the fundamental principle would appear in Hellenic Art. But there exists not in the earliest productions of the latter schools any example of the statue as an architectural element, their primitive essays being independent figures entirely distinct in character and appropriation from the works of the Egyptians. In cases wherein (at periods long subsequent to the infancy of sculpture in Greece) the human figure becomes an architectural auxiliary—as in the Temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum, and in the case of the caryatides of the Erechtheum, at Athens—the adaptation is effected in a manner very different from that adopted by the Egyptians, as in the cases cited the figure stands in the place of a supporting column, while in the temples of the Nile the figure does not supply the place of the column, but stands as a relieved adjunct to it.

In treating of the Art of the "Homerio-heroic" period, Overbeck contends for the truth of the Greek poet's descriptions. In reference to the question of Homer's credit, an ancient writer says (Pseudo-Herod. Vita Hom. 37), that a poet must either invent for himself an ideal world, or draw upon the material world around him for his poetical figures. In reference to this, Overbeck concludes, after consideration of the subject, that all that Homer describes may be received in two distinct senses—the one true, the other imaginative. He then proceeds to review the different arts whereby the grandiose works instanced in the verse of Homer were produced, and this leads to a minute description of the shields of Achilles and Hercules.

It was about the eightieth Olympiad that Greek Art began to develop its utmost degree of excellence at Athens and Argos. Before the advent of Phidias, Calamis of Athens, and Pythagoras of Rhegium, distinguished themselves by the advances they made on the old styles. Under Phidias all the great works of the period of Pericles were carried on, and all the artists assembled at Athens were occupied in realizing the ideas of the former. He himself worked especially at colossal figures composed of ivory and gold, one of the most remarkable of which was the Pallas Parthenos, twenty-six Greek cubits, or about thirty-nine English feet in height. But the admiration and enthusiasm of the Greeks were still more excited by the Olympian Jupiter, another work of Phidias, that was regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

From the time of Phidias Herr Overbeck examines thoughtfully the pretensions of succeeding schools, and the circles of their influences. We have, therefore, a careful consideration of the works of Myron and his followers—of Polyclitus, and in the second bloom of the art, Scopas, Praxiteles, Lysippos, and their schools—the artists of Thebes, the Rhodian school, the school of Pergamus, the Trallian artists, and others who worked in various parts of Greece, and finally, the Roman continuation and the decadence.

It would have been a pleasant task to accompany so profound a thinker as Overbeck further in his well-grounded deductions on a subject so interesting as Antique Art. Many of his views and conclusions are new, because nobody has entered on the subject with such energy and such an amount of convertible knowledge; yet while we read, we cannot help in some degree marvelling, after all Herr Overbeck has done in Christian Art, that Classic Art should be the subject to which he devotes himself with an earnestness that leaves nothing to be done hereafter in the shape of a history of Antique Art.

ARTISTIC GOLD WORK.

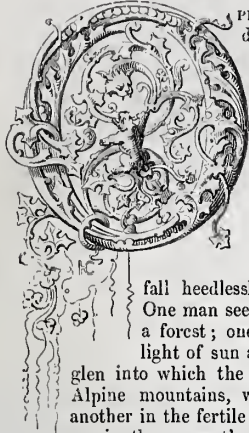
Is it that there is a peculiar mental unfitness in the English people, or is it that training is required? We will not attempt to answer our question, but certain it is, that in those articles of ornament which are in favour amongst them there is a manifestation of incorrect taste. Masses of gold, for example, are displayed in tasteless forms, as if for the purpose of vaunting the wealth of the possessor, where we would desire to see lightness of form and elegance of design.

We are rather disposed to the opinion that it is a question of education; it does not appear ever to have been thought necessary in this country to cultivate that faculty called TASTE. There is certainly a necessity for teaching the young mind certain principles, which are Nature's own, and therefore true, by which it shall be guided in the direct appreciation of things, and by which guidance it shall be enabled to avoid false display, and be led to the admiration of pure and always unpretending elegance. Our attention has often been directed to one branch of Art-manufacture, in which, from the expensive character of the objects, we should expect to find a display of artistic excellence—we allude to the manufacture of jewellery. Jewellery, really good and in pure taste, is a new thing in England, and the large majority of purchasers select those articles which make the greatest amount of show. The contrast between the *bijouterie* of our neighbours and our own is very striking. We find, for example, in Paris the finest works of Art executed on the true stone cameo—the Calcedonies—and these elegantly mounted; whilst we have in London a wide-spread display of the common shell cameos; and their settings are such that it is clear the workman's aim has been to make his gold *seem* to be as massive as possible: hence everything like good taste is disregarded. But those "shams" sell, and the dealer and the workman are both interested in producing those things which find a ready sale.

A question which naturally arises is, why should the French nation patronize Art to a higher degree than the English? It cannot be that there is more refinement—indeed, we are proud enough of our country to believe that there is a standard of true refinement to be found in good society in this country which is not reached by any section of the population of France. It is not, therefore, to this cause that we can refer the production of more artistic works on the Continent. We believe it is, that in England the capitalist has the ascendancy, and by mechanical appliances is enabled to produce cheaply those things which minister to the untrained taste of the public; whereas in France the artist holds a superior position, and as it has been found necessary to train the workman in a knowledge of Art, to produce with effect the designs of the artist, the result has been—especially in jewellery—the production of articles in every respect superior to our own. We believe, however, that we perceive the dawn of a brighter day. Our attention has lately been directed to the works of some of our best jewellers, and we must say that to many of these our remarks do not apply. We have been more especially pleased with some of the works of Mr. Green, of 82, Strand; his cameos are exquisitely beautiful in themselves, and the gold work in which they are set exhibits a rare elegance. The works of a skilled designer have been produced by a skilful Art-manufacturer. Mr. Green has been devoting much attention to the setting of antique and modern enamels; he has been obtaining the best specimens of the enameller, and giving them frames which are adapted for them. He informs us that he finds workmen in London who can do anything; that what we require is designers, or a set of workmen who should be themselves proficient in the art of design. Mr. Green is certainly doing that which should lead to the creation of this desideratum. He obtains, and he places in the hands of his workmen, the most elegant forms; and certainly he has succeeded in securing their reproduction in this beautiful metal, Gold, with the best possible effect. We wish him every success in his endeavour to introduce a pure taste in those ever expensive adornments, in which we should find the highest examples of this class of Art.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLVI.—HENRY JUTSUM.



OPINIONS, or perhaps we should rather say, tastes, differ upon the subject of what constitutes picturesque beauty; the conclusion at which we all arrive results from one cause—the faculty of perception and of appreciation in each individual; for it is scarcely possible to define the picturesque in landscape by any determinate rules or abstract propositions. All nature is beautiful, but every mind is not capable of seeing and analysing her beauties,—though, it may be, of enjoying them,—and, therefore, cannot comprehend them; just as certain chords of music, which are sweet to the ear of one listener, fall heedlessly or inharmoniously on the ear of another. One man sees much to admire in a hedgerow, and another in a forest; one in a vast extent of level plain, chequered with light of sun and shade of cloud, and another in the cavernous glen into which the sunbeams rarely penetrate; one in a range of Alpine mountains, whose peaks are covered with eternal snows—another in the fertile meadows, enamelled with the golden king-cup; one in the peasant's cottage, over whose whitened walls the red rose and fragrant honeysuckle climb and mingle—another in the ruined castle, hoary with age, and tinted with the hues of moss and lichens; one in the "willow brook that turns a mill," and another in the broad expanse of ocean,

restless, upheaving, and suggestive of terror and death. It is necessary, however, in forming an accurate opinion of an object, or series of objects, that the mind be fully impressed with its distinctive character; but it does not always happen—indeed, the contrary is often the case—that the mind actually receives what the eye looks upon. Locke, in his "Essay on the Understanding," remarks:—"This is certain, that whatever alterations are made in the body, if they reach not the mind, whatever impressions are made on the outward parts, if they are not taken notice of within, there is no perception. Fire may burn our bodies with no other effect than it does a billet, unless the motion be continued to the brain, and there the sense of heat, or idea of pain, be produced in the mind, wherein consists actual perception. How often may a man observe in himself, that whilst his mind is intently employed in the contemplation of some subjects, and curiously surveying some ideas that are there, it takes no notice of impressions of sounding bodies made upon the organ of hearing, with the same attention that uses to be for the producing the ideas of sound. A sufficient impulse there may be on the organ, but, it not reaching the observation of the mind, there follows no perception, and though the motion that uses to produce the idea of sound be made in the ear, yet no sound is heard." Now, if this be true with regard to the faculty of hearing, it is equally, indeed, even more so, with regard to the faculty of sight. Most of us, it may be presumed, know what it is to have the eyes fixed on an object without seeing it, simply because the mind is otherwise occupied, and, therefore, receives no impression of what meets the vision; and even where an impression is made, the effect is frequently not *felt*, from the absence of sensibility to the power possessed by the object of conferring pleasure or pain, or any other sensation. We have often remarked this in persons standing before a piece of sculpture; it has no colour to attract the eye, no combination of rich and brilliant tints, like those in a picture, to dazzle and charm: perhaps, too, it tells no story, conveys no idea to an unimaginative mind, makes no stirring appeal to the passions; its excellence lies in beauty of form, graceful attitude, and symmetrical proportions, qualities which are lost on some minds, or are incomprehensible to them, and hence the work is regarded as little more than a piece of highly-



Engraved by]

THE DEER PARK.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

polished marble, sculptured into the likeness of a human figure, but totally incapable of calling up one sympathising emotion, or a single ennobling thought. A similar deadness of feeling towards other objects that may be really designated picturesque is not uncommon. We once overheard a lady expostulating with an artist, who was sketching, on the beach at Brighton, the hull of a large old fishing-smack which time and the sea had richly tinted, in preference to a gaily-painted yacht that was at anchor close by; she was "astonished at his want of taste;" the yacht was more picturesque, in her eyes, than the weather-beaten boat of the fisherman. Here was an example, not of absolute blindness of perception, but of perverted faculties.

Nor is this absence of sensibility limited to the contemplation of Art; there are those on whom the most glorious works of Nature make no vivid or lasting impression; who stand upon the topmost height of the mountain-range when the night mists are rising from off the plains, or the western sun is throwing gigantic shadows across them; who dive into the depths of the forest whose towering trees form a lengthened aisle of clustering branches, and yet find

nothing to love, nothing to admire in the living beauty of the one or the quiet grandeur of the other: no lesson of devotion is taught, no spark of veneration is kindled, by such scenes as these; Nature is only a blank page to some minds, or if she discourses eloquently, her language is unheard.

All artists have, or are presumed to have, a sense of the beautiful, which they endeavour to embody in their works; but this sense is seen to vary as much in them as it does in any other class of individuals; each has his own idea of the picturesque, and strives to define it by his pencil. One finds it in the moor and the mountain, another in the meadows and the hamlet; one in the rocky shore and the ocean, and another in the domestic and ecclesiastical architecture of old towns and cities; one almost seems to live among the works of Nature, and another among those which man has raised; one amid objects that are fresh and living, another amid those whereon Time hath set his "effacing finger." And though each may not be insensible to the beauties which another sees, they are not of a character to win him from those he is more alive to, or to which his own feelings incline him: artists rarely step

aside from the track they have been accustomed to mark out for themselves and to follow.

The picturesque beauty in which Mr. Jutsum's eye and imagination delight he finds in the richly-wooded districts of England, and, as some of his pictures remind us, in the mountainous regions of Scotland. The story of his life is briefly told, for his career has been little else than one of patient study and of diligent, unobtrusive labour. He was born in London, in 1816, and at an early age was sent to school in Devonshire, a circumstance to which he attributes, in a great measure, his love of that especial class of landscape scenery delineated in the majority of his works. Evidencing a decided inclination towards Art, he acquired the rudiments of drawing: having accomplished this, he repaired to the woods and fields, and to whatever other spots that might serve the purpose of studying from nature, Kensington Gardens being a favourite resort with him, his "Academy," as we have heard him say, for there he passed much of his time, especially in the spring and early summer months, in making outline drawings and studies of the trees which adorn them. His first publicly exhibited picture, "Exeter, from the river—Evening," was hung at Somerset House, in 1836, the last year in which the exhibition of the Royal Academy took place in that edifice; in 1838 he exhibited in Trafalgar Square, "Coast Scene, Shanklin—Noon," and a "Sketch of a Lady in Faucy Costume;" in 1839 he contributed two landscapes and a "Sketch of a Lady in Oriental Costume," the only figure subjects, so far as we recollect, he has painted.

Though he had thus made his appearance before the public as an artist, Mr. Jutsum still felt it essential to seek the advice and instruction of some

more experienced head and hand than his own; accordingly he became, in 1839, a pupil of the late Mr. James Stark, to whom he confesses himself indebted for much of the knowledge he has acquired, and whose memory he affectionately cherishes. Our first recollection of the works of Mr. Jutsum is associated with a picture exhibited at the British Institution in 1840; it was entitled "A Lock on the Medway," and was painted with so much care and truth of nature as led us to bespeak for the artist no small repute hereafter; it is now in the possession of Mr. Unwin, of Sheffield. It may not be out of place to remark here, that though the majority of his works have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, his most important pictures have been sent to the British Institution; but since 1840 he has never omitted to contribute to both galleries. Perhaps his attachment to the latter place of exhibition has arisen from his works having almost invariably been well hung there,—a very powerful inducement for a young painter to give it his allegiance.

In 1843 Mr. Jutsum was elected a member of the New Water-Colour Society, but withdrew from the Society in 1847, in order to devote his time almost exclusively to oil-painting: we will now take a retrospective glance at a few of these works.

"Tintern Abbey—Evening," exhibited at the Academy in 1843, is executed with a sweetness that can scarcely be surpassed: a clump of trees on the right of the picture is painted with a full, free pencil, and, on the left, the foreground is lighted into a rich, warm colour. "An English Green Lane, near Kenilworth," exhibited at the same time, formed a worthy companion of the other. A "Landscape," in the Academy the following year, shows a scene



Engraved by]

A COTTAGE HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

of moorland country, diversified by hill and dale, through which winds a small river: the foreground is luxuriant with blooming heather and ferns, and the sky and distance are painted with a rare display of knowledge and with fine feeling. "A Woodland Solitude," showing the rocky bed of a small stream overhung with trees, and "The River Nidd, Knaresborough, Yorkshire," a composition somewhat similar in character, both exhibited at the British Institution in 1845, are subjects of a peculiarly picturesque nature, and evidence the rich foliage pencilling which characterises the works of this artist. "The Pleasance in the Olden Time," one of three pictures in the Royal Academy, in 1846, is an interesting example of a kind of subject always agreeable to the eye of an Englishman—an ancient Elizabethan gateway, or clock tower, leading to a garden adorned with terraces and noble trees, the domain of some lordly possessor, whose family and guests, in costumes of days long passed, enliven the walks and avenues: this is a very carefully painted work. In the British Institution the following year Mr. Jutsum had two pictures of a higher class as compositions than any other he had previously exhibited; the one, "Clearing fallen Timber in Backhurst Wood," is large, and portrays a close passage of what may almost be designated as forest scenery, for the standing trees, principally beeches, are of noble growth, and those which the axe of the labourer has laid on the ground are sturdy trunks with huge limbs, that must have been many summers and winters ere they attained so considerable a girth: the picture is distinguished for breadth and massing, and by its free, but not

careless, execution. The other, "Waiting for the Squire," represents a lad with a shooting pony and dogs, waiting the arrival of his master at the outskirts of a park, probably, for a portion of a mansion is discernible in the distance. The trees in this work are perfectly true to nature; we see into the depths of their foliage, tracing its various divisions in the gradations of light and shade, which are admirably managed. A subject of a kindred character hung in the same gallery the following year, it was called "The First of September;" while another autumnal incident hung in the adjoining apartment; this had the title of "A Village Holiday—Nutting;" both of these charming pictures are rich in colour. "An Autumn Evening—Gleaners returning," one of three contributions to the Royal Academy that year, must not be omitted from the list of this artist's most notable works; neither should the "Rabbit Warren," exhibited at the British Institution in 1849, a work remarkable for truth of nature and delicate handling, especially in the foreground.

There are few anglers accustomed to "throw a fly"—we are almost tempted to turn aside from our task of criticism to write a few paragraphs laudatory of this description of fishing, compared with which all others are mere delusions of enjoyment—who would not appreciate the excellence of Mr. Jutsum's "Westmoreland Trout Stream," and long for a day's sport beside its waters, *malgré* the fish generally taken in these mountain-streams require but little labour, though often much skill, to land safely: in the streams of North Wales we have captured twenty and thirty brace of trout in a day, the largest of which was scarcely

heavier than a good-sized herring. This picture was exhibited at the British Institution in 1850. The same year he contributed four paintings to the Academy exhibition, the largest number he had ever sent to any gallery: of these "Rydal Water, Westmoreland," though a small work, is valuable on account of the perfect sentiment of tranquillity which pervades it; and another, "Autumn—Timber Clearing," also of small cabinet size, is finely felt and ably rendered. Two pictures very opposite in subject hung in the British Institution in 1851: the one "A Roadside Farm in Kent," and "Limestone Quarries near Combe Martin, North Devon;" both worked out with great skill and nicety.

There is scarcely a lovelier spot in broad England than Ivy Bridge, Devonshire; it has often been the subject of the pencil of various artists, but we do not remember to have seen a sweeter picture of the place than one exhibited by Mr. Jutsum at the British Institution in 1852: it is a large canvas: a piece of road with herbage, bounded on the left by tall trees, occupies the base of the composition, the foreground of which is limited by the village, whence the eye is carried over the country into the distance, beautiful in colour and in the diversity of evening effects; the trees are clothed in their richest summer dress, looking still richer by the sunset glow that covers them: we regard this as among the very best works of the artist. In the Academy that year was another view sketched in the same locality, "The Stream at Ivy Bridge," a picturesque spot most picturesquely treated. The picture was

accompanied by a view of "Clovelly, Devon," the first coast-scene which we recollect him to have painted: in colour it is somewhat low, but it is true to nature, and shows much delicate pencilling. From the southern part of England the artist passed, in the following year, to Scotland, sending to the British Institution three pictures, "A Stream in Berwickshire," "Glen Rosa, Isle of Arran," and "A COTTAGE HOME IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;" the last is one of our engraved examples, and we could scarcely have selected a better: the picture is in the collection of Joseph Earle, Esq., who kindly permitted us to copy it: it was exhibited at the great Exhibition in Paris, a few years since, being chosen by the artist himself as one on which he was contented to risk his reputation with foreign connoisseurs. Scottish scenery was the chief theme of his pencil throughout the year 1853, when he exhibited at the Academy, "The Mountain Stream," "Up the Brae-side," and "Coldingham, on the Berwickshire Coast;" the last a work that, from its romantic tranquillity, offers a peculiar charm to the lover of nature in her quiet moods. In the following year, also, we find him still in the northern part of our island, contributing to the British Institution, "The Rocky Path of a Mountain Burn," and "Autumn in the Highlands—Gathering in the Flocks;" the former a passage of wild Highland scenery, rising by well-managed degrees from a rough heathery foreground to the mountains that close the distance; the latter, also, a piece of heath and mountain scenery: both subjects brought



Engraved by]

A VILLAGE HOLIDAY.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

forward with a fine feeling for colour and singular mastery in execution. "A Highland Glen," in the Academy in 1854, is entitled to share with the others our favourable comment; and with this picture we would class, as being similar in character and equal in merit, "Scotch Highland Scenery," in the British Institution, and "Flitting Shadows," in the Royal Academy in 1855.

"Timber Clearing on the Hill-side, Sussex," exhibited at the British Institution in 1856, is a work that would do honour to any school of landscape painters, even to our own, which has so just pre-eminence; in truth, in no country except England, with its magnificent foliage, its wealth of weedy foreground, and its varied changes of light and shade, could a work of so rich and diversified a character be produced. "THE DEER PARK," which forms one of our illustrations, was in the Academy in the same year; we are indebted to the owner of this fine painting, J. W. Heathcote, Esq., for permission to include it among our illustrations.

But taking a retrospective glance at the pictures which have come forth from Mr. Jutsum's studio, not one has afforded us more real gratification than his "Hay-field," exhibited at the British Institution in 1857; we looked at it till we fancied the fragrance of the hay, raked into long lines, rose out of the canvas: the composition, whether ideal or copied from nature,—the latter, we believe,—is beautiful in the extreme, as a passage of rich rural scenery, and it

is painted with a truth and a power which, we sincerely believe, very few artists could equal, and none surpass.

There is one of our illustrations to which no allusion has hitherto been made; this is the engraving entitled, "A VILLAGE HOLIDAY;" the picture was never publicly exhibited, and was painted, in 1848, for Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford, whose taste has led him to ornament his residence with numerous cabinet pictures by some of our leading painters: it is a work of more than ordinary merit, pleasing as a composition, and most conscientiously carried out.

The specialities of Mr. Jutsum's pictures may be summed up in a few words: his subjects are always chosen with judgment as to picturesque beauty, and with a thorough knowledge of what is requisite to render them attractive to the unlearned in Art matters, as well as to the eye of the critic; he is a close follower of nature, but does not forget he has a licence to subject her to his fancies within proper—that is, natural—limits: his colouring is fresh and always truthful, and his execution combines freedom with much carefulness. The appropriate disposition of figures in his pictures, and the graceful manner in which he introduces them, especially the peasant children, constitute some of the leading charms of his works.

J. DAFFORNE.

TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 16.—GEORGE VERTUE, F.S.A.

WHAT Vasari was to the artists of Italy, Vertue has been to the artists of England. But for his painstaking researches throughout a long life, we should be without that inestimable record of British Art, popularly known as "Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England." The cynic of Strawberry Hill was incompetent to the task of collecting materials for such a work; Vertue was untiring in this labour, travelling far and wide—in days when travelling was difficult and expensive—gathering facts about Art and artists; and, note-book in hand, visiting galleries and analysing their contents. Incessantly did he work in this way, a toil which he incurred purely for love of his subject; and though

"The labour we delight in, physics pain,"

there is due to George Vertue the respectful gratitude of all Englishmen, and English artists particularly, for his earnest investigation. At his death the large mass of material he had gathered passed into the hands of Horace Walpole, who, in the luxurious quiet of his toy-home at Twickenham, "digested and published" the whole; an easy task in comparison with that of Vertue, but a task that probably could not have fallen into better hands, for though occasionally cynicisms and biased criticisms appear, which are due to Walpole's pen, the notes of Vertue would have been but dry reading if they had been consigned to the arrangement of any bookseller's hack of that day. Walpole had a sincere estimation for the simple honesty of Vertue's character, and he also possessed enough experience of literary research to value fully the arduous industry of Vertue in collecting facts. He has never failed to record his sense of both in the memoir he has appended to the book from the memoranda Vertue left behind him.

The industry of Vertue's Art-life is attested in the long and varied list of engravings appended to this memoir. Never was labour more continuous, never was relaxation from it more toilsome than this collecting of notes for a history of Art in England. It was fortunate that Vertue lived at a time when remembrances were afloat of that peculiar era in English Art so full of confusion in any other pages than his own. Thus at York he conversed with the old engraver Francis Place, who had been intimate with Hollar, and who furnished him with valuable anecdotes of that amiable, industrious, and ill-rewarded man. A similar value attaches to all his notes. They are unique facts, which would have been lost but for him.

Vertue was born in the year 1684, in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and was apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, to an engraver, who was employed by the silversmiths to place arms and ornaments on their manufactures. His master failing in business, he completed his knowledge of engraving under Michael Vanderguteh, a native of Antwerp, who had settled in England, and was much employed in book illustration. As soon as Vertue had completed his apprenticeship, and started on his own account, his father's death left a widow and several children unprovided for. "I was eldest," says Vertue, "and the only one who could help them." This he did with a manful self-sacrifice, which he cheerfully accepted; and his only remark on the subject is, that this "added circumspection in my affairs then, as well as industry to the end of my life." His merit and his character always brought him friends; his tastes ultimately associated him with noble patrons, and he became a member of the Society of Antiquaries, their acknowledged draughtsman and engraver, and to his *burin* we owe some of our most valued historic prints. So great was his conscientiousness that he absolutely refused to engrave for the booksellers unauthentic portraits, after the manner of Honbraken. In the pursuit of his art as antiquarian draughtsman, he travelled much over England, always collecting for his "Anecdotes of Painting." He was much patronized by the noble and the wealthy, but his own unselfish nature and scrupulous honesty never allowed him to profit largely thereby. He rated himself only as a diligent labourer; he treated his noble employers as friends, and he would have given his labour to them could he have afforded it.

His nature was essentially kindly; there are traces of it in all he did. He laments with the ardent simplicity of honesty the deaths of his patrons. In the curious drawing he made of himself and his wife, "in the very habits they were married in, Feb. 17, 1720," he has introduced his pet dog and that of his wife. They were affectionate dependants, who kept alive the healthy sympathies of his heart, which was always large

enough to reciprocate love for kindness wherever he found it.

As he grew older his chief regrets were from the loss of friends with whom he had been associated in the study of art and antiquities: his greatest loss was in Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the founder of the Harleian Library, now the chief ornament of our British Museum. Vertue records his sense of the loss in words of striking simplicity.

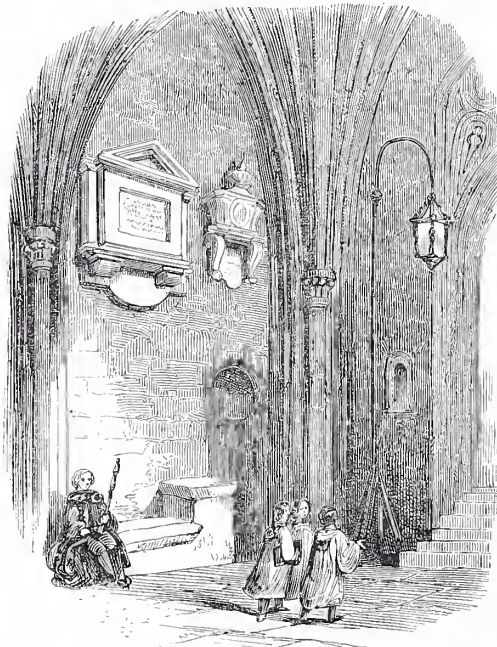


G. VERTUE AND HIS WIFE, IN THEIR MARRIAGE COSTUME.

He says,—“Death put an end to that life that was the support, cherisher, and comfort of many others who are left to lament—but none more heartily than Vertue.” Walpole adds a few words to this, which forcibly paints the deep-seated feeling of Harley's artist-friend:—“So struck was the poor man with this signal misfortune, that for two years there is an hiatus in his story—he had not spirit even to be minute.” Like many quiet natures, he felt as an enduring regret, what more impulsive

men might lament louder, and forget speedily. “He lost his friends,” says Walpole, “but his piety, mildness, and ingenuity never forsook him; he laboured almost to the last to leave a decent competence to a wife with whom he had lived in tender harmony,” and who survived him twenty years. He had no children, and died at the ripe age of seventy-two, on the 24th of July, 1756.

On the west wall of the cloister of Westminster Abbey is placed the tomb of the historian of English



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF G. VERTUE.

Art. It simply records the date of his birth and death, beneath which is the following verse; it has all the prevalent faults of epitaph writing:—

“With manners gentle and a grateful heart,
And all the genius of the graphic art,
His fame shall each succeeding artist own,
Longer by far than monuments of stone.”

To this inscription was afterwards added, that “Margaret, his faithful wife, lies buried in the same grave. She died at the age of seventy-six, March 7, 1776.”

In the solemn cloister of Westminster many notable people lie; there is little to recall the modern world and its associations to any who may wander here: it is sacred to past ages, and the men who then lived. On quiet moonlight nights the deep solemnity of the place is as striking and impressive as if it was far removed from, instead of being in the centre of, “the mighty heart” of England. It is well that we have preserved to us some few such wholesome thinking-places.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 8.—THE PAPIER-MÂCHÉ WORKS OF MR. BIELEFELD, AND THE WORKS OF THE FIBROUS SLAB COMPANY.

WITHIN the entire circle of English worthies, there is not to be found another man possessing the same grasp of mind, united with powers of minute observation, as Robert Boyle. There was a remarkable far-seeingness about him, and, although we find numerous matters treated seriously by Boyle, at which we are now disposed to smile, yet, it must be remembered, that he was born in an age which was yet surrounded by the dark and fantastic clouds of superstition. There was no one question of too vast a character for his speculative mind; there was no one subject too familiar for his eager curiosity. We are led to these remarks from reading the very apt quotation from Boyle's Essay "Of Man's Great Ignorance of the Use of Natural Things," which the proprietor of the papier-mâché works has attached to his pattern-book. This fine old philosopher says:—

"Though paper be one of the commonest bodies that we use, there are very few that imagine it is fit to be employed other ways than in writing and printing, or wrapping up of other things, or about some such obvious piece of service; without dreaming that frames of pictures, and divers fine pieces of embossed work, with other curious moveables, may, as trial has informed us, be made of it."

The origin of the manufacture of articles for use or ornament from paper is not very clearly made out; we are naturally led to believe, from the name, that the French must have introduced it. We find, however, a French writer ascribing to the English the merit of producing paper ornaments. In an article in the "Encyclopédie Méthodique," entitled, "Sur l'Art de Moulage," we find the following words:—"Les Anglois font en carton les ornemens des plafonds que nous faisons en plâtre: ils sont plus durables; se détachent difficilement, ou s'ils se détachent, le danger est nul et la réparation est peu dispendieuse."

The writer clearly understood the peculiarities of the material of which he wrote, and in those few words he points out many of the more valuable properties of papier-mâché ornaments.

Papier-mâché is of several varieties, but these seem resolvable into two well-marked distinctions. For some works, all that is necessary appears to be the cementing together of sheets of ordinary paper, in a manner similar to that employed in the manufacture of cards, described in our visit to De la Rue and Co.'s Manufactory. Layer upon layer of paper is pasted together, until the required thickness is obtained, and then the sheet is subjected to great pressure. In some cases the pasted papers are pressed into moulds, and thus, at once, and at the same time as they are condensed, they receive the required form; in others, the prepared papier-mâché is shaped after it has been manufactured. Another variety is that made from paper pulp, which is formed into hard sheets, or moulded at once into the required designs.

It is not of much moment that we should, in the present article, attempt to trace the history of this Art-manufacture. The patentee of the processes we are about to describe, thus speaks of the introduction of paper ornaments for architectural decoration. Premising that the decorations in high relief, which are still to be found in the mansions of the seventeenth, and the beginning of the eighteenth, century, were generally worked, or rather modelled, by hand, upon the stucco in its place, whilst still in a soft and plastic state, the writer proceeds:—"As this work had to be done on the spot, and with much rapidity of execution, in order to prevent the stucco from setting, before it had acquired the intended form, the art was somewhat difficult; the workman had to design almost as he worked; therefore, to do it well, it was necessary that he should have some acquirements and qualities as an artist. This circumstance, of course, tended very much to limit the number of workmen, and their pay became proportionally large. It was no unnatural consequence that artizans thus circumstanced assumed a consequence that belonged not to their humble rank in life; it is said that they might have been seen coming to their work girt with swords,

and having their wrists adorned with lace ruffles. Such a state of things was, as may be conceived, attended with many inconveniences to their employers; it was scarcely possible to preserve that subordination so essentially necessary in carrying on the business of a builder, and ultimately the workers in stucco, laying aside all restraint, combined together to extort from their employers a most inordinate rate of wages. It would be superfluous here to detail all the circumstances that followed; it is sufficient to state that, as might have been anticipated, the total ruin of their art was the final result of these delusive efforts to promote their individual interests.

"Contrivances were resorted to by the masters, which soon supplanted the old mode of working in stucco. The art of moulding and casting in plaster, as previously practised in France, was generally introduced, and the art of preparing the pulp of paper became improved and extended, so as ultimately to render practicable the adoption of papier-mâché in the formation of architectural decorations. Thus at last was extinguished the original mode of producing stucco ornaments, and there probably has not been for many years a single individual in England accustomed to that business.

"The superior cheapness of the process of casting in plaster brought it into almost universal use; for, although in the course of the last century an immense trade was carried on in the manufacture of architectural and other ornaments of papier-mâché, yet the poverty of taste they generally displayed, and the imperfection of machinery at that time, which prevented this material from coping with plaster in respect to price, ultimately caused its disuse. The manufacturers of papier-mâché at that period do not seem to have been aware of the great improvements of which every process of their art proves now to have been susceptible." Wilton, the father of the Royal Academician and sculptor, was one of the chief manufacturers; his manufactory was in Edward Street, Cavendish Square, and many of the decorations of the older mansions of the metropolis were the productions of Wilton.

"A most mischievous effect, however, was produced in the art of decorative designing by this change in the mode of execution. All the deep undercuttings and bold shadows which marked the style of design in the age of Queen Anne, became impracticable when ornaments were to be cast. A meagre, tame, *petite* manner ensued almost of necessity, until, by the end of the last century, the art of designing architectural ornament had fallen into a deplorable state of imbecility.

"The subsequent introduction of Greek ornament formed a new era: the limited capabilities of plaster-casting became then less inconvenient, for the broad, flat character of the Greek style was favourable to the process of casting; and had that manner of designing continued to prevail generally up to the present day, it is probable that no material change would have taken place in the manufacture of ornament. But great fluctuations have occurred in the public taste: the pure and elegant simplicity of Greek ornament is in its nature appreciable only by the more highly cultivated tastes; the generality of persons do not understand its merits; therefore, after the stimulus of novelty had ceased to operate, fashion soon led the public favour into other channels. The bold originality of the Gothic school, the gorgeous and meretricious richness of the Flemish and French schools, the picturesque and fantastic forms of the Elizabethan style, soon found many admirers; and it is this great change in the manner of designing ornament that has given rise to the important improvements in the manufacture of the highly plastic substance called papier-mâché. Plaster is totally inapplicable to the exact imitation of the bold florid carvings in the above-named styles, whilst to carve in wood all these fanciful forms would occasion a cost far beyond the means of all ordinary purses. As to the putty-composition, a material introduced at the latter end of the last century as a substitute for wood-carving in picture-frames, &c., its weight, its brittle, impracticable nature, and the difficulties and heavy expenses necessarily incurred in its manufacture, as well as in fixing it up, render it applicable to a limited range of purposes."

From the *Gentleman's Magazine* we learn that many of the fine old ceilings, in deep relief, of the

Elizabethan era, are of papier-mâché. The handsome ceilings in Chesterfield House are also of papier-mâché. Smith, in his "Life of Nollekens," mentions a curiously ornamented ceiling of this material in the parlour of No. 41, Leicester Fields, which is painted in imitation of parts of the ceiling of Whitehall Chapel. On the front of a house in the Strand, are, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, three profiles of the three first Georges, which are formed of papier-mâché. These facts prove the exceeding durability of this material.

Having first examined the great variety of designs produced by Mr. Bielefeld, and displayed in Wellington Street North, we proceeded to the manufactory, at Staines. It is necessary that we state that the works at Hall Mills are divided into Mr. Bielefeld's Papier-Mâché Works proper, and the larger establishment of the Fibrous Slab Company, who are working, under Mr. Bielefeld, a patent of a different material. In this now quiet corner of Middlesex, once gay with the excitement of stage-coach travelling,—being on the great western road, over which flew the Quicksilver Mail, the renowned Subscription Coach, and the Defiance, the Telegraph, and many others, that still live in our memory,—in this spot, once all excitement, but now silent, save the heavy roll of the water-wheel, which is urged by the waters of the Colne, stand these especially interesting Art-manufactories. Water-power and steam-power are both bound to the task of producing articles for ornament and use from fibre. In the establishment devoted to the manufacture of architectural ornaments, &c., we find mills for grinding and preparing the pulp, for combining this fibrous material, so as to ensure a firmer and more enduring substance than can be obtained from fibre alone, and presses of all sizes and of almost all powers, for producing large or small ornaments, as they may be required.

Let the reader reflect for a moment on the infinite variety in the style of ornamentation which year after year is introduced for merely architectural decoration, and then add to this the additional number of patterns required for picture-frames, and for those of mirrors, with brackets, console legs, and yet many other things, and he may have some idea of the vast number of metal moulds required to meet the demands of this manufactory. The preparation of the models from which those moulds are cast requires the aid of the artist and of the skilled artisan, and is one of those subjects which we may shortly treat of, when we visit one of the great manufactories of ornamental iron and bronze work. The first requisite here, however, is the mould from which the papier-mâché ornament is to be produced: those used by Mr. Bielefeld are of brass and iron, and, we understand, cost more than £20,000. These being procured, with presses of a power sufficient to secure that cohesion of the material which is necessary, the whole proceeds with much tranquillity—and the quiet of this establishment is a distinguishing mark of its orderly arrangement.

We need scarcely remind our readers that paper-pulp is always composed of some vegetable fibre. An immense variety of fibres has been, from time to time, brought forward, as capable of being converted into excellent pulp, but, with a few exceptions, they have not been received with favour by the manufacturers. Hemp, or flax, and the cotton-fibre, are still the materials from which nearly all our paper is manufactured: we do indeed hear of straw-paper, and of paper made from the nettle-fibre, but these are rather exceptions than the rule. Every description of flax-fibre, whether hemp, or flax, or tow, or codilla, or jute, finds its way into paper; and the same may be said of cotton, though it is only for some kinds of paper that this can be employed. We must not stop to describe the manufacture of paper, but proceed at once with our description of these very interesting works for a different material. The pulp of any required degree of fineness is prepared. For the base of any design there is an advantage as it regards strength, and also for economy, in employing the coarser fibres; but for the purpose of ensuring the perfect sharpness of the finished surface, the finest fibrous pulp is necessary. The composition, when prepared in the mills, is still in a semi-fluid condition, and it requires the action of a machine for bringing it into a condition resembling dough, or putty. When brought to this state, it is rolled out into flat sheets of the required thickness, and being cut of the required size, a piece is placed on

the mould, above which is adjusted the counter-mould, fitting into the first, and then the whole is subjected to the action of the screw-press. The first result is not of that character which is desired for a finished work, yet it is quite necessary for the production of the complete article. The moulded papier-mâché is removed from the mould, another sheet of the soft material, much finer than the former, is placed on the mould, and the first impression is adjusted to it, both being covered with a cementing material. The moulds being adjusted, the arrangement is now submitted to another, and yet more powerful, squeeze in the press. This is repeated until the requisite thickness and finish are produced; it is then subjected to a graduated heat, by which it becomes eventually perfect, dry, and hard. It can now be submitted to any process of colouring, or, if desired, as is sometimes the case, colour can be introduced into the material itself.

From the papier-mâché manufactory we passed through a counting-house built of the fibrous slab, and by a pretty cottage, situated in the centre of a neat garden, constructed of the same material, on to that division of the works which belongs to the Fibrous Slab Company. Here everything is on a more gigantic scale, since the result is to be the production of slabs 14 feet in length, and 6 feet wide, varying in thickness from about the eighth of an inch to an inch or more, according to the purposes for which the fibrous slab may be required. For the preparation of this important material, the coarser varieties of fibre are required. These are heated, and subjected to much agitation, to secure the reduction of the fibre to the proper size. This being effected, the pulp is removed, and subjected to the action of a desiccating apparatus, or centrifugal drying machine. This consists mainly of a drum fixed on a vertical axis, the periphery of the drum being of wire-gauze; this is enclosed in an outer case of metal. Into this the fibrous pulp is placed, and the cover being adjusted, the drum is, by its connection with the steam-engine, set into rapid revolution. The result of this is, that the water is driven by the action of centrifugal force from the fibre, and it can thus in a few minutes be obtained of an equal and proper degree of dryness, and this without the application of any heat. The mass thus obtained may be regarded as a very coarse amalgam. It is now placed in vessels fitted with revolving arms, or masticators, in which it is mixed with the other materials necessary to ensure all the ends required in a substitute for wood. This fibrous pulp is combined with some earthy matter to ensure its solidity, and certain chemical preparations are introduced for the double purpose of preserving it from the attacks of insects, and to ensure its incombustibility. The whole, being mixed with a cementing size, is well kneaded together, steam being supplied to the mass during the whole of the operation. While this kneading process is going forward, an iron table, running upon a railway, is properly adjusted, and covered with sail-cloth; this table being so arranged that it passes under an enormous iron roller. The fibrous mixture is removed from the kneading troughs, and is laid in a tolerably uniform mass upon the sail-cloth, so as to cover about one half of the table; over this is placed again a length of sail-cloth equal to that of the entire slab, as before. This being done, the table and roller are set in action, and the mass passes between them. It is thus squeezed out to a perfectly uniform thickness, and is spread over the whole table. The fibrous slab is passed through some three or four times, and it is then drawn off upon a frame prepared to receive it, fixed upon wheels, by means of which it can be removed to the drying ground. It should be stated that the slab is now attached to the sail-cloth. In this state, laths of the length and width of the slab being screwed on to its edges, it is taken to the open field, and placed in a vertical position, supported by cross-pieces temporarily nailed to the ends of the frame. The drying process of course varies much with the temperature of the weather, the humidity of the atmosphere, and other meteorological causes. It does not appear desirable that these slabs should dry too quickly, and there are many reasons why the process should not be too prolonged. When the slabs are considered to be perfectly dry, they are turned down, the sail-cloth is stripped away from them, and they are placed in drying-rooms, and subjected

to 150 degrees of heat to season and harden them. By this process is produced a slab of great size, and possessing remarkable firmness and strength. From the way in which the fibres are knitted together, it will be seen how difficult it would be to break such a slab, and from its being a mass of vegetable fibre, felted together, and all the interstitial spaces filled in with mineral matter, it is unyielding, under any ordinary circumstances. The patentee thus describes the advantages of his invention:—

“The patent wood, or fibrous slab, is a fibrous material, combining the properties of wood, and adapted, in a superior degree, to almost every purpose to which the various descriptions of wood are applicable. The material is also applicable to many purposes for which marble, slate, lath and plaster, or internal brick-work, are now used.

“To render wood available for purposes where the ordinary width of boards (9 to 13 inches) is insufficient, it is requisite to join two or more boards together by what is technically termed ‘glueing up,’—an operation involving much labour, expense, and loss of time, and attended with all the contingent risks of shrinking, expanding, splitting, winding, &c., as well as the natural imperfections of knots, shakes, &c. The patent fibrous material can be manufactured in slabs of any required thickness, from $\frac{3}{8}$ to 1 inch, provided the sizes do not exceed 14 feet by 6 feet. It is not flammable; it is a non-conductor of heat, and is poisonous to vermin. The fibrous slab is easily worked, although equal in density to the hardest woods; and it can readily be adapted, where bending is necessary, to any form required by the cabinet-maker or joiner. It may be used for circular joiners’ work, spherical, ogee, elliptical, and other shapes, and also for the bases of veneers for tables, desks, and all other cabinet works; and it has the advantage of being always ready for immediate use, superseding the expense and risk of keeping large stores of seasoned timber for cabinet, joiners’, and carpenters’ works. The fibrous slab is applicable for large panels, ceilings, floors, and partitions of theatres, assembly and concert rooms, public halls, government and other public offices, hotels, and other houses, warehouses, counting-houses, shops, and railway carriages; and also for interior fittings of ships,—viz., panels, bulk-heads, partition of cabins, floors, and ceilings; the property of being nonflammable will render it incalculably superior to any other material, and its being a non-conductor of heat, it is admirably adapted, and has already been used, for cross bulk-heads between engine and boiler rooms, and coal and cargo spaces: it must, therefore, secure a very large consumption in ships of every class, and more especially in large steam-vessels for passengers. Amongst other properties, it is valuable as a coating for every description of steam boilers, as jackets for steam cylinders, pipes, &c., superior to any material now in use, and for powder-magazines, or lining the same, in ships of war.”

We tried an experiment upon the non-inflammability of this material, by having a fire of wood made upon a slab, and maintained thereon for some time. When the ashes, still in a state of vivid combustion, were swept away, the slab was found to be merely charred by the intense heat. Beyond this, a piece of the fibrous slab was thrown into the middle of the fire, and the flames were urged upon it: under the influence of this intense action it did not appear possible to kindle it into a flame, it smouldered very slowly, the organic matter charring, but nothing more.

This important invention has been applied to the dome and other parts of the new reading-room of the British Museum; the domed ceiling of the New Opera House, Covent Garden; the concave and ogee fronts of the boxes, and various other works, of the New Adelphi Theatre; the reception rooms of the London Necropolis (Woking Cemetery); the London and Westminster Bank, St. James’s Square, and other places; and to the following steam-ships,—the *Royal Charter*, the *Royal Bride*, the Pacha of Egypt’s yacht, *Faid Rehana*, the steam-ships of the Milford Haven and Waterford Steam Packet Company, and the *Cleopatra*, built by Mr. Scott Russell for the present pacha; in addition to which the slab is now used in the construction of private carriages, omnibuses, cabs, vans, parcels’ delivery, and other light carriages

and carts, for artists’ and sign-board work, and for roofs in hot climates.

The dome of the new reading-room of the British Museum, which (with the exception of the iron girders) is internally constructed of the patent fibrous material, has double the area of the dome of St. Paul’s Cathedral, and is equal to the dome of St. Peter’s at Rome. This dome was erected under the direction of Mr. Sydney Smirke, the government architect. The sizes of the panels, composed of three pieces, are 22 feet long by 11 feet 6 inches wide. Perhaps no better evidence could be adduced of the superiority of the fibrous material over wood for covering large surfaces, than the fact of these panels, in their spherical form, being raised from the ground to a height of 110 feet, and fixed in one piece to the roof.

Numerous other examples might be cited as showing the applications of paper, under its new modifications, to purposes of use and ornament. The works of Mr. Bielefeld are of the highest interest, and are marked by evidences of the best taste in design. The material is light and durable.

The Fibrous Slab Company is certainly producing a material which, in many of its applications, must prove of the greatest utility, while great additional value is given to it from the circumstance of its resisting the attacks of insects, and being non-inflammable under any of the ordinary operations of combustion.

ROBERT HUNT.

THE ART-SEASON OF 1859.

THE results of the exhibitions of the present season are more satisfactory than could have been anticipated; so susceptible is Art of evil influence from even a menace of political convulsion, that, in the spring, the worst apprehensions as regards sales were entertained. That there is a shortcoming must be admitted, and it falls where certainly it was least to be expected—that is, on the Academy. Whoever may hereafter call up in memory the Art of these years, his vision will be as a dream of having trodden a *via lactea* of small pictures. Our neighbours across the channel dwell with rapture on Ivon’s crowning “Charge against the Malakoff;” but we doubt that among ourselves the most gallant version of the Battle of Trafalgar would have any chance against a well-stippled dead pensioner, or a bunch of hollyhocks, wherein the circulation of the sap is shown by the microscope. The loohest of all painting is to be seen in certain examples of the feeling of men whose names figure on the list of the founders of our own school. When Reynolds painted his “Death of Cardinal Beaufort”—one of the conspicuous curiosities of the great master’s practice—or Fuseli gave forth his Hamlet or Macbeth subjects, not less remarkable for contempt of models and draperies, who in those days would dream that the character of British Art would degenerate into the painful realism which now characterises it? Even when Haydon kept school—nay, but yesterday, when William Etty, favoured beyond all men of nymphs and nereids, painted trees and draperies with such a studious vagueness as to be inimitable,—no one would have ventured to predict that any reaction would resolve itself into the precision of line and surface that distinguishes certain of the prominent works of our exhibitions. The encouragement all but exclusively extended to the production of small pictures, has produced an emulation in the finish of these cabinet gems that is now carried to a point beyond which it cannot be carried by the ordinary means of manipulation. But in this method of practice there are entirely lost two of the essentials of good Art: these are effect and substance. In personal narratives all the figures are flat, and so far from keeping their prescribed places in the composition, all jostle each other in the nearest plane of the picture. These demerits are observable principally in the works of the rising school—those members of it who are misled by the *ignis fatuus* called “pre-Raphaelism.” When the fallacies of the principle are demonstrated in landscape art, the impossibilities of the dispositions become more grotesquely distinct than in figure compositions, where it might be argued in certain cases that the artist intended to crowd his figures—an explanation which might

tranquillize those not skilled in anatomizing pictures. But in topographical description it is difficult to convince even the most credulous, that passages that should be distant are intended to precede objects which on the canvas have a nearer place. But such really are the phenomena of many landscape pictures exhibited this year—works which have cost their authors months of painful labour “on the spot,” and with partial results, as closely and beautifully imitative of nature, as can be effected by human art. In nature, the eye is never deceived as to the arrangement of objects, but in the anxiety for mere surface, relative distance is entirely lost, and the works in which this disqualification recurs are very numerous.

In considering the progress of our school, we have often taken occasion to remark on our literature, and its affluence in points admirably adapted for painting; but instead of the entertainment of incident from our own writers, we see the most patient labour lavished by our contemporary school on the most trivial subject-matter—a street incident, or a vulgar conceit. Real taste is but an infinitesimal element in the promotion of Art. Were our rooms sufficiently large and well-lighted for the reception and display of productions in the “grand style,” such works would undoubtedly be commissioned as befitting better than small pictures large and well-lighted rooms. We are taught daily that taste is not indispensable to the encouragement of Art; if our dining-rooms approached at all in proportion the halls of our mediæval forefathers, small pictures would be ridiculous in such rooms, and the illustration of our history would be due to the size of our dining-rooms: for if Art “historical” were a marketable commodity, there would be no lack of it. Haydon’s hallucination about “historical painters” was one of his crying weaknesses, according to which none but “historical” painters could produce “historical” art. Newton’s idea, however, seems rather to be that of the profession generally. When the observation was made to him by a lady, “Mr. Newton, you are not a historical painter,” he replied, “No, madam, but I shall be next week.” West was professedly a historical painter, but he has not left much of historical quality for our school to be proud of: and of Haydon’s efforts, that which will be remembered most favourably is the picture in the possession of Sir Edwin Landseer, “The Judgment of Solomon,” because he has therein unaffectedly deferred to the best and simplest maxims of painting. It must, however, be remembered that large pictures will never stand forth in life-sized breadth and necessary substance if they be attempted without any reinforcement of the delicate lines of small figures—and this, to begin with, is an insuperable difficulty to timid and uncertain draughtsmen. The most remarkable instance of versatile power that has of late years been produced in any country is Maclise’s cartoon, “The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher at La Belle Alliance, after the Battle of Waterloo.” We have seen highly-finished cartoons and preparatory essays for many of the large mural and canvas pictures that have been executed by certain of the most famous artists in Europe, as Cornelius, Kaulbach, Overbeck, Vernet, Delaroche, and others, but in most of the compositions to which we allude the living and breathing presence is either enfeebled or superseded by manner. The fresco for which this drawing is intended may, when executed, present an unfavourable comparison with this admirable composition; but it is to be hoped that all the breadth, softness, and richness that qualify the drawing will be carried into the picture. In finish, no ancient or modern cartoon approaches it, for although the composition is forty-six feet in length, there are passages in it as carefully hatched as if they formed part of a small lithograph. If such a subject had been prescribed to Vernet, he would have treated it theatrically, whereas Maclise treats it with all the sentiment of which it is capable: Vernet is ever clamorous, declamatory, eliciting nothing beyond the manual plaudits of habitual *claqueurs*; while, on the other hand, we applaud Maclise with emotions of the heart, which forbid the use of the hands, were we even willing thus to vulgarise our admiration. But we instance this cartoon to evidence the extreme rarity of that power which can alternate from small works to great, and *vice versa*, with such success as we see in this work, and in certain subjects that Mr. Maclise

has painted from “The Vicar of Wakefield,” and other sources.

Our exhibitions abound with the most marvelous examples of minute execution, and if “historical” art were wanted, we cannot think that these mechanics would be the successful producers. We see all they can do; their small works never look large, though their every exertion is put forth to exalt themselves. There are, on the other hand, multitudinous pictures, also small in size, which, under the eye, expand to grand proportions, as intelligibly proclaiming that their authors condescend of necessity unto “a small estate;” and it is from these men that large pictures would be forthcoming if wanted, while the mechanical section would never rise beyond the mechanism of the art. Still, all these are wanting in dignity of subject. We cannot believe that passages from our teeming literature, realized with all the strict observances that we see in the futile, soulless, and sordid material that is yearly so elaborately set forth on canvas, would be less popular than those absurd and unmeaning conceits that annually cover the walls of all our exhibitions. Of the qualifications which have gone towards the production of the remarkable pictures of all times, drawing and painting have been the most vulgar accomplishments. Reynolds somewhere says that no artist can hope to produce, even during a laborious life, more than one or two signal works. Sir Joshua made this observation because perhaps to those whom he addressed the evidences of the fact were not so abundant and patent as in our day. The rarity of first-class excellence arises from the incapacity of the conceptive faculty, the entire absence of pictures from the mind—the *φαντασιακόν* is wanting. Again, Reynolds says that any one by application may acquire a certain proficiency in painting: this, again, is perfectly true; it is this merely mechanical power that fills our exhibitions with forms without soul and expression.

The number of works exhibited this year in the metropolis were about 4300, while at the general French exhibition in the Champs Elysées, the number of catalogued works is under 4000. From the Royal Academy alone there were perhaps 2000 works rejected, while at the Champs Elysées the rejections were not more than 2000, while there were exhibited, it may be computed, hundreds of works that would not have been admitted into any of our institutions. The sales at the Royal Academy present this season an unprecedented deficiency; sometimes a week has passed without the sale of a picture, a circumstance unparalleled in the recent annals of the institution. It is difficult to account for this falling off, especially as the property of other institutions has suffered no check. At the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists, the number of works sold is 159, for somewhat more than £6000. On the occasion of the private view there were at the Portland Gallery pictures to the value of £1000 disposed of, and of the prizes awarded by the Art-Union about one-fourth were selected from the rooms of this society. Of the 299 drawings described in the catalogue of the Old Water Colour Society, about 180 were marked “sold” at the private view, and before the close such a proportion of the remainder as left very eligible pictures to be returned to the painters. If there be any living who may remember this society half a century ago, they see this year on these walls the last of one with whom they may have been familiar throughout these fifty years; we need scarcely say we mean David Cox. We have seen the last of him, and will it be said that how sparkling soever may be the exhibitions of the next few years, his cloudy skies will not be missed from the collection? On the same day, by the way, that he died, the New Water Colour Society lost one of its most promising members, S. Cook, the charm of whose evenings and mornings, terms sufficiently worthy are wanting to describe. He was a painter of nature’s own making. The number of works sold by the New Water Colour Society, without counting those that were disposed of before sent in for exhibition, is 165, the return being between £3000 and £4000.

In the spring the forebodings of a gloomy Art-season were apparently well grounded, but it is most gratifying to see that the prosperity of our Art-institutions is but little affected by a continental war.

LIGHTING PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE following Report of the commissioners appointed to consider the subject of lighting picture galleries by gas, was recently presented to the House of Commons. As the document is of considerable importance we print it *verbatim*, omitting only the list of other places than those mentioned below, where pictures were hung to test the action of gas upon them.

“The commission, consisting of Professors Faraday, Hofmann, and Tyndall, Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., and Captain Fowke, R.E.,—appointed for the purpose of reporting to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council on Education on the Lighting of Picture Galleries by Gas, and on any precautions (if necessary) against the escape of Gas, and the products of its combustion,—having met at various times and considered the subject referred to them, now make the following report:—

“There is nothing inuade in coal gas which renders its application to the illumination of picture galleries objectionable. Its light, though not so white as that of the sun, is equally harmless; its radiant heat may be rendered innocuous by placing a sufficient distance between the gas jets and the pictures, while the heat of combustion may be rendered eminently serviceable in promoting ventilation.

“Coal gas may be free from sulphuretted hydrogen compounds, and in London is so at the present time; it then has little or no direct action on pictures. But it has not as yet been cleansed from sulphide of carbon, which, on combustion, yields sulphurous acid gas capable of producing 22½ grains of sulphuric acid per 100 cubic feet of present London coal gas. It is not safe to permit this product of the combustion to come in contact with pictures, painted either in oil or water colours; and the commission are emphatically of opinion that in every system of permanent gas lighting for picture or sculpture galleries, provision should be made for the effectual exclusion or withdrawal of the products of combustion from the chambers containing the works of Art.

“The commission have examined the Sheepshanks’ Gallery as an experimental attempt to light pictures with gas, and are of opinion that the process there carried out fulfils the condition of effectually illuminating the pictures, and, at the same time, removing the products of combustion. According to the indications of the thermometer required and obtained, it does this in harmony with, and in aid of, the ventilation, and does not make a difference of more than one degree Fahrenheit at the parts where the pictures are placed, between the temperatures, before and after the gas is lighted.

“Certain colour tests consisting of surfaces covered with white lead, or with vegetable and mineral colours (especially the more fugitive ones), and in which also boiled linseed oil, magylo, and copal varnish were employed as vehicles, had been prepared, and were, when dry, covered one fourth with mastic varnish, one fourth with glass, one fourth with both mastic varnish and glass, and one fourth left uncovered. Sixteen of these have been placed for nearly two years in different situations, in some of which gas has been used, in others not. They give no indications respecting the action of coal gas (except injury from heat in one placed purposely very near to and above the gas burners), but seven of them show signs of chemical change in the whites, due to either a town atmosphere or want of ventilation. The most injured is that from the National Gallery, Charing Cross, and the next is from a country privy; the third, much less changed, is from the House of Commons; the fourth is from the Barber Surgeons’ Hall; the fifth from the Bridge-water Gallery; the sixth from the Royal Society’s Rooms, Burlington House; the seventh from the British Museum.

“Here follows the list of places we think it unnecessary to specify.]

“Though apart from the especial subject submitted to the commission, the members cannot resist a recommendation that this kind of trial, which is especially a painter’s experiment, should be continued for a longer period, and, indeed, be carried out on a more extensive scale.

“The commission think it right to state that they were unanimous on all the points to which their attention had been called, or which are referred to in this report.

“(Signed) “M. FARADAY.

“A. W. HOFMANN.

“JOHN TYNDALL.

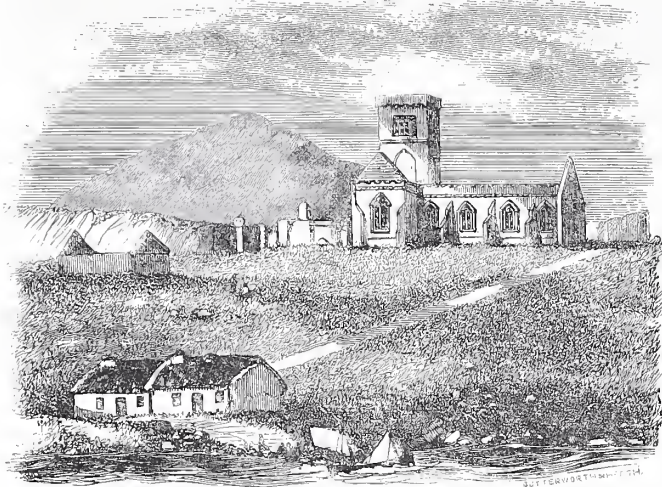
“RICHARD REDGRAVE.

“FRANCIS FOWKE, CAPT. R.E.

“South Kensington, 20th July, 1859.”

THE
WESTERN ISLES OF SCOTLAND.*

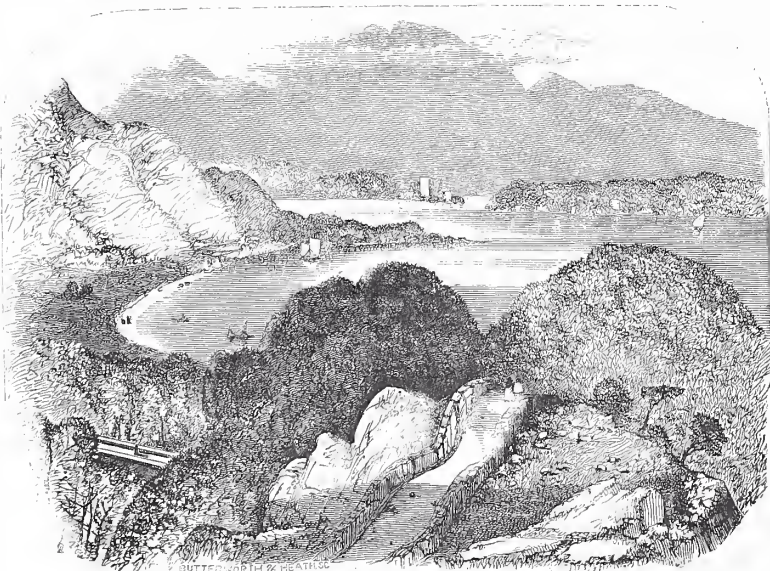
We know not what sort of a Robinson Crusoe Mr. Dendy would have proved himself had fate cast him upon an uninhabited island; but undoubtedly his warmest sympathies, to judge from his writings, are in favour of what we remember our school geography described as "a tract of land surrounded with water." He has in former publications talked



IONA.

but here, in 'Caledonia stern and wild,' our thoughts rise at once into the loftiest sublimity of romance. We are about to tread the ground of *Ossian* and *Fion-Gal*, and every rock and glen is storied or stained with some dark and dreary legend, the climax of which is too often tragedy. In a moment a flood of shadows is floating before us: Danish kings and pirates, and Irish saints, and wandering princes, and lords of the isles, loom in the distance, and, as the vision fades, our thoughts are at once on the legends and records of their history from the days of Phly to the nineteenth century."

And further on he remarks,—“There is a bright halo of historic poesy that lights the Hebrides in the rhymes and legends of the Scottish minstrels from Barbour to Sir Walter, enlivened as they often are with the records of raid and battle-field, from the Roman and the Dane to the Union. It was here that Hacho moored his flotilla; that Bruce was tossed on the hillows night and day, after he was excommunicated for the dirking of Comyn, although he had even then been crowned at Scone, and then as an outlaw lost the battle of Methven, and, to the vassals of Lorn, his cloak and celebrated ‘brooch of



MULL, FROM INVERAWE.

burning gold,' and yet lived to fight, and conquer, and win his Scotland back at Bannockburn. And here another of loftiest hood, his prototype in nought but the fate of being hunted as a rebel, fought but to lose his Scotland at Culloden."

It is not, however, only the poets and romancers who have made the Hebrides the subject of their writings; the more sober historian, antiquarian, and statistician has each employed his pen in describing

these beautiful and picturesque islands: and material enough there is to inspire all. Mr. Dendy's little volume forms an excellent guide-hook to the various islands; it describes their geology, their scenery, takes a glance at the legends and historical facts associated with each, and at the antiquarian remains abounding on all sides. He writes with the feelings of one deeply impressed with the majesty of Nature, and slightly tinged—as who would not be?—with the romance that hangs, in spirit-clouds, over her. We have introduced two of the illustrations which embellish the work.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

SUMMER TIME.

Rubens, Painter. A. Willmore, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 7 ft. 7 in. by 5 ft.

To the eyes of those who are familiar with the landscape-painting of the present day, this picture must seem a very singular composition, for it appears to ignore almost every principle of what we are accustomed to recognise as picturesque beauty, and, with respect to some of the foreground objects, it violates the rules of perspective. The view is, without doubt, the representation of a scene copied, with scrupulous fidelity, from nature, the artist adding nothing to it, by way of embellishment, except the figures, nor omitting anything he saw before him, however incongruous in character or inelegant in form: hence he has introduced objects, such as the branchless pollards, which any modern painter would have unhesitatingly rejected, and taken his "point of sight" from a spot which causes the foreground to the right to project almost out of the picture, an effect to which the figures, coming forward,—some of them, by the way, unusually large,—in a great degree contribute.

And yet in many points this picture shows the genius of Rubens in a very remarkable manner: it is, for example, full of subject, presented with unusual attention to detail, especially when we consider the master, and his ordinary bold style of painting. The subject may be described as an extensive view over a fertile country, which, by the slight undulations of the ground, by trees, water, meadows, scattered villages, and country-houses, with streaks of sunlight, presents a most varied and rich scene of the populous and fruitful country of Belgium: in the distance is a town of considerable size. The picture has been occasionally called "Going to Market," a title derived from the numerous figures in the foreground and middle distance: some cattle and sheep are on the road; in front, a man with a cart laden with vegetables; a woman on horseback, and a man riding on an ass, at whose side is also a man carrying a fawn on his back. The flatness of the landscape is seen in the little stream which may be traced to the centre of the picture, where it turns a water-mill; and the attention which Rubens has given to the minutiae of his work is apparent in a passage to the left of the stream, where a woman may be observed sitting on a stile. The most striking and beautiful portions of the work are the sky and distance, which are very fine. Mrs. Jameson, speaking of the picture in her "Guide to the Public Galleries," says,—“Nothing was ever more masterly than the effect of distance and daylight—it is quite marvellous; and the spirit, facility, and truth of the execution are not less so: as an imitation of nature I know nothing to equal it.” And another well-known Art-critic, Dr. Waagen, says,—“Rubens, like Titian, was far superior to most landscape painters in the grand and poetical design of his compositions. They may be divided into the historic-ideal and the rurally-natural. One of the finest of the first kind is that in the Pitti Palace at Florence, representing a mountainous coast, with the sea agitated by a storm, and Ulysses imploring the assistance of Nausicaa. One of the finest of the second kind is a large landscape known by the name of 'Going to Market.' . . . The execution is throughout very careful.” We know not how or when it came into the possession of our royal family: Mrs. Jameson says it was the property of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who acquired it after the death of Rubens; Dr. Waagen, that it was purchased in Belgium in modern times, meaning thereby, it may be presumed, at a much later date than that in which Villiers lived.

The peculiarity of the composition and of the style in which the figures are drawn, combined with the almost monotonous tone which time, or the painter's original treatment, has given to the foreground and middle distance, have rendered the task of engraving the work one of no ordinary difficulty: there are no striking masses of light, or even of half-lights, to relieve the general darkness, no opposing quantities of light and shadow to produce effect in the translation of colour into mere black and white.

The picture is at Windsor Castle.

* THE WILD HEBRIDES. By Walter Cooper Dendy. Illustrated by a Map and Sketches on the Spot by the Author. Published by Longman & Co., London.



RUBENS PINXT

A WILLMOSE SCULPT

SUMMER - TIME

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON JAMES WILKINSON

THE STUDY OF THE "FIGURE."

THE observations which have been made at different times, but more particularly on the 26th of July, by Lord Haddo, in the House of Commons, on that part of Art-education which his lordship termed the "exhibition" of the nude, have drawn the attention of all well-wishers to the progress of Art in this country. To every figure painter the study of the nude subject is a matter of such importance as to render, in these days of precision, utterly illusory any hope of even a modicum of success in his profession without such a course of practice. But to deal fairly with Lord Haddo, a repetition of what he did say is necessary. "He called attention to the exhibition of nude living models in the government schools of Art. He had, on one occasion, been accidentally a witness of the mode of study pursued in government schools of Art, and he felt bound to say that he had never witnessed a more painful or scandalous exhibition. He brought forward the subject with feelings of shame and disgust, but after what had passed under his own observation he could not conscientiously agree to the vote for this object, unless the studies were placed under proper restrictions. As far as Art was concerned, he believed it was the opinion of the best writers on the subject that the introduction of the voluptuous school had occasioned the decay of Art and the decline of public taste in ancient Greece, and that of the age of Phidias and Pericles not a single example of an undraped female figure was known to exist. It was quite unnecessary to give public aid to a mode of study which was evidently so attractive and remunerative as that to which he referred. The claims of morality were more important than those of Art, and, if the two were inconsistent, the latter ought to give way. Seeing £100 put down in the vote for what was called 'professional assistance,' and which, he supposed, meant the exhibition of the nude female figures; he moved that the vote be reduced by £100."

The explanations which followed these remarks showed that the "professional assistance" meant was for additional aid in the instruction of the classes. The employment of the nude could never be called "professional assistance," nor could the words ever be fairly interpreted as in anywise allusive to the model. Lord Haddo's proceeding, therefore, compels the belief that he seized on this item as a text for his gratuitous and extremely indecent attack upon the entire body of the profession of Art. If his view of the matter, being supported by a specious pretext, were at all likely to be realized, the result would be all but the suppression of painting by act of Parliament. It is the "immorality" of the study on which Lord Haddo dwells. Now, the study of painting has always been pursued necessarily in the same way, and there has existed an academy for the figure, to go no farther back, for a hundred years, and during that period the system has been amply tested, but yet painters are not worse than other men. But this impression seems to have been made on Lord Haddo's mind; and any earnest inquirer into the matter would be most anxious to know what the particular instances may be, that in detailed consideration of the subject, Lord Haddo must adduce in support of his argument. The presumed evil has been long enough extant to have maturely fructified. Such a protest in the senate of the nation is an outrage not only on painters, but also on patrons of Art, for according to Lord Haddo's implication every lover of painting is an abettor of immorality. In reference to working from the life we are brought at once to a consideration of the practice pursued by the Royal Academy, where, during a certain term, the model is set daily; and under the superintendence of a visitor—one of the Academicians, the study proceeds, during the two hours, certainly with as much decorum as, and perhaps with more earnestness than, if the assemblage were a congregation rather than a school; and so entirely do students, from habit, regard a figure purely according to its beauty or pictorial grace, that no impure conception finds a place in the mind. Before aspirants are admitted to the life-school, they have prepared themselves by a lengthened course of drawing from the antique—that is, from the statues in the British

Museum, and an acquaintance with these educates students up to a full appreciation of the human figure, inasmuch that on admission to the life-school they are in nowise affected, save by the pictorial merit or demerit of the figure. There are, in all academies, rules for the preservation of decorum, but during an acquaintance of twenty-five years with life-schools in England, France, and Italy, we remember no occasion on which it became necessary to enforce them. In our own schools we have never heard any observation in direct reference to the model much louder than a whisper, and none in signification otherwise than simply critical. Even in Paris, the most licentious capital in Europe, we have seen assembled in an entirely irresponsible atelier (Boudin's), year after year, twenty or thirty students without any result, either immediately or remotely, such as Lord Haddo imputes to study from the life. Again, an intimate acquaintance of many years with one of the most useful of our own private schools has afforded us ample opportunity of knowing every step of the career of a long list of distinguished men who have been educated entirely at this school, and to those, by whose acquaintance we are honoured, we can point as persons of life most exemplary.

All our best painters have worked for years from the life, and which of them does Lord Haddo signalize as illustrative of the taint that he attributes to Art-study? In the atmosphere in which he himself lives and moves, is the proportion of failing humanity less than in the circles of Art? It were inexpedient here to enter on an analytical consideration of the physiology of Art-study, otherwise it would not be difficult to show that its tendencies are the reverse of demoralizing. The allusion to what is called the "voluptuous school" in antique art is by no means happy; we know not of the existence of any "voluptuous" school in the best times of Greek art; the nearest approach to anything like voluptuousness has been made by the modern French school. This is at once declared by a comparison of results. In the Venus de Medici there is nothing "voluptuous." On looking at the statue, we enter at once into the feeling of the artist. Call the statue what you will—a Pnyne or a Venus—it by no means embodies the character of either of these ladies, but, as well in feature as in action, is an impersonation of retiring modesty; and if this be the Cuidian Venus, we may congratulate ourselves that we are (with the exception of Lord Haddo) more advanced than the Cnidians themselves. The Greek schools, like everything terrestrial, had their culminations and their declensions. We agree cordially with Lord Haddo, that there is nothing voluptuous in the best Greek art; the decadence could not be therefore owing to this disqualification. The decay was natural, and voluptuousness was a consequence, not a cause, of the decay. The grandeur of the antique succumbed to the grotesque and ribald poetry; but it never fell to the utter grossness and sensuality of the Roman school of sculpture, of which there are extant examples in the private cabinets at Florence and Naples, that far out-distance every base conception of later times. Lord Haddo extols the Phidian period, but it may not occur to him that every female figure on the friezes of the Parthenon was modelled from the life, before draped, and the same method of execution was necessarily observed with those on the frieze of the Pnygalian temple of Apollo; and had not drapery been an indispensable element of composition, they might have been presented undraped, like the male figures. That the study of the nude is indispensable to the profession of Art is conceded at all hands, where any knowledge of the subject exists; but that it has a demoralizing tendency we fearlessly deny, and are in a position satisfactorily to demonstrate. We know, for the last twenty years, the history of a life-academy (that to which we have already alluded), whence have risen very many members of the profession, whose works are all-honourable to our school. To defend such men from the imputation which Lord Haddo indirectly casts on them, were to insult them beyond the outrage already inflicted.

Of Lord Haddo we know nothing, beyond the proclamation he makes of his own deficiencies; but if he have a desire to assist the cause of Art, we should be glad to afford him an opportunity of disabusing himself of a most mischievous and absurd impression.

ENGLISH HOMES:

AS THEY ARE, AND MAY BE, IN FURNISHING AND DECORATION.

PART II.

IN the last number of the *Art-Journal* the general advantages of elegance in home furniture and decorations were indicated, and one or two principles were stated, having an obvious bearing on all interior embellishment, although the examples then given in illustration were taken from the working man's cottage, and houses generally occupied by foremen, clerks, or the smaller class of tradesmen. These principles pertained more especially to paper-hangings, and the arrangement of forms used in such fabrics, and particularly to the relations of colour, and its adaptation to the production of unity, variety, and general effect. Some principles, more especially applicable to form, as that is developed in furniture or other outlines, which are not dependant on colour for pleasing character, or the reverse, may now be stated; and we may begin with chimney-pieces, as these form an important part of the landlord's decoration, being, from their prominence and structure, a kind of connecting link between the walls and furniture. There is no part of a house around which so much interest centres as the fire-place of the majority of the apartments. There the sober, hard-working labourer or artisan finds his chief social and domestic delight, listening to his wife's "wonderings," tales of precocious wisdom, her own half-binted wants or wishes, or the sayings and doings of her little world for the day, while he encourages the prattle of his babes as the sweetest relaxation from his toil, and its amplest reward. Around a more expensive, but not necessarily, therefore, a more elegant chimney-piece, the city Dombey and his household play out their several domestic parts. In the aristocrat castle the fire and its surroundings excite the same attractive influence on the inmates both of drawing-room and ball; and from the palace to the mud cabin the fire, through a large portion of the year, forms the most potent object of attraction. But notwithstanding this general fact, the majority of chimney-piece constructions are found to become less beautiful the longer they are looked at, and the more closely they are studied. Smoke would seem to be beyond the province of these papers, but as there is little use in wasting money on the decoration or furnishing of smoky houses, a few words here on smoke may be pardoned. It cannot, of course, be expected that architects should become smoke-doctors, because that department has long since been handed over to the chimney-sweep; but as fires are necessary, and it is impossible to live comfortably without getting rid of the smoke, this should be considered one of the most essential ends of skilful and tradesman-like house construction. If without consideration vents are chiefly placed in positions where the wind most strongly blows, which, unfortunately, is too often the case, what can be expected but volumes of smoke with every squall or gale? If chimney stacks are placed where wind must catch the smoke above, it will be next to impossible to prevent that greatest of all domestic nuisances but one—a smoky house. But smoke may be retained from below, or intercepted midway, as well as dashed down from above, and in either case faulty construction is the sole root of the evil; and above all other faults is that of not making the fire-place in proportion to the size of the apartment. An aesthetic as well as a constructive blunder is the most conspicuous, and the oftenest repeated, so that an ill-proportioned fire-place almost invariably inflicts a doubly baneful influence upon the ornamenting of an apartment.

Whether the Greeks had mantle-pieces is of little consequence to us. They may be glad they lived so early, and died soon enough to have escaped the suffering inflicted upon this latter age, from perpetual gazing on the uncouth shapes which surround so many distorted modern grates. The forms and fashions of mantle-pieces have changed, and are changing, and it is joyfully conceded that in some quarters elegance of proportion and purity of outline is giving place to the bald disfigurements, or cumbersome, ornate compounds of wood, marble, and "compo," which but recently were so familiar. But change of fashion is not necessarily improvement in style, and chimney-pieces are at present

constructed at vast expense where the forms are as false, and the accumulating of compounds as frightful, as anything known in the worst days of our Art-history. More specific reference to the style of these vagaries of the vulgar rich will be made when treating of the decorations suitable for the interiors of our merchant princes. At present it is enough to say that the simplest wooden ogee moulding, placed round a set of well-proportioned stone facings, is more elegant, and in truer taste, than those huge, incongruous chimney-pieces which resemble nothing so much as the older monuments in the more aristocratic burying-grounds. If—as Benthon asserts—“we are the ancients,” the ample stone chimney-pieces erected in houses hundreds of years since, show that the children were wiser than their fathers. The massive stone jambs, topped with an arched or square lintel, had often pretensions to decoration, but they were always in keeping with the character of grates, chairs, and tables then in use, all partaking of the same breadth of style. And it would be better to have that style restored than suffer the perpetual presence of those gimerack things or impertinent monstrosities which are now so often introduced into rooms. In a room measured a fortnight since, in Belgravia, we found the area 20 feet by 16 feet, the doors 7 feet 6 inches high by 3 feet 4 inches wide, windows 11 feet high, and only 5 inches wider than the doors, the mantle-piece nearly 6 inches wider than its height, and the white marble pilasters 5 inches wide equal at bottom and top, and only 1 inch broader than the styles of the doors! No power of ingenuity could render such a room pleasing, whatever the character of its decoration or furnishing; and, as shall be shown immediately, the first step towards pleasing harmony is proportional construction in the permanent features of a room. Like other faults, this one may be partially hidden by means of subordinating defects to the prominence of better qualities which shall attract the eye, but the defect can never be eradicated or overcome.

There are other and more expensive methods of destroying rooms with mantle-pieces, and one of these may also be described in a new house which cost a handsome sum to build, and in which there was nothing the proprietor was so pleased with as his dining-room marbles. They were made of what is technically known as “black and gold”—black marble veined with yellow. The scrolled outline was not destitute of character, and the proportions of the parts were respectable, and elaborately ornamented. The owner pronounced them the most expensive set that the marble cutter had ever made, and that was evidently one grand reason why he valued them as “so very handsome.” It is undoubted that various coloured marbles have always been used, and may still be used, with effect, but the records of Art will be searched in vain for covering strongly-marked marbles with sculpture, or even carving. What would a Greek have thought of a pair of cupids on a centre in imitation of the projecting key-stone of an arch, but where no arch was—the one cupid having his body cut by a broad yellow vein of irregular form, which, after passing through him, divided his comrade’s legs in two, by an oblique line, severing the knee of the right and the ankle of the left leg from their respective parts, while the faces of both children were scarred with white and deeper yellow crossings? The other “carving” was to match. In the acanthus leaf formed into the scroll neither “eyes” nor “torus,” nor “bears-foot,” could be seen for the more brilliant “veins” which crossed and recrossed the leaf. It may safely be affirmed that the most untutored helot could not have endured such solecisms in Art, although the well-pleased proprietor may never muster Christian virtue sufficient to forgive this reference to his much-admired and costly chimney-piece; nor would the reference be justifiable were no general principles involved in the absurdity. One of the clearest deductions of common sense—often a very scarce commodity in Art—would seem to be that in carving or sculpture, where the effect depends exclusively upon form and light and shadow, the labour should only be bestowed on materials in which these qualities can be brought prominently out. It is impossible to secure effect from light and shade when the constituent characteristics of

the woods or marbles used are more brilliant than the light or shadow which can be produced on them. If surfaces are to be kept flat, then “inlays” both in wood and marble may be used with effect, but it is essential for ornaments in “relief” that one-coloured mediums be employed, if effect from relief be the object aimed at. What is true of woods and marbles is still more true of imitations, and when this truth becomes appreciated, the first effort of many will be to get their imitation marble chimney-pieces pulled down or repainted.

In mantel-pieces, the object of first importance, as in all such constructions, is utility, and it matters little what the abstract forms may be, if they are useless for the practical purposes intended. In the room already mentioned, the flat slabs five inches broad, which do the duty of pilasters, are covered by a shelf exactly the same width, and, as that is found useless for holding any ornament commensurate with the general size and appearance of the room, the ingenious expedient of covering the marble with a board about double the width has been adopted, and green cloth with a fringe three inches deep covers up the wood. Nor is that all—to insure the indispensable necessity of fire-dogs, the outside perpendicular slabs are joined by one bevelled at about the angle of 45°, so that should the poker or tongs be placed against the sides upright, they can but slide and disparage the edges of the outside marbles in their fall. That this has often taken place, these marbles bear abundant evidence. Nor are such mutilations in chimney-pieces at all uncommon. And how often do we hear the remark, that this or that ornament is very handsome, but “our” mantel-piece is not made to hold such things? Utility first, then, and ornamentation afterwards, and it may be taken as a great general truth, applicable to all ornamental and decorative success, that forms most useful will be the easiest to render ornamental. Now, chimney-pieces have settled down into two general forms—the ordinary pilaster, and what is called the “continued” style—that is, reaching to the ceiling; and as the former size, under one modification or another, is that which must, as a matter of cost, remain in general use, he who would diffuse new life and thought into this important section of a room would confer no small advantage on the domestic and involuntary Art-education of the country. Our fathers tried to substitute the pillar for the pilaster, or, rather, they placed pillars before the pilaster; but, although these pillars were not better than the present form, former failure ought not to put the idea of pillars entirely out of court. It may be difficult to prove that what Dorus of Achaia selected for the Temple of Juno were the forms best adapted for “my lord’s” dining-room chimney-piece, yet any order would be preferable to the disorderly constructions that now too often surround the grates of the noble, and descend by accelerated deterioration to the dwellings of the humble. The Exhibition of ’51, the French Exhibition, and increased thought devoted to such subjects, have made it certain that no mere copies of antique architecture will be successful in domestic decoration; and that no mere reduction of “orders” to scale, however grand the proportion and effects for out-door architecture, can be defended as equally appropriate or effective when made in different materials and to a diminished scale. In every department and in every apartment new necessities demand new combinations and proportions, and there seems no reason why some new modification of the pillar should not divide professional attention with the present modifications of what is inherently a poorer, meaner form. The Tuscan and Italian faith was that of all the orthodox, and it is still believed that any “order” can be most successfully used when the measurements of Palladia are most strictly adhered to in the process of reduction; but heretics to the present style of chimney-pieces, and other interior architecture, may be forgiven for doubting the æsthetic truth of this very orthodox conclusion. Chimney-pieces are still to be seen made on this principle. The elevation consisted of two pillars on each side of the fire-place, the distance between each being such as to admit of triglyphs coming regularly over the axis of each column, allowing a metope of the proper proportions between them. The frieze was also made to rule, and the ornaments were unimpeachable in classicality, and the only deficiency was the poor, thin, meagre appearance of the whole. Had the two pillars been formed

into one, although against the letter of the order, their effect would have displayed more of its spirit, besides allowing full benefit to have been taken of different coloured marbles—a source of ornamentation in abeyance only from the want of skill to use it. If two well-proportioned pillars were each surmounted by a marble figure, with a well-considered rest for a time-piece between them, it would probably make as imposing and effective a dining-room or drawing-room chimney-piece as either of the other styles now in exclusive use, besides opening up a new path for decorative sculptors, at little, if any greater cost than is often lavished on the present forms.

Before going over the practical details of other parts of furniture or decoration, there is one general principle all important to the intelligible treatment and intelligent comprehension of the subject, and whether our treatment of the principle be considered philosophically right or wrong, it will at least indicate the kind of standard by which forms and detail shall be practically tested.

Men, in whatever trade or business, know the value of first principles, or facts which practically answer the same purpose. Those who work in colours know that red warms up the tone of other colours, and knowing this, painters use red to produce the warm colours wanted. Painters seldom bother their brains about what red is, and why it should produce warm hues, and not green ones—they accept the fact which experience has taught, and act on it. All engaged in Arts and Manufactures may treat beauty in the same way. It would be mere child’s play with words to invite men to produce things beautiful, and ask them, as a parental duty, to surround their children with these, without indicating what objects are, and what are not, beautiful. Philosophers must be left to deal with the speculative mysteries of this question—it is enough for useful every-day life to catch glimpses of its realized existence. To the metaphysician the investigation of beauty may furnish an exciting intellectual exercise, but to be useful to the operative, it must be brought out of that misty atmosphere—to be serviceable, he must be able to put his finger on beauty, and say, That’s it; and only then will he be able to use it as the colourist uses red. A state of society is imaginable when the people were so ignorant of the qualities of iron as not to believe that it was harder or stronger than wood, but the ready answer to these doubters would be “Try it?” So our population are generally so ignorant respecting the qualities of beauty, that many believe there is no material and intrinsic difference between that and ugliness, except as a matter of opinion. The simple practical answer to such doubters is, “Try them.” Compare the ill-drawn with the well-drawn square, or the elegant oval with a notched or dimpled circle, and their own sensations will be another testimony to the universal judgment that some forms are beautiful, and others are not. Who ever saw or heard of one who doubted the beauty of the “Venus rising from the Sea,” and the lines and combinations which are beautiful in that will be equally beautiful everywhere, in proportion as they predominate, either in a statue or a chair. Having found such a fact—a principle realized—the fact will become important in proportion as those whom it may concern shall use it and incorporate it with all forms, just as the men of colours use their primary pigments. All who have written or thought on the subject have concluded that one quality of line is the most beautiful, and that is present practical perfection to the many, whether it perfectly satisfies the philosophic few or not.

Moderate philosophers have perplexed themselves and others with the question, What is beauty? Just as the sceptics of old did with the query, What is truth? The greater minds have been content to know that beauty exists. Plato did not discourse of beauty in the abstract, but of “this beautiful world.” “The Creator,” said he, “desiring that all things should be good, and nothing bad, brought it (the world) from a state of disorder into a state of order, thinking this in every respect better than that.”* And out of this flowed the theory of pro-

* Discourses by Plato, appended to Professor Blackie’s recent work on Beauty, which should be carefully studied by all interested in the production of things beautiful. There are other works to which reference might be made with advantage.

portions and symmetry, as the principal elements of beauty. Out of this has also arisen the modern notion, that anything to be beautiful must have the attributes of a plural number, although how these would be found in the outline of a new moon—one of the most beautiful objects in the world—we cannot understand. What Plato evidently meant was, that, in the arrangement of the world, proportion was the basis of composition, so to speak, while "symmetry" applied to the individual forms; but he never said anything so foolish as that beauty must always be a plural quantity. The singular or linear quality of beauty has an important bearing on the artisan. Plato asks his scholar how women, horses, lyres, and pitchers can all be beautiful, and he receives no satisfactory reply; but as universal decisions have declared the human form most beautiful, other objects will be so in proportion as they display those characteristics which are pronounced beautiful in man. That curved and flowing outline, so conspicuous in the human frame, is also the leading characteristic of external nature. Winkelman and Hutcheson substantially affirm that this line is reflected from all nature on the surface of the mind, and they conclude that this reflection produces the pleasure which makes the spectator call the reflected objects beautiful. We accept the admission of the fact, but doubt the inference, because pleasure cannot be derived from that mental passivity which the supposed reflection implies. There can be no pleasure in the mind acting as a mere mirror to external nature, because the active flow of animal life pants with restless eagerness for objects which will so stimulate sensation as to produce pleasure. Indeed, there is such a natural love for this kind of excitement, that the mind prefers being stimulated by unpleasant emotions, rather than remain in the dreary void of passive insensibility—a feeling not confined to sensations excited by external nature, but one which has its counterpart in social life, where the rich will undergo much that is displeasing to interrupt that more unsufferable *ennuie*, with which idle people are afflicted. The beauty in any object captures the feelings before it appeals to the intellect. The sensations taste the pleasure, and the reason examines into the cause which produces this effect, and the connection between this pleasure and the object which produced it is the basis of beauty. This seems to reduce beauty to simple sensation, but that is produced by definite qualities, as in form, and therefore the beauty is as truly in the form as in the sensation. If, therefore, the line most characteristic of man be that which permeates and encircles creation, this line, which Hogarth and all other writers on the subject have agreed in calling the line of beauty, and which the greatest artists adopted to express the most beautiful, before the written theory existed—Raphael, for instance, in his cartoon, "The beautiful gate of the Temple,"—if this be that line which yields to our organization the greatest amount of satisfaction, then ought this to be most largely developed in all things beautiful. Sentient existence is itself pleasure, and to live apart from fatiguing effort is enjoyment. The minnow in the pool, the insect in the sunbeam, the lambkin in the meadow, and the baby in its mother's arms, all testify that the simple sensation of life produces pleasure. So, whatever stimulates this sensation, produces that pleasure which leads us to pronounce the object beautiful. The feeling of beauty finds its root in life, as the feeling of ugliness finds its root in death. The handmaids of Homer's hero brought

"Limpid water from the living brook,"

as opposed to the quiescent pool, and in proportion as forms or objects represent life, so do they stimulate sensation. A straight line is to the eye a calm monotony, and suggests the type of death; an undulating line becomes the type of life, from the sensation awakened in following its curves; and according to the agreeable smoothness, or the broken angularity of that flowing line, will be the measure of delight experienced. If, then, there be lines which excite pleasure from the eye following their forms, how essential for all engaged in industrial art to know what these lines are, and equally important that ornaments invented to please should be drawn in those forms which yield the highest gratification. What these are has been already

indicated; but it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind, that man is the most beautiful created form; and that while the mountains and the weeds, the delicate gazelle and the eddies in the rill from which it drinks, the loveliest flowers and the dashing billows, all partake of the same characteristic outline, yet the highest beauty is only to be found in the most perfectly developed humanity, and the curves most peculiar to man must therefore be the most beautiful. The necessary conclusion is, that the highest style of Art, whether ornamental or pictorial, will only be reached through laborious study of the antique statues and the living model, although a garner may be filled with invaluable knowledge for industrial design by the earnest student of the lower manifestations of natural beauty.

As there are various qualities of sweetness, the sugar-plum being different from a Lisbon orange, and a Normandy pippin different from both, so there are various phases of beauty, and this should be kept steadily in view by all who would think or work on this domain. At present we only deal with beauty as displayed in lines. In ordinary life nobody doubts that lines have (partly, no doubt, from the tuition of the eye, whether conferred or involuntary) certain defined and fixed characteristics. A perpendicular line suggests the idea of stability, and if a horizontal line be added, the angle gives the characteristic of decision and increased strength. From these two combinations the oak has become an emblem of strength, while the ash and weeping willow, from their graceful form and falling curves, have become types of elegance or grief. These are not arbitrary popular conceits, but the ideas these several emblems express are inherent in the lines which form the specialities among the trees of the forest. The same facts are equally visible among the beasts of the field. Square angular forms, whether in a building or a lion, express the idea of strength, while the motion of a peacock's tail, or the spike of a flower, as surely suggests elegance without strength.

Hundreds of examples might be found of different sensations produced by different forms, and the study and realization of this difference is the beginning, middle, and end of successful design. If, then, the flowing curves characteristic of man are the lines displaying the highest proportion of beauty, designs containing the largest proportion of these distributed in similar ratio will be the most beautiful. But repose is as essential to pleasure as excitement, and, in successful design, the eye will not be fatigued even with pursuing beauty. In the middle ages, there was often incredible skill and labour bestowed upon complications of beautiful lines; but they were often so involved, that the eye became wearied in tracing them. It is as true in design as in mathematics, that a whole must be made up of its parts; but it is equally true, that although sensation, stimulated up to a certain pitch, produces pleasure, yet when that point is passed, even the pursuit of beauty becomes fatigue, and that in Art is equivalent to the production of imperfect forms. How to avoid this fatigue, without producing equally unpleasant sensations, is one taxing the highest skill of the designer; for there is as much difference between a mere broken line and a rest for the eye in ornament, as there is between a broken nose and a beautifully-formed mouth. It is easy to cut short a flowing line, but is not so easy to insert one horizontally, so as to increase, instead of diminishing, the value of the flowing form. And hence the advantage, to say nothing of the reduced expense, of only keeping linear curves up to, without allowing them to overstep, those limits which the eye can follow with pleasure, without verging on fatigue. Under diet is in all circumstances preferable to a surfeit, and in none more than when dealing with ornamentation. But although all beauty is based on the flowing curve, the beauty of the object designed will depend upon the fitness of the curves employed to express the idea intended. The same curves which would be beauty in a Venus, would not produce grandeur in a Jupiter. The quality of the form is permanent, but the quantity is variable; and when this quantity is consistently carried out, successful effects can be produced in very small space, and at a great reduction of expense.

JOHN STEWART.

ANCIENT BOOKBINDING, AS EXHIBITED IN THE LIBRI LIBRARY.

THANKS to the continued increase of printing, books are now so common that very ordinary buyers possess small libraries, which, though looked on contemptuously by "collectors," who desire quantity and rarity, yet rival in one of these qualifications the libraries of kings during the middle ages, when a dozen or two of volumes was a wonderful collection, each one of which was guarded jealously. In 1364 the Royal Library of France did not exceed twenty volumes; and that redoubtable polemic, our King Henry VIII., could not display a larger number. It was not unusual in monastic libraries to find the volumes, so assiduously obtained for general use, endorsed with denunciations against all who should surreptitiously abstract them; and cases are on record of loans of books, where all kinds of legal restrictions guarded the loan, even when kings were the borrowers, so jealously were books kept. When we consider the vast and continuous labour of years devoted to a folio volume, ere the plain sheets of vellum were covered with carefully constructed letters, and enriched by ornaments in gold and colour, and elaborately executed miniatures depicting the events recorded, we shall then, and then only, comprehend the intrinsic value of ancient books. Dear as fine manuscripts may appear to us, they are all now sold at much under what the cost of their construction would be if paid for as hand labour. The cheapness of modern books, and their abundance, totally unfit a modern reader for valuing them as the ancients esteemed theirs.

When books were finished by the weary manipulation of years, they were bound sumptuously and strongly, sometimes with a lavish display of ornament outside; this was particularly the case with the sacred books. Antique cameos and precious stones were inserted in the wooden covers; occasionally Roman dyptichs, or plaques of sculptured ivory, formed them. In the middle ages, embossed leather became fashionable; and the noble library of M. Libri, sold during the last month at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's rooms, contained a matchless historic series of bookbindings, which it was sad to feel would be scattered over Europe, after they had been thus assiduously gathered.

The luxury of private book-collecting and costly bookbinding, originated with the merchant princes of Italy, such as the Medici, the Della Roveres, the D'Estes, and other wealthy families. Upon such works the best artists were employed; many of the designs came from such men as Giulio Clovio; and M. Libri informs us "there were literary men whose employment was solely to supply people with such emblems and devices as were to be apparent on their dresses, on their books, and on all the articles of their furniture." The *salamander* of Francis I., and the *erescent* of Diana of Poitiers, are instances: M. Libri's collection furnishes curious examples of both. Sometimes the arms of the proprietor were magnificently emblazoned amid the gold tooling at the sides. Occasionally painting added its beauties to the work, and the edges of the leaves obtained their share of decoration.

The most celebrated of ancient book-collectors was Jean Grolier, of Lyons, one of the four treasurers of France during the reign of Francis I., and ambassador to Rome. With scholarly liberality he stamped upon his books the words, "Jo. Grolierii et amicorum," to show that they were at the service of his friends as well as of himself. The binding he adopted was remarkable for the fine character of its interlaced ornament, which is said to have been designed by himself in moments of leisure. "Blind tooling," or decoration impressed by stamps without gilding, was also fashionable at this period, and we often find scenes in sacred and classic history embossed on book-backs. The old binders seem to have taken a pride in their work, and it is not uncommon to find their names impressed among the ornaments, sometimes with an inscription in Latin to declare that "in honour of God" they have "well and truly" bound them.

Early in the sixteenth century, when the learned ladies of England made themselves famed among European scholars, and the daughters of Sir Thomas More, and the Lady Jane Grey, received the homage of such men as Erasmus and Ascham, they em-

ployed their leisure in decorating the books they loved so well. On grounds of silk and velvet they embroidered devices in threads of gold and silver; or in coloured silks worked trees, birds, beasts, mottoes, and coats of arms, occasionally using seed pearls and small gems to give increased boldness and beauty to their work. In the British Museum are some specimens of Queen Elizabeth's ability in this branch of art.

The volumes in M. Libri's collection comprise such as adorned the libraries of the old Kings of France and England, or the wealthy Italian nobles. The English Kings Henry VII. and VIII., seem to have been satisfied with stamping the Tudor rose, or other badges of their family, on their volumes—using gilding but sparingly. It has been asserted that the then binder to the King (Joseph Cundall) had some of his patterns designed by the celebrated Hans Holbein; a not unlikely thing, when the universality of his genius is considered, and the constant tax upon it, which we know was levied by the goldsmiths, jewellers, and furniture makers of his day. Of the library of Edward VI. this collection boasted probably the finest specimen in existence. It was a copy of Estienne Groulleau's "Xenophon," printed at Paris, in 1547; the cover was an elegant specimen of Grolier tooling, executed in gold, and having the blank space, within the outlines of the design, painted black. In the centre were the royal arms and initials, the Tudor rose was worked in gold in various parts of the design. Of the library of his younger sister Elizabeth, the same collection furnished an admirable specimen, in one volume, elaborately covered with delicate tooling—a perfect blaze of gilding, but minute and tasteful at the same time; the edges were gilt and *gaufre*, and in the centre of each device was a heart, painted in crimson. Her favourite, Sir Robert Dudley, stamped his volumes with "the bear and ragged staff," the time-honoured crest of his family, amid the other enrichments. Of the library of James I., many specimens were gathered; he appears to have contented himself with the royal arms, badges, and initials, stamped in gold. His son, Charles I., adopted a similarly simple style; a few lines of gold bounded the covers, with an ornamental device at the corner, the royal arms and initials in the centre; but in one instance, a copy of Bishop Hall's "Contemplations," the sides were filled with small *fleur-de-lis* in the interstices of the other ornament, until the whole was matted with gold. A unique specimen of Oliver Cromwell's library was of much interest. It was a copy of music, by John Kingdon, his organist, and was simply decorated with the arms of the Protector, and a few lines of gilding. This "stern binding," as M. Libri terms it, was succeeded by more florid decoration in the days of Charles II. Specimens of his books, and of bindings executed for our monarchs up to the reign of George III., occurred in this remarkable sale; and M. Libri says, "these specimens of Art, compared with books bound in Italy, Germany, and Spain, during the same period, will perhaps ensure, in that respect, a sort of supremacy to England over those countries."

M. Libri is inclined to award the palm to France for the very finest examples of bookbinding; and he instances numbers in his own collection belonging to the royal family of France, but he owns they were sometimes over-decorated. The best taste he finds in the books of De Thou and Colbert, which he considers perfect in their chaste simplicity. He says, "So much attention was paid, at that period, to the materials used in binding, that in a treaty with the empire of Morocco, we find Colbert stipulating for a certain number of real Morocco skins to be yearly supplied from Africa to the French government, to be used only for the bindings destined for the *Bibliothèque Royale*."

Though the breaking up of so remarkable a collection goes to enrich many others, it cannot but be regretted that the skill and taste, the deep knowledge and untiring perseverance, which gathers from all quarters such works as present an historic series, should be, in a great degree, nullified by such a dispersion. It would have been well if the cases which for a few days contained these remarkable volumes, could have enshrined them for ever in some of our own public collections. The sale of these rare books realized more than £8000.

THE OXFORD RAFFAELLE DRAWINGS.

WE men of London are much indebted to the magnates of Oxford for the temporary loan and exhibition, at the South Kensington Museum, of the matchless series of drawings by Raffaele and Michael Angelo, now belonging to the Taylor Institute in that ancient and loyal city. Once the treasured prizes of such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and William Young Ottley, they might have been lost to the Art-student, by being scattered among private collections. Two hundred of these wonderful sketches enable us Englishmen to comprehend more fully than we could by any other means the "divine" soul of Raffaele, and the "terrible" imaginings of Michael Angelo. The good these drawings must do in London cannot be overstated: they display the mental workings of the two greatest geniuses the world has produced, and lead to a fuller comprehension of the patient study of nature they presented so continuously. It is not a little curious to speculate on the fact that the language of "the great mother" is not the same to all her artist sons. She speaks ever with grace and softness to Raffaele, though never without a matronly dignity; but to Michael she converses with a giant power, casting her drapery grandly over stalwart limbs, "heroic" in all their motions. There is the same patient study evinced by both masters, but with what distinct results! Drapery falls with flowing lines of beauty about Raffaele's figures; it breaks into sculptural shadows about those of Angelo. The hands of an old man, studied by one master, are wrinkled, nervous, but quiescent; with the other you feel the action of every nerve, and the bones beneath appear to be there, as surely as if they might, as in nature, be laid bare by the dissecting knife.

This large series of studies is the best proof of the intense devotion of both great men to their art. They are also curious as exhibiting the modes of sketching at that era. Sometimes the silver-point only is used, to lightly indicate the drawing. Tints of various kinds (some to our eye inappropriate) are occasionally used as a medium for darker pencillings and high lights; and nothing is more instructive than the certainty of hand, the result of long experience, which is evinced in the tender touches of light in some of these marvellous drawings. The least satisfactory are the washed drawings, which are unworthy of the rest: they have not their crispness or vigour. But with the pen in hand, producing effects by lines only, these men were unrivalled: the flexibility, grace, and intense power they then display prove their claim to the title "Maestro." It is worthy of the most intent study, and will repay it. Let us hope that the present opportunity to do this will be embraced.

With many of these works the Art-student has been already familiar in the great work of Ottley on the Italian School of Design; but his fac-similes, necessarily costly, restricted the knowledge to a few who could afford to give twelve guineas for a comparatively thin folio volume. What modern science may do for students is evidenced in the prices attached to the photographs exhibited at Kensington, made from the drawings, and for all practical purposes equal to them. Raffaele's study for a head of a Madonna is priced sevenpence half-penny, and his lovely drawing of the Salutation at one shilling. A charming pen drawing of the Virgin and Child is to be photographed for sale at five-pence. Here we feel that Science may legitimately aid Art; and this is one of the true uses of photography, which fails when it endeavours to falsely rival artistic intelligence.

The influence of antique Art over the mind of Raffaele is shown in the studies he has carefully made from arabesques and statuary. We have figures of Venus Victrix, Vesta, Hygiea, &c. The drapery so judiciously disposed by the Greek sculptor seems to have particularly claimed his attention; and one drawing (No. 149) is a most careful study of a noble work of this kind. The Farnese Hercules is copied in one instance, and it is not a little curious to note its weakness when compared to the original: it was a subject unfitted for Raffaele's pencil. Angelo, on the contrary, would have

exaggerated its strength. He, too, was devoted to the study of the great works of antiquity, and one drawing here is an attempt at restoring the entire figure whose torso, now in the Vatican, was the admiration of his life. He was often employed by the popes to restore the wanting members of antique statuary, and the collections at Rome abundantly exhibit his proficiency in that way.

The earlier drawings of Raffaele display all the peculiarities of his master, Perugino, a mannerism sometimes unpleasant. The weakness of his early style, and its falseness to nature, are seen in the head No. 139; while the ultimate nobility of female beauty his pencil portrayed may be advantageously studied in No. 142. The young artist soon emancipated his style. There is a delicate drawing, executed with a silver-point, a fac-simile of which has been published by Ottley—a kneeling figure, which might be intended for St. Stephen,—and which he thinks undoubtedly a production of the artist's youth; this could not be surpassed for truth and beauty. Ottley says, "It possesses that kind of excellence which is not acquired in schools, and has in it, if I may so speak, the very soul of feeling and expression." Nearly all the originals of Ottley's engravings may be seen at Brompton. One of the most remarkable, "the Battle for the Standard," is mounted in an open frame, both sides of the paper being covered with a vigorous sketch, showing his perfect mastery over the nude figure. His painstaking attention to nature is evidenced in the many beautiful studies he dashed off with the pen, from playful children, and groups he may have seen in his walks. The many studies he made for the "Death of Adonis" prove the fertility and fastidiousness of his taste. His sketch for the figure of Adam in the celebrated print by Marc Antonio, as well as for that of the kneeling female in the foreground of his Heliodorus, are instances of his close application to natural studies. There are many instances of his sketching groups of buildings, and bits of scenery, which struck his mind by their picturesque combination. A row of persons seated at a table induced him, by their easy positions, to perpetuate them in a sketch. His versatility is shown in a design for a bedstead, and several architectural sketches; and his poetic nature in rhymes, frequently written among the pictured thoughts on these sheets of paper, so precious as delineating the inner life of the great artist; whom we may imagine employed in his study, scattering his thoughts or arranging his ideas on these sheets, little valued by himself but priceless to all others, as the brilliant first thoughts, often less vigorous in after elaboration.

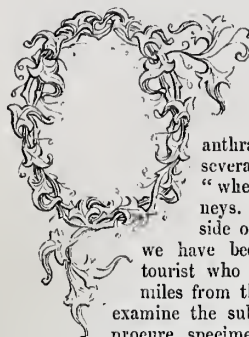
The series by Michael Angelo offer wondrous examples of his knowledge and vigour. Though sometimes dashed off with the greatest roughness, there are instances, as in the studies for portions of his great fresco of the "Last Judgment," where they are finished with scrupulous care. It is recorded that he presented his friends and patrons with such finished sketches of his works. They comprise studies for all his paintings in the Sistine Chapel, including those published by Ottley. One of the drawings is peculiarly interesting: it is one of the figures designed for the Tomb of the Medici at Florence, and has been sketched from the sculpture by the artist while it was in his studio, standing on the wheeled framework preparatory to its removal. There is another equally interesting drawing, exhibited among others belonging to Mr. J. C. Robinson of the Kensington Museum, which appears to be the nude study for the prostrate Paul in the fresco of the Capello Paolino of the Vatican. Upon a portion of the paper Angelo has noted a receipt for making varnish, which had been imparted by "Messer Giorgio Vasari de Firenze," and which was probably written down in the presence of the artist-historian of the Italians. Angelo's deep-seated knowledge of anatomy, and love of its display, is visible throughout all these works.

Altogether we learn more of the mode of study practised by these great men, in a collection like this, than it is ever possible to do by their perfected works. They are bold and free expressions of vivid ideas, vigorously dashed off at the moment of inspiration. We could wish them to remain longer with us; but the permission to photograph the series, so generously allowed by the Oxford authorities, renders this of less consequence.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART IX.—TENBY, &C.



ONE of the pleasantest drives from Tenby is to the north—as far as Amroth, taking *en route* Sandersfoot, St. Issel, and Hean Castle; visiting, if the tourist pleases, one of the mines of anthracite coal, of which there are several in the neighbourhood—their “whereabouts” indicated by tall chimneys. These places are on the north side of Tenby—the opposite to those we have been heretofore describing. The tourist who proceeds to Amroth, some five miles from the town, will, of course, stop to examine the submarine forest; he may easily procure specimens, in which he will find imbedded shells, in some instances containing the living fish.*

Traditions and orally preserved poems combine with existing remains to indicate that, in several places, large tracts of country, once cultivated and inhabited, had been swallowed up by the sea. The chief of these is the Cantre'r Gwaelod, or lower Hundred, in Cardigan Bay. According to some accounts, this event happened in the fifth century. In “The Triads,” a collection of very ancient Welsh records, the misfortune is attributed to the drunkenness of Seithenyn, who wantonly opened the flood-gates, and,

“After his festive mirth, let in the desolating ocean.”

Amroth is the furthest point of this excursion. The “Castle” is a modern house; anciently it was called “Eare Wear,” and is supposed to have been the feudal residence of a follower of Arnulph de Montgomery, one of “a chain of posts,” which may yet be traced from Caermarthen to Pembroke. A stone’s throw from Amroth is the boundary stream that divides the shires, Pembroke and Carmarthen. Many delightful bits of scenery are to be met with in the neighbourhood. Hean Castle, now also a modern dwelling, is, according to Fenton, but a corruption of Hengastill, the old castle. The whole of this neighbourhood was once a huge forest; it is now “the great natural dépôt of coal,” and the pretty little village of SANDERSFOOT is the port at which the material is shipped for exportation; lines of tramway have been laid down from the mines to the quays, and there is a character of active bustle seldom to be found elsewhere in the district. There are few more delicious drives than that which leads from Tenby, over hills, to the dell in which this miniature seaport is situate. It is by another route homewards—through narrow lanes that lead into the main road from Narbeth—we reach the church and hamlet of ST. ISSEL. The church is small, but has a tall square tower of grey stone; a tiny stream “brawls across the pebbly road, and passes with a whispering rush through the tunnel arch of a rustic foot-bridge.”

The many ancient churches that neighbour Tenby add greatly to its interest and attraction; the tourist may examine a dozen of them in a day. There are none that gave us more pleasure than that we have pictured—dedicated to a saint of whom we know nothing. It is in a pleasant dell, environed by trees: in the crowded churchyard sleep the hamlet’s “rude forefathers.” The rivulet, on the morning of our visit, scarcely covered the stepping-stones, but, at times, it becomes a fierce current, and then the quaint foot-bridge is the guardian of wayfarers. A carter was watering his horses there while we lingered to admire the masses of wild flowers on its banks. He was a short burly son of the principality; not old, apparently—though he told us he was at the winter end of seventy. We praised the old church.

“Ah, well! gentry think many a thing handsome that I don’t see nothin’ in. A drawing-man, t’other day, made a pictur of my wife—an she’s a good five years oolder than I—that she is; but it was her hat an’ jeekat he took to. She’d a been notbin in his eyes without the hat an’ jeekat. She wanted to put on her new ans, but he was such a fule that he stuck to the oold; an I could’nt but laugh—to see how he was took in. Why, they’d been her own muther’s! Now there was a thing for a painting-man to make a pictur of! A Welshwoman, touchin’ eighty, in her own muther’s hat and jacket! Why, the hat was knockt up and down—like—like—nothin’, and as high as a church steeple—and he to

* We obtained pieces containing several of the living fish—both the *Pholas candida* and *Pholas dactylus*. Some of the wood has been found to retain marks of the axe, “as if the encroachment of the sea had been effected since the country was inhabited by civilized man.” To this interesting locality, as well as to many others, where the peculiar products of the locality are to be obtained, Jenkins is a valuable guide.

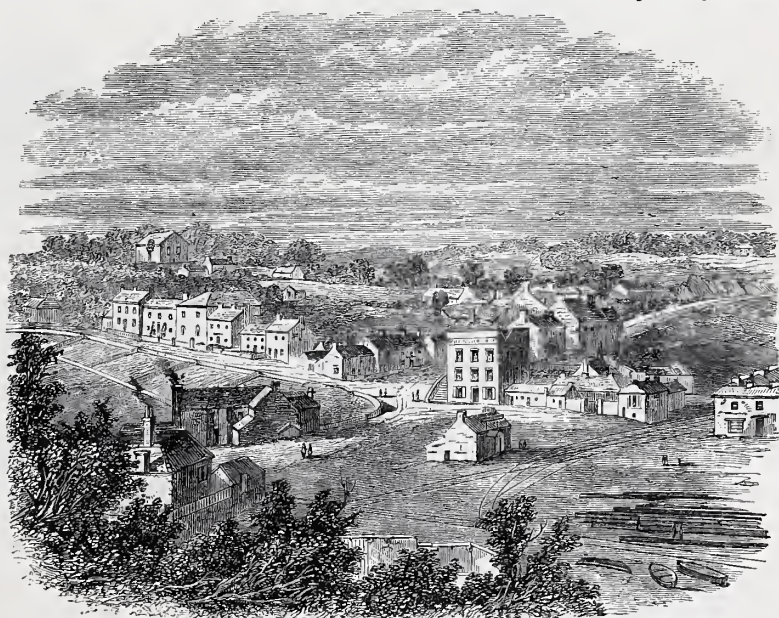
make a pictur of it! Wasn’t it noice!”—there was a merry twinkle in his eyes, while he repeated, “my awld unman, in her muther’s cap and jeekat, make a pictur! an she, bless her awld cranky face, so proud eoz she was draw’d!”

We met the old man frequently afterwards, and once, just as our ponies arrived at the outer gate of Manorbeer Castle, he was there; without invitation, he followed us, his arms crossed on his back, bis head advanced, and his keen little eyes taking in everything. “I think,” he commenced, “you’re for admiring the oold place just as the painter-man admired my oold wife in



ST. ISSEL.

her muther’s hat and jeekat! Ah! but we had a jolly night here, in Boney’s time; when a stout-hearted smuggling gentleman took Manorbeer Park farm, an’ purtended he brought over five Cornish men to teach our lads mining, an’ our women to milk cows. It was sometimes carrying kegs over the rocks an’ stones at Lydstep, an hiding am in our caves there, or else taking a run with am up the green slopes, to the men in waiting, if the coast was clear. Many a boat have I seed upset in the surf of Manorbeer Bay, an then scramble—who scramble could! We had cellars all about the cliffs, two on hill farm, some under the old parsonage walls, by



SANDERSFOOT.

Manorbeer Church; an, bless you! the eastle itself is like a mole-hill—the earth under it is full of our runs. Eh! if the painter-man bad but sen the smuggling cutter *Jane*, Captain Furze, pursued by a king’s sbip—the shot flying over us like hail in thunder—an we bobbing like geese under an archway to ‘scape it. ‘Get down, my lads,’ says Captain Furze, says he, ‘get below; I’ll balk ‘em yet—the timber isn’t spliced that ‘ll run down Jack Furze—down, my lads, at once!’ and as he spoke, he threw himself flat on the deck, and so he steered lying on his back. He dodged from day till dark—when we come on deck, and, making a suddan turn in his course, he seaped. Ab! Captain Jack would have been something to paint—he would!”

The pretty village of ST. FLORENCE, which occupies a dell in the centre of a rich valley, of the same name, is a charming object when seen from any of the adjacent heights; it is here pictured, and also an ancient mill—one of those venerable relics of the picturesque which never fail to lure the artist from a beaten track. Of St. Florence, with its many arched doorways and quaint round chimneys, we have little to say, and may occupy our page by reference to some of the old traditions, for which the reader will readily believe the isolated town of Tenby is famous.

Do you happen to be at Tenby on St. David's day, when March is entering "like a lion," as is his wont? We may wish you there when he is going out "like a lamb;" but at all events, you will be in Wales on the fête day of its patron saint, and if you do not yourself wear a leek you will see many who do so. You will be told, in the words of the historian Malkin, that "St. David is as proper to the Welsh, by whom he is called St. Dewy, as St. George to England." He was certainly of royal descent, and was born, probably, A.D. 460, somewhere in Pembrokeshire, near to the See he subsequently governed. If Selden be consulted, you will learn that "he was uncle to King Arthur, was Bishop of Menevia, which is now St. David's, in Pembroke," that "he was first canonized by Calixtus II.," that "he was prognosticated above thirty years before his birth," and that St. Patrick, in the presence of the yet unborn babe, "suddenly lost the use of speech," but, recovering it soon after, "made prediction of Dewy's holiness joined with greatness." This was not the only miracle that heralded his advent; to minister to his baptism, a fountain of the purest water gushed forth—"to be seen to this day." His schoolfellows used to declare they often saw a snow-white dove hovering above him. The promise of his childhood was fulfilled in manhood, and in age; "Heaven was pleased to prosper all his labours; blessing him with a patriarchal longevity, to continue a shining ornament of religion, and an instructive example to the world. He ended his days amongst faithful servants of God, in his beloved retirement, and was buried in his own church, where his shrine for many ages continued to be frequented by several crowned heads, and pilgrims of every description." We shall make closer acquaintance with the saint when we visit his cathedral, which adorns and glorifies this Shire.

The origin of the leek as the badge of Welshmen is involved in much obscurity; there is no evidence concerning it; if we except that of an old "broadside," which declares that, on a certain first of March, the Welshmen "joyined with their foes," and, in order not to confound friends with them—

"Into a garden they did go,
Where each one pulled a leeke,"

which, wearing in their hats, they were thus enabled to recognise their countrymen, "all who had no leekes being slaine." To this tradition Shakspeare refers, making Fluellen say in "Henry V.," "The Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps." The more plausible supposition, however, is that of Dr. Owen Pughe, that it was derived from "the custom in the Cymmortha, still observed in Wales, in which the farmers assist each other in ploughing their land, on which occasion every one formerly contributed his leek to the common repast." Be it what it may,

"We still remember David's day,
In wearing of a leeke."

Let us dream at Tenby, and recall the manners and customs of the quaint old town in times gone by; we read of them in the *Cambrian Journal*, and fancy may picture them to-day as they were long ago!

Is the tourist in Tenby when the year closes? he will be told by throngs, with lighted torches, and making music out of cow-horns, that "Christmas comes but once a year." On St. Stephen's day he will encounter crowds employed in the gentle pastime of beating all passers-by with holly-bushes. On new year's morn he may be greeted by boys and girls who sprinkle all they meet, with "new year's water," and wish them a "bappy new year;" for which good service they levy contributions, singing as they go—

"Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with, this happy new year."

On Twelfth Night he may encounter other crowds, bearing bowls of a liquor less pure, chanting an ancient ballad—

"Taste our jolly wassail bowl,
Made of cake, apple, ale, and spice!"

If he chance to be there on Shrove Tuesday, he may see the shopkeepers hurriedly putting up their shutters, mothers dragging their children within doors, and quiet females bastening home—not without reason it would seem; for shortly afterwards will be heard a frightful din and tumult, not unlike the war whoop of wild Indians, caused by the mustered forces of the "brave boys," and girls too, of Tenby,

who are engaged in driving-on the football through the streets! On Good Friday many old people do, or did, walk barefoot to church. Easter Monday is a great day of fun, and Whit Monday a day still more jovial; for clubs, with bands and banners decked with flowers, form processions to visit church, and, in the evening, to dance the old and honoured dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley." On May-eve, the King and Queen of May, tricked out with flowers, parade the town and demand from all, candles, or money wherewith to buy—used at night in illuminating the May-bush, round which dancing is kept up whilst the lights last, and then an immense bonfire of furze is lighted, on which the bush is burned. All-Hallows Eve, is, of course, a grand festival in Tenby, as it is everywhere.



ST. FLORENCE.

Alas! these pleasant sports of the people are becoming daily more and more a mere history; dull facts are driving out lively fancies; labour seldom, now-a-days, seeks refreshment from healthful play; toil has its recompence only in toil anew; the May-pole on the village green is often but a sad reminder of pleasure uninheritied. If we have learned to be wiser than our fathers, and more refined than our mothers, it may be well to inquire, now and then, at what price, in this "utilitarian age," our acquisitions have been bought. Tenby has "profited" less than more accessible places by introductions of modern ways. May it keep—yet a long while—its privilege unscathed! Nay, we may even regret that its "superstitions" are rapidly "dying out;" that the White Lady appears not with her wonted frequency to indicate to some lucky



OLD MILL, ST. FLORENCE.

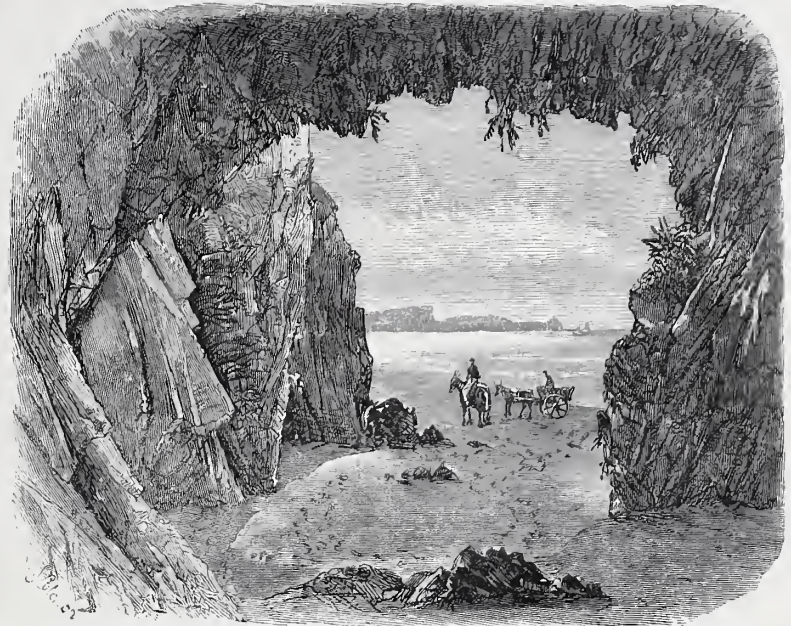
swain the spot where hidden treasures have been buried; that only in remote districts now, the lonely wayfarer passes the fairy circle with bated breath and averted head, fearing lest he may disturb the sports of the "little good people," and be made to assist in their mystic revels; that the services of the cham-doctor are less frequently required than of yore; that "corpse caudles" and spectral funerals have ceased to visit frequented ways; that witches are treated with less of awe than they used to be, and that the nameless one, with clanking chains, now seldom appears to affright village swains and country maidens returning from fair, wake, or wedding-feast, and has ceased, in great measure, to way-lay the rustic lover as he wanders home from a "courting" expedition to some neighbouring farm.

As we have elsewhere intimated, tourists will find no sea-coast more interesting than that at Tenby, or adjacent to it. The lofty peninsula on which the town is built is itself worthy of attention—much in shape like a note of interrogation, the concave side, towards the north, encloses within its cliffs the small bay and harbour. In this direction it is we meet with the coal measures, which abound in petrifications of ferns, equiseta, and the so-called beetle-stones, which are polished and carried away by visitors as mementoes of their visit. Here the cliffs crumble down to the sea, covered with vegetation almost to the water's edge. On the southern and opposite side, again the rocks are composed of the mountain-limestone, and are bare and precipitous, in some places smooth as a wall, in others scurfed and ragged. On this side there are several caverns of various shapes and sizes; one not far from the town, and known as MERLIN'S CAVE, is much admired. We visited it just after the retreating tide had smoothed the fine sand that forms the flooring, and felt it to be a cool and agreeable retreat from the heat outside. What connection it has with the bard and prophet whose name it bears is to us unknown, but the place, from its solitariness and seclusion—from the interior nothing to be seen but the sea and Caldy bounding the horizon—would certainly offer a satisfactory refuge from the pains and fears of worldly-mindedness. It is of large size, and is seen to best advantage at noonday. The top, thickly patched with the minute fern called the *Asplenium marinum*, is composed of immense masses

of stone, which seem so insecure as to make us wonder they do not fall every moment; and the sharp and angular sides present the appearance of polished red and green marble, shot with veins of white, caused by the constant dripping of water from above.

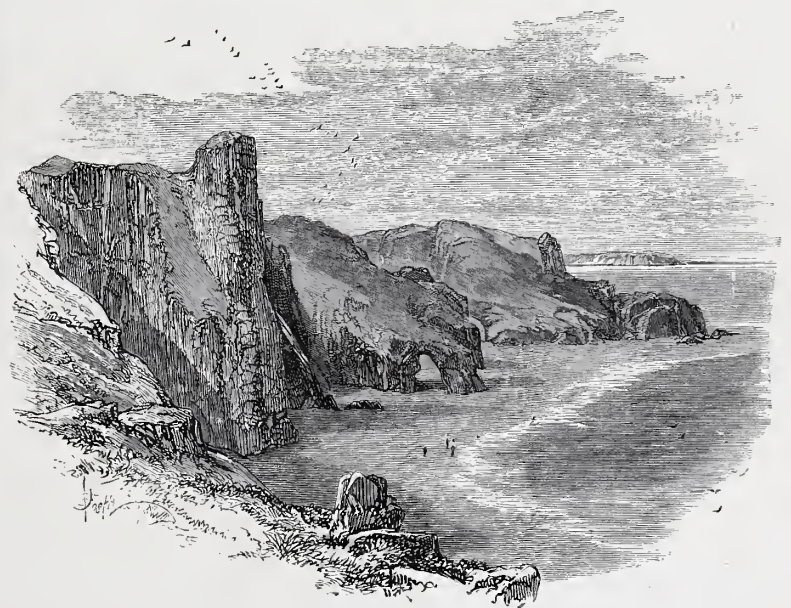
If the reader be not one of those who are content to visit only what can be reached in a carriage—if he feel an interest and an enticement in grand and refreshing scenery, let him, after he has examined this cavern, and inspected the numerous rock-pools all around, with the treasures they contain, come with us to visit Giltar-head, and thence to LYDSTEP. We cross a little stream that glides down the vale of St. Florence, whence winding round the peninsula, it discharges itself through flood-gates into the sea, and then traverse the valley up which, at one time, the sea used to rush, and has left many perceptible traces in the old shores that may be seen on either side; now, however, a long line of sand hills that have accumulated across the mouth serve, with some aid from Art, as a picturesque and unsurmountable barrier to the waves. Seaward, these hillocks assume a graceful form, and are clothed with but a scanty covering of tall, coarse tufts of grass; further in, however, they are carpeted with a fine, thick bright moss. It is an enchanting walk, in which all our senses are gratified more or less. The moss on which we tread is tapestried with wild flowers of delicious fragrance, conspicuous among which are the tiny Burnet roses, clustering together in shrubberies, and scenting the air with their delicate

perfume. Numberless rabbits lying in the sun, or frisking about in the hollows, prick up their ears as we approach, and rush into the holes they have burrowed in the sand, while the larks hovering above inundate the air with their sweet song. We pass close under the pleasant village of Penally, that clusters round its ancient church, rich in memories of St. Teilo, and looks out from amidst groves and gardens upon a fine view of the bay and distant coasts, and shortly we arrive at the foot of the lofty projection that runs out to a headland, and bounds the horizon from Tenby to the south. The summit reached, a wide and most commanding prospect is obtained. We are on Giltar Point, the extremity of Carmarthen Bay. On one hand, close by, separated from us only by a narrow sound, are the isles of Caldy and St. Margaret, and away,



MERLIN'S CAVE.

like a gauzy mist in the distance, is the coast of Devoushire. To the left, the bay sweeps into the land, washing the coasts of three counties. For many miles the land is high and bold, but it gradually begins to sink, and soon appears but a swampy fog in the horizon; again it swells high up in Gowerland, and finally terminates in the Worms Head, nearly opposite the spot on which we stand. Hence to Lydstep Haven the coast runs parallel to the Ridgeway, and is of romantic beauty and wildness—bluff headlands, caverns, and chasms of gloomy grandeur; and, indeed, with very partial interruptions, this is the character of the whole coast round to Milford Haven. In our course along the cliffs we pass over many caverns: none of them are very interesting; but one, called the Bears' Cave, from the fancied resemblance of the face of the rock



THE VALLEY OF CAVERNS, LYDSTEP.

to that animal, is the object of numerous water-excursions. Three or four times we came abruptly upon a dark, gloomy funnel-hole running from the surface to the sea beneath. In one of these we liberated a timid bird, that sat crouching with fear on one of the ledges, crying piteously, and fascinated by a hawk that was torturing the little creature preparatory to the final pounce. All the way the scene is gay with beds of little hyacinths, tufts of sea-pinks, and luxuriant banks of wild thyme, to which the bees are resorting—

“Spreading their drowsy murmur far and wide;”

and more than one butterfly of the most delicately-tinted “clouded yellow” flitted by to attract our admiration. At last we reach “Proud Giltar,” a lordly cliff that towers on high, and



THE SMUGGLER'S CAVE, LYDSTEP.

of stone, which seem so insecure as to make us wonder they do not fall every moment; and the sharp and angular sides present the appearance of polished red and green marble, shot with veins of white, caused by the constant dripping of water from above.

If the reader be not one of those who are content to visit only what can be reached in a carriage—if he feel an interest and an enticement in grand and refreshing scenery, let him, after he has examined this cavern, and inspected the numerous rock-pools all around, with the treasures they contain, come with us to visit Giltar-head, and thence to LYDSTEP. We cross a little stream that glides down the vale of St. Florence, whence winding round the peninsula, it discharges itself through flood-gates into the sea, and then traverse the valley up which, at one time, the sea used to rush, and has left many perceptible traces in the old shores that may be seen on either side; now, however, a long line of sand hills that have accumulated across the mouth serve, with some aid from Art, as a picturesque and unsurmountable barrier to the waves. Seaward, these hillocks assume a graceful form, and are clothed with but a scanty covering of tall, coarse tufts of grass; further in, however, they are carpeted with a fine, thick bright moss. It is an enchanting walk, in which all our senses are gratified more or less. The moss on which we tread is tapestried with wild flowers of delicious fragrance, conspicuous among which are the tiny Burnet roses, clustering together in shrubberies, and scenting the air with their delicate

seems to feel his own importance one of the chief buttresses to the swelling Ridgeway behind. It affords a fine example of wonderful stratification, the direction being regular and perpendicular. The face of the rock is *cross-hatched*, and wrinkled with scraggy ledges and jagged peaks, that are resting-places for the sea-gulls and glossy daws that make the place their home, and in which samphire, privet, and glistening ivy grow in great abundance. The colour of the water was delightful, and far out, fathoms deep, could we see, through the clear, smooth water, patches of sand illuminated by the reflection of the sun's rays, the rocks decked and darkened with sea-weeds of gorgeous hues, undulating with every motion of the waters; whilst below us, close at our feet, the waves, so soft and musical, seemed to be chanting funeral masses for the gashed and stiffened corpses they had made in the howling winter time.

We soon arrive at LYDSTEP CAVERNS.

The cliffs now begin to sink, and at a short distance are succeeded by the pebbly beach of Lydstep Haven. This secluded harbour is shut in on one hand by the steep and magnificent cliffs over which we have passed, and on the other by Lydstep Head, a lofty promontory scalped and defaced by the quarrymen, who have unconsciously converted it into all manner of curious and fantastic shapes, while in front, low-lying and broad, are the isles of Caldly and St. Margaret turning towards us their western sides, on which brooding shadows indicate the positions of their lofty caverns. We have not yet reached the limit of our excursion, having to see the fine caverns for which Lydstep is noted; they are on the opposite side of the head, and to reach them we pass by Lydstep House, which lies at one end of the bay, at the foot of a romantic dell, through which the carriage-road leads from this out-of-the-way residence to the highway. We ascend this road till we arrive at the lodge, whence a path leads down to the caverns through a steep and winding ravine, so narrow that the sides in places almost touch each other. We scramble over a waste of huge boulders and *débris* of rocks, and emerge upon the firm, trackless sand—a shallow bay which the sea but for a short time exposes. We are here literally encompassed with most exquisite scenery—beauty is all around; scarce shells, lovely as precious stones, are scattered on the sands, and the sea-pools, washed over by every tide, are gardens of delight in which grow miniature trees and flowers—green, red, and olive-brown; some large, waving tropical-like plants, others minute and fine as the finest silken tassel. How truly may the undisturbed wayfarer enjoy the scenery all about here!—enjoy the fresh breeze, enjoy the sea, sparkling under the sun, and falling on the solitary shore with a musical plash; enjoy the huge mass of gray cliffs, with their grand group of gloomy caverns—here, even the discordant shriek of the sea-bird floating on the calm is not displeasing to the ear.

The first thing that strikes the spectator when he reaches the beach is an elegant natural arch, to the right, of immense span, and springing like a flying buttress with airy lightness out of the yellow sand. It forms the side of a spacious cavern, with a lofty roof tinted deliciously with rays of the sun. Beyond, in a recess in the rocks, is an exceedingly fine cave of vast size, which penetrates for a long distance, the flooring composed of stones of every size and form, rising in steps towards the interior. Beyond that, again, is a glorious cliff, perpendicular, and with strata as straight "as a plummet-line." It rises like an enormous watch-tower to an imposing height, whereon we may imagine the timid sentinel used to watch from morn to night the advent of the dreaded Dane, who, in the dark and troublous times, were a perpetual terror to these coasts.

In the little bay adjoining a new geological formation commences, and the old red sandstone succeeds the limestone. The first point is the Old Castle Head, full of ancient interest, whereon is the Danish camp sleeping in the sunlight, and looking so calm and *fresh* as to prompt us to the belief it has been untrodden since the founders left it. On the left of the "Valley of Caverns," as we come down, is a cavern much secluded, but well worthy of any trouble it may cost to be seen; it is called the SMUGGLER'S CAVE; its title tells its tale.

On the right is a "thorough" hole, into which the light pours with singular and fine effect. We have given a sketch of this cave, as also of the BEACH AT THE VALLEY OF CAVERNS; but the most accurate sketch would give only a faint idea of the scene—it defies alike the author and the artist.* Indeed, it will be obvious that our limited power over Art can do but little to picture a district so full of natural beauties, where the sublime in coast scenery is found in such abundance: our hope is, however, that the reader will be induced to see and judge for himself, and we may guarantee him against disappointment.

* It is only at low water of spring-tides, and not always then, these caverns can be visited. Ever since their existence was made known to the public, by Mrs. Gwynne, in her interesting "Sketches of Tenby," they have been much frequented by visitors.

We do not suppose the Tenby boys are more tormenting than other boys, except that in inland towns the *gamins* are limited in mischief; at the sea-side they command another element, and keep you in a state of nervous fever lest they should be drowned, which you consider would be a blessing, although you warn them to "take care," for which they reward you with elfin laughs. We cannot say when Tenby boys cat, drink, sleep, or go to school: when the tide was in, they hung over from the rocks like barnacles, screaming and shouting to each other; when it was out, they were in the water from daybreak until after moonrise—now on the crest of a wave sticking to an old hen-coop, or chair, or broom-stick, or anything, then buried under the sand, from which they scrambled covered with shreds of sea-weed. But they were all angels of peace in comparison with one particular little water-fiend—a Jimmy Cadwallader Jones, as lithe as a willow-wand, with long spindle shanks, and arms much longer than they ought to have been; his head, in the water, was like a huge *anthea cereus*, and on shore, the hair hung in strips over his eyes. He always passed by Merlin's Cave (when it was low water), leading a venerable-looking blind man by the hand, who sat during a portion of the day on a stone to the right of our woodcut, where Jimmy left him, to enjoy a scramble among the precipitous rocks, a hunt into the sea-pools for *actinia*, or a wild dash among the waves, making his grandfather believe he was going "a message for murther," or to "school." I must say, however, that Jimmy was in general faithful to his trust, and always "fetched" his grandfather before the tide came too near his seat.

Jimmy's grandfather had, in his early days, been a smuggler of renown, and the firm expression of his mouth, his knotted brows, his large and well-formed head, gave evidence, even at his advanced age, that he must have been a man of courage and determination. Some said, that at times his intellect was clouded, or wandering. We met him occasionally on the sands, walking rapidly with his little guide, his head elevated, his "nor'wester" hat thrown back in a manner peculiar to the blind. He once said to us, "I should die in a week, d'ye see, if I could not scent the sea-breeze, and I wonder often how any one can live without it. I can tell the turn of the tide, when it's ever so far out, by the sound; and Jimmy knows that when it's in, I'm always on the cliffs when I can't be on the sands. I can tell what rocks it dashes against by the sound—there's great language in sounds; though it's not every one can understand them. I like best to sit near the cave, when my little boy goes to help his mother" (oh!) "or to school" (oh, oh!), "and just hear the ripple of the waves—it is so sweet; it tells me so much of past times, and of those that lie, some in the churchyard, others under the sea. Once, along this coast, they us'n't to launch boat or beam without coming to me to tell the signs of the weather; but since they took to steaming—setting, I may say, hot water against cold—they don't mind the Almighty's laws, but run against wind and tide, and don't care the snap of a rope for old Joe Jones's word." After a pause, he added, "But the place is dead, sir—altogether dead! no life in the place; I might sit here from first to last bells, and never hear a gun fired—nothing louder than a boy's shout, or a girl's scream, when the salt water foams round her delicate ankles; or, as the tide draws in, one sea-bird screamin' to another. The Stack Rocks is the place for the birds: if you've a mind to go there, Jim would get you any amount of eggs,—wouldn't you, Jim?" Jim was turning somersaults on the wet sand, varied by a bound after a large black water-spaniel, named "Bem," who owned no master but Neptune, for he spent half his life in bringing sticks out of the water, cast in by friends or strangers, and scratching up and barking at huge stones that were too large to carry.

One particular evening, Jimmy and his grandfather came to the sands in a very high wind; the tide was driven rapidly in, as the wind was on shore. It was a grey, cold evening, and every moment increased the roughness of the sea, for suddenly the wind chopped round, and inclined to try its strength against the very power it had assisted so short a time previously. Old Joe understood it in a moment, his colour mounted, as he fixed his back against a rock, and grasped his staff more firmly in his hands. "Waves and wind are at it now," he said, talking rapidly, half to himself, half to his wayward guide. "When I was a little lad, about your size, Jimmy, we used to call them French and English—the waves English, the bragging wind French; for, d'ye mind me now, boy, however high and blustering the wind, lad, and however hard it tries to keep the tide out, the waves git the best on't; they'r' bothered a bit, and may be don't keep time as well—they may not sweet round bonny St. Catherine's as fast as if the wind was at their back, but what does it signify?—they *conquers*, lad—they conquers! and their broad crests and curled heads laugh at the wind; they raise their great backs, and come steadily on, with a roll and a roar, like an English line-of-battle ship, and then hurrah in their deep music round their own island: and where does the wind go then? who knows—who knows? Can you see the Worm's Head now? No, we're too low for it, and the breakers too high. Are the gulls in-shore? Bless the Lord for your eye-sight, Jimmy—what would I not give to see the sweep of the wave I hear!" Several persons passed old Joe and Jimmy, and warned them they had better go home—it was wild weather for a blind man and a little boy; but the grandfather and the grandson were alike excited by the storm; and while one gentleman, who knew them well, was remonstrating earnestly against their remaining, the old man's hat blew off. Here was a chase after Jimmy's own heart. Knowing how the wind lay, the old man had no idea of its drifting to sea; nor did it, at first, but was whirled towards the cliffs; there was a sort of bay running in between two ledges of rocks that joined the cliffs, and over one ledge went the hat, followed by the delighted Jimmy. The gentleman called to the boy to take care; and his grandfather laughed, while the wind tossed his long white hair, at the notion of Jimmy "taking care" of anything. The gentleman did not laugh, but sprang to the nearest ledge, for he saw a huge wave coming, and knew that a portion of it would run up between—not, he hoped, sufficient to suck the little lad away into the surge, but sufficient to make him very anxious. Just as he scrambled up, so as to overlook the hollow, he saw the brave little fellow, with his grandfather's hat between his teeth, struggling manfully, while the remorseless wave swept shingle, and sea-weed, and boy away, away, away: he could see him tossed in the white foam, just as a shuttlecock is tossed in the wind. He looked back, and saw the old man still laughing at the idea of Jimmy's "taking care." With the bravery of kindness and sympathy, the gentleman rushed amid the foam. The next wave would, he knew, toss the child back; but if against a rock, there would be little chance of safe limb or life for Jimmy. On it came, that monster wave, and the little head, with occasionally a long arm or leg perceptible above the water; the brave man himself was hurled down, overwhelmed for a moment, but he grasped the manikin, just as he was lifted with a certainty of being dashed on the spiked rocks, that bristled through the surge. All this struggle of life with death was the work of little more than a minute. Jimmy never let go the hat—though stupified and stunned, he held it fast between his teeth. At last, after giving himself a good shake, he said—

"Well, that was the rarest *go* I ever had—I think gran'father 'll whop me for lettin' his hat get wet; but *you* know I couldn't help it—could I? you're wet too, and *you* couldn't help it, neither." Then, seemingly from a sudden impulse he could not control, the little imp clutched the gentleman's hand, and looking up at his face, burst into a roaring fit of tears!

THE PRAYER-BOOK OF ANNE OF BRITTANY.*

AMONG the numerous ancient works contained in the Museum of Paris is a rare and richly-illuminated missal, well-known to the antiquarian biblioplist as *Le Livre d'Heures de la Reine de Bretagne*, or "The Prayer-book of Anne of Brittany," wife successively of two kings of France, Charles VIII. and Louis XII. "A proud and lofty Breton was this lady," says the historian Brantôme, "one of the most noble, ingenious, and virtuous princesses in the world, with a countenance sweet and lovely, the most beautiful of all the ladies of the court." Moreover she was one who, when Art was yet in comparative infancy in her dominions, exerted herself to promote its advancement, and assisted in its development by the exercise of the taste and judgment which nature had bestowed upon her in more than an ordinary degree. Anne of Brittany was, in truth, a very remarkable woman, both in person, mind, and character; well-skilled in languages, she could converse in their native tongues with the ambassadors of England, Spain, Italy, and Germany. One cannot but smile at the enthusiasm with which a French writer, in a recent number of the *Journal des Debats*, speaks of the queen and her doings in his notice of the Prayer-book which M. Curmer is now publishing:—"She assisted at a distance," M. Jules Janin writes, "God only knows with how much disquietude and with what infinite sorrow, at that costly conquest of the Duchy of Milan, by turn gained, lost, taken and retaken, and which remained to France during twelve years. She took part, more happily, in the capture of Genoa, and the reduction of Venice: she received on her knees, and as a consolation for the victories achieved by France over the Pope, the wood of the true cross, and the crown of thorns stolen from La Sainte-Chapelle, which had been sold to the Venetians, and brought back among the spoils of Venice by the king Louis XII. Oh! this valiant and high-spirited woman! she knew, as well as her husband himself, the glory and the names of his most valiant officers as well as she knew how many arrows the king discharged in his battles, and the true standards of his distant expeditions."

A true disciple of the Romish faith, and a woman of taste, Anne of Brittany required a book of the services of her church which should be worthy of her regal position and of her devotion to her creed; accordingly the artists of France—at least, such of them as were skilled in illuminated writing and painting—were commissioned to produce a prayer-book for her especial use, which, as we have already intimated, bears the highest character among the missals of the middle ages; and which M. Curmer, an eminent Parisian publisher of works of this class, has undertaken to reproduce in chromo-lithography, similar to his *L'Imitation de Jesus Christ*, which we noticed some time since: perhaps there is nothing which shows so remarkably the advance of what may be called mechanical art, as the power of reproducing, by the aid of the printing-press, works that cost years of toil and study to create in their original form.

This prayer-book contains the service known in the Church of Rome as the "Office of the Holy Virgin," and the Psalms: the book is of considerable size, and numbers 400 pages; the text is in gothic characters, and each page is more or less ornamented with illuminated floral designs, while nearly fifty of them exhibit miniatures of saints, or pictures of sacred subjects, the whole executed with the most exquisite delicacy and beauty, and, considering that at the period of their production the artists of France had perhaps never heard, certainly knew nothing of the works of Perugino and Raffaele, the miniatures, &c., are designed with a grace of form and expression which could scarcely be looked for in French art of that time.

We are told that the love entertained by the queen for Art of every kind, was extended to flowers and their cultivation: she recalled from Amboise the two celebrated Neapolitan gardeners, Paello and E. de Mercoliano, whom Charles VIII. had brought from Naples and placed at Amboise, and she made

them the chief gardeners and the keepers of the Château de Blois; the latter was also instituted by the queen to the cure of St. Victor-les-Bois, and the former to the canonry of St. Sauveur. Under their skill and management, the cultivation of rare and beautiful plants and flowers was carried on most successfully; and when the gardens and conservatories were in their highest state of perfection, Anne commissioned Jean Poyet to copy the choicest and most brilliant floral specimens he could find in them for her "*precieux livre d'heures*:" and thus the margin of each page is adorned with an illustration of a plant copied from nature, its name being indicated in Latin and French.

The work is now being published in parts, and, as we understand, under the highest continental patronage: in Catholic countries, such a publication would, as a matter of course, receive greater attention than in a Protestant, like our own: but everywhere, irrespective of religious creed, the admirer of illuminated art and literature will give a cordial reception to a book which bears so high a character in this especial class of illustration.

THE NEW FOREIGN AND INDIA OFFICES.

THE design originally proposed by Mr. G. G. Scott for the new official buildings which the "late Sir Benjamin Hall" had intended to provide for the Foreign and War Departments of the Government, has been most carefully and judiciously re-cast by the architect, with the view to its adaptation to the new Foreign and India Offices, the erection of which had been entrusted to him by Lord John Manners and Lord Stanley. Mr. Scott has considerably modified the artistic treatment of his original design; and, at the same time, he has thoroughly investigated the practical requirements of the two official edifices, so that he has been enabled to arrange his plans in a manner eminently calculated to render them commodious, and in all respects consistent with their appointed uses.

The two offices Mr. Scott has grouped together, so that they form a single noble pile, and yet the distinction between the two is sufficiently decided to impart to each one an individuality of its own. By persons most competent to form opinions upon such a subject, Mr. Scott's present design has been pronounced worthy both of his own high reputation and of the purpose for which it has been produced; and it is with sincere satisfaction we record our own cordial recognition of the soundness of these views. The design is such as demonstrates the anxious thoughtfulness with which the plans have been drawn, while the architectural composition will secure for the edifice a prominent position in the rank among the public buildings of Europe.

The question of style in architecture, which has been debated with so much more of zeal than of discretion, in its application to these official buildings, it is not our intention directly to touch upon, any further than to signify our entire approval both of the style adopted by Mr. Scott, and of the manner in which he has embodied a dignified and becoming expression of that style in his design. There are, however, a few points connected with the controversy respecting the architectural style of these offices, that present circumstances render it desirable for us not to pass over without at least a brief expression of our sentiments. In the first place, it has been asserted that the Gothic style is of necessity more costly than the Italian or Greek (!), which the anti-Gothic party are so strenuous in advocating. This has been proved to be not incorrect merely, but exactly the converse of true. The Gothic style is able to produce its noblest buildings without any excess in cost over corresponding buildings in the rival styles, and indeed at a comparatively smaller cost. Then there are the all-important matters of light and ventilation, which with such disingenuous perseverance have been advanced, with the view to disqualify the Gothic, notwithstanding the repeated demonstration by Mr. Scott himself that the Gothic admits *more light* than any other style; while it is a fact universally well-known that the short-comings in the ventilation of the Houses of Parliament are simply the

results of injudicious and ill-advised experiments. The so-called arguments which have been alleged in opposition to Mr. Scott's design, because the opponents are pleased to be dissatisfied with Sir Charles Barry's design for the Palace of Westminster, and with its constructive and decorative details, are too puerile to require any formal refutation. They could have arisen only from a profound ignorance of Gothic architecture; since no person really familiar with the character and attributes of that style could fail to detect the utter fallacy of assuming that every Gothic building must necessarily be identical, in its architecture, with an edifice designed in the Tudor-Gothic manner of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Its plastic adaptability to new conditions of things, to novel requirements and to unexpected circumstances, is that quality in Gothic architecture which, in the first instance, led to its revival, and to which, without a doubt, it is in a peculiar degree indebted for its present great and rapidly-increasing popularity. Mr. Scott stands at the head of the party of progress in the Gothic revival. He is no mediævalist, who would take us back to an architecture which, however admirable in itself and in its own times, has passed away with times and conditions of requirement that have also passed away. On the contrary, his is the Gothic of the day in which he so ably deals with it. He shows us that the style has one form of expression for one period, and another for another period; and when we ask him, accordingly, for a group of Gothic buildings for official purposes, connected with important departments of the British Government in the time of Queen Victoria, he neither refers us to the palmy days of the first Edwards, nor to the florid semi-barbarism of the last Henrys; but he places before us a design that we may claim for our own era, at the same time that it most happily provides for existing requirements. But the present Premier offers, to Mr. Scott's Victorian Gothic, the Greek or Italian of the Mansion House and the Bank of England, of the Horse Guards and of Somerset House; and, therefore, Mr. Scott is directed to proceed with the concrete foundations for the new edifices, and to leave the buildings themselves until another session of Parliament shall finally decide upon their architecture.

It is no slight compliment to Mr. Scott's practical ability to have thus assumed that the underground operations now to be carried on under his direction must necessarily be such as will adjust themselves to whatever buildings may hereafter be erected upon them. Under ordinary circumstances, foundations are specially adapted to a superstructure already determined upon. But Mr. Scott is expected to form a foundation that shall suit any and every variety of Foreign and India Offices. Or, perhaps, after all, his present design will be adopted, though it may be considered necessary to preface its formal adoption with the Greek and Italian Art-lectures that have afforded so much unexpected amusement. All we hope is that more public money is not to be expended upon fresh schemes for Greek or Italian *outsides* to Mr. Scott's excellent plans. We will not subject Mr. Scott to the reproach of supposing for a moment that he would himself consent to take part in the manufacture of any such productions. Mr. Scott is an artist and an architect, and as such he has attained a most distinguished reputation; and, assuredly, he will not prove so unfaithful, either to his own reputation or to his art, as to listen to any proposals for conforming the exterior of his offices to the type, which Lord Palmerston appears to regard common to every non-Gothic building both in and out of the United Kingdom.

It is much to be regretted that any impediment should have arisen which could interfere with the commencement and the progress of national works that are so much needed, and which might have been considered secure from any important alterations in their design. The appointment of Mr. Scott to be the architect who should erect these buildings, in itself determines the question of their architectural style,—as Mr. Scott has long demonstrated that, in his hands, the Gothic is the architecture, not of retrogression, but of development. On the continent of Europe Mr. Scott's appointment in this instance is looked upon as a matter of course, because his superior fitness for the duty thus entrusted to him is not questioned. At home

* LE LIVRE D'HEURES DE LA REINE DE BRETAGNE: reproduit d'après l'original déposé au Musée des Souverains. L. CURMER, Paris.

there proves to be an opposition to Mr. Scott, based upon objections arising from either misconceptions of his style of architecture, or prejudices in favour of some indefinite something else; but Mr. Scott may rest satisfied with the conviction that the public feeling is with him, and with his architecture, as well at home as abroad; and more particularly so amongst those of his countrymen, for whose opinions upon Art he must of necessity entertain respect. Already the favourable sentiments entertained in England for Mr. Scott's design for the Foreign and India Offices have been plainly and significantly expressed, and there is every reason for feeling assured that they will be declared still more emphatically before the subject shall again have invited the attention of the legislature.

THE POLYTECHNIC.

A COMBINATION of unpropitious circumstances, coupled with the unfortunate mistake that led to the retirement of Mr. Pepper from its administration, have proved too powerful to be resisted by the "Royal Polytechnic Institution;" and, accordingly, this attractive and popular establishment has ceased to occupy a position amongst the things that still exist, and have their being in London.

The decided manner in which, during times past, we have invariably expressed our sympathy with the Polytechnic, and also with its late able lessee, Mr. Pepper, would necessarily imply a corresponding sentiment of regret at the closing of this institution. We do, indeed, regret that even a temporary interruption should occur in the successful career of the Polytechnic; and we should regard it as a positive calamity that its doors should be permanently and finally closed. Popular science ought to be efficiently represented amidst the metropolitan institutions for the amusement and recreation of the people; and the Polytechnic has demonstrated how happily Science may be handled in a popular manner, and adapted to the tastes and requirements of popular assemblies. The Polytechnic has also won for itself an honourable reputation for that high respectability, which has rendered it at all times a place of fitting resort as well for youthful visitors as for persons of more mature age. For every reason, accordingly, it is altogether most desirable that such steps should be taken as may lead to the re-establishment of this institution in its former efficient condition. A meeting has very recently been held at Willis's Rooms, for the purpose of considering what course it would be best to adopt, with the view to save the Polytechnic from the dissolution with which it is threatened. Lord Shaftesbury presided, and was supported by Viscount Rayham, Mr. Hanbury, M.P., Mr. Gurney, M.P., with many other influential gentlemen, and it was unanimously resolved that the existence of the Polytechnic, as a flourishing public institution, ought to be made the aim of a determined and strenuous effort. We trust that the resolutions adopted at this meeting may already have led to a corresponding course of action.

The success of any such movement as, in common we believe with the entire press, we now are advocating, must mainly depend upon the judgment with which the proprietors adjust the working of the financial and the administrative departments of their institution. The combination of the two departments must always be more than can be successfully undertaken by a single individual. The management of the Polytechnic ought to receive the entire attention of the person to whom it may be entrusted, without his being subjected to the anxiety and troubles of the pecuniary arrangements. What the proprietors have to do, is to find a man capable of conducting the Polytechnic in a manner worthy at once of its existing reputation, and of its present and future capacities for healthful action—to give him full powers, and to pay him a becoming salary; the financial department they must entrust to an agent who may be regarded as their own representative.

For the Polytechnic to cease to exist would be an event most discreditably to the age in which we live. We trust that no such prospect is actually before us, but that the lapse of another month will enable us to record at least the preliminary measures which will lead to its successful re-establishment.

PICTURE SALES.

THE NORTHWICK COLLECTION.

THE sale of a large portion of—for we understand the heir to the property has reserved several hundred pictures—the extensive, and in many respects valuable, collection of works of Art, formed by the late Lord Northwick, attracted, as was anticipated, a very large assembly of connoisseurs and dealers to the fashionable town of Cheltenham, near to which stands Thirlestane House, the late residence of the deceased nobleman. Mr. Phillips, the auctioneer, commenced his long and important task of dispersing the gallery on the 26th of July, and continued it through a considerable portion of the following month; his efforts to obtain good prices for the works entrusted to his hammer were not ineffectual, for the majority of the pictures realized quite as much as those who best knew them expected. Where so large a number were submitted for sale—many of them too of very doubtful origin—it is not necessary that we should do more than note down those most deserving of attention: the names inserted between parentheses are those of the purchasers, so far, at least, as we have been able to ascertain them. We may remark here, by the way, that in the *Art-Journal* for 1846, under the title of "Visits to Private Galleries," is a long *catalogue raisonné* of the pictures which so recently adorned Thirlestane House, and also of another large collection formed by his lordship at his mansion, Northwick Park, Worcestershire, and which was also included in the sale.

The first day's sale produced nearly 4000*l.*, and the second about 4280*l.*, but the only "lots" we care to record are,—'A Rock Scene,' Salvator Rosa, 160 *gs.*; 'A Mountainous Landscape, with a distant view of a City, and the Lake of Perugia,' Nicholas Berghem, signed and dated 1653, 390 *gs.*; 'Italian Landscape,' Claude, 300 *gs.*; 'The Departure for the Chase,' Lingelbach, 100 *gs.*; 'Portrait of Van Tromp,' Van der Velde, 100 *gs.*; 'Portraits of the Earl and Countess Somers,' two pictures by Van Somer, 100 *gs.* each; 'Christ in the Judgment Hall,' Mazzolino di Ferrara, 323 *gs.*; 'Italian Landscape,' Lucatelli, 180 *gs.*; 'A Peacock, Fruit, Flowers,' &c., J. Weenix, 350 *gs.*—bought by the Marquis of Hertford, as was said in the room; 'Grand Canal of Venice during the Carnival,' Canaletto, 400 *gs.*; 'The Adoration of the three Kings,' H. and J. Van Eyck, 495 *gs.*

The third day's sale realized 3300*l.*: in it were,—'A Landscape,' with a page holding three horses, a dog, &c., Albert Cuyp, 145 *rs.* (Eckford); 'A Calm,' Vander Capella, 186 *gs.* (Eckford); 'Rural Felicity,' the engraved picture, painted in 1647 for the Burgomaster Vanderhulk, by N. Berghem, 145 *gs.* (Pearce); 'A Group of Family Portraits,' cabinet size, by Gonzales Coques, 300 *gs.* (Mawson). The pictures in this day's sale were almost entirely of the old Dutch and Flemish schools; but with the exception of those just mentioned, none reached, so far as we could ascertain, the sum of one hundred pounds, although the names of many of the greatest artists in those schools were appended to them: this fact is significant of one of two things, either their originality was doubted, or the old masters are even less sought after than we believed.

On the fourth day a portion of the works of the English school was announced; eighty-three pictures were put up to competition, and sold for more than 7000*l.* Among them were,—'A Dream of Venice,' J. C. Hook, A.R.A., 345 *gs.* (Flatow); 'Sabrina,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 206 *gs.* (Gambart); 'A Peasant Girl of Albano leading her Blind Mother to Mass,' Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., 135*l.* (Gambart); 'View in Leigh Woods,' with a bivouac of gipsies, painted expressly for Lord Northwick by P. Nasmyth, 750*l.* (Grundy, of Manchester): it is said the artist received only 50*l.* for this picture; 'A Landscape,' painted in 1849, by J. Linnell, Sen., representing a winding road bordered by trees, and a flock of sheep passing over it; in the foreground a group of six cows at a pool, &c., 375 *gs.* (Wallis); 'Portrait of William Pitt,' the celebrated picture by Sir T. Lawrence, 140*l.* (Agnew); 'Canterbury Meadows, with Cattle,' painted in 1849, by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 125 *gs.* (Eckford); 'Scheveling Sands—Low water,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 231*l.* (Gambart); 'The Breakfast, or the Dunces punished,' painted by T. Webster

for Lord Northwick in 1838; this picture has never been engraved, and was keenly contested; it was finally knocked down to the bidding of Mr. Flatow for the sum of 1005*l.*; 'A Scene at Apsley House—an Interview between the Duke of Wellington and Col. Gurwood,' A. Morton, 200 *gs.* (Mawson); 'Landscape,' with five cows reposing, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 95 *gs.* (Jones); 'Scheveling Sands—A fresh breeze,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 180 *gs.* (Gambart); 'The Convalescent from Waterloo,' the picture engraved by the Art-Union of London some years ago, W. Mulready, R.A., 1180 *gs.* (Wallis): the only reason that seems to justify the extraordinary sum given for this work is, that pictures by Mr. Mulready very rarely come into the market; we could never regard this as one of his best productions.

The fifth day's sale consisted almost exclusively of works by the old masters, and realized 7500*l.* The highest prices given were for,—'Portrait of the Duke of Cumberland,' a full-length, or nearly so, representing the prince in his robes of state, by Sir J. Reynolds, 200 *gs.* (Matheson); 'A Landscape,' Claude, 116 *gs.* (J. Drax, M.P.); 'A Dairy-Farm in Holland,' Camphuyzen, a Dutch painter of whom little authentic is known, and whose works are very rare, 510*l.* (Mawson); this picture was from the Solly collection, and is esteemed the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master; 'The English Fleet putting to Sea, preparatory to the Battle of Sole Bay,' W. Van der Velde, 180 *gs.* (Drax); 'The Battle of Sole Bay,' by the same artist, 105 *gs.* (Drax); 'Henry, Prince of Wales,' 175 *gs.*, and 'Elizabeth of Bohemia,' 85 *gs.*, both by Van Somer, bought by Mr. Farrer; 'A River Scene,' with a group of cattle on the banks, and a shepherd playing his pipe, A. Cuyp, 100 *gs.* (Plumley); 'A Landscape,' representing a richly-wooded background, with mountains in the distance, Gaspar Poussin, 330 *gs.* (Rutley); 'Apollo and the Cumean Sibyl,' Claude, 210 *gs.* (Drax); 'Jacob placing the Speckled Wands before the Flocks of Lahan,' Murillo: this magnificent painting is one of the famous series from the St. Jago Palace, Madrid, formerly belonging to the Marquis of Santiago; another from the same series is in the gallery of the Marquis of Westminster. The Northwick picture excited much competition, and ultimately was knocked down to Mr. J. Hardy for 1410 *gs.*; 'A Landscape,' with the subject of St. Hubert and the Stag, from the Villafranca Palace, at Rome, G. Poussin, 360 *gs.* (Lord Lindsay); 'The Return from the Chase,' and 'The Lion Hunt,' a pair by Watteau, 134 *gs.* (Nieuwenhuys); 'Head of a Boy,' Greuze, 135 *gs.* (Van Cuycke).

The sixth day's sale produced upwards of 6250*l.* It included a noble gallery picture from the Salt-marsh collection, by Guido Reni, the subject, 'The Angel appearing to St. Jerome,' Mr. Buckley Owen became the purchaser, at the price of 350 *gs.*; 'St. George,' a beautiful example of the old painter Masaccio, whose works are so rare, 190 *gs.* (Penney); 'The Virgin and Child enthroned,' Raffaellino del Garbo, 92 *gs.* (Farrer); 'The Virgin and Child enthroned, attended by St. Peter and St. Jerome,' painted by Perugino for the Church of St. Jerome, at Lucca, and lately in the possession of the Duke of Lucca, from whose collection it was purchased by Lord Northwick, 350 *gs.* (Colnaghi): this picture has been engraved, and is referred to in the *Dizionario Biografico*; 'St. Catherine,' a celebrated picture by the early Italian artist Conegliano, exhibited at Manchester, 800 *gs.* (Mawson); 'The Virgin and Infant,' Francia, 95 *gs.* (Graves); 'The Virgin and Child,' enthroned and surrounded by several saints, a choir of angels seen above, beneath a canopy, painted by Girolamo da Treviso, 450 *gs.* As this picture has been bought for the National Gallery, it deserves more than a passing record of the purchase. Girolamo da Treviso, or Trevigo, was born at Trevigi in 1508, or, according to Zani, who says his name was Pennachi, or Pennachio, in 1496. He went to Rome when young, and studied the works of Raffaele; subsequently he resided at Bologna, where he painted several pictures for the churches of that city. Ridolphi says he afterwards came to England, and was employed by Henry VIII. as a painter, architect, and military engineer; he attended the monarch in his expedition into Picardy, and, while assisting at the siege of Boulogne, in 1544, was killed. His picture of 'St. Catherine' was formerly in the Church of S. Salvatore, Bologna, and is referred to by Vasari as his best work:

it was also in the collection of the late Mr. Edward Solly. To resume our notice:—'The Virgin and Child, with the Infant St. John,' described as "an exquisite work" by that rare master Lorenzo di Credi, 500 gs. (A. Barker); 'The Virgin and Child,' Verrocchio, 230 gs. (Fenicy); 'The Birth of Jupiter,' Giulio Romano, from the Orleans collection, and afterwards in that of M. Erard, of Paris, purchased for the National Gallery at the price of 929*l.* It is a very remarkable picture, exhibiting in an extraordinary degree poetical invention, founded on mythological allegory, and it is treated with the purity of Greek art. The scene is an enchanted island, wherein the infant deity is represented as cradled in the midst of the most luxurious vegetation; at a distance is seen Mount Ida, the fabulous birth-place of Jupiter, on the Cretan shore, towering in majestic grandeur above the long range of coast sparkling with various objects. In the centre of the picture is the infant, his mother Rhea, in the act of withdrawing the veil which conceals him from the eyes of her two female attendants; two river-nymphs with their urns fill up this part of the composition, which is completed on either side by figures of the Corybantes, who with various musical instruments are fulfilling their missions as priestesses of Cybele. This work must be looked upon as a valuable addition to our national collection. Only two other pictures in this day's sale require notice: these are 'The Holy Family,' Parmegiano, engraved by Bonasoni, 100 gs. (Eckford); 'The Holy Family,' Jan Bellini, the Virgin holding the infant Christ on a parapet, St. Peter standing on the right, and St. Sebastian on the left, 300 gs. (Van Cuycke).

The seventh and eighth day's sale consisted of the miniatures, the Poniatowski gems, the bronzes, and other objects of *vertu*: a few of the miniatures deserve to be included in our account of the sale, principally because they are for the most part by early English artists:—'Dr. Bate,' by S. Cooper, sold for 31 gs.; 'Sir John Gage,' Holbein, from the Strawberry Hill collection, 61 gs. (Rhodes); 'Cowley, the Poet,' S. Cooper, 22 gs. (Matheson); 'Sir Robert Walpole,' Zincke, an enamel, 30 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Lady Jane Grey,' in a black dress, richly ornamented with jewels, an exquisite and very rare miniature, by N. Hilliard, 125 gs. (Matheson); 'Algernon Sydney,' J. Hoskuis, 50 gs. (Colnaghi); 'John Hampden,' in armour, S. Cooper, 51 gs., (Matheson); 'Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick,' from the Strawberry Hill collection, J. Oliver, 35 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Louis XII., King of France,' in a rich dress ornamented with jewels, an exquisite miniature from the same collection, Holbein, 96 gs. (Matheson); 'Wycherly, the Dramatist,' Peter Oliver, 64 gs. (Matheson); 'Lady Digby,' a large and fine miniature in an ebony case, silver mounted, P. Oliver, 100 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Richard Cromwell,' in an exquisitely-finished gold case, S. Cooper, 80 gs. (S. Addington); and a frame containing ten miniatures, by Reade, of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Edward VI., Henry VIII., and his six wives, 65 gs. (Rhodes).

On the ninth day the sale of pictures was resumed: it realized the sum of 3600*l.*, though none of the works offered by Mr. Phillips reached to a high bidding: the most important were—'The Burgomaster Six,' and his 'Wife,' a pair of portraits by Rembrandt, from the collection of Sir S. Clarke, 175 gs. (Eckford); 'The Salutation,' and 'The Presentation,' with saints on the reverse, a pair by Van der Goes, an old Flemish painter, who died about 1480, he was a disciple of John Van Eyck, 135 gs. (Eckford); 'The Virgin kneeling before the Infant Jesus,' who lies on a couch of roses, S. Botticelli (Colnaghi); 'The Descent from the Cross,' by Timoteo Della Vite, an early Bolognese painter, pupil of Francia, 200 gs. (Drax); 'The Virgin and Child,' by Correggio, formerly in the collection of Lord Radstock, 110 gs. (Drax); 'The Coronation of the Virgin, with the twelve apostles round the Tomb,' painted by Raffaele for the monastery of St. Francisco, in Perugia, 170 gs. (Drax); 'The Virgin and Child, St. Lawrence, and Pope Sixtus,' Francia, 101 gs. (Chippendale); 'The Nativity,' by B. Pinturicchio, a disciple of Perugino, and a friend of Raffaele, 240 gs. (Drax): there is a legend concerning this picture, which says, it was so highly esteemed, that the Florentines carried it through their streets as a banner, at the celebration of the religious festivals of Christmas and Easter.

The tenth day's sale included—'Venus presenting the Armour to Æneas,' N. Poussin, a celebrated picture, engraved by A. Loir, whose early life was cotemporary with the latter years of the painter, 240 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'Cupid, wounded by his own Arrow, complaining to Venus,' a brilliant example of that great colourist, Giorgione, from the Orleans Gallery, and engraved in the work bearing that title, 1250 gs. (Mawson); 'Tarquin and Lucretia,' Titian, formerly in the collection of Charles I. at Whitehall, afterwards sold to the King of Spain, and subsequently carried away from that country by Joseph Buonaparte, 395 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'The Interview between Mahomet II. and the Patriarch Gennadius, at Constantinople,' Gentile Bellini, 131 gs. (Budd and Prior); 'Landscape, with Diana and her Nymphs interrupted by the approach of Actæon,' Titian, 101 gs. (Pearce); 'Virgin and Child,' in a landscape, Francesco Bessolo, 120 gs. (Eckford); 'An Equestrian Portrait of Don Luis de Haro,' with an attendant on foot—considered one of the finest works of Velasquez, 920 gs. (Stoppford); 'The Repose of the Holy Family,' Jan Bellini, 102 gs. (Drax); 'Portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey,' Titian, supposed to have been painted at Arezzo, during the earl's visit to Italy—a fine specimen of the master, 141 gs. (Bennett); 'The Vision of St. Augustine of Canterbury,' Murillo, formerly in the Standish collection, and afterwards in that of the late Mr. Denuistoun, 245 gs. (Sir R. Lechmere); 'View of the Grounds and Chateau of Ryswick, near the Hague,' Van der Heyde and A. Van der Velde, 130 gs. (Bond). The day's sale amounted to 6320*l.*

The eleventh day's sale included—'A Village Fête,' D. Teniers, from Mr. Cave's collection, 250 gs. (Farrer); 'The Virgin seated and holding the Infant Christ in her lap,' Francia, 132 gs. (Chippendale); 'A Triptych,' or altar-piece in three compartments, the centre representing the Saviour about to be placed in the sepulchre, the Virgin and Saints weeping around, Sebastian Del Piombo, 140 gs. (Drax); 'The Virgin' seated, and gazing on her infant, who is seated on her lap, B. Luini, 200 gs. (Scott); 'The Marriage of the Virgin,' P. P. Rubens: a large gallery picture, admirably engraved by S. Bolswert, who is said to have been assisted in the plate by Lauwers, 175 gs. (B. Waldron); 'The Glorification of the Virgin,' by A. Bonvicino, called also Il Moretto, a native of Brescia, and one of Titian's most able disciples, 550 gs. (purchased for the National Gallery): this picture was formerly the altar-piece of the Church of St. Faustino and Juvito, at Brescia, and recently in the collection of Dr. Faccioli, of Verona; 'The Madonna de Foligno,' Raffaele Mengs, 105 gs. (purchased for the Royal Academy of London); 'A group of Portraits,' comprising those of Jeanne la Folle, her daughter, wife of Francis I., and her son, afterwards Charles V., Jan de Mabuse, 190 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Nymphs, Satyrs, and Fauns,' N. Poussin—a fine picture, engraved by Mariette, 300 gs. (Colnaghi); 'A Boar Hunt,' Velasquez, supposed to be the original sketch for the large picture in the National Gallery, and latterly in the collection of Lord Cowley, 310 gs. (Mawson); 'The Holy Family,' P. P. Rubens, engraved by Bolswert, 112 gs. (Isaacs, of Liverpool); 'L'Umana Fragilita,' a poetical composition, one, also, of great beauty and power, by Salvator Rosa: it was formerly in the Ghigi Palace at Rome, 330 gs. (Agnew); 'Portrait of Massacio,' by himself, 103 gs. (purchased for the National Gallery). The proceeds of the day's sale exceeded 5450*l.*

The twelfth day's sale, consisting almost entirely of the works of British artists, attracted a very large assembly of connoisseurs and purchasers to Thirlestane House: this was fully expected by all who knew how rare and valuable a collection of English pictures Lord Northwick had formed. Long before the hour of commencing business every place in the room was occupied, and well was the honour of our school maintained,—the day has been characterized as one "memorable in the annals of the Fine Arts." Without any comment, for which at present we cannot find room, we append a list of the principal pictures disposed of:—'Landscape, with Rocky Scenery,' D. Cox, 81 gs.; 'A Market-Scene—Moonlight,' Van Schendel, a modern Belgian painter, 255 gs. (Eckford); 'A Scene in Norway—Thunderstorm,' A. Leu, also a modern Belgian artist, 115 gs. (Eckford); 'The Mountain Stream,'

T. Creswick, R.A., 350 gs. (Cox); 'The Flight into Egypt,' R. Redgrave, R.A., 350 gs. (Eckford); 'The Fortune-Teller,' Von Holst, 105 gs. (Penner); 'River Scenery, with Cattle,' Hulme and H. B. Willis, 130 gs. (Wallis); 'The Wood-Nymph chanting her Hymn to the Rising Sun,' J. Danby, A.R.A., 360 gs. (Eckford); 'Interior of Westminster Abbey, with the Shrine of Edward the Confessor,' D. Roberts, R.A., 315 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of the Church of St. Jacques, Dieppe,' D. Roberts, R.A., 285 gs. (Agnew); 'The Village Sign-Painter,' A. Fraser, 190 gs. (Isaacs, of Liverpool); 'A Meadow-Scene, with Cattle and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, 455 gs. (Eckford); 'The Quarrel Scene between Buckingham and Wolsey,' S. Hart, R.A., 100 gs. (Lovegrove); 'View on the Nile,' W. Müller, 150 gs. (Wyatt); 'John Knox administering the Sacrament to Mary Queen of Scots,' Bonner, 130 gs. (Wallis); 'Portrait of the Artist's Daughter carrying a Tray of Fruit,' G. Lance, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'View of Athens,' with figures and sheep in the foreground, W. Müller, considered the finest work this artist ever painted, 520 gs. (Agnew); 'Robin Hood and his Foresters,' a scene from "Ivanhoe," D. Macclise, R.A., 1305 gs. (Eckford)—it cost Lord Northwick 500*l.*; 'The Avalanche,' De Louthembourg, 231 gs. (Eckford); 'Cicero's Villa,' R. Wilson, engraved by Woollett, 300 gs. (Farrer); 'Winter Scene,' with cottages, and figures on the ice, W. Müller, 240 gs. (Gambart); 'Sea View—a Fresh Breeze,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 310 gs. (Agnew); 'The Bay of Naples,' W. Müller, 195 gs. (Gambart); 'The Campagna of Rome,' with the story of Diana and Actæon, R. Wilson, 270 gs. (Daubeny); 'The Departure of the Norman Conscript,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 630 gs. (Gambart); 'Columbus and the Egg,' C. R. Leslie, R.A.: the first bid for this picture was 600 gs., it was eventually knocked down to Mr. Rought for 1070 gs.; 'Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Actæon,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., painted expressly for Lord Northwick, who paid 300*l.* for it, 675 gs. (Eckford); 'The Monterone Lake and Borromeo Islands,' G. E. Hering, 195 gs. (Abrahams); 'View of Windsor Castle,' one of the finest examples of the works of Patrick Nasmyth, who painted it expressly for its late owner for the sum of 100*l.*: it was first put up at 400 gs., and finally fell to the offer of Mr. Isaacs for 560 gs.; 'The Messengers bringing to Job Intelligence of his Misfortunes,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1854, 610 gs. (Wallis)—Lord Northwick gave 500*l.* for it; 'The Disgrace of Clarendon,' E. M. Ward, A.R.A., 805 gs. (Agnew): the finished sketch for this picture is in the Vernon Collection, an engraving from it appeared in the *Art-Journal* for 1849—Lord Northwick paid 400*l.* for this painting; 'The Marriage of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, with the Princess Eva,' D. Macclise, R.A., the first bidding for this celebrated work, painted in 1854, was 1000 gs., Mr. Flatow finally secured it for 1710 gs. The amount realized by the day's sale exceeded 16,500*l.* Truly, British Art is in the ascendancy now!

The intervening days between the twelfth and the fifteenth were occupied with the sale of cameos, bronzes, vases &c.; on the fifteenth Mr. Phillips resumed the sale of the pictures: of these we may notice:—'The Holy Family,' with St. Joseph, Mary Magdalen, St. Catherine, and St. Jerome, by Jacopo Palma, 160 gs. (Butler); 'Count D'Égmont,' accompanied by a dog, a fine full-length portrait by A. Cuyp, 300 gs. (Eckford); 'Don Juan of Austria,' in armour, full-length, Velasquez, 130 gs.; 'Tobias and the Angel,' Rembrandt, 175 gs.; 'The Miseries of War,' a grand picture, by P. Wouvermans, representing a landscape occupied by soldiers; the principal group consists of five horsemen, before whom a boy and two women are on their knees, imploring mercy, 1035 gs. (Farrer); 'The Ascension of the Virgin,' with St. John, St. Paul, the Hermit, St. Jerome, and St. Peter, Andrea Sacchi, 200 gs.; 'The Holy Family,' St. John pointing to the Lamb, Jacopo Palma, 120*l.* (Colnaghi); 'Apollo and Daphne,' N. Poussin, 190 gs. (Farrer); 'Virgin and Child,' Francia, 185 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'Mahomet II.,' painted at Constantinople, in 1458, by Bellini, 185 gs. (Eckford). The day's sale realized 5300*l.*

The sixteenth day's sale, on Friday the 19th of August, was exceedingly well attended, as it included several works of a high character by the old masters, and also some exquisite enamels by H. Bone. Of

the former we may specify—"The Holy Family," with the infant St. John holding a cup, Fra Bartolomeo, from the Coesveldt Gallery, 510 gs. (Agnew); 'The Virgin, the infant Christ, St. John, with Mary presenting a chalice,' Titian, 120 gs. (Bourdillon); 'Dance of Sylvan Nymphs,' Gaspar de Crayer, formerly in the Le Brun Gallery, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'The Virgin supporting the infant Christ, who is seated before her on a rock,' Leonardo da Vinci, 136 gs. (Sir T. Phillips); 'Landscape,' with full-length portraits of Pierre Both, the first governor of Batavia, and his wife, attended by a negro, the Dutch Fleet and the coast of Java in the distance—a very fine picture by A. Cuypp, 920 gs. (Agnew); 'A Group of Flowers' in a case, with bird's nest and young birds, and a 'Group of Fruits and Flowers,' with bird's nest, eggs, and a mouse, Van Os, 186 gs. (Agnew); 'The Meeting of David and Abigail,' A. Cuypp, 280 gs. (Abrahams).

Enamels, on copper, by H. Bone:—"The Holy Family," after Raffaele, 180 gs. (Scott); 'Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk,' after Holbein, 110 gs. (Agnew); 'The Earls of Bedford and Bristol,' after Van Dyck, 151 gs. (Agnew); 'Lady Jane Grey,' after Holbein, 120 gs. (Agnew); 'Lady Hamilton, as Ariadne,' from the picture by Madame Le Brun; this exquisite enamel, mentioned in the "Memoirs of Lord Nelson," is one of the finest Boue ever executed; it was painted expressly for Sir William Hamilton, and bequeathed by him to Nelson: it cost Lord Northwick 170 gs.: after much competition between Messrs. Agnew, Grundy, and Mawson, it was knocked down to the latter for 700 gs.! The sale on this day realized 6100/.

The remainder of the pictures, those that are hung in the principal Gallery at Thirlestane House, and those removed from Northwick Park, will not be sold before our sheets must be in the hands of the printer: we are therefore compelled to postpone our notice of these till next month.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS WYATT.

We received intelligence some time since, but too late for the insertion of any notice in our last number, of the death of this artist, a portrait painter of considerable reputation in the midland counties of England: he died at Lichfield, on the 7th of July, after a long and painful illness, which, for the last four or five years of his life, rendered him quite unable to follow his profession; and as the result, he has, we regret to know, left a widow and young boy totally unprovided for.

Mr. Wyatt—with his younger brother, Henry, whose picture of "The Fair Sleeper" is in the Vernon Collection—was a student in the Royal Academy, and when the latter left the service of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the two brothers went to Birmingham, thence to Liverpool, and finally to Manchester, where death separated them. While residing in Birmingham, the portraits of Thomas Wyatt were much admired, and he gained so much respect from the artists of the place that they elected him secretary to the Birmingham Society of Artists, which position he occupied for some time after this society became united with the Birmingham Institute.

Shortly after the death of his brother, the subject of this notice was induced, by the novelty and success of Mr. Talbot's process of photography, to pay that gentleman a sum of money for the sole right of practising the art in Manchester and the surrounding locality: it proved to him, however, a most unfortunate speculation, as it led him to neglect his profession, and was the means of involving him in expenses for which he received no adequate return. After struggling on a few years, he came into the possession of a legacy of a few hundred pounds, bequeathed to him by one of his Birmingham friends; but his enthusiasm on the subject of photography was so great, that he continued his experiments till all his newly-acquired property was frittered away in the undertakings: this failure, combined with the partial loss of his sight, compelled him to relinquish the matter altogether: he removed to Lichfield, in the neighbourhood of which he was born, and recommenced portrait

painting. Two or three commissions only were executed when he was attacked by paralysis, and from that period till his death—nearly five years—he became entirely dependent upon the devoted attention of his wife and the pecuniary assistance of their friends.

We have written this statement chiefly with the object of directing the attention of those who are benevolently disposed, and have the means of affording aid, to the case of the widow and her fatherless child. Mrs. Wyatt is, we are credibly informed, so debilitated by incessant watching and exertion, that it is more than probable she will never be able fully to recover her former powers either of body or mind: the case is one deserving commiseration and assistance.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The usual distribution of decorations took place, on the 15th of July, at the close of the Exhibition. The ceremony was presided over by the Minister of State: one artist, M. Muller, historical painter, received the decoration of *Officier* of the Legion of Honour, and nineteen painters, sculptors, engravers, &c., that of *Chevalier*.—A week later prizes in the lottery were drawn: the scheme consisted of 200,000 tickets, 155,200 of which had been placed at 1 franc each, to which sum was added the usual contribution of the government; the committee was thus enabled to purchase 124 paintings.—The alcoves in the square of the Louvre are continually receiving new statues, destined for the decoration of that building; a "Praxiteles," by Badiou de la Tronchère, a figure called "Homeride," by Lebourg, and a "Perseus," have been lately exhibited; they are but mediocre productions.—The Academy of Fine Arts has chosen M. G. Kastner as free academicien in place of M. Turpin de Crissé, deceased.—The works of Ary Scheffer continue to attract numerous visitors; it is expected to produce 80,000 or 90,000 francs.—The decoration of churches affords opportunities, not met with elsewhere, to many painters to produce inferior Art, religious feeling being little understood by the present generation of artists generally: M. Richomme has just finished a chapel at St. Severin, and M. Mollez is busy on a chapel at St. Sulpice.—A new method of removing oil pictures from their old canvas or panels has been invented by M. Dupont, which, to judge from the experiments made before some of our first artists, appears to be successful: a chemical agent is used which destroys the panel or canvas, but does not touch the painting.

DRESDEN.—It is reported that Professor Rietschel proposes to exhibit in London next year the model of his monument to Luther, a detailed description of which we gave in a recent number of the *Art-Journal*. One object sought to be obtained by the exhibition of the work in London is the collection of funds to complete it, £2000 being still required for the purpose; and it is presumed that a portion of this sum, at least, may be expected from a community where the name of the great Protestant reformer is held in such high veneration.

ROUEN.—The Exhibition of Industrial Art, or, as it is there termed, "The Rouen Exposition Regionale," was inaugurated on the 1st of July, though many of the expected contributions had not then been received. It is almost entirely of a local character; that is, made up of manufactures carried on in the department of Rouen, including Lille, Valenciennes, Cambrai, and St. Quentin. Machinery of very varied kind seems to constitute its leading features, but the show of ornamental iron-work and of glass is large and of a good order.

HALLE.—The statue of Handel, which has been erected at Halle, the native city of the great composer, was uncovered on the 1st of July. It is in bronze, and 10 feet in height, and stands upon a pedestal of marble raised upon granite steps. The composer is represented in the costume of his time, leaning on the music-desk, on which lies the score of the *Messiah*. In his right hand he holds a roll of music. In front of the pedestal is inscribed in characters of gold the name of "Handel." On the opposite side are the words, "Erected by his admirers in Germany and England in the year 1859."

COPENHAGEN.—The statues and other sculptures left unfinished by Thorwaldsen are at length in a fair way towards completion. The municipality of Copenhagen has voted an annual sum, to be raised during six successive years, for the purpose. Bissen, the sculptor, has undertaken gratuitously the direction of the works.

MATERNAL LOVE.

FROM THE GROUP BY E. B. STEPHENS.

A LIVING sculptor, writing about his art, says,— "In looking at Nature, the eye never questions the correctness or possibility of any of her forms. Reason satisfies us, without effort, of their truth, if not always of their beauty; where the mind can see and comprehend the position or action of a part, it takes the rest for granted, and acknowledges at once the presence of the whole. Not so, however, in Art; here the eye, conscious that it is looking on the work of human hands, liable to error, becomes suspicious, and everything must in consequence be so defined as to leave little or nothing to imagination, and satisfy it, not only of the completeness as a whole, but of the proper proportion of each distinct part." And elsewhere he remarks,— "Whatever may be the grandeur or beauty of the original thought or conception, the artist has to labour hard before he can make himself master of the means whereby properly to express it; he has not only to obtain for himself by practice the power of imitating with his hand the impressions which his eye receives—in itself a difficult task—but he has moreover to make himself acquainted with the anatomical construction of the human form; that, while he sees, he may at the same time understand, the almost innumerable changes that take place within it; and he has again to study intently the physiology of nature, in order to be able to distinguish and select from her such phases as are most characteristic and appropriate for his intended purpose. When the sculptor has gained this knowledge and power of imitation, he may be said to have learned the language in which he has to speak; then, if he have but genius, he will not fail to give the impress of it to his work; and convert the cold, passionless mass of his material into a tangible and ostensible thought," &c.*

In these passages, written by one who both in theory and practice can testify to their truth, we gain an insight into the difficulties with which the sculptor has to contend, especially in the treatment of an ideal work, like that which is here engraved: for the perfection of sculpture is not merely the imitation of nature, however beautiful or noble in form; it is not intended to deceive the eye into the belief that we are gazing on a living being, a creature that can move or speak; it is rather suggestive than imitative, the vehicle of thoughts which have, or ought to have, a higher tendency than the material, however exquisitely wrought, that stands before us. The object for which the artist works is to produce in us a feeling in unison with that he has endeavoured to personify or embody, or at least, in some degree of sympathy with it. This is much more easily effected by the representation of any of the domestic virtues, such as "maternal love," for example, than by that of any ideal characteristic, as innocence, peace, love, &c., of which we wrote when referring to Mr. Noble's statue of "Purity," in a recent number. And yet it is not an easy task to give a new rendering to such a subject as "Maternal Love;" that adopted by Mr. Stephens is one which both painters and sculptors have frequently employed; and while it is perfectly true to nature, it is also one that admits of picturesque and graceful treatment, and these qualities are seen respectively in the composition of the group, and in the attitude of the mother. We doubt, however, whether the arrangement of the drapery can be justified by the laws either of Art or Nature: a garment that fits so closely to the upper portion of the figure would scarcely have so much fulness as to produce the ample folds which surround the lower portion; moreover, the lines of these folds are apt to withdraw the eye from the repose which characterises the upper part: we should prefer to have had this nude rather than draped as it is in the statue.

Mr. Stephens has executed several works which test his merits as a sculptor of power and imagination: we have not forgotten his "Deer-Stalker," his "Satan whispering in the Ear of Eve," nor his "Michael, the Conqueror of Satan," all in the Great Exhibition; and others we could point to.

* Prize Treatise on the Fine Arts Section of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Submitted to the Society of Arts in competition for their Medal. By Henry Weekes, A.R.A.



MATERNAL LOVE.

SCULPTURE BY MISS BOWEN FROM THE GROUP BY M. S. MERRILL

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 4th of August a lengthy discussion on Art arose in the House of Commons, *appropos* of a vote of £2000 for the National Portrait Gallery. On the proposal of the vote, Mr. Spooner immediately rose and moved that the grant be disallowed, on the assumption that the House of Commons had *no right to expend public money in buying pictures*. The discussion that ensued elicited, on the part of members, the most lamentable ignorance of Art and its purposes; showing, as on many other questions, that persons least qualified to pronounce opinions are the most ready for discussion. If any member be infected with an Art-crotchet, no matter how remote from the particular subject before the house, he must deliver himself of his one sentiment, with a declaration of which he has opened his bosom to the house already fifty times. In reference to the Portrait Gallery, the grievance of one is, that there are officers of the National Gallery drawing suitable salaries; another jokes about a portrait of Lord Nelson in a field-marshal's uniform; a third hints that the Portrait Gallery is a hobby with the house, because every member hopes at some time to be hung there among the British worthies. Of such profundity was the opposition offered to the vote, which, nevertheless, passed, the amendment being negatived by a majority of 106.

We have from the first regarded this Portrait Gallery not so much a pictorial divertimento as a valuable adjunct to all our literature directly and indirectly historical. It is the cheapest "Walhalla" we can have, and we do not envy the man who can enter the rooms in George Street, even with their present insufficient catalogue, and withdraw thence without saluting, with some reverential emotion, some of the canvases, and acknowledging a debt to the men whose names they bear. In this institution we look forward to a collection of portraits which must be interesting to men who have no tastes for pictorial Art. If he who writes history be not desirous of seeing all that may be left of the manner of men with whom he deals, his amalgam is not that which will produce an entertaining book,—he will never place his *historia personæ* so vividly before his readers as to inspire them with a wish to see them as done from the life. Lord Palmerston, by the way, in his able advocacy of the vote, took this view of the institution. "With regard," he said, "to the vote, there might be some ground for opposition to it if this were a new question; but it has been frequently considered, and Parliament has thought it would be advisable to incur annually a very moderate expense, not in collecting works of Art, or in forming a school of Art, but in purchasing the portraits of those persons who have signally figured in our history. It is most interesting, after persons have been reading about the exploits of some eminent man, to be able afterwards to realize the man by seeing his portrait. As somebody has said, in reading that Caesar conquered Pompey all you know is, that Caesar was one man and Pompey another. But it is highly interesting and instructive, after reading about Cromwell, or any other historical character, to see before you the most faithful representation of his person that can be obtained."

We know of but one other collection at all similar to ours—that in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence. The portraits are those of painters, not only of Italy, but of all countries; and the lover of Art dwells longer in those rooms than in Santa Croce, or the richest chapels of St. Peter's.

It was Sir John Shelley who ventured his joke about Nelson in a red coat being offered to the institution. Had the authorities purchased a portrait of Nelson in a red coat there might then have been some ground of complaint; but the honourable member forgets that such an institution is open to all kinds of proposals, of which those that are manifestly absurd cannot be charged against the institution, its officers, or the government by which it was established and is supported. We have seen a so-called portrait of Cromwell in tights and Hessians, the owner of which was with great difficulty dissuaded from offering it for purchase to the authorities of the Gallery.

We are, like other nations, celebrating our best

men in bronze and marble, but it is very clear that there are many worthy of being remembered to whom we cannot erect statues, nor is it fitting that all whom we bear in affectionate remembrance should be thus commemorated. But it is not too much to desire that those who may have materially assisted in the promotion of the public well-being should be named in the catalogue of that collection. The homage costs little, but the tribute is nevertheless graceful. And there are men in the House of Commons who have not patriotism enough thus far to do honour to their distinguished countrymen. Mr. Couingham says that all who know anything about Art vote with him; these gentlemen he therefore claims as a tail. With respect to their knowledge of Art, they offer us no opportunity of judging, as they usually vote against all Art-institutions, without one opposite observation on Art itself.

The vote for the Portrait Gallery having been disposed of, another, of £2000, was put for the purchase of Sir George Hayter's picture representing the moving of the address to the Crown on the opening of the first reformed Parliament, in the House of Commons, in 1833. Mr. Spooner asked for an explanation of this vote, observing that two votes had already been passed for the purchase of pictures, one on account of the National Gallery, the other on that of the Portrait Gallery. When, in reply to a direct question put by Mr. Spooner, it was elicited from the Chancellor of the Exchequer that the picture had already been paid for, Mr. Spooner proceeded to observe that the whole affair was not a little extraordinary; he wished to know what was to be done with it; it could not be placed in the Portrait Gallery, because, according to a standing rule of that institution, the portraits of living persons could not be placed there. There was, therefore, no room of which he was aware wherein to put it, and he could not help thinking, therefore, that expense had been incurred in a most unconstitutional manner to no purpose. In reply to a question from Mr. Deedes, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that many of those members of the House of Commons who had sat to Sir George Hayter, had paid specified sums, in return for which they had received a kind of sketch-portrait, but that the artist had been by no means repaid for the labour he had expended on the composition of his picture, and he believed that a considerable number of the members of the House of Commons had signed a requisition recommending that the picture should be purchased. Thus the transaction had advanced, and he could perfectly well understand the desire of the late government to purchase the picture, on account of its historic importance. The picture was an elaborate one, and he did not think £2000 was too large a sum to pay for the labour which had been expended upon it, although it was somewhat open to objection that the committee should be called upon to pay that amount in the shape of an *ex post facto* vote. When the committee divided, the numbers for and against the vote were equal, being eighty-two on each side, but the chairman gave the casting vote in favour of the purchase, whereby the picture becomes national property.

Art has of late occupied much time in the house, from the very loose way in which the questions are treated. On the proposal of a vote of £9988, for the cost of constructing seven fire-proof rooms adjoining the Sheepshanks Gallery, at South Kensington, to receive the Vernon, Turner, and other pictures belonging to the National Gallery, and of a separate entrance thereto, Mr. Coningham very appropriately asks the intention of Government with respect to the National Gallery. In reference to the same vote, Lord Elcho suggested that inquiry should be made as to whether the Royal Academy was a school of Art for the instruction of artists, and whether its honours were freely open to all artists of Great Britain, and this suggestion was received with many a "hear, hear," as an idea novel and ingenious. Mr. Ayrton said, "it was proposed to remove the Royal Academy to Burlington Arcade;" but how the multifarious adaptations are to be effected, the honourable member does not explain: and again, Mr. Couingham feared that the magnificent and spacious building which the Royal Academy would possess would injuriously affect the competing societies in Suffolk Street and elsewhere, and suggested that the Royal Academy should erect

a temporary building, and vacate the National Gallery at once. The discussion proceeded, with many objections, to the vote, and also to the erection of the buildings at Kensington. In reply to various questions more or less beside the subject, Lord J. Manners said that it was a settled point that the National Gallery was to remain in Trafalgar Square. On behalf of every department of the late government, he broadly and emphatically denied that there was any intention of placing these pictures permanently at Kensington: they were merely to be placed there as a temporary convenience, and because it was absolutely necessary they should be placed somewhere where they would be safe from fire and injury. There is nothing in the vote to show that the proposed erections were to be merely temporary; yet several members advocated the erection of the rooms within the grounds of Burlington House, though in the course of a year or two they must be removed. It were better, therefore, that they should be placed where they may be permitted to remain, and ultimately serve some other useful public purpose. The vote was passed by a majority of forty-three: but it is painful to see with how little of either taste or knowledge Art-matters are entertained in Parliament. Never is any question of Art discussed on its own merits—each member has a crotchet of his own which exclusively prompts him to observations utterly irrelevant to the subject. It is, however, gratifying to see that there is in the house a majority impressed with a conviction that the cause of Art should be advanced.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland held its annual meeting in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh, on July 23rd, the Lord Provost presiding. We learn from the report, read at the meeting, that since the formation of the association, twenty-five years ago, £106,000 have been expended in the purchase of paintings and sculpture, pictures for the National Gallery, and engravings and illustrated works for the members of the association. The amount subscribed during the past year is £4476. The committee has purchased, at a cost of £2260, sixty-three works of Art, recently exhibited by the Royal Scottish Academy, consisting of fifty-seven paintings, four water-colour drawings, and two pieces of sculpture. Mr. George Harvey has placed in the hands of the Association, for engraving, and for the copyright of which he has been paid £200, five paintings illustrative of the song "Auld Lang Syne;" and arrangements have been made with Mr. J. N. Paton, R.S.A., for six oil paintings (to cost £600), in illustration of the Border ballad, "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow." The report was unanimously adopted, and the prizes were then distributed.—It is stated in some of the local papers that the directors of the Edinburgh Royal Institution have purchased from Sir Culling Eardley, for the sum of £500, the picture, by Paul Veronese, of "Mars and Venus," in order to place it in the Scottish National Gallery.

DURHAM.—At the last distribution of prizes to the students of the Durham School of Art, medals were awarded to Miss J. Hays, Miss Jessie Wright, Miss R. F. Quelch, W. Bentham, and J. Thornton. Miss Hays's drawings of wild flowers, and Miss Quelch's designs for muslins, were especially selected by the Government for the annual competitions of the pupils in all our schools.

BIRMINGHAM.—The committee upon which has devolved the duty of selecting a subject as a memorial of the late David Cox has fixed upon a bust, which Mr. Peter Hollins is commissioned to execute.

WROXETER.—The discoveries recently made at Wroxeter (the Roman Uriconium), near Shrewsbury, to which we alluded last month, have excited so much interest that measures have been taken for continuing the researches throughout the summer. A portion of the ground has been rented, and subscriptions received from other than local quarters, the Society of Antiquaries heading the list with a grant of £50. A Metropolitan Committee has been formed, embracing the names of Lord Stanhope as president, and many noblemen and gentlemen remarkable for their interest in antiquarian research. The articles exhumed are all placed in the Shrewsbury Museum.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THIS year the show of prizes in Suffolk Street is thinner than we remember for many years, reminding us rather of the infancy of the institution than of its popular maturity. The subscription was, we believe, large, but the sum set apart for the purchase of pictures appears, according to the catalogue, to be 2680*l.*; thus accounting for the paucity of the prizes, of which the highest is 200*l.*, the second 150*l.*, the third 100*l.*, three of 75*l.*, three of 60*l.*, and the remaining numbers descend to the lowest prizes in the scale. The highest is 'Morning on the Lago Maggiore,' by G. E. Hering, selected from the Academy; the price of the picture being 170*l.*, 80*l.* return to the exchequer of the society. The prize of 150*l.* is a picture, by Horlor, entitled 'Highland Sport,' from the Royal Academy; the prominent feature of the composition is a leash of sporting dogs, the painting of which is very successful. The third prize is 'Ophelia,' by A. Ercole, a foreign artist—a life-sized figure, which told with good effect in the Royal Academy. The draperies and all the circumstances of the composition have been very carefully studied. The face is too visionary, but a little strengthening of the shades would remedy this; it is, however, the most sensible version of the character we have seen of late. Of 75*l.* there is 'The Rock Quarry,' by Tennant, exhibited in Suffolk Street; and, secondly, 'The Blackpool, on the Lleder,' by J. Pettitt—a work remarkable for the patient elaboration with which it has been worked out; the third being Corbould's 'Bold and Bashful,' from the exhibition of the New Water-Colour Society. One of 60*l.* is 'Milton visiting Galileo in the Prisons of the Inquisition,' by E. Crowe; a work of some pretension, but not without certain of the faults of the hard school of painting. Another 60*l.* prize is 'Castilian Almshousing,' by J. Burgess; a picture apparently painted in Spain—the figures being in character and costume strictly national. A third of 60*l.* is 'The Way to the Mill,' H. J. Bodington; a work strikingly real in its local detail. We observe in the catalogue 'Sardis,' by Harry Johnson; an admirable picture, which was exhibited at the British Institution. It stands in this catalogue without a price, and is marked "unappropriated;" whence it cannot be understood whether the picture has been selected by a prizholder or not. The prizes being so much less numerous than on preceding occasions, pictures of merit are accordingly limited in number; there are, however, in the selection some small works of much excellence—as 'A Breezy Day on the Thames,' E. C. Williams; 'A Peaceful Nook,' W. W. Gosling; 'Farm Yard—The Pet Team,' J. F. Herring and A. F. Rolfe; 'Camelias,' Miss Mutrie; 'Repose,' G. A. Williams; 'Glengarriff, Ireland,' G. A. Shalders; 'The River Skerne, near Darlington,' J. Peel; 'Good News,' J. Henzell; 'A Study at Bettws-y-Coed,' Vicat Cole; 'The Mother's Hope,' J. W. Haynes; 'Little Headrigg,' T. Mogford; 'Harvest Time—Evening,' G. A. Williams; 'Beatrice listening in the Bower,' A. J. Woolmer; 'Whitby, from Uppang,' E. Niemann; 'Near Reigate, Surrey,' S. R. Percy; 'Cawdor Castle,' H. Jutsum; 'Pilot Boat off Mount Orgueil, Jersey,' W. E. Bates; 'Summer,' S. R. Percy; 'A Storm on the Hills,' T. F. Wainwright; 'Idlers,' Charles Dukes; 'Wait Awhile,' A. Provis; 'Too Hot,' C. Rossiter; 'Child's-play among the Rushes,' F. W. Hulme; 'Children Nut-gathering,' E. J. Cobbett; 'The Tranquil Stream,' H. B. Gray; 'Sea-Coast,' F. Underhill; 'A Roadside, Albury, Surrey,' Vicat Cole, &c. The number of water-colour drawings selected is twenty-one, among which are 'Preaching in the Crypt,' George Dodgson; 'At Red Hill,' C. Davidson; and others, by W. C. Smyth, J. W. Wbympier, J. Callow, F. Smallfield, &c., &c. The catalogues of this year are illustrated, a woodcut occupying the page; the subjects are 'The Mother's Hope,' by Haynes; 'Good News,' by Henzell, and 'Rain on the Fair-day,' by Lidderdale.

The meagreness of this year's catalogue, in comparison with those that have preceded it, impresses at once the visitor on entering the rooms; and the fact of the expenditure of only about 2700*l.* in pictures, out of a gross year's receipts of 15,210*l.*, has excited the attention of a numerous body of the profession in so far seriously, that, in reference to the subject, and especially with the view of forming a new Art-

Union, a meeting has been held in the great room at No. 7 in the Haymarket. Since the establishment of the Art-Union, the receipts of 1859 have been exceeded by those only of three years of the entire term—these are, 1845, when the subscriptions were 15,440*l.*; 1846, with subscriptions amounting to 16,979*l.*; and 1847, with a list amounting to 17,871*l.*; the disbursements for prizes being for these years respectively, 10,300*l.*, 10,730*l.*, and 11,820*l.* It is, therefore, a natural consequence, that at least surprise and inquiry should result from the declaration of such a disparity between purchases and subscriptions. We have, year by year, complaints of mismanagement against the Art-Union, but this year the ground of such complaint seems so clear, that it is most difficult to reconcile the fact of the expenditure of only 2700*l.* in pictures, out of 15,210*l.* collected, according to the circular of the society, with a view to "promote the knowledge and love of the fine arts, and their general advancement in the British empire, by a wide diffusion of the works of native artists; and to elevate Art, and encourage its professors, by creating an increased demand for their works, &c." That the authorities of the Art-Union have been sincere in their labours cannot be questioned, nor can it be doubted that they have conferred a large measure of benefit on rising and struggling members of the profession. That this aid has been extended too indiscriminately, is urged against them as one of the faults of their system, for they have helped into mediocrity many painters who, but for them, might have adopted other vocations, for which, at least, their talent had not been questioned. During the three years to which we have referred above, the largest sum expended in prints was 4060*l.*, with 10,730*l.* as the "amount of prizes;" while the report for the past year gives the enormous sum of 6980*l.* for prints. Hence arises the question—Whence this unprecedented augmentation? All that we can learn is, that for the plate, "Life at the Sea-side," 4000*l.* have been given, of which the engraver received but 1000*l.*; this cannot be regarded otherwise than a waste of the funds. But then the society is irresponsible, the council give their time and attendance for nothing; theirs is a fluctuating constituency, scattered to the four winds of heaven, and content to receive their respective allotments, whatever they may be. The proper time for either giving or asking information on the subject of the unprecedented disproportion, would have been at the general meeting.

At the meeting above mentioned, Mr. Hurlstone, President of the Society of British Artists, was in the chair; and he, having explained the purposes of the convention, concluded his discourse by a proposal to address a remonstrance to the council of the Art-Union; but this motion was set aside by the adoption of a resolution for the formation of a *new Art-Union*, the subscriptions to be limited to half-a-guinea, and the sum subscribed, as far as possible, to be set aside solely for the purchase of pictures. The meeting was called by a committee, of which Mr. Roberts, the secretary of the Society of British Artists, and Mr. Bell Smith, secretary of the National Institution, were the honorary secretaries.

We shall rejoice to aid any plan that has for its objects the promotion of Art, and the benefit of artists; but we can by no means give unqualified support to this "new" project. It is not likely to succeed: artists generally are ill-calculated to conduct an affair of "business;" and the machinery for such an institution must be the growth of time. The "new" body have not, and are not likely to have, associated with them any of the leading members of the profession. Many other reasons occur to suggest strong doubts of their success; neither do we think the opposition comes with a good grace from the artists. A number of gentlemen have been labouring upwards of twenty years to forward the interests of Art and artists; they have done so, albeit some serious mistakes have been committed. Their labour has been without profit, without honour, and, it would seem, without gratitude, as recompenses from those who have been served—a miserable return indeed for so long a period of thought, toil, and time. Alas! for poor human nature, how few, after all, of those who have sown the seed, gather in the harvest! We are not of those who envy the feelings of the party assembled in "the large room of the Haymarket."

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Sir Robert Smirke, one of the oldest members of the Royal Academy, has voluntarily resigned the position he has for a very long period held as Academician, with honour to himself and advantage to the associated body with which he has been connected: by this act Sir Robert has earned for himself still higher respect than any hitherto paid him, either by the profession or the public. He has set an example which, we trust, will not be lost upon others who either now are, or at any future time may be, incapacitated by age or other circumstances, from assisting in the proceedings of the society—proceedings that most frequently require energy, activity, and a sacrifice of valuable time, not from a few only, but from the whole united body. We believe that Sir Robert Smirke, as well as some other members, has endeavoured to introduce into the Academy a measure which would meet the requirements of cases like his own, without depriving the retiring member of the privilege of placing those magical letters, *R.A.*, behind his name: he has failed, however, to carry his point, and has, therefore, done the only thing he could do in support of the principles he advocates, withdrawn himself from those whom he was unable to bring over to his way of thinking. There are now two vacancies in the ranks of the "Forty;" the other was occasioned by the death of Mr. Leslie: when these are filled up, there will also be two vacancies among the associates: their successors in both class we do not undertake to predict.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Teachers wishing to attend the examinations of the Science and Art Department in Practical and Descriptive Geometry, with Mechanical and Machine Drawing, and Building Construction, Physics, Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy (applied to mining), Natural History, for the purpose of obtaining augmentation grants to their salaries (under the Science Minute of the 2nd June, 1859), must send their names, addresses, and present occupation, to the secretary of the department, South Kensington, on or before the 31st October, 1859. The examinations will be held in the metropolis in the last week of November. Certificates of three grades will be granted in each subject, giving the holder an augmentation grant of £10, £15, or £20 a year on each certificate while giving instruction to a class of operatives in that subject. These payments will be in addition to the value of any certificates of competency for giving primary instruction should the teacher have already obtained any such from the Committee of Council on Education.

THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM has on loan from Mr. Gurney twelve pictures, the most remarkable being Dubufe's portrait of Rosa Bonheur, already well known by the engraving; there is also a very good landscape by Linnell; an angling stream by Creswick; an Italian lake by Hering; "the Benediction," by Webster; a group of fruit by Lance; what may be considered as a "combination picture," a young country girl's first glimpse at London, the landscape by Creswick, the figure by Frith, and the dog by Ansdell; and two views in Egypt by Frère, a French artist. We shall be glad to record the increase of such loans.

THE "1861" EXHIBITION.—There is reason to believe that the arrangements for the great international exhibition will be resumed, peace having been once again—and, it is to be hoped, with a prospect of permanence—restored to Europe. Possibly the affair may "come off" in 1862; there is no peculiar magic in the date 1861, that such a change may not be salutary. At all events, we trust the committee will resume their task; the "guarantees" were understood to be sufficient; and if there be, as we believe there will be, a right exercise of zeal and energy, with judgment and experience, there need be no fear of a successful issue.

MR. MACLISE, R.A., has been presented by a number of his brother-artists, both in and out of the Academy, with a handsome gold port-crayon, in testimony of their admiration of his great cartoon of Wellington and Blucher. This is a graceful and becoming compliment; such as it rarely falls to the lot of a public writer to record. There are rumours

afloat that two of the most conspicuous members of the Royal Academy refused to join in the tribute; their names, indeed, have been in print. We prefer to believe the rumour groundless, for it is hard to believe it possible. At all events, Maclise has, by this work—his latest and his greatest—raised his fame far beyond the reach of envy.

FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Our contemporary, the *Critic*, who is usually most correct in his reports of Art-matters, states that Mr. Herbert is to receive the enormous sum of £9000 for his fresco to be executed for the walls of the royal gallery of the houses of parliament; the subject chosen is "Justice on Earth, and its Development in Law and Judgment." Surely the above sum is a mistake; or, if true, there seems little "justice" in paying Mr. Herbert more than nine times as much, we believe, as some other artists of equal rank have received for their works.

AN EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART by British amateur artists is, it is reported, to be opened early in the ensuing year, for the benefit of the "Home for Young Women engaged as Day-workers," an institution founded about four years since, by some ladies of distinction and benevolent character. We do not at present know where the exhibition will take place.

THE BARON MAROCHETTI has received another parliamentary grant—a sum of £1650—to enable him, we presume, to complete his statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, and to pay for a pedestal for the same. We shall take an early opportunity of inquiring into the matter: meanwhile our contemporary, the *Critic*, suggests that parliament should grant to the baron an annual sum—say £2000 or £3000—and take whatever the baron is pleased to give the country in return.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—The council of this Art-union presented their first report to their subscribers on the 28th of July last, on which day also the first drawing for the prizes took place at the Crystal Palace. The sum subscribed since the establishment of the institution, in January last, amounted to nearly £5000, of which upwards of £1400 was appropriated to the purchase of the prizes. The report does not specify in what proportions the remainder of the income of the society has been applied to meet the cost of the presentation works, and to the working expenses, including all payments to the Crystal Palace Company. Such an omission is a serious imperfection in the report, and more particularly since an opinion is prevalent that the directors of the Crystal Palace Company have made arrangements, with reference to this Art-union, that are very advantageous to themselves. Such an impression is calculated most seriously to check the progress of the Art-union. The prizes comprised six pictures, and one drawing in water-colours, including a gem by E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., another by Miss Mutrie, and a large work by Louis Haghe, with various works in metal, ceramic statuary, porcelain, glass, and terra-cotta, and some sets of photographs of the Crystal Palace. They are all of a satisfactory character, and we understand that, in common with the presentation works, they have been highly approved by the subscribers. In their report the council congratulate the subscribers upon the success that has already attended their efforts, and they hold out hopes of much greater things in time to come. They also most justly express their high sense of the valuable services of their able secretary and superintendent, Mr. Thomas Battam, F.S.A. We shall heartily rejoice to see this Art-union as successful as the council can desire; but, at the same time, without any reserve, we declare our conviction that its success will prove to be in inverse proportion to its connection with the Crystal Palace—that is, so long as the Crystal Palace, as an institution supposed to exert any influence upon Art, continues under its present direction and management. Let the council strengthen the hands of Mr. Battam in every possible way, and let them shake off, as far as possible, existing Crystal Palace influences, and thus they may anticipate, with some degree of well-grounded confidence, the realization of their "conviction" that their Art-union "will prove to be a highly important medium for diffusing and cultivating a pure taste in Art."

THE PICTURES BY MADemoiselle HENRIETTE BROWN, which are now at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, were removed thither from the Exhi-

bition in the Champs Elysées; the principal work, "The Sisters of Mercy," hung with other Art-Union prizes at the top of the staircase on entering the galleries, having fallen to the lot of a subscriber of one franc, the actual value of the picture being 20,000 francs. It contains three figures—two sisters of mercy, and their patient, a sick child, that is supported in the lap of the more prominent of the two sisters, while the other is mixing a draught in a mortar. The beauty of the picture is its captivating simplicity; the dispositions are most effective, without appearing in the slightest degree artificial. The painting of the face of the seated figure is a masterpiece of Art; presented under the amplitude of the linen head-dress, the features are lighted by reflection, and the lighting and the brilliant transparency of the face are triumphs of a character that are very rarely accomplished. No. 2, "Puritan Maidens reading the Scriptures," another rather large picture, is distinguished especially by its realistic simplicity; it is the property of the Empress Eugenie. The other works are small: they are called, "The Hospital Laboratory;" "The Toilet;" "The Nurse;" and "The Portrait;" the last being a portrait of Mademoiselle Brown's father—an elderly gentleman of the real John Bull type. The smaller pictures are painted on a fine ticken, of which the sharp-threaded texture plays an important part in assisting the painter to that indefinite and facile manner, that is a characteristic of the French school. Mademoiselle Brown was a pupil of Chaplin, and has gained two medals.

There is exhibited at No. 20, Pall Mall, a variety of sketches, by Madame Bodichon, of scenery in Africa and America. Among the subjects there are a "View of the Little Atlas and the Metidja, from the Telegraph Hill, near Algiers;" "View of Algiers from Mustapha Supérieur;" "Valley of the Hydra, near Algiers—Morning in December;" "Acanthus Leaves," &c.: the sketches are spirited and ambitious; they are in number thirty-four.

PICTURES BY RICHARD WILSON.—At a sale on August 1st, of the library and pictures of the late Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart., some capital pictures by Richard Wilson were offered: three of them were sold to Mr. Gillott, the well-known collector of Birmingham; namely, a 'View of Cylgerran Castle,' for 300*l.*, and two small cabinet pictures for 100*l.* each. For two others, of greater importance, a 'View of Snowdon,' and 'Pembroke Castle,' 470*l.* each were bid, but the auctioneer, Mr. Dew, of Bangor, having a reserved price of 500*l.* upon each, they were bought in.

THE STATUE OF KING WILLIAM, of "pious memory," standing on College Green, Dublin, will shortly surmount a drinking-fountain; preparations are being made for inserting, on the western side of the pedestal on which the figure stands, one of these invaluable public blessings. The *Dublin Evening Post* says, in reference to it:—"For upwards of a century and a half much liquid has been consumed to the 'memory' of King William. The material thus imbibed, however, has been generally of a quality much stronger than water, and has been limited to the more ultra portion of our countrymen. Henceforward the libations under the shadow of King William will be confined to pure water, and will be partaken of by her Majesty's subjects without distinction of political opinions."

THE FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, at Cambridge, will shortly receive an addition of the picture of "The Salvation of the Virgin," by Manzuoli di San Friano, a Florentine painter of the sixteenth century, known among connoisseurs generally by the name of Manzuoli only. The painting, which was recently exhibited at the British Institution, has been presented to the University by Mr. H. T. Hope.

BOOKBINDING.—One of the most beautiful specimens of modern bookbinding, combining richness with elegance, which has recently come under our notice, is a copy of a translation, by Professor Williams, of the eastern poem of Sakoonalá. The book is from the press of a provincial printer, Mr. S. Austin, of Hertford, and is in itself a fine example of typographic art; one that would confer renown on any printing establishment of Europe. The binder is a foreigner, long resident in London, Mr. Zaensdorff, of Catherine Street, Strand, but the work is executed by Englishmen, from his designs and under his superintendence. The ground of

the binding is a rich brown morocco, inlaid with vellum: in the centre of the cover, which is sunk, is a chequered pattern of vellum, lozenge-shaped, and richly coloured in various harmonising tints: these, and the raised frame-work, are most delicately ornamented with fine "tooling," exquisitely finished. The inside of the cover shows a piece of vellum let into the morocco, and relieved by geometrical designs in red, blue, and green. The work has been done as a "specimen" only, and it certainly exhibits the art of bookbinding in the highest perfection.

THE ADVERTISING COLUMN MANIA, or nuisance, it should rather be called, will, we trust, have received a check ere these pages are in the hands of our readers, Mr. Cowper having introduced a bill into parliament to do away with these ugly obstructions altogether. The wonder is, they should ever have been erected; only we know what enormities parochial vestries will perpetrate occasionally.

STATUES FOR ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.—Mr. Adams, the sculptor of the statue of Sir Charles Napier, that stands in Trafalgar Square, is at work upon another statue of the general, which is intended for St. Paul's: the two works will differ materially in treatment and attitude from each other. A statue of the late Lord Lyons is also, we understand, to be placed in the same edifice.

M. BORYCZEWSKI, who has recently executed a bust of the Baron Humboldt for the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, has just completed a bust of our illustrious countryman, Sir Roderick Murehison, which he intends to present to the same establishment. The well-known expedition of the former into Siberia, and the equally well-known geological survey of Russia by the latter, render those busts equally appropriate amidst the adornments of that great library. The cast by this young Polish sculptor, which is alike excellent as a portrait and as a work of Art, has been placed for a short time in the hall of the Museum of Practical Geology, previously to its being executed in marble.

TESTIMONIAL TO DR. FRANCIS HAWKINS.—A portrait of this gentleman, very ably executed by Mr. J. Edgar Williams, has just been placed in the board-room of the Middlesex Hospital, in which institution he occupied the post of physician for a period of thirty-five years, and from which he has recently retired, on account of his appointment to the office of registrar to the new medical council. The portrait was subscribed for by Dr. Hawkins's pupils at the hospital.

THE STEPHENSON MONUMENT.—Mr. Lough has completed a model of the statue of George Stephenson, with its pedestal, the monument intended for Newcastle-on-Tyne. The height of the figure is 7 feet 8 inches, but for the bronze casting another model will be made, presenting the figure 10 feet high. The figure is upright, and attired in modern costume, with a plaid crossing the chest from the left shoulder—a valuable adjunct to the composition, as breaking the absolute lines of our modern costume. The right hand, grasping a pair of calipers, rests on the breast, and the left on a locomotive engine of very early form. The features are those of the life, and the head is that of a profoundly thinking man. The pedestal intended for the support of this statue presents at its four angles types of the labour necessary to engineering works; these are accordingly a navvy, a blacksmith, a pitman, and an engineer.

THE RAFFAELLE CARTOONS at Hampton Court are to be covered with glass, in order to protect them: this has been found necessary from the injuries they were receiving through exposure to atmospheric and other deteriorating influences. Two of these invaluable works have already been covered.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.—The cost of models, plans, and working drawings, and of obtaining builders' tenders, for the New Foreign Office, is set down officially at the sum of £3800. This sum does not include any charge likely to be made by the architect for the modified design prepared by him according to the instructions of the First Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings. If this design should be carried out, the above sum of £3800 (except £300 for the model), as well as the amount of the architect's claim for the design itself, will merge in his commission and the builder's tender.

REVIEWS.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by R. N. WORNUM. Part II. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

This part of the "Turner Gallery" is, we think, of greater interest than that which preceded it, so far as relates to the subjects it contains: the first of these is "Peace—the Burial of Wilkie," a noble offering to the memory of the great Scotch artist, and, at the same time, a poet-painter's rendering of a scene which, had it been only the burial of the meanest cabin-boy, must always be most impressively solemn. The picture was painted in 1842, the year after the death of Wilkie; it is a grand poetic composition, that shows the strength of a great and original mind, though there is in it, as a painting, little of what is generally considered as one of Turner's highest excellencies—colour: with the exception of the greyish blue of the sky, which is repeated in portions of the water, all else is scarcely more than black and white; this peculiarity of the work must have been of great assistance to the engraver, Mr. J. Cousen, whose task of translation was thereby made comparatively easy; but he has carried out the feeling of the painter in a kindred spirit. The noble ship steaming out of the Bay of Gibraltar, a huge black mass—except where lighted up by the fiery torches of the seamen who are performing the last offices for the dead—throwing dark shadows down to the very base of the picture, and sending forth thick, heavy volumes of smoke—the distant rock, its outlines faintly developed against the misty sky—the pale crescent moon, struggling, as it were, to cast a light upon the gloomy scene—the placid bosom of the ocean that reflects every object above its surface—are each and all rendered by the engraver with unqualified beauty and truth.

The next subject is "The Shipwreck," here engraved by W. Miller; but it has been previously engraved on a large scale, in mezzotint, by C. Turner, and by John Burnet. The picture was painted in 1805; it was never exhibited, but was purchased from the artist by Sir John Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley: Turner exchanged it a short time afterwards for "The Sun rising through Vapour," which he subsequently repurchased at the sale of Lord De Tabley's collection, in 1827. It is a grand work: there is terrible majesty in that surging and roaring mass of waters and that tempestuous sky, a very chaos of elements, to encounter which, as those hardy seamen going off to the wreck are doing, seems actual madness: nothing finer in the way of marine-painting than this noble composition has ever been placed on canvas. Mr. Miller has done the subject full justice, especially in the forms of the wild waves and their impetuous action: this engraving alone is well worth the price of the entire part.

What a different scene is unfolded in the third plate, "Phryne going to the Bath as Venus," engraved by J. B. Allen, painted in 1838: darkness, death, and destruction, are in the former plate; here are light, love, and joyousness, the richness of the architecture of ancient Greece, a crowd of Grecian women sporting amidst its glorious scenery, under the luxuriating influences of a warm, golden, southern sun. One can scarcely imagine, though we know how diversified oftentimes are the thoughts and operations of the same mind, that one head and hand could have conceived and carried out these two works: Byron, however, could describe with equal beauty and power of expression the battle of Waterloo and the sunny isles of Greece; so Turner could describe with his pencil the sublimity of the warring elements at sea, and the most glorious scenery of vine-clad hills and emerald valleys, where there is scarcely a breath of air to move the smallest leaf that hangs over their surface.

JOURNAL OF THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF AGRICULTURE, ART-MANUFACTURES, AND COMMERCE. Published by J. RIDGWAY, London; PEACH, Bath.

We notice the appearance of the last number of this periodical—an old-established one, by the way, published annually in the shape of a good-sized volume of 400 pages—for the purpose chiefly of directing attention to a paper, entitled "An Elementary Introduction to the Principles and History of Art," by Mr. T. D. Acland, jun. It is a feature of the times to see a subject like this finding a place in a publication devoted almost exclusively, it may be said—for these, after all, constitute the "head and front," ay, and the body, too, of the journal—to the discussion of crops and tillage, land dressings and drainage, live stock, agricultural

implements, and farm housewifery. But in the present day the Arts find their way into the dwellings of the agriculturist; the music of the piano-forte blends with the bleating of the sheep in the close or the orchard upon which the drawing-room window opens, and the landscape out-of-doors has a rival in the picture or print which hangs on the wall: brown, vulgar-looking jugs, and "willow" plates are excluded from the culinary department, giving place to the neat and more elegant productions of Messrs. Copeland, Binns and Kerr, and other noted manufacturers of pottery: we can thus understand why such a paper as that of Mr. Acland is quite appropriate to a journal patronised by the farming interest.

At the recent exhibition of the Bath and West of England Society, held at Barnstaple, there was, as we noticed two or three months since in the *Art-Journal*, a collection of works of the fine and industrial Arts, and it is with a view to explain in a popular and connected form the objects aimed at by the promoters of the former of these two portions of the exhibition that Mr. Acland has contributed his paper. In it he sketches out clearly and concisely the rise and progress of the three sister arts, painting, sculpture, and architecture, and shows how they may be made subservient to the happiness and enjoyment of man, whatever his position in life may be. His remarks on the principles of Art, and, so far as they go, on its practice, will be read with interest, and not without gaining instruction from them—though strongly tinged with the doctrines of Mr. Ruskin—by those who care to give a thought to the subject,—one we are pleased to see discussed in an agricultural periodical.

In the same number there is also a well-written and lucid paper, by Dr. Scott, of Exeter, on the industrial department of the Barnstaple Exhibition, which clearly shows that our comparatively remote and unmanufacturing towns are realizing the advantages of good Art of every kind.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 3 vols. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

"A Life for a Life,"—such is the title of a new story by a "popular author." When we opened it, we hoped to find, as in some of this lady's former works, much about Art, for which she has a high and cultivated taste; but we have been disappointed: the theme from first to last

"Is love, still love;"

and the "pith and marrow" of the whole is shown, brightly and bravely, in the third volume. While it has been the habit and fashion of these utilitarian times to either set aside the great feeling which is implanted more or less strongly in every human being, or to debate or turn it into ridicule, this lady—bearing the lily and the palm, rather than the rose and the myrtle—stands firmly yet modestly forward,—not supported by Venus and her Cupids, but by the laws of nature and religion,—and claims for high and holy matrimony its station and its pignity—mutual love, mutual trust, mutual faith, inviolate truth, and the determination that "what God hath joined together no man shall put asunder." It is no argument against such doctrine that the recent records of "the courts" prove the number of matrimonial miseries which exist in the world. If marriage was entered into as God intended it should be, Judge Cresswell would have a sinecure.

There are sentiments on other matters with which we do not agree; but we hail the subject and object of "A Life for a Life" with the respect the work merits; although wanting in what your "hardened novel reader" calls incident, the delineations of character are full of truth and power. We hope it will be as universally read as "John Halifax," and make many a youth and maiden pause, even on the church threshold, to question whether her or his love is of the deep enduring nature which can only enable man and woman when united to bear as fellow-workers, in different ways, the trials and cares of life. We have seldom space to give to novels; but this is a lesson for life; and though, as we have said, we do not agree with some of the sentiments, we honour the author for placing LOVE—so frequently lowered, debased, misunderstood, and misrepresented as it has been—upon its high pedestal.

POPULAR MUSIC OF THE OLDEN TIME. By W. CHAPPELL, F.S.A. Published by CRAMER, BEALE & Co., London.

This large collection of ancient songs, ballads, and dance tunes, illustrative of the national music of England, has recently been brought to a close, after

employing the labour of many years. It is a national book in every sense of the term, and has thoroughly vindicated the English people from the groundless but often-imputed charge of a destitution of national music. When we look at Mr. Chappell's very large collection of airs essentially English, we are impelled to wonder how such a charge could be brought forward, did we not reflect that all were hidden in old music-books, and required a large amount of patient labour and time-consuming research few were in the position to give to the task. We have in these two volumes more than four hundred tunes, all strikingly quaint and peculiar, many remarkable for their pure and simple melody. They commence with the oldest music we know of, and end with the popular street songs which may be traced to the preceding century. The periods of Elizabeth and Charles II. supply some of the best; and we hope Mr. Chappell's labours may induce some of our musicians to resuscitate these fine old airs. There is no instance of the public failing to largely appreciate good melody whenever they hear it; and here is an abundance, which, being so long neglected, would come to us with all the charm of novelty. The popularity of "The Last Rose of Summer" all over Europe is one instance among many; nor have the most talented composers, like Weber, Donizetti, and Flatow, objected to make them their themes. Mr. Chappell's volumes abound with curious literary information, as well as beautiful and pure melody, and are creditable to his taste and knowledge.

BOHN'S ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

The three last published volumes of this now well-established series of illustrated standard books are on our table. They consist of "The Sonnets and other Poems of Petrarch," "The Young Lady's Book," and "Paris and its Environs;" works diverse in character, but each good of its kind. The poems of Petrarch are not new translations, but the editor has judiciously selected those known versions which are most distinguished for fidelity and rhythm, and to which are appended the names of the most distinguished translators, from Chaucer and Spenser down to Archdeacon Wrangham, Leigh Hunt, and others of our own time. He notices, as a singular fact, that while the three great Italian poets, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, have each found several translators, Petrarch, who is worthy to rank with them, has never yet been presented in a complete form to the English reader; and it is to supply this deficiency that this volume makes its appearance. The order of arrangement is that adopted by Marsand and other recent editors. The poems are preceded by a biography of Petrarch, condensed from Campbell's "Life" of the poet.

The "Young Lady's Book" was first published twenty years ago, and, notwithstanding the price of it was one guinea, it passed through six editions within that period. The recent improvements and discoveries in science having rendered a new edition necessary, every treatise in the volume has here been carefully revised and enlarged, and several new ones added by writers of experience and eminence; while the number of woodcuts is increased from about six hundred to twelve hundred. There is scarcely a subject which should come within the scope of a young lady's attainments, both useful and ornamental, that is not clearly discussed and explained in this new edition, lucidly and pleasantly. We cordially commend it to the notice of our youthful female readers.

"Paris and its Environs" is not intended to supersede Murray's "Handbook," or any other "guide," but it will be found a most useful adjunct. It is compiled on the basis of Mrs. Gore's work, written about fifteen years ago; but the editor, Mr. T. Forester, the author of several books of travel, has brought down his description of Paris to the present time. The numerous illustrations, consisting of engravings on steel, though "old familiar faces," enhance the value and the interest of this "Illustrated Handbook."

STUDIES IN ENGLISH POETRY. By JOSEPH PAYNE. Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., London.

This is a judicious selection from the writings of our best poets, great and small, ancient and modern. It forms an admirable class-book for advanced young students of English literature; its value being enhanced by explanatory and critical notes, written with judgment, discrimination, and poetical feeling, and also by short biographical sketches of our greatest deceased poets. It is a reading-book we can cordially recommend either for the school-room or for grown-up men and women desirous of having "an hour with the poets."

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

BARRY IN THE ADELPHI.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.



AM bound to the Adelphi—to one of the range of riverside buildings reared by four Scotch brothers of the name of Adam, whom that stupidly dull royal favourite, the Earl of Bute, patronized. I am bound to the Adelphi, so called from the lucky Scotch Gemini, or rather Trini, who built Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, and fruited houses for Garrick and Topham Beauclere to live in—and die in, too,

which is more. It is a room of the New Society of Arts, where all the *cognoscenti* meet, and where Dr. Johnson sometimes lingers in: Barry, the Irish painter, the dogged, the violent, is there now (August, 1777)—little "Jem"—upon his scaffold, working away, with heavy pound brushes, at Greek warrior and fiddling Orpheus,—working with feverish and angry zeal, for this man is "ever angry."

But, before I open the door, and go in to pay my respects to this fervid genius—this terrible Achilles at the gates of the Academy—let me have my chat about the Adelphi new buildings, and what preceded them before old harlequin Time struck them into new changes. My Scotch brothers had found the river-shore—once the site of Durham House, and its waving episcopal gardens—a corrupt mass of coal-sheds and lay stalls, resting on a swamp of black, port-wine coloured mud; where mud-larks waded in purgatorial sloughs for the flotsom and jetsom of the sewers, and where sin and filth crouched and herded in the darkness. Yet here, on the banks of this sable river—then untarnished silver, as if fresh from the mould—in the fourteenth century, a mitred bishop sat and read his illuminated gospel, glancing now and then from the bright page to observe the cloud-shadows passing over Queenhithe, or the fishermen below his window struggling with the salmon, while their nets were full of splashing silver, and men in hoods watched them as they drew them in. Here once lay Prince Harry of Monmouth, at this "bishop's inn," in sumptuous cloth-of-gold beds, no doubt, some time about the feast of *Septem Fratrum*, in the 12 Henry IV.; feasting too in the marble-pillared hall, stately and high, about where now the London pariahs crouch and sleep, when even the straw-yard and the penny-lodging shut their noisome doors upon their wretchedness. Then Henry VIII. had it, and lodged the French ambassador here in much splendour. And bloody Mary restored it to

the bishop, who had been driven into Thames Street. Before this, the Lady Elizabeth lived in it; and when the long-persecuted queen came to the throne, she gave it to Raleigh, who sported his bravery here, and poetized, and philosophised, and looked sour, and smoked, and ate potatoe-roots sliced with sugar; and talked of America, and perhaps (in his £60,000 dress of jewelled satin) mounted the stairs to his pleasant study, in a little turret overlooking the crystal Thames. Then when another king arose, "who knew not Joseph," this great horse was plucked roughly from the gold-dreamer's hands,—but never given again to a bishop. The Lord Keeper Coventry died here, in the rooms so consecrated (as all old houses are) by memories; and then the Earl of Pembroke, whom Clarendon denounces, had it, and a new palace, never begun, was projected by a pupil of Luigo Jones. Then another Earl of Pembroke, more practical, built a sloping river-street row, among the bishop's ruined stables, all in a tangle of dirt, misery, degradation, and mire. It remained till the Adelphi arose and arched over the slope, shut out the black but useful wharves, built a subterranean way, where coal-waggons still emerge from the river to the Strand, and built terraces and streets, which they called after their own names.

Not that Barry, the son of the unsuccessful Cork builder probably knew or thought about this. He is up on his scaffold—Temper, his evil genius, up with him—thinking of the Greeks, and just beginning his six pictures of the *History of Civilization*. He means to be three years only at this noble, gratuitous work, but he will really be (if we poor men could read the future) six years, and they will go well-nigh to break his heart. You hear that jingle in his pocket, when he plunges down at his paint-box for fresh burnt sienna? that is sixteen shillings—all the money the poor fellow has in the world. Dirty, patched coat, frowzy hair, buckleless shoes. No gold-laced hat now, as when he met Nollekens in Rome, or stopped to see the wretched monks daub over, and finally destroy, Leonardo's "Last Supper." He has, to tell the truth, a good deal of the grime and cobweb of that miserable lodging of his in Castle Street about him. He never smiles, he is reckless, dogged, and at bay; he works with clenched teeth—you would think he hated the coloured creatures he is creating; he is dreadfully in earnest, and snaps and bites at every one; he hates courtly Reynolds, and despises portrait-painting; he snubs even Burke, his kind, early patron, because his pride is hurt by feeling the weight of the obligation. He came here at daylight from his dreary solitude of broken windows and ventilating roof to this lofty room, where there is pure light and air. He has been up half the night in his old carpenter's shop, arranging his old sketches and dusty printing-presses, amid cobwebs thick as flannel, engraving at the head of Lord Chatham, or Job, or King Lear, or copying the Birth of Venus, or some drawing for Lord Aldborough, or one of the customers that Nollekens gets him. It is these things give him bread and cheese, and literally keep "the pot a-boiling." He is the Quixote of *high Art* (so called because it is always hung high at the Academy); there was no grave-gulf so deep but this Irish Curtius was ready to leap into it.

Now, if you want to know how this Adelphi business began, I will tell you briefly. The Academy, full of Italian influence, had determined to inaugurate their starting, and also show their powers, by some great national work, which, if it had not mud in it, should at least have size, which in most places does quite as well. The dome of St. Paul's was to be decorated with twenty-feet square pictures, but the London bishop was stiff-necked and Protestant—he refused his consent, the project

fell to the ground. The Academy volunteered, and was refused; the Society of Arts, wishing craftily to avail itself of this now wasting enthusiasm for pre-historic art, offered the Academy its rooms in the Adelphi for adornment; the Academy sulked, and rejected the offer—it had been willing, it was refused, now others were willing, they refused—resembling the old proverb of lovers—

"He who would not when he may,
When he would shall have Nay."

Barry, our little pockmarked savage friend on the scaffold up there, had watched both these negotiations with intense eagerness. He had been ready to rush at St. Paul's, and scale the dome. He was also ready first of the Academicians to knock at the door in John Street. He at once came forward and offered to do what the Academy had wished to do for the dome, but refused to the inner chamber. He railed at landscape and portrait painters: both were without mind, and rendered English Art despised over the world. He would vindicate his country—he, James Barry, the quondam sailor-boy!—Irish Barry, the stubborn enthusiast!

Money he despised; but still he had stipulations to make. He must be left entirely and uncontrolled to his own judgment; he must have free admission at all hours; and his models and colours must be duly paid for. With much-astonished baffle the Society accepted promptly his proposal; and there, as you see him, he is working like a dragon.

Bad Temper was Barry's demon. Poor, wrong-headed Barry! what frets, and galling vexations and angers, run riot in your brain! Pride and sour temper stare at your elbows, from whence your good genius has long since fled. If you go on thus, it must come some day to the dreadful razor-gash, that enres the heaviest care, or, worse still, the dark cell, littered with straw. Be wise. Forgive, as you would be forgiven. Remember, that after all, there are more serious things in life even than Art.

Barry has a dozen different bugbears that haunt him in this Adelphi room;—that mop and mow at him behind the canvas,—that spoil his brushes,—that mix his colours,—that put on the faces of old *dilettanti*, with bent knees, and hands over their eyes, and try to drive him mad. One is the Protestant bugbear, for Barry is a bigoted Roman Catholic. How he bursts out and rails at this monster of his imagination. How he flings empty paint-bladders at it, and stabs at it with thrusts of his palette-knife, and blows of his mail-stick! He swears out his arguments at it alone, so that quiet Jonas Hanway, and other mild visitors, coming in suddenly, must think him a Stylites possessed. "Negative and self-satisfied religion," he cries, "roots out imagination!—Religion which is the grave of Art, of genius, and sensibility, crushing all our finer and more spiritual part,—regulating the outward man by a torpid, inanimate composure, gravity, and indifference!" This lean imp in sordid black, with eyes turned up, and hands crossed where its heart ought to be, was Barry's Protestant bugbear,—the one he used to draw his Quixotic two-handed sword and aim such special, dreadful blows at.

In the next corner, behind that pile of sketches of naked figures, lurks his *dilettante* bugbear,—the miserable foppish creature, with the glass always up to its eye, or a roll of paper arranged like a telescope. It talks of "the air of Guido, the grace of the C'rahy, and the Correggiosity of Correggio;" and did so when Sterne and Barry and Nollekens met in picture galleries at Rome—the Borghese, for instance. It cries that Reynolds cannot draw; that his colouring is blue and red; that he steals what he has, and spoils what he

steals; that Gainsborough's landscapes are mere nosegays; and that West has no idea of either drawing or real Art. Barry curses and lashes out at this partienlar demon,—laughs at the sham old black pictures it buys—the *fine invisible old pictures*;—roars at the bad copies of bad originals it purchases—the daubing copies of two-hundred-year-old third-rate masters—the “first thoughts,” the “duplicates,” the “second thoughts, with alterations.”

Then there is his Royal Academy demon—there, perched up behind him—imitating and mocking him as he paints Dr. Burney, in full-bottomed wig, teaching the sea-nymphs to swim! Sometimes this creature wears the face of Reynolds, sometimes of Moser, sometimes of Cotes, but always of an R.A. who hates high Greek Art. He loves to worry it by contemning Titian; saying that Raphael has not much expression; that Michael Angelo was too ostentatiously learned; that neither had anything in all their works so correctly beautiful as the Venus de Medici, so truly good as the bust of Alexander, so sublime as the Apollo. He worries this formal and conventional demon by declaring that at one fell swoop he should erase from the roll of true fame the names of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Teniers. As for the Academic pictures of lemon-peel, oysters, and their mere tricks of colour, he would away with them all to the great yawning dust-hole of oblivion!

Sometimes, when our poor genius indeed thinks of his sordid lodgings, with its cobweb hangings, dirt, and sordour,—its rusty grate, its inch deep of dust,—he fancies all the world against him, and demons of Protestantism and *dilettante*-ism grinning from every panel. It was in such a mood—enraged with Reynolds and the face painters, and Gainsborough and the landscape painters, and everybody and everybody—he resolved to paint this room, as a proof and an example—he, with sixteen shillings in his pocket—to the fools and to the sordid!

He had many dreams in his head,—the Progress of Theology, to wit; the Progress of the Mosaic Doctrines, for instance; and the Coming of the Saviour, for example,—but the six pictures he is now at work on illustrate

THE PROGRESS OF HUMAN IMPROVEMENT.

The *first* will be the Story of Orpheus; the *second*, the Feast of Ceres; the *third*, the Olympian Games; the *fourth*, the Triumph of the Navigators (with a side compliment to the Thames); the *fifth* (rather wandering off to parochial subjects), the sublime ceremony of the Distribution of Prizes by the Society of Arts; and after this, straight from John Street, Adelphi, up to Elysium, where the *sixth* picture shows us the state of final retribution,—that is to say, according to heathen mythology, from which Christianity, in several small respects, is generally supposed to differ.

Now, with all respect to high Art, and our irascible little Irish friend, Mr. Barry, in particular, I must say (I hope he will not hear me) that this is rather a strange, jumbled allegory! Human progress, the Society of Arts, the Thames, and Elysium,—what ingredients for an Art *omelette*! Let us look closer.

First, Orpheus, a mythical legislator, philosopher, and poet, in a wild country, improvising his laws, by help of his lyre, to Greek savages armed with clubs and clad in skins. To show that the people are as yet strong, yet foolish, we have in the background a woman milking a goat at the door of a hut, while a lion prepares to leap on her children; two horses run down a tiger; and a virgin is seen toiling along, carrying a dead fawn, to show that women among savages are mere beasts of burden. In the distance Ceres descends on

the world; and by the side of Orpheus are an egg, paper, a bound lamb, and materials for sacrifice. Of course it would be no use to tell Barry that lions and tigers were never found in Greece; that Orpheus never existed; that civilization was gradual, and not sudden; and that Orpheus, even if he did ever exist, never invented eggs or writing-paper.

The second picture is to show us, that agriculture leads to legislation; and we have an awkward classical dance of youths and maidens round a terminal milestone, or figure of Pan. Here is the patriarch, with his staff or walking-stick, and his wife, the female patriarch; there are peasants carousing amid rakes, and ploughs, and flowers, while Bacchus and Pan look on from the clouds, at two oxen drawing corn to the threshing-floor; then we have shown us a farm-house, with its economy, love, and marriage, and children, and rustic games, and applauding old men—in fact, a perfect Grecian opera tableau.

Third jumble, come the Olympian Games; why, I know not, any more than shooting at the popinjay; for Greek civilization was, after all, but a small part of the world's civilization; and of Greek civilization, and whatever benefit it may have done to Europe, the Olympian Games were but a very small part. Here the Olympian judges are seated on a throne, bearing the likenesses of Solon and Lycurgus, and adorned with trophies of Salamis, Marathon, and Thermopylæ; past them go the crowned victors, after them, the people. Diagoras, the Rhodian, is borne round the stadium on the shoulders of his victorious sons. All ages of Grecian history are here confused together: there is Pindar leading the chorus; Hiero of Syraense in his chariot; Pericles talks to Cimon; Aristophanes laughs; and Anaxagoras and Euripides listen; heroes, poets, and sages, are as thick as blackberries.

The fourth scene opens in the main sewer, called the Thames; there is here confusion of dress as well as of century. There is Drake, and Raleigh in slashed doublet, with old Cabot and Captain Cook; Mercury accompanies them with a tribe of nereids, carrying articles of manufacture, as if Jupiter were moving house; while, to bring in Dr. Burney, we have him cheering Drake and Cabot with itinerant music. Genius, indeed, but where is common sense?

The fifth scene is a meeting of the Society of Arts, with male and female members—ponderons Johnson and our old patron Burke, nereids and full-bottomed wigs. Elysium and the Adelphi—what an *embroglio*! We end with Elysium, in forty-two feet of canvas. Mental culture conducts to piety and virtue, and piety and virtue lead through John Street, Adelphi, to Elysium. Thanks to Mr. Barry's guide-book, we know something about that wonderful picture which the Grecian angels illuminate. There is Socrates button-holding Epaminondas, Cato, the elder Brutus, and Sir Thomas More, whose head somebody has kindly sewn on again. There is an angel bringing Bramah's patent lock, Manco Capac, and Confucius to London; there are Plato and Aristotle quarrelling about the turning; there is an angel, Popham, lecturing on the solar system to Newton, Galileo, Copernicus, and Bacon; there is Thales, Descartes, Archimedes, Roger Bacon, and Bishop Grouthead sitting in a sort of post-office committee on the bishop's letter to Pope Innocent IV.

Now, this is a great and astonishing work. No wonder Jonas Hanway, the hater of tea, will leave a guinea, instead of a shilling, for seeing it; that the Prince of Wales gave Barry sittings; that Timothy Hollis left him £100; that Lord Romney gave him one hundred guineas for a portrait from one of the six cartoons; that he got £200 by engraving them, and £500 clear by exhibiting them; and

that the great Dr. Johnson, who knew no more than a child about Art or Nature, and was also half blind, spoke of their grasp of mind. No wonder a great collector said the pictures were composed “upon the true principles of the best paintings,” which, however, was no proof they were original. As for Lord Aldborough, whose name has since become so celebrated, he ontrms everybody, and must have satisfied even Barry's greed for praise; they were, he cried, “unequalled;” they had “originality, colour, energy, grouping, invention, and execution; they combined all the qualities of Raphael, Titian, and Guido, as well as of all the best of the Greek and Roman schools.”

Nor was Barry himself displeased with them: parts wanted vigour, but he should touch them up; meaning, with God's blessing, to leave them as perfect as he could. Every day, as he pulls his brnsed cocked-hat over his eyes, to trudge back to Castle Street, and those dreary lodgings, he thanks God that he never doubted “of the wisdom and eligibility of honestly and devoutly applying Art to social improvement;” the enthusiast thinks those six paintings perpetual sermons, and believes (between ourselves) that hints for the amelioration of Ireland could be got out of them.

Indeed, this sonred, injudicious man is a strange being, has lived a strange life, and will die a strange death. He lives alone, in that wretched den in Castle Street, where Burke supped with him, and where Sonthey visited him; wrapped in a green baize coat, dabbed with dirt and paint, there, surrounded by sketches, and his Pandora ever staring at him, he sits swearing at “the man in Leicester Fields,” looking like the miser Elwes. He wears a ragged scarecrow wig, with a fringe of his own stiff grey hair peering from under it. His horse is never cleaned; he has no servants, this London Timon; no sheet to sleep on, no covering to his bed, but a nailed-up blanket. He will go on till he gets morbid, and dare not go out at night, for fear of some imaginary Academic murderers. He will go on till he is taken ill, and lies without food, groaning alone; till his misanthropic heart softens, and he has to crawl out, wrapped in a blanket, and lay himself down, with a paper in his hand, asking the next passer-by to put him in a chair, and have him carried to Mr. Carlisle, the doctor's, in Soho Square. And after that fright he will get more rational, and leave off his scarecrow wig, and sometimes creep into society; but still he will never leave his den till he be seized with fever at his St. Martin's Lane eating-house, and cordials are given him, and he be removed to kind Mr. Bonomi's, because the warring boys had plugged the key-hole of his door with dirt and stones, and the den cannot be opened; and then, poor angry enthusiast, he will die in the clean, soothing bed, quietly; and he will lie in state, in this very John Street room, the six pictures looking down on him thoughtfully—Dr. Burney, the sea nymphs, Orpheus, and Dr. Johnson, and Drake, and Captain Cook, and all. The Academy hated him, and shamefully stayed away from his funeral. George III., always obtuse and stubborn, made no sign. The king of one idea liked smooth pictures, and men who could speak smooth things: Barry was neither smooth with tongue nor brns.

Yet there were fine points in Barry, the wrong-headed and the controversial. Though the Society of Arts did act with disgraceful meanness and penurionsness, insulting him through insolent officials, refusing to get up a subscription for him, to maintain him while he painted, stinting him in colours and in models, and, when it did grant him money, delaying the payment; still, better late than never, it gave him a gold medal and three

hundred guineas. His generous nature at once forgot all injuries, and he said magnanimously, "the *general tenour* of the society's conduct has been great, exemplary, and really worthy the best age of civilized society. The more I reflect, the more I feel my heart disposed to overflow with every acknowledgment and gratitude to God as the prime cause, and to the society as the happy instrument and means by which the occasion was provided of enabling me to make one effectual attempt in Art."

How bravely, too, and with what "honest pride," he defended himself from "the thousand scoundrel interpretations of wrong-headedness, misanthropy, meanness, and avarice." He said, no one by nature and education had more relish for social enjoyment than he; but he declared he had no choice left but thus to live within his means, or to give up his great work; and after all, he said, by God's help he should get on; for it was no great hardship waiting on oneself, and that a hole in the door would receive letters when he was absent. The series of pictures that we drew of Reynolds we may (in plan) continue with Barry.

We see him at first moody and abstracted, beating off Spike Island in the Cove of Cork in his father's trading vessel. His father is swearing at him for a home-sick lubber, because he is drawing some figures of fishermen on the broad yellow sail now spread bravely to the wind: "Bedad, it's always a scribbling with chalk, is Jem," the sailors say; it is just the same at home—there with the walls, here with the sails; "he'll never make a tar."

Second. We find him a newly-converted Catholic, rigid, ambitious, and ascetic, wondered at by his schoolfellows, sitting up all night, with candles bought from his pocket-money, to read and draw.

Third. He is a rough, poor-elad country lad of nineteen, unnoticed in the exhibition of the Dublin Society of Arts. The picture that everyone looks at is "The conversion of the King of Cashel by St. Patrick"—the moment chosen is when the saint, unconsciously, has struck his iron-shod crozier through the foot of the royal convert, who bears it without a sigh. The unknown artist's name is asked; a Cork boy comes forward, and claims the honours. No one believes him; and, half frightened, half delighted, he hurries from the room sobbing, the hot, passionate tears running down his cheeks. The great Mr. Burke follows him, to comfort the young genius, and claim his friendship.

Fourth. He is at Dublin, drunk with success, and is beguiled to tavern debauches that he repents of: headlong he tosses into the dark Liffey his purse that had beguiled him, and runs home to study. The one ambition swallows up in him all other passions, as Aarou's rod did the snaky rods of the other magicians.

Fifth. Barry, going to Rome, visits a Neapolitan town. We see him there: he is surrounded by a cluster of peasant girls by a way-side fountain; he is loosing the hair of the prettiest of them, and tying it up again, declaring that it exactly resembles the head-dress of one of the Muses. And then he is in the Refittorio, at Milan, expostulating with an Irish friar at the re-painting of Leonardo's "Last Supper," which is already half completed.

On the Adelphi scaffold, talking of Greeks all day, we have seen him. Now we must follow him again to his Castle Street den. The great Burke has come to supper; the fire burns clear and cheerily in the dirty grate, the steak is bubbling and hissing, Barry covers the greasy table with a clean cloth. The steak, as Barry promises, came from the most classic market in London—Oxford market—and promises to be hot and tender. The great man

smiling, and turning down his spotless ruffles, and hanging carefully up his gold-laced hat, begins to turn the steak with the tongs Barry thrusts into his hands, while he runs for the beer. The great statesman is hot and busy as Barry returns, depressed in face. "Why, my dear friend, the wind has carried away the foaming top as I crossed Titchfield Street—the head is gone, Mr. Burke."—"Never mind, Mr. Barry," says Burke, "I have been making myself useful, as you told me; and the steak has suffered no harm at my hands, if the butcher did his duty, and the ox his." Burke is a second King Alfred in the neatherd's hut.

Let us consider what Barry did for Art—little beyond elevating the national Art-standard. Barry went to Italy, after some provincial success, having had no real severe Art-education, at the age of twenty-four. He went at a ripe age for observation and improvement, enriched with his kind patron Burke's advice, and aided by his money. He spent six long years of patient study in Italy; the result of which was that he set up as his war-cry, "the Greek statues for perfect beauty of form, Titian for colour, and the Caracci for manner and execution." Raphael and Michael Angelo he rather put on one side, and he was one of those fervid spirits who are not content with merely printing their creed in gilt letters on a board, to stare at, and yawn at, but must, forsooth, tattoo it all over the naked flesh of their opponents.

Let us now, then, examine, letter by letter, this creed, as propounded by the poor Irish shipmaster's son, when he was Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, from 1782 to the time of his shameful, unfeeling, and illegal expulsion from the Academy, after six lectures, in 1799. Barry succeeded Penny, and was displaced by Fuseli.

These lectures, now (so goes the whirligig of Time's revenges) given as prizes to Academic students, are full of rugged fervour and abrupt transitions, paradoxes and violent abuse; everything is "disgusting," and if not glaring white, the jettest black. Barry's mind had no medium; it had no more semitones than a boatswain's whistle. The lectures are original and daring, free and bold, full of learning—almost in the notes running to undigested pedantry. They are, as mere writing, utterly wanting in method, full of fretful episodes, and were so personal that Reynolds, who was compelled to attend as President, used to take his ear trumpet from his ear and pretend to go to sleep, saying bitterly in his defence, that he only fell asleep when Mr. Barry (whom he hated) grew personal. Barry would have revolutionised Art if he could, but, as it happened, finding the volcano did not follow his theories, and stop when he predicted, like Empedocles he threw himself in, and perished a victim to the volcano which theories could not control. He talked sometimes as a critic—not very reliable—as if Raphael and Michael Angelo (love and power) had been surpassed by such poor, dull eclectics as Parmegiano or Dominechino. He "riled" the portrait painters by railing at their miserable, unambitious cupidity; the sculptors, by denouncing allegorical monuments; and the architects, by inveighing against "the dull, disgusting monotony of light" in modern buildings. I only wonder he was not stabbed, like Cæsar, at the base of one of the Academy statues. No one there cared for the slumbering Gothic, or they would have burst with rage to hear its solemnity praised, but its "barbarous, defective particulars" pedagogically and angrily condemned. **BAD TEMPER—**TEMPER was the fiend that drove Barry into a grave, where Misery and Poverty were the chief mourners.

The fact was, FORM was Barry's idol, and he had better have been a sculptor, for he

could not colour, and his drawing was feeble: his rough, violent mind had no conception of feeling, or grace, or religious sentiment. He would have despised Giotto's genius of instinct. The "young gentlemen" Barry addressed were dazzled with discussions about the rainbow, knowing all the time the man himself had no eye for colour. He praised that horrid Mengs, and astonished them by saying that Caracci's pictures, in "general effect and economy of the mass of light and dark" were better than Raphael's. What did "the young gentlemen" want with directions about fresco painting? Why, there had been no fresco painting for centuries in England, unless you call Verrio's fiddling angels, on the staircase of Hampton Court, frescoes, or Hayman's works at Vauxhall. It was all too good for the brave boys, as Academic lectures always are. What benefit could the boys derive from learning that Tintoret left behind him more indifferent pictures than any artist that ever lived; that Titian, in old age, grew visionary and careless; that Veronese had a variegated yet harmonious style? Yet with all his side-winds of invective, his impetuous personality, and unbearable arrogance and violence, Barry, in these lectures, is always honest, and generally judicious. He laments that Rubens did not unite his Venetian system of colour to the classic and elegant drawing of the Caracci; and that the Caracci, instead of imitating Titian, should have taken Correggio as their model. He led England to its favourite ideal of colour, by declaring the Venetian colour to be the highest ideal, and in truth and science both perfect. Barry could not colour, but he loved colour, praised it, and urged the "young gentlemen" to chase and win the syren, through all the windings of the colourman's shop.

BARRY'S LECTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

So much for Barry on colour. On design he went stark staring mad about pure form, and naked figures; the grand style, the ideal, and all his stock manias which he thought the proper receipt for high Art. Barry actually did not in his heart like Raphael, because he draped so many of his figures, forgetting, as has been well observed by an editor of the enthusiast's lectures, that "a well-draped figure implies a thorough understanding of the nude." Raphael's draped "St. Paul at Athens" is a more majestic figure than any Greek statue. Barry said the Dutchmen painted tailor's lay-figures, bundles of rags and furs, and were no draughtsmen at all. [*Here REYNOLDS winces, and lays down his ear-trumpet with a shrug.*] He said that there could be no drawing without a knowledge of anatomy. [*REYNOLDS nods again, visibly and ostentatiously asleep—BARRY frowns daggers at him, and shouts on.*] Greek statues, he said, present but few types, and are but a patchwork of fragments, therefore study general nature in all its varieties, and form your abstract of the variety you want to create. [*Here REYNOLDS revives.*]

No one can find fault with Barry's judgment when he speaks of Michael Angelo's drawing as pre-eminent for "truth, spirit, and science;" but one rather winces to hear him talk of Raphael's design being more remarkable for harmony than energy, or that Raphael is wanting in high beauty and elevated character. And yet even here, when roused to conscientious justice, Barry speaks wisely to the student about the antique statues: he points out their various faults, and warns the "young gentlemen" from stupid, indiscriminate admiration. The Antinous, he says, is hard and straight in body; the Apollo has something wrong about his ancles; the Belvedere Torso, however, he thinks unique for purity of conception, and intelligence of design or composition. While

Barry laments Watteau's affectation, Rubens's grossness, and Hogarth's want of drawing and *perishable subjects*, he goes at once to boldly place the crown on Raphael's head, for "divine warmth and expressive energy, for linking together, with solid, manly judgment, a beautiful chain of well-reasoned and happily-varied incidents." In allegory he warns the "young gentlemen" that only wise, ingenious, and feeling artists can use it; and then they must have spectators equally gifted.

Hitherto, we have not found Barry's ideal and our own very much clash. He has been (we see) honest, fervent, personal, but tolerably right, though fighting rather an up-hill game, as far as income goes: but now we come to his follies about THE IDEAL. What he calls the ideal is general and perfect nature; death he contrasts with *life*, which is individual, real, but, as he says, imperfect nature. There is an ideal in beauty, design, colour, and in every branch of Art, down even to drapery. It is a rejection of all "dead, uninteresting, impertinent circumstances." This ideal "is the offspring of philosophy and the sister of poetry." Now, between ourselves, all this is wind, and means nothing. It was a belief of the day that a coat in a portrait with the buttons left out became ideal—*not* left out it became unideal; if painted satin looked like satin it was Dutch and vulgar—if it looked merely like drapery, it was full of Greek feeling, and *ideal* to the last point. This was cant. A cabbage may be ideal when sprinkled with dewdrops, and turned to a golden globe in the blessed sunshine; a Dutch subject may be epical and ideal, and high Art and divine, if Raphael treats it, and paints it on the bottom of a tub, and calls a village mother and child the *Madonna della Seggiola*. High Art is the highest subject treated in the highest manner, therefore must be religious: Mr. Barry thought it was a group of Greek nude figures on a mile-long canvas. Still, in spite of this delusion of his day, Barry had a grand conception of the mission of Art. He roused the "young gentlemen" as with a trumpet-voice, letting in now and then side-whiffs of the blighting east wind of invective, which must have made every Academician present very red and very angry, and have made Reynolds nod and bob more than ever in his presidential chair. He did no good by his violence, and mistook his vitriolic temper for the goadings of conscience—as so many of us do. Yet he was a fine heroic, stubborn, honest spirit, very disagreeable, but very much of the bull-dog,—an ill-tempered, calf-biting bull-dog, too. He urged "young gentlemen" to be better, and they would be better painters; to read more, and think more, and then they would see more. Pursue not Art, he cried, with meanness and servility. Bugling tailors are all very well if the stuff is good, but bugling artists men cannot away with. Generous ardour and unremitting labour must drive out inability and indolence. [REYNOLDS nods again, because he sees Toxits turning red.] Merely attending academy schools is of no use if no good use is made of study. Nothing was a greater bar to the advancement of Art than a mean, grovelling, and contracted disposition in the artist. [REYNOLDS nods, and unknown RICHARDS bites his lip—BARRY smiles and goes on.] It did not matter whether it arose from that man's political debasement in society, or his sordid and contemptible preference of pelf to glory. [MR. COTES whispers to the PRESIDENT, but he is firm asleep.] Those who have only a bad or contracted ability for Art must inevitably become bad and disingenuous men. [BARRY coughs and looks round, MR. MOSER turns a deep carmine, and MR. YEO follows suit.] Quackeries, and every species of dishonest, unmanly artifice, must be continually recurred to, to support the false, tem-

porary reputation, and pull down competitors and rivals. [CIPRIANI nods at MEYER, and WALE at CARLINI. REYNOLDS nods too, but not at anybody in particular.] Such manœuvres duped for a time, but only real worth was lasting. He hoped the young gentlemen, with a noble ambition, strove for perfection, and would look with a becoming scorn and contempt on the lazy wretchedness of those who, unfaithful to their art, descend to the mean subterfuge of appearing what they are not. [MEYER blue, and fat WILTON a deep port-wine purple—REYNOLDS still asleep.] Without the ideal, Art was a mere toy and mechanical banble, useful to neither head nor heart,—uninteresting to the wise, amusing only to the foolish, unprofitable to all, and hateful to the good.

[BAKER, CHAMBERLIN, and CIPRIANI take snuff and sneeze at this pause, thinking the storm past. REYNOLDS awakes, rubs his eyes, fits his bugle ear-trumpet into its aperture, and assumes the air of a grave listener. He is right—it is over. The young gentlemen stop talking and cutting jokes, and begin to prick up their ears. BARRY is going to praise painting. He begins. TYLER and RICHARDS look relieved, and begin to smile and rub their hands, and button up their coats for going. One looks for his stick, another brushes his gold-laced hat.]

"Ours is an art, young gentlemen, which has for its true object the advancement of the interests of mankind, by placing the cause of virtue and real heroism in its most forcible, efficacious, and amiable light. Such an art does indeed require all the elevation and dignity of soul and disposition the young gentlemen can possibly bring to it. To produce great and noble sensations in others,—to exalt their minds, and excite them to the pursuit of the *honestum*, the fit, the becoming, the heroic, and truly laudable part, whatever struggles and labour it may cost them, and however powerfully opposed and surrounded by dangers and present obloquy,—successfully to excite men to this, the students must begin with themselves, and cultivate the man as well as the artist; for be it ever remembered, young gentlemen, that though the head may conceive, and the hand execute, yet it is the heart only which can infuse union, energy, and vigour into your work;—the generous ardour that you will communicate to others will be always proportionate to the noble flame which exists in your own bosom." [Tremendous applause among the young gentlemen, at once extinguished by a gesture of the President and the frowns of the amiable Academicians, who will to-night more for BARRY's expulsion.] * * *

Through all the contrasts and troublous changes of Barry's life, from the time he lectured in state, as we have seen him, to six years after, when he was carried, a heap of dirty clothes, from the poor tavern where he had fainted to the beggars' house in Castle Street, where the boys were pelting mud at the windows, we still see the demon of Bad Temper dogging his steps. *The Temper—its dangers*: that is our moral of Barry's life. How far it verged on insanity, who may say?

So at last, quiet, and cured of controversy, we leave his pale, hard-worked face, as it lies in state in those great blank picture-rooms in John Street, waiting for the long black train of coaches to bear it to the great ideal, historical tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral, to be near his old rival, Reynolds,—an honour denied to Hogarth, a greater man, and Gainsborough, an equal. His funeral cost £200, and was paid for by the first Sir Robert Peel, who gained, in reputation, by his death. He had starved for years on £60, and had almost wanted bread.

What a pity it is that people who were so liberal to Barry's undertaker, when Barry was dead, had not been more liberal to Barry's baker, when Barry was alive!

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

EUROPA.

Claude, Painter. E. Radclyffe, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 4 ft. 5½ in. by 3 ft. 4 in.

ALTHOUGH occupying comparatively but a secondary place in the composition, a story borrowed from mythological history gives the title to this picture, one of the most beautiful works of Claude, for richness of colour and luminous qualities. It is truly an ideal representation; for the incident introduced to constitute a subject may be viewed as an anachronism, if taken in connexion with the landscape; and even the latter cannot be accepted as a transcript of nature—few of his pictures, if any, are. Reynolds observes, in his "Discourses," that Claude "was convinced that taking nature as he found it, seldom produced beauty. His pictures are a composition of the various drafts which he had previously made from various beautiful scenes and prospects." The idea of this landscape was, doubtless, derived from some Italian seaport he had visited during his long residence in that country; but he arranged the materials of his subject to suit his purpose, introducing such objects as would give value to it—as, for example, the round tower in the centre, and the vessels, which, by the way, are of older date than the period at which this artist lived, but not so old as the time when Jupiter, in the form of a bull, bore away the damsel Europa. Moreover, Claude, by bringing the nearer ship so close in-shore, has not proved himself, even in theory, a skilful pilot; a three-masted vessel of such a size, though possibly of light tonnage, would require a greater draught of water, to prevent her grounding, than she could expect to have where she lies, unless the shore be very precipitate. These peculiarities are pointed out merely to support the opinion of Reynolds, and, indeed, of every one else who has studied the works of this artist,—that they are not, generally, copied absolutely from nature, even allowing for those licences which artists are often accustomed to take with the scenes they sketch.

We have no clue to the date of this picture, but it is presumed to have been painted towards the close of his life; nor do we know when, nor how, it came into the royal possession. Claude painted a similar subject for the Ghizi family, but whether this be the identical work, or not, is uncertain. The scene is, as already intimated, purely ideal; it is represented under the effect of a morning sun, which lights up the edges of the departing clouds, the tips of the distant hills, and the various objects in the foreground; the trees are of a rich warm tint, approaching to olive green, the sea is deep blue, so intense as almost to destroy the harmony of the picture, and the surface, agitated by a slight breeze, is broken into ripples of a thousand various forms. In the foreground, Jupiter, in the shape of a bull, has left the herd with which he was associated, and is bearing off, on his back, the daughter of the Phœnician monarch, to transport her across the sea; she is accompanied by numerous attendants, who have prepared wreaths for her adornment: the distribution of these figures is simple, but effective. Claude, like many other landscape-artists, ancient and modern, made no pretensions to be thought a figure-painter; he disposed them judiciously in his pictures, but they are, generally, ill-drawn, and formal in attitude; better, nevertheless, than those of his successor, rival, and far greater artist, our own Turner. It may be doubted if, with all their genius, either would ever have produced a really good figure-picture. Claude was quite sensible of his deficiency in this respect, although he was constant and exemplary in his attendance at the academy at Rome, to draw from the model; he was accustomed to remark that "he sold the landscapes, and gave away the figures."

Perhaps no country in the world possesses a larger or finer collection of the works of this painter than our own. The National Gallery contains ten fine specimens; at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Dulwich College, are also many choice examples; and there are few private collections, of any importance, without their due proportion of "Claudes."

"Europa" is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.



CLAUDE. PINX.

E. RADCLIFFE SCULPT.

EUROPA

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

LONDON: JAMES HARRIS, 1788.

THE "HEART OF THE ANDES."*

WE feel, ardently, that it behoves those amongst us whose opinions justly command most influence with respect to the advance of intellectual power and refinement, to congratulate our transatlantic brethren cordially—to waft to them, over the vast deep, fraternal greetings in celebration of another conquest they have achieved in those ideal realms, where the gain of one people is so happily the gain of all. Already for a long time honourably distinguished in that republic of art, which is only anxious *not* to define a geographical boundary, they may now, we believe beyond question, claim a most high, a central position, in the particular state or department of landscape painting. Niagara and the Andes have found an American pencil able to unfold the clear brightness of their glories to the untravelled ones, far as picture may be sent. America rejoices in a great landscape-painter; and it becomes us also, brothers in race, to hail the event with that tender animation with which we should ever accept some noble gift to the world at large. Yes; here is obviously one of those mental mirrors, of a rare brightness, which have literally the power to fix and transfer their reflections. In other terms, here is manifestly a gaze of extraordinary clearness and vigilance; a gifted hand, swift to follow it with graceful strength and lightness; a tender and capacious spirit, which unites harmoniously the minute and the vast, the delicate and the forcible, the defined and the mysterious, and can reduce multitude and diversity to simple order, under the sweet sovereignty of beauty. Here is a painter (it is delightful to see it) whose modest patience and cheerful industry no amount of labour can weary or deaden. In these days, too, it is specially pleasing to see that though, as we are told, ever from his youth ardently devoted to nature, he has evidently no disposition to disdain the old time-honoured laws of Art, by virtue of which Art *is* Art, and alone can bring the spirit of infinite nature within the compass of our finite minds. At a time when so many of our own painters are sinking into anarchy, it should be as a pointed rebuke to us, to find the symmetries, the grace, the rhythm, the rhymes, as it were, that complete the composition of refined poetic Art, taught us anew in a land where nature is most untrammelled, and freedom broadest. And this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the painter has not yet visited Europe, and consequently, except through engravings, has little or no acquaintance with the works of the great masters. Such are some of the reflections and felicitations which arise in the mind on first seeing Mr. Church's extraordinary picture, "The Heart of the Andes," a work which begets a mingled, twofold admiration—delight and astonishment at the novel magnificence of the landscape itself, and at the power by which it has been represented.

And yet, at first sight, the subject has not that novelty so conspicuously as may ordinarily be expected. Its general aspect, illustrating the temperate climate of the equatorial highlands of South America,—not far, if we understand rightly, from Quito,—thousands of feet above the level of the sea, has but a slight degree of the tropical character. The leading forms of the trees are much like those of our more northern latitudes. You discern, indeed, the trailing branches of the parasites, encumbering them, as if they would fain drag them down with their sweet treachery; like the fair arms of the water-nymphs, wound, netted, about the flourishing, curly locks of Hylas. But there are not those wonders of equatorial vegetation, which Humboldt admired beyond all others in the hot and humid plains far lower; where the palm, impelled solely by its irrepressible thirst for air, shoots into groves above woods, to the height of one hundred and ninety feet, and where the swart boy climbs for its fruit, or for the monkey which he has wounded with his arrow, in a cap formed of some single flower. Neither is there remarkable glow or gorgeousness of colour. A mild green tints the savanna

* We gave, in our August number, a short descriptive notice of this picture, by Mr. Church, the American artist; but, feeling that a work of so high a character, and especially from a country where the art of painting may be considered as comparatively in its infancy, deserves a more lengthened record than that we have already afforded it, we gladly recur to the subject.

before you; it seems newly refreshed by the most temperate of showers. Nor do the mountains themselves, even in size, present anything conspicuously different from the higher Alps, when you first see them unfolded in full majesty beyond the lower ranges of Lombardy or Piedmont. This inner heart of the dusk Indian Andes appears serene and gentle, as the Moor's heart seemed to the tender Italian lady; and it is with a congenial feeling that the painter has represented it, avoiding especially all tendency to violence, heat, and exaggeration in his mild temperateness of spirit. His cheerful, untiring patience is truly admirable: a fine moral lesson is it to us all, whatever our pursuits or walk in life, of manly enterprise and perseverance, embodied in a lovely and glorious vision.

But exploring more particularly this Andean prospect, let us set out from the cataract which bursts forth at some little distance beneath our feet. It falls into azure and sunny film, and into a pool of calmness, all golden with reflections of volcano-shattered rocks; there the stream lingers, resting itself a moment, and then breaks away pale with regret, yet graced again with the purple light of heaven, as it continues its arduous, fertilizing course. Like the swimming courier of the Peruvian Incas, or the young Indian, who even now, by a similar watery flight, bears the ordinary letters along the current of some of these rivers, it glides away below. But *our* eye rather *mounts*, winding up the stream above the waterfall, amidst an open vale, where dense woodlands extend, and cover hillocks, and give way to open plateaux, beneath the numerous ravines and congregated eminences that build up, at no great distance, a broad, long, sloping mountain, which lords it over the greater part of the prospect. By the freshness of the sun-lighted savanna this lovely afternoon, there seems to have been recent rain. Indeed, we do not doubt it. The washed blue of heaven is now broadening, and the level roof of cloud extended over this mountain is dappled with the golden sunshine, which spreads lightly everywhere through its grey flakes, but falls so faintly beneath, that the warm hues flush out but seldom amidst the empurpled shades of the mountain. It is a great mystery of multitudinous hills gathered into one long mass, obscured with such wonderful subtlety, that you doubt how much you see behind those faintest columnar films of light drifting athwart its dusky sinuosities, where a falling torrent alone gleams distinctly and steadily. Nevertheless, you see that it is an ample hill region of itself, mighty and yet of gentle majesty, descending as if it would not rule, but embrace with its extended arms, the earth beneath. But mysterious, ruddy heights, yet loftier, to the right, are beginning to disclose themselves brightly among the warm, parting fleeces; and one peak rises far above them all, and points to the last fading of the rainbow, everything here being rendered with most exquisite truth and tenderness.

Thus far, below, all is grandly begloomed with the shadows of retiring cloud; but in this most noble instance of *clear-obscuré*, the remotest part of the prospect, as well as the nearest, is bright. Thus far all belongs only to some lower class of mountains; but on the left a profile of more pointed crags shelves towards one of the supreme monarchs of the hill world, an immense, round-topped, domed mountain covered with snow, one of Chimborazo's royal brethren. A perspective of swelling downs of snow (curved with that grace of which the wind-moulded snow presents some of the most perfect of instances) tempts you to an ideal ascent between jutting ridges of pointed crags, dim in a lovely mystery of rosy mist, above which, gaining a far clearer but more difficult air, you ascend, with the help of fancy's wing (for no human foot could scale such a steep), the equally graceful curves of the smooth, ample dome itself, shining with tender vividness in the balmy of blue skies, and graced by advancing evening with hues like an unfolding primrose. It is—this eminence—a crown of gracious majesty and beauty to the earth beneath, rather than a predominating presence of awe and terror. It is the appropriate climax and divine symbol of the whole—a whole characterised by beauty extended to the utmost of calm magnificence and grandeur, rather than by the wild energy and gloom seen more frequently in those European Alps, which, by a stormier atmosphere, have been more

stripped of their original smooth, friable covering, to the disclosure of their craggy bones and skeletons beneath. This New-World alp, on the other hand, unworn in an incomparably serener air, looks like a calm, holy mountain, where angels, when they first alight, would linger in serene companies, to admire wonderingly the glories of the world which heaven so loves and honours, and mature the plan of their benign ministries to its inhabitants. Pizarro might have learnt from its gently-august, divine presence lessons of humane magnanimity, and so have spared the Inca, whom he strangled,—within its very shining, it may be,—had not his sight been already possessed by visions of avarice and bigotry. Look keenly, look steadily, on those bright steeps, which seem belonging to heaven rather than earth—which seem calmly at home in the blue sky, as a summer cloud, which only melts in fertilizing showers. Treasure up in your mind rapidly a distinct image of this glory which we have journeyed so far to see, through these ascending zones of climate, where all, from the torrid to the ever-freezing, prevail within a few leagues of horizontal distance; for yonder a cloud, kindled with ardent hues, invades it, is envious to bury it in its mass, if it indeed can reach so high.

In yon remoteness below there is a ravine, which, were we to approach, would probably yawn into something terrific. Its crowning points, perhaps, belong to tower-like masses of erupted porphyry, such as mark nearly all the higher parts of the Andes, with the effect, frequently, of immense columns and cupolas. Perhaps between them may be one of those *quebradas*, or tremendous rifts, by which these mountains are also distinguished, and through some of which the *conquistadores* made their astounding marches. Those coming clouds will unquestionably muffle all this; but still, over the full tide of soft, roseate vapours, may soar afar in unassailed serenity yon golden tabernacle for the seraphim, which lifts imagination above the earth it almost supremely regrets.

But quitting with regret the mountains, we pursue our way towards that tiny group of cottages and rustic church, which seem as solitary in their little cleared spot amidst the sylvan wilderness beneath, as a speck of an island alone amidst the Pacific. As we may hope, however, to reach that resting-place before night rushes forth suddenly,—as she ever does in this almost twilightless latitude,—we may venture to pause, and form acquaintance with the forest which clothes the steep we are descending. Here, on the left, the eye is on a level with the summit of one of its promontories of trees, shelving down to engulf our path. It is a dense mass of wild, free, prodigal grace, all playfully enumbered with the trailing parasites, to be dragged down eventually, we sadly fear, by their subtly insinuating and most florid flatteries. Trees above trees here rise into lofty precipitous steeps of intricate tangled foliage, with the pale azure flowers of these creepers dashed down their sides, in the shade, like the veins of a pale torrent. And on the very banks beside us, these leafy locks part into little arched grots, like those of semi-subterranean ancient Rome, which are, much similarly, embowered with shrubs and flowers. And these recesses, in days of old for Indian maidens flying the Spaniard, are softly nooked, and carpeted with green; and the sun contrives to penetrate even some of their inmost depths, and roof them with glimmering amber mosaic; and under the ferns with which the heedless Peruvian child was wont to crown himself, a slender fountain trickles into a little pool, beside which an emerald trojan (bright as the prince of Persia himself during his plummy metamorphosis) sits, very much disposed, we believe, to bathe himself. And branches are adorned with points of most brilliant colour, resplendent insects, or birds, or strange flowers, which we can sometimes scarcely tell. Here, so far, nature is full of all youthful growth and living vigour; but in front rises a ruined column of a tree, memorial of a former dynasty of the woods, now passed away. It is more ancient, perhaps, than the *tambos*, or stations on those marvellous old Peruvian roads, which cross the Andes at a point more than one thousand feet higher than the Peak of Teneriffe; more ancient than the Incas' palace, amongst whose ruins their ragged descendant told Humboldt of the subterranean garden, wrought of gold, which, closed up by a spell of pure awe, he believed to await the restoration of their dynasty.

The sun has found out this venerable stem amidst the shade, and distinguishes its silver bark, on which the pilgrim painter has engraved the humble homage of his name, and its braid of magnolias and varied creepers, with a fervid flake of splendour, which, by reflection, lights up the yellow rocks around. Beside it, one little aloe-shaped plant is spired with crimson flowers, that look like drops of Indian blood, shed by the cross-hilted weapon, in the name of the Madrc de Dios, there falling into the ground, and there springing up again, honoured by the maternal compass of Nature with that delicate form.

From the sharpest articulations of these objects, which would in the reality be discernible, up to the most delicate mysteries of the airy mountain, all is rendered with the untraceable and ceaseless gradations of nature; her multitudinousness and brightness are expressed without a moment's forgetfulness of her vastness, and complexity, and atmospheric modifications, and all is subjected by this master-mind to a grand and graceful unity and harmony. Specially welcome is the last result, in this our own but unsatisfactory period of landscape painting, in which a heavily-glaring, one-sided parade of the *letter* so commonly omits the *spirit*, a smattering of geological and botanical minutiae takes place of the old poetical or true Art-feeling for beauty; and disorder and subordination—a predominance of littleness of every kind—are frequently prevalent, from disregard of principles and laws, cast aside by crude ignorance, without distinction of good and bad, and nicknamed, all alike, by that much-abused word, conventionalism. Mr. Church's picture is the completest union we are acquainted with of literal minuteness with freedom, freshness, and a comprehensive, simplifying grasp of the higher spirit of the whole scene. The painter draws excellently: the minutest and most intricate details are touched off at once with a spirited grace, which contrasts remarkably with the heavy drudgery of our Pre-Raphaelites; and the same sense of beauty which gives free, wavy life to stems and leaves, models his mountains; so that, as in Nature, sublimity is built up of beauty. The fresh vigour of hue, unimpaired by the precision and minuteness, especially charmed us. The aerial perspective is wonderful—quite equal, we believe, to any ever painted; and of *clear-obscure* (to translate the foreign terms *literally*, for the sake of our particular meaning), this is surely one of the finest of instances. The *obscure* of the nearer mountain is the most picturesque and striking contrast possible to the *clear* of the foreground and remoter distance; and, moreover, highly judicious in a case where, had all been clear alike, the eye and the mind would have been oppressed with far too much. The picture combines more than any other we know, the minute and literal truth at which the Pre-Raphaelites aim imperfectly, with Turner's greatness and grace of conception. On this American more than on any other—but we wish particularly to say it without impugning his originality—does the mantle of our greatest painter appear to us to have fallen. Westward the sun of Art still seems rolling.

While we remained pondering on the landscape, another visitor interposed before us, closely and rapidly skimming over its different points, and offering up to it little nods of cordial admiration. He turned him round. It was one of our most distinguished landscape painters, the most so, perhaps: his large and somewhat rough form, his clear, lively eye, and looks plain, honest, and straightforward, like his pictures, at once proclaimed him. "A wonderful picture—a wonderful picture!" he exclaimed; "the man must be a great genius."

It has frequently occurred to us—and never more forcibly than when contemplating this very beautiful painting—that America offers a wide and grand field for our landscape artists. Why do not some of them take a trip thither? the voyage is not long, and the cost need not be great. If the Old World is not exhausted, it has become so familiar to us that we seem to know almost every spot of interest or picturesque beauty that it has to show; but the New World is, as yet, almost untrudged ground in Art, and we see in Mr. Church's work what it affords to those who know how to use such materials. Many of our painters travel south and east, and a few have occasionally gone north; we would now recommend them to try the western world.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 9.—THE CLAN-TARTAN WOOD-WORK MANUFACTORY OF MESSRS. SMITH, AT MAUCHLINE, AYRSHIRE.

THE Tourist in Scotland who has any higher object in view than going a certain number of miles by boat and rail, for the purpose of "doing" a certain number of celebrated places, who has an eye for other beauties besides "the Moors," and who takes an interest in the people as well as in their lakes and mountains, ought, if possible, to visit Ayrshire. We know no more pleasant locality in which to spend a few long summer days than this, the "land of Wallace, Bruce, and Burns." Picturesque in scenery, celebrated in national history, and consecrated in song, it possesses the attractions which great deeds and great genius have equally the power to confer; and while among its people, the visitor will find vividly recalled to his mind—of course with the modifications of a century—the customs, language, and characters, of the works of Scotland's greatest poet, Robert Burns. When in "the land of Burns," of course, he must visit Mauchline, which, indeed, may be called its centre, so thickly scattered round it are spots consecrated to the poet's muse. In the village itself lived and died many of his intimate friends, and the characters of his poems; its old kirk-yard was the scene of his "Holy Fair;" half a mile from it stands "that lonely cot, Moss-giel;" and in the immediate vicinity are the "Braes of Ballochmyle," "Catrine Woods," "the Hermit Ayr," "the Lugar Water," and "the Castle o' Montgomery." The visitor will find the village pleasantly situated, with a quiet Sunday-all-the-week-round sort of look, that will do his heart good if he comes direct from the din and smoke of any of our large towns; and should he arrive, as we did, in the "calm simmer gloamin'," as he passes the churchyard, the white tombstones will gleam eerily out upon him, as if the shrouded forms of the poet's creations had once more congregated in the scene of their *un-holy* Fair. The good folks of Mauchline, he will discover, possess all the "canny" peculiarities of their countrymen, and are locally famous for their floriculture and flower-shows.

In a district so purely agricultural, one would scarcely expect to find any workman more artistic than the village carpenter or blacksmith; yet here, in this, before the advent of railways, most sequestered nook, has arisen and flourished an Art manufactory, with its staff of well-trained and intelligent Art workmen, annually producing an immense variety of articles, which, from their elegance and beauty, find a ready sale, not only in Britain, but even among our tasteful Continental neighbours.

Not a few of our readers, we imagine, must have seen specimens of the Mauchline work, and may, perhaps, have admired the brilliant colours of their tartaned and enamelled-like surface, or the beauty and finish of their painted vignettes, without being aware of the place or mode of their production. To a brief description of this manufactory, so far unique, owing its origin and having its habitat entirely confined to this locality, we propose, therefore, to devote the following paragraphs.

In thinking of the origin of this manufactory, it strikes us, that had we time and space, it might not be uninteresting to moralise a little on the fact of some of our most useful manufactures owing their existence primarily to the useless or even vicious habits of our artificial life. But to go no further than the one in hand, the Mauchline Tartan-work owes its origin to what some consider the senseless and useless, and others the nasty, practice of taking snuff. For had people not snuffed, there would have been no need of snuff-boxes, and had there been no snuff-boxes, it is more than probable there would have been no Mauchline Tartan-work either. The produce of the snuff-box, however, has been more beneficial than that of Pandora's, and while passing through the extensive workshops of the Messrs. Smith, we could not help quoting, in unaffected wonder, the motto on the retired snuff merchant's carriage,—

"Who would have thought it,
That noses would have bought it!"

We recommend the fact to Mr. Fairholt, for the next edition of his "Tobacco."

More than thirty years ago, in the little village of Laurencekirk, a man made snuff-boxes of white wood, somewhat more neatly than most others in the market, and to mechanical excellence added artistic decoration in a small way, in the shape of sketches in Indian ink, representing huntsmen and hounds, rural scenes, &c., &c., which, being afterwards varnished over, had sufficient attractions to secure some popularity. The decoration became, by degrees, more elaborate, and may be traced through several stages of development. To the rural and hunting scenes succeeded a complication of interlacing lines denominated "worming;" then there was a return to natural objects, and the eyes of snuff-takers were regaled with wreaths of vine leaves and tempting bunches of grapes; once more the conventional succeeded in the form of checks in black, of various patterns; and this being the immediate precursor, seems to have suggested the idea of imitating tartans by chequering the articles with different colours.

Here the history of the work leads us to Mauchline, and introduces to our notice the names of Andrew and William Smith, two men to whose energy and taste it is entirely indebted for the rank it is justly entitled to hold among the *indigenous* arts of North Britain. From a small beginning these two brothers had, and one of them still has, the satisfaction of seeing this branch of industry yearly increasing; proving not only profitable in a business point of view, but also beneficial to the locality, and consequently to the country in which it is carried on.

It was in Mauchline, and by the Messrs. Smith, that the Tartan-work proper, or chequering in colours, was first introduced. These patterns were either mere fanciful combinations of colour, or copies of certain patterns known as clan-tartans. The origin and history of the latter is so interesting, and at the same time so intimately connected with the subject in hand, that we must devote a few lines specially to them.

The Breacan, Breacan, or Tartan plaid, had its origin in a very remote antiquity. It formed a principal article of dress among the Gaels, and its peculiar ornamentation, consisting in the arranging of various colours, in certain recognised patterns, was made a mode of distinguishing the different clans or tribes, each of whom clung most tenaciously to its own. Like most semi-barbarous nations, their tartans show the Celts to have been fond of colour, and most skilful in its arrangement—so much so, at least, that no modern imitations surpass or even equal them in beauty. Of course, from the somewhat sterile nature of their country, the colour of the Celts cannot compare in brilliancy with that of oriental or southern lands; but in their quiet arrangements they are unsurpassed. In these they had Nature to guide them, and followed her faithfully. The very dark varieties seem to have their combinations suggested by the wintry aspect of some bleak hill-side, when there was no sunshine, and before the snow had fallen on its naked summit. Of this class the "Sutherland" may be taken as a type. Then in others, like the "Campbell" or the "Gordon," we have the same hill-side, but when spring had given it a brighter tint, and set a wreath of golden furze on its brow. In some you may detect a streak of the bright berries of the mountain ash—the Rowan tree of Scotland; in others a thread of hare-bells or gentian; while a perfect host have enriched themselves with the glorious hues which a heath-covered Scotch mountain gives out, when it is struck by the rays of the rising sun, or at noon, or better still at sunset, when it literally glows and welters in the richest purple, that a Tyrean might have *died* to imitate. For their reds, they had only to watch the sun set behind the mountains of Mull any fine night in autumn; and their crimson, where it came from, many a poor clansman knew to his cost. But wherever the aesthetic properties of the tartan were derived from, convenience, which may indeed have suggested, must certainly have proved the use of the darker toned varieties, both in the pursuits of the chase and in more sanguinary expeditions.

To their use for the purpose of concealment Sir Walter Scott somewhere alludes, if we mistake not,

in his "Lady of the Lake," in speaking of the clansmen, who, crouched upon the ground, were

"Scarcely to be known by curious eye
From the dark heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen,
With heath-bell dark and bracken green."

The tartan, too, has interest from its historical association with the fate of the unfortunate Stuarts. Like them, it was proscribed, for, in 1747, the government forbade the use of the Celtic garb; and, till 1782, when this ridiculous law was repealed, it was a badge of outlawry and disgrace. At the latter date, however, a variety of causes combined in preventing the withdrawal of the prohibition from having much effect in reviving this national dress. Many of the brave hearts who had espoused the cause of the White Rose had withered and died "ayont the sea," and to those who were left behind its associations would perhaps be too painful for them to be anxious to revive it. The clans were scattered, and the ameliorating influence of judicious government, and the advance of civilization, gradually effaced nearly all their outward, as well as inward, distinctions. Sir Walter Scott and George IV. are the two men to whom the tartan is indebted for its revival. The former directly by his writings, in which he so lovingly depicted Highland scenes and characters; the latter indirectly by his visit to the northern part of his kingdom, and the enthusiasm displayed on the occasion. Old claymores were furbished up that had lain rusty for many a day; the chiefs summoned their clansmen: but many of them looked in vain for their costumes. There was a confusion, not of tongues, but of tartans. Those whose ancestors in former days waged deadly feud were, by some sad blunder of the *costumier*, made as like each other as "Corsican brothers." From many a Highland hut were hunted up faded rags, relics, it may be, of the '45, as authorities for the manufacture of a fresh supply. But even these gave but "an uncertain sound"—here a McGregor might be called a McTavish, there a Gordon might pass for a Graham, till the Messrs. Smith came to the rescue, and, by the publication of "The Clan-Tartans of Scotland," a work compiled with great labour and care, helped to save from certain oblivion this interesting branch of Scottish archaeology. The service they rendered in this respect was very properly acknowledged by the Scottish Society of Antiquaries; and the mention of it may appropriately preface a description of the factory whence it issued.

The traveller leaving Mauchline on a visit to Mossiel will pass on his right a large building stretching backwards from the road, with the usual factory attributes,—rows of windows, outside stairs, the hum of an engine, a tall chimney, and a flag of smoke. We advise him to enter, as he may be assured not only of a polite reception, but also of receiving from the explanations of Mr. Smith, or an intelligent *employé*—to whom we owe many thanks—much useful and interesting information.

In our tour of observation, we come first to men engaged in reducing the raw material into a more convenient form for future operations—that is, in sawing up logs of wood into pieces of various sizes. We should here observe that the wood of the sycamore, or, as it is called in Scotland, the plane-tree—the *Acer pseudo-platanus* of botanists—is solely employed in this manufacture, on account of its close, even texture, which, without being too hard, makes it a pleasant material to work in: to these properties may be added its lightness, which gives to articles made of this wood all the advantages of papier-mâché—of which, indeed, we find it a common mistake to suppose the Mauchline goods to be made.

The wood, having been reduced to a more convenient form, then goes to the different "makers," whose operations of course vary with the articles they make.

On entering the spacious and well-lighted workshop, whose gallery, clock, and general appearance somewhat reminds us of some, though vastly superior to many, of the edifices called churches by Dissenters in Scotland, we find here on one side a number of turning lathes, at which men are busily engaged in making a great variety of articles, such as needle-cases, match-boxes, vinaigrettes, brooches, rings, trays, and a host of others too numerous to mention. Then, on the other side, we find another set engaged in shaping by the hand a different class of goods,

such as paper-cutters, &c.; and lastly, we come to the articles composed of different pieces, such as card-cases, glove-boxes, envelope-cases, reticules, &c., and which may be termed the constructive department. The number of the component parts of some of these articles, and the neatness and ingenuity with which they are put together, are most remarkable. Take up for a sample this little octagon needle-case, which contains no fewer than twenty-six different pieces of wood, yet to all appearance it seems cut out of the solid block, so exactly are its different parts fitted together.

But we must not enter farther into detail regarding the process of manufacture, but proceed to the mode of decoration. All the articles, whatever be the subsequent embellishment intended for them, are grounded in black. Formerly, we believe this was not the case, a white ground having been given for the lighter varieties of tartan; but experience has shown that the black is preferable, from its giving greater depth and brilliancy to the subsequently overlaid colours.

We arrive now at the department devoted to "chequering," which is performed by machines at once simple and ingeniously effective; but which, without the aid of illustration, we can scarcely hope intelligibly to describe. The original machine consists of a single drawing pen, so fitted into the machine that it can draw straight lines with great ease and precision. The workman having, like a weaver, his pattern before him, by means of a notched wheel regulates the lines and spaces. All the lines in the pattern of one colour being completed, he cleans his pen, and proceeds with a fresh one. A certain order is observed in laying on the colours, according to the positions they hold in the pattern. The improved machine, patented by the Messrs. Smith, by means of a great number of pens is able to draw all the lines of one colour, in one direction, at once—which, of course, facilitates greatly the rate of execution. Some articles, from their form, however, necessitate the employment of the old one.

The peculiar beauty of the Mauchline tartan-work is very discernible on comparing it with that executed in lithography, or by any other process—the colours are so pure, the blending so harmonious, and the half-tints, from being laid on in successive lines of pure colour, have a delightful depth and transparency, without the least approach to mudiness.

The chequering is not confined to the workshop, as you may discover on passing down the village street, where through a window here and there you may see busily at work not a few whose age or other circumstances render it more agreeable for them to sit by their own firesides, and who are thus provided with the means of subsistence, and a light and pleasant employment.

After the articles have received their coats of tartan, each is labelled with its proper name, and goes to be varnished. After receiving two coats of varnish, they are smoothed down with fine sand or emery paper, and get five more. They go then to the girls, who polish them up till that beautiful surface is acquired to which we have already referred.

This makes the simpler articles complete; the more complex go now to be "fitted up." Inkstands get their bottles, pincushions their stuffing, boxes their locks, brooches their pins, and, in short, everything that has got anything like an "inside" gets it put in, severed limbs get united, parts useless while separate become by union useful wholes. Now, before we leave this part of the work, we have only to see the girls take them up tenderly and swathe them in tissue, ere they are sent off for present orders, or laid past for future use.

Our *cicerone* now conducts us to what is *par excellence* the artistic department, the *atelier* of the workmen engaged in painting the vignettes. The articles intended to receive paintings, we ought to observe, come here first, before going through any of the stages already referred to. These paintings, executed entirely by the hand, are of all sizes, from the tiny "bit" transferred to the top of a needle-case, to the large quarto-sized landscape, intended for the side of an expensive writing folio. They consist mostly of views of Scottish scenery, especially spots celebrated in history or song, as well as scenes of the chase, including copies of some of Landseer's well-known pictures. Here, at the

top of the room, sits the *premier* artist, engaged, it may be, on a view of one of our sweetest Highland lochs, which he will finish with all the care and delicacy of a miniature, or with an engraving before him, rendering into colour Sir Edwin's "Stag at Bay," or "the Monarch of the Glen." In these days, when our Art must, like everything else, be done by estimate and by steam (Heaven keep this from becoming its doom!), the work which is produced in this department of the Messrs. Smith's manufactory does not a little credit both to their enterprise and good taste.

Having come to the close of the manufacturing process, we shall just step into the wareroom for a moment, for the purpose of seeing the accumulated results of the whole. Here the first thing that "strikes a stranger" will be the great variety of the articles made: a choice for all ages and sexes—babies' powder boxes and old wives' spectacle-cases; articles to be carried in the pocket, or stuck on the person, set on the parlour mantelpiece, or laid on the drawing-room table—all sorts of things that anybody or everybody could fancy are here congregated. We must not forget to mention also the beautifully bound books, with their tartan boards and painted vignettes, as among the most attractive objects in the room. What more appropriate souvenirs of a Scottish tour could be found than, for instance, a copy of "Scott's Poems," in tartan boards, with a delicately executed view of some Border keep or Highland loch, rendered classic by his muse; or "The Songs of Robert Burns," bound in wood from the barn-roof of Mossiel, while occupied by the poet, and *warranted genuine*. Indications these are of the experience of a number of years, and of a watchful attention to public taste.

But besides those which at present form the staple of articles made, there might be mentioned not a few which the course of time and change of fashion have rendered obsolete. In the "pre-historic annals," or "geological periods," or whatever else you like to call it, of the Mauchline manufactory, there is quite a series of different formations. We shall only dig up two fossil remains for the satisfaction of our readers. The first is a specimen of what was at one time a very numerous class, and is called "the Breadalbane button," from having first been made for the noble marquis of that name. A favourite embellishment for buttons was a canine head, but "every dog has its day," and the Mauchline ones, having ceased to please, died a natural death. The other we shall refer to is very beautiful, being a style of decoration somewhat resembling arabesques, sometimes executed on a gold ground, very rich, but rather expensive; and so it also passed away.

Our brief notice of this interesting manufactory must now come to a close, not so much from having exhausted our subject as from having filled our space. It is unnecessary, we vainly hope, to commend its productions to the notice of our readers, they are sufficiently able to commend themselves: they have done so pretty effectively for a good many years, and we doubt not will continue to command a still greater share of public approval. It is true they have not the overpowering claims to utility which economists of the Gradgrind school deem indispensable. It is also true that they have not the privilege of being brought from abroad, which by some is considered essential to artistic excellence. Mauchline is nearer home than Munich or Milan, and Ayrshire has not such a name as the Alhambra; but notwithstanding this, we feel assured that that spirit of our age, which is beginning to appreciate the proper sphere of our artistic development; which is resuscitating our only national style of architecture, will not look with disfavour on any other branch of native Art. The tartan, too, has special claims on attention, as the only indigenous form of textile decoration now extant.

To the men, in conclusion, to whose energy and taste this manufacture owes its origin, and to their successors, who are to come after them, we would say, "Well done!" Though they don't call you Sanzio or Cellini, but only plain Smith, there is a place reserved in the temple of beauty for *your* work also. Remember,

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;"

and the "thing" may be a match-box or a needle-case, and it may be many feet of canvas.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF
GREAT ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 5.—WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

WILLIAM ETTY, in the latter part of his life, was a short, stout man, with shoulders low, and rather narrow, surmounted by a large, heavy head. He had a shambling gait, stout limbs, large feet, with toes less diverging than is usual. There was a good-natured, half-smiling look about his face; he was strongly marked with small-pox; his mouth large; his eyes light, and rather bright, with a cheerful expression, but with no character of thought in them: it was a large mass of unmeaning face, with wrinkled forehead, and thin, grey, straight, and straggling hair. In short, Etty was, in person, the last man you would suspect of an idea soaring into the regions of Fancy, and conversant with poetical and ethereal creatures. I knew Etty well, and have frequently watched the turns and changes of his countenance, with the object of finding some gleam of the light by which his studies were illuminated—but in vain. I believe also, notwithstanding the subjects in which he luxuriated, and to which certain squeamish folks, *in public*, took exception, that no man living was freer from any feeling of a gross or a voluptuous character. Those who knew him best, regarded the effusions of his pencil as sacred, and fully protected from any possible charge of impropriety, by the real innocence and simplicity of his mind. I have heard it frequently remarked that no man but one of a perfectly pure mind, could so far approach indelicacy without committing himself. Painters—as a class of aspirants in a widely-varied and difficult pursuit, in which all are considered but as students and experimentalists—talk more freely to each other of their ends and objects, and the means they take to reach them, than any other set of men—so that it was easy at any time to obtain access to the impulses under which any of the subjects and works of Etty were produced. As a general fact, it is unquestionably true that very little of the matter of his pictures was matter of forethought. It came to him in the course of his practice, and had then to be modified and turned to account; that is to say, forms and accompaniments were there, and had to be treated subject-like, and named with the best names that could be found for them. A picturesque attitude, or combination of forms, if naked, were nymphs bathing; varied with costume and auxiliaries, in posture and action, it was Bacchanalian or rural sports, or something else. In groups and in single figures it was the same: an old head with a beard black or grey was a Jew, a high priest, or a prophet; a naked beauty was a Venus; clothed and wreathed, a Sappho; with dishevelled hair, a Magdalen; with wings, an Angel. In any case, very charming pictures were made of them, and people admired and bought them as fast as they were produced. The Parnassus of Etty—although painting appears to have no representation among the Muses—was the life-academy in St. Martin's Lane. From this a great deal that inspired subjects for Art came, and was worked up by the happy magic of the palette into forms of life and beauty. Etty, like Lawrence, was an embodied industry. From the time Etty was a young student in the schools of the Royal Academy, to near the period of his death, perhaps he never lost, during the whole of his life, one entire year of time. Every evening he was to be found in his place in the life-school, working harder than the rawest tyro, and profiting, as he himself asserts, by the light, shadow, and colour of lamp-light effects. Always good-natured and simple, whilst in the schools of the Academy his fellow pupils used to joke, and asked him how he would manage to continue to work as a pupil when he should become an Academician.

Like all men of talent, reposing upon real artistic strength, Etty had no secrets, either in his nature or his art; in both he was as open and free as the day. He had his own views of Art, of course, and some peculiarities in his practice, and these he defended and spoke of without reserve, but it was only in his pictures that he poetized or walked out of the beaten track. Domestically he was moderate,

social, and hospitable, and had rather a liking for having artistic and other friends about him. He did not at all shine in conversation, nor attempt to shine; but the whole tendency of his mind, feelings, and opinions was marked with an honest simplicity, and a decided conventional propriety. Like many a simple man, content to remain in that character, it is possible that Etty's stock of information passed for much less than it was worth, for it is quite certain that great modesty does not set off acquirement. Etty was strongly attached to his art, and had perfectly correct notions of advancing its interests and its dignity. He was chosen one of the judges of the cartoons exhibited in Westminster Hall, and there can be no doubt that in giving his opinion he acted with the most scrupulous honesty, and the most perfect justice. I remember well the expression of his earnest regret made to me, that they could not (his colleagues and himself) concede one of the prizes to poor Haydon, for his cartoon of the Black Prince, &c. In this sad matter he spoke with the deepest sympathy and regret; he spoke very freely and sensibly of the unequal balance of professional and non-professional power employed in the decisions of that little-studied, new, and untried matter. Poor Haydon, no doubt, felt the decision unfavourable to him most keenly; it proved a death-blow to him, poor fellow, and ended a life of bitter strife and privation.

In conformity with his mode of practice, Etty appears to have made very few sketches of his pictures; that would have betrayed more forethought than was ever given to them, and a different course of study to that pursued. There is, in consequence, very little subject in his works, no incident or episode, and very little of what painters understand by learned composition. The great charm of his pictures is colour,—not of a high order,—and that fleshiness, pulpiness, and what the Italians call *morbidezza*, which is peculiar to female form and texture. In this it is to be questioned if any painter, ancient or modern, has ever equalled him. This is a quality of Art to be looked for nowhere so rationally as in modern Art, and not in modern, but in English art, where alone it has been found; it is a pure result of process directed by feeling, and can only emanate from it.

It is greatly to be regretted that in the later part of his career Etty fell into some mannerism, both in respect to treatment and drawing, prejudicial to his works. His female forms lost much of their true natural character, and became fashionable and small-waisted, like women who have for their whole lives been pinched up in stays and bandages; and he fell into an ugly method of projecting dark shadows upon parts, which destroyed both their beauty and form. The loose, free mode of handling adopted by Etty was highly favourable to chromatic effects, the iridescence and brightness of colour. In his mode of operation I observed he put in an outline, which, being either in water-colour, or having dried first upon the canvas, was not disturbed by brushing over or wiping off; thus he had no trouble or concern in the filling up, and in the rubbings off of colour that required to be removed. There is no artist upon the principles of whose style and practice so little can be said, because there was but one idea pursued in them; this was, in a word, to produce *flesh*, with its peculiar charms of colour, transparency, and softness; everything else in the picture was subsidiary to this. However pleasing, this object is a confined one. Of action, character, and expression there was nothing; all was listlessness and indifference. Whole groups of figures were assembled doing nothing. If in the water, they were idly enjoying it; if on board some boat, or gilded bark, they were reposing, and, perhaps, holding threads, without appearing to be concerned in what they were doing: upon the green earth, or in beds of flowers, they rested and reclined, with musical instruments in their hands—they did not play upon them, but gracefully held them as the models did from which they were painted, in a manner which combined agreeably with the colours and forms about them. Eyes that were open were supposed to see, and mouths under the same circumstances to speak or to sing.

So mighty and multifarious is Art in its province and powers, that this partial manifestation left nothing to be desired, but was perfect and satisfactory in itself. The creatures of the artist, although

human, required but the ornamental truth alone; they were devoid of the interior, which contains the passions and the feelings that ruffle and disturb the surface. The art of Etty was confined to the exterior creatures, and it never essayed to go deeper. It is in this aim and achievement that he is to be judged, and whoever looks for more does him an injustice; it was not the thing, but its aspect, that he painted.

As one wielding that mightiest of all instruments, the pen, over his character, I should grieve to do a wrong to one single hair of that head which is now quietly reposing in honour beneath the turf, and whose like in the world of Art it will be long before we see again. I wish only that he should fit into the niche for which nature intended him, and the true genius of Art assigns him. He cannot suffer by this, but in the eyes of ignorance, whose faulty estimate assigns false honours to places in the Temple of Fame, in which true taste alone sets up her own proper images. The *high* and the *low* in Art are matters of exceedingly difficult decision. The definition put forth by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which has been so readily received and so little acted upon, becomes questionable by consideration. Reynolds remarks that the intellect employed in the creation of the work, and the intellectual pleasure given by it, form the scale of its merits (*verbatim*). This reposes Art upon a power common to all men, instead of that which belongs to the few, and which men regard as genius. Etty's powers were not intellectual, and required neither high intellect in their exercise, nor in the appreciation of what they produced; they are so rare among men, as to give them that claim to the notice of the world which they received at its hands, and which they will ever command in open rivalry with the highest products of intellect which is common to all men. In the productions of his pictures, Etty worked by a power more rare among men than intellect, and altogether beyond the scope of acquirement, the nature and the rarity of which must be combined in the estimate of its value, whatever price is set upon it.

In a letter to me on the subject of national encouragement, and of making Art subservient to religious and moral purposes, Etty displays all the right feeling and intelligence the subject demands. As a moral teacher, he considers that Art is capable of being employed in the highest of all offices,—in assisting to produce, by its correcting and softening influence, that “great prop and hulwark of a country, a moral and a healthy population;” that the exclusion of Art from the cause of God and religion is the greatest of all mistakes; that the study of all which tends to elevate the Creator through the objects of the creation, elevates the mind and calls forth its best energies and its highest resources; and that this fact and feeling is evidenced in our Gothic buildings, which all venerate; and that in the beautiful structure and its ornaments all is but *picture*. He thinks that through Art, as through music, religion makes a warmer appeal to the heart, and that earnestness is induced where otherwise lightness and apathy might prevail.

No judge is so infallible as the world, if you give it time; but as long as it continues to judge by the standard set up in its infancy, it will always be liable to error. In the judgment of the world the subjects chosen by Etty, devoid of serious thought and tending to excite the passions, would be regarded as rather allied with loose feeling and profligacy than sobriety; yet he possessed not only an innocent, but a pious mind, and right feeling.

Etty, like many an artist, was, in the latter part of his career, induced to abandon the regions in which he found his real strength, and to appear in those which could not be regarded as his home. The few large pictures he painted required the employment of what he was never called upon to exercise in his early and ordinary works,—thought and knowledge of things which he had not studied and acquired, and for which nature gives no more than the aptitude. In all there is the charm of colour, which here is not enough, where strong character, appropriate action, and expression are indispensable. His Academy studies had furnished him with some portion of the necessary knowledge of form and development, but it did not extend beyond the Academic in force and truth, and has none of the vitality which distinguishes intelligence, life, and nature.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART IV.—TEMPLES, ARCHES, &c.



APPLY for us we are not political journalists: it is no part of our duty to watch and chronicle the events which, at certain intervals of time, convulse nations, and seem to mock the wisdom of the wise, and to set at naught the guiding hand of statesman and diplomatist, however experienced in the science of government. We stand in need of no "special correspondent" to report to us, for the information of our readers, the march of contending armies, to tell of victories and defeats, to describe the horrors of war, the field of slaughter, the desolation of countries, the ruin of city and hamlet, the destruction of home and habitation, the letting loose "the dogs of war" over the fairest portions of God's earth, when

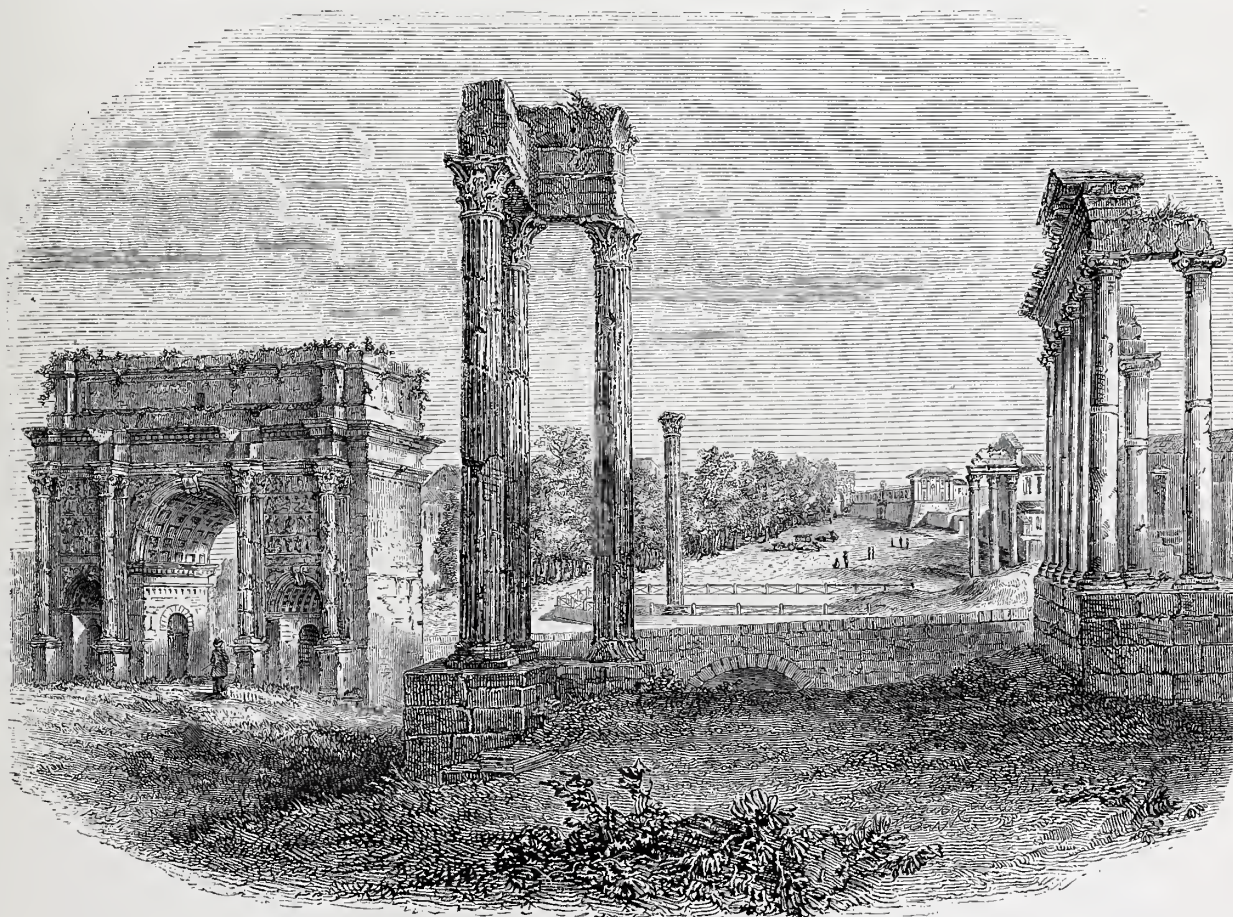
"Sacked towns, and midnight howlings through the realm,
Proclaim their presence:"

such tasks we are not called upon to perform,—and we are perfectly willing to leave them to other hands. But yet events have taken place recently, which, viewed in connection with the remarks made in the opening chapter of this series of papers, we can scarcely pass over without reference. It was there stated that Italy had become, politically, a by-word and reproach—a country almost unrecognised as a nation, and holding her position in the world more on account of the magnitude and wealth of her Art-treasures, than by the efforts of her sons to restore the land of their birth to the liberty it once enjoyed. A few months have sufficed to renege at least a portion of the country from the reproach that clung to it. The eyes of the civilized world have, during this brief period, been turned to some of the Italian States

struggling to emancipate themselves from the bondage of the foreigner or the vassalage of native rulers. The contest has terminated as suddenly as it was commenced. The surface of the land has been deluged with the blood of no craven hearts among the hostile ranks, yet whether the cause for which it was so freely poured forth has been attained, can scarcely be doubted: the storm has passed over the country, it has laid waste many a goodly heritage, but appears to have produced no other results than disappointment, both to victors and vanquished. Fortunately, it did not extend so far as the pontifical city, or we might have had to deplore the destruction of those glorious works of Art we have undertaken to describe,—a task we now resume.

In a former article (*vide p. 138*) a view of the Forum of Rome was introduced: both in that representation, and in the one below, the spectator cannot but be impressed with the desolation that marks the locality. Standing at the base of the Capitol,—the point at which the artist who made the two drawings must have placed himself, though he shifted his position for the latter sketch, and has omitted the row of trees forming the *Via Sacra*,—this once noted and favourite resort of the ancient Roman people rises up, a grand yet melancholy spectacle, as if to show how impotent is the power of nations to maintain their sovereignty when the decree has gone forth for its subversion, and how futile is the art of man to preserve the monuments of his genius from the destroying hand of Time.

The view of the Forum, as represented in the engraving below, is certainly finer than that on a former page: to the left is the Arch of Septimius Severus; the three columns in the foreground are the only remains of the celebrated Temple of Jupiter Tonans; to the right are the eight columns of the Temple of Fortune, or of the Vespiani (*vide pp. 138, 139, ante*); the single column in the middle distance is the Column of Phocas (*vide p. 238, ante*); to the right of this are the beautiful remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, now commonly called by archaeologists, the Greco-stasis; and, if the reader will take the trouble to refer to the preceding view of the Forum, he will see the Arch of Titus in the distance; and among the range of buildings to the left are the Basilica of Paulus Emilius, now the Church of St. Adrian, the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the Basilica of Constantine, fragments of the Temple of Venus and Rome, on the site of which is the Church of St. Francesca



THE FORUM.

Romana, and the Shrine of St. Peter and St. Paul, constructed near the Tullian and Mamertine dungeons; all these interesting objects are contained within a range of four or five hundred yards.

The three beautiful columns comprising the ruin of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans—as it is termed by Roman antiquarians, but which Chevalier Bunsen, and other German authorities, call the Temple of Saturn—are situated on the western side of the Temple of Fortune. The temple was erected by Augustus, and was dedicated to Jove the Thunderer, to commemorate his escape from a thunderstorm, during his Cantabrian expedition, when a slave who carried a torch before him, it being night time, was struck dead by lightning: at

subsequent periods it was restored by Septimius Severus and Caracalla. We cannot pretend to determine the question upon which learned antiquarians differ as to the precise name that should be given to these columns; it is sufficient to remark, the latest authorities incline to the opinion that they belonged originally to the Temple of Saturn, which stood on the *Clivus Capitolinus*, the site of the ruins now standing. They were brought to light by the Freuch, who discovered them, in the early part of the present century, buried nearly to the capitals in an accumulation of rubbish: by digging into the soil they found that the basement of the columns had been partially removed; "it was therefore necessary," says a writer in "Murray's Handbook," "to remove the

entablature, and secure the shafts by scaffolding; the basement was then carefully restored, the ground cleared, and the entablature replaced in its original position." The columns are of Carrara marble, in the Corinthian style, deeply fluted, and are considered fine examples of that order of architecture.

Our next illustration represents three columns remaining from the TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR, standing in front of the Church of Sta Maria Liberatrice. These ruins have been the subject of much discussion among antiquarians, the prevailing opinion now being that they are a portion of the edifice, built about two hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, for the reception of foreign ambassadors, when the senate received them in audience; and as the plenipotentiaries from Phyrus, King of Epirus, were the first who presented themselves in the building, it was called *Grecostatis*. According to Sir Francis Head, "the *Grecostatis* was rebuilt and considerably extended by Antoninus Pius, who elevated the new building on a lofty substructure of brick sheathed with marble, accessible by a triple-branched flight of steps ending in a single and a broader flight, that led to the platform in front. The aspect of the principal façade facing across the Campo Vaccino towards the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina was a little to the northward of east, and this façade was ornamented with eight columns, and each of the flanks with thirteen or with fifteen columns." To judge by those now standing, isolated in the midst of the Forum, they must be regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Roman architecture of the Augustan age: they are of white marble, and of beautiful proportions, about fifty-two feet in height, fourteen feet nine inches in circumference, or four feet ten inches in diameter: the entablature is exquisitely wrought, and appears to exceed in depth the ordinary proportions. Between the flutings may here and there be observed patches of red colour, showing them to have been at one time painted: we should scarcely consider this an improvement on pure white marble.

THE TEMPLE OF VESTA, engraved on the next page, standing near the banks of the Tiber, at a short distance from the Ponte Rotto and the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, is now a Christian church; it was first consecrated under the name of S. Stefano delle Carrozze, and subsequently, about the year 1480, in the pontificate of Sixtus IV., under that of S. Maria del Sole:

public worship has, however, long ceased within its walls, and admission to examine it can only be obtained by application to the keeper, who lives close by. This temple is among the most generally admired edifices in Rome, and the numerous bronze models of it have caused it to be better known than, perhaps, any other building in the city. Temples dedicated to Vesta were frequent in ancient Rome, Numa Pompilius having ordered the erection of one in each of the *curia*, or wards: this one is not supposed to be of the number of those originally built in conformity with the commands of Numa, but is assigned to a much later date, the period of the Antonines. It is circular in form, and consists of a *cella*, or chapel, surrounded by nineteen fluted Corinthian columns of Parian marble, the twentieth has been destroyed. The chapel, as described by Sir G. Head, is nearly one hundred and sixty-nine feet in circumference, and in the most perfect state of preservation to the extent of about two-thirds the height from the pavement, above which point the remainder has been

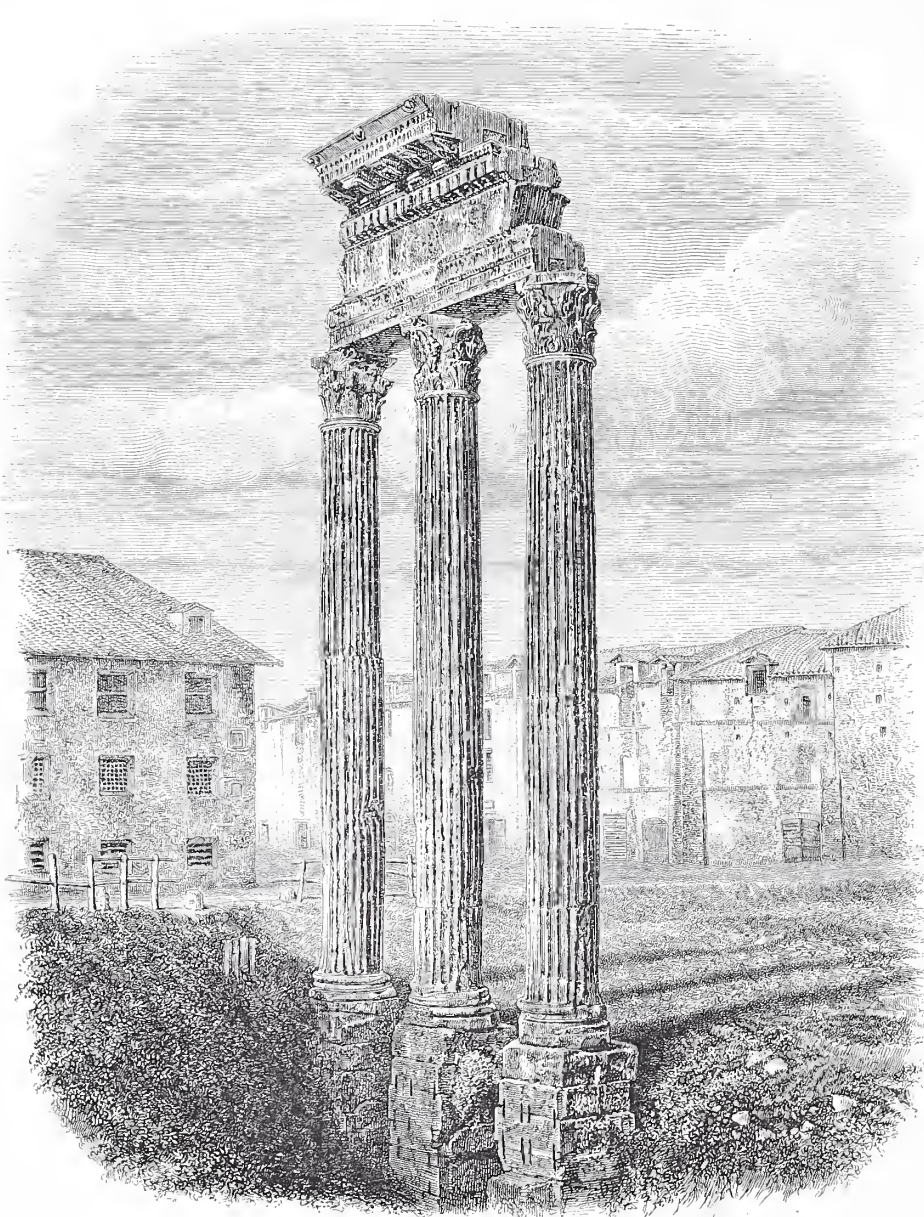
completed in modern times with brickwork: it is formed of blocks of Parian marble, laid together with surprising exactness. The entablature has entirely disappeared, and a modern roof of red tiles has, with singularly bad taste, been substituted for the original covering. Between the columns, which are about three feet in diameter, and thirty-four in height, are iron rails, through which entrance is gained by a door composed of rough, unplanned planks, to the interior, whose ceiling is nothing more than the bare surface of the tiles and rafters: the pavement is composed of rough slabs of marble. "The only altar which appears ever to have been erected in the building in Christian times is still in existence, situated in the usual position opposite the entrance. It is an altar of the most ordinary description, of which the pediment and its pair of columns are a painted imitation of marble."* The fountain which stands close by is of modern date.

Leaving, at least for the present, the other Roman temples unnoticed, we pass on to describe one of the most magnificent remains of the ancient city, the ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, considered the most perfect of all the triumphal arches now existing. It is situated at the entrance of the Via di S. Gregorio,

on the spot known as the Via Triumphalis; and was erected by the senate and people in honour of Constantine, to commemorate his victory over the Emperor Maxentius, who had disgusted his subjects with his licentiousness and cruelties. This event happened about A.D. 306, a date which nearly determines the antiquity of the arch. Some antiquarians are of opinion that its form and proportions are too good for the period of Constantine, when a debased style of architecture began to prevail; and they regard it as the Arch of Trajan,—the exact site of which has never been determined,—remodelled and redecorated to adapt it to the purpose intended. There is, however, no doubt that some of the bas-reliefs and ornaments on the arch belonged originally to that of Trajan. Like many other noble remains of ancient art in Rome, a considerable portion of it lay buried for centuries in accumulated earth and rubbish; but in the early part of the present century Pius VII., who had already restored to light those portions of the arch of Septimius Severus as had long been hidden, commenced operations on this also; and, a few years after, Leo XII. completed the work, and reduced the entire surface of the ground on both sides of the structure to its original level.

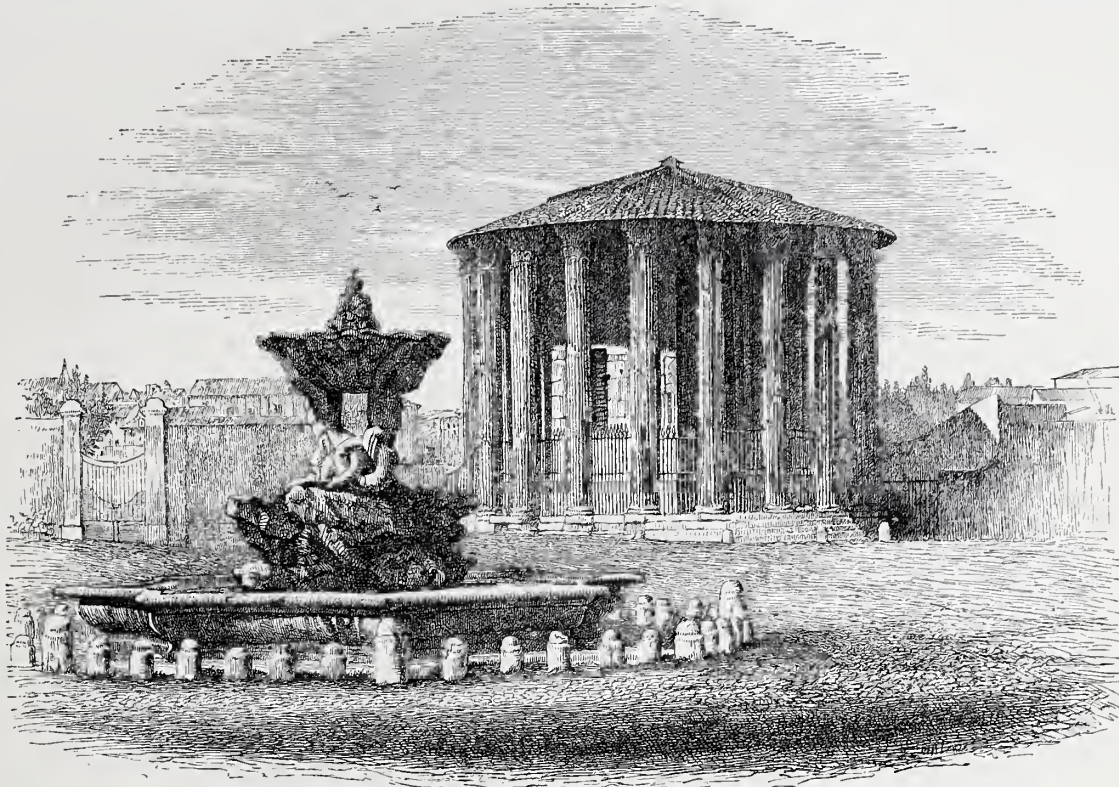
The Arch of Constantine, like that just referred to, has three archways, with four columns, of the Corinthian order, on each front; behind these, and resting on the same pedestals, are the same number of fluted Corinthian pilasters; seven of these columns are of *gallio antico*. The eighth was originally of the same material, but it is said to have been taken away by Clement VIII., for an altar in the Lateran, and the present one substituted for it: all, however, are so discoloured by age and weather that it is difficult to determine with any certainty the exact material of which they are made. The pedestals of the columns are, as the engraving shows, unusually lofty, and they are ornamented on their three sides with bas-reliefs: on the spandrel of the principal archway is a bas-relief of Fame, on each side; and on the spandrels of the smaller archways is a recumbent figure, also on each side. The description of

* "Rome: A Tour of Many Days." By Sir George Head. Longman & Co., London.



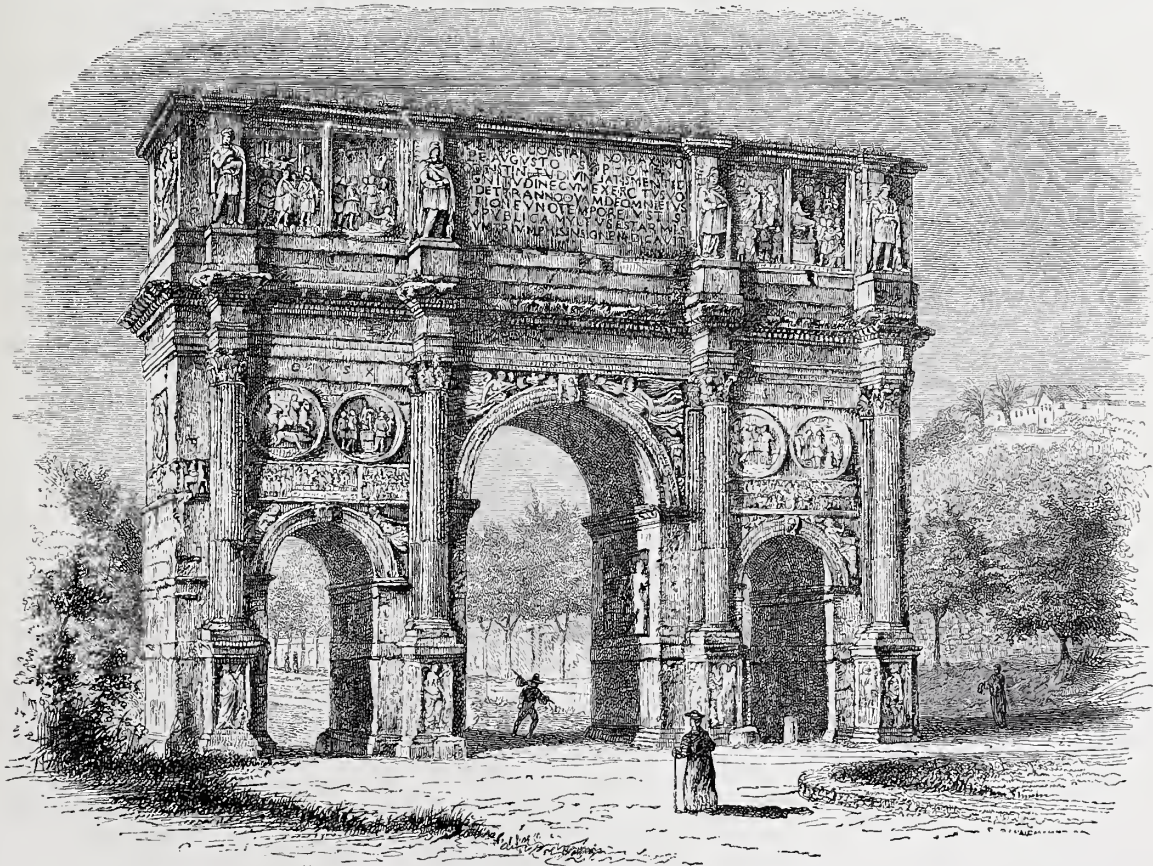
COLUMNS OF THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER STATOR.

the arch given in "Murray's Handbook of Rome" is so concise and intelligible, that we cannot do better than adopt it:—"On each attic are four square bas-reliefs, and over each of the smaller arches are two circular medallions, all relating to the history of Trajan. The square reliefs on the flanks of the attic,



THE TEMPLE OF VESTA.

and the statues of the Dacian captives (surmounting the columns), belong to | some arch of Trajan, and are easily distinguished from the inferior sculptures of



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

Constantine two hundred years later. The square reliefs on the front facing the Coliseum" (that seen in the engraving) "represent — 1. the triumphal entry of Trajan into Rome; 2. the emperor raising a recumbent figure, an allegorical allusion to the repairs of the Appian Way; 3. his supplying the

people with provisions; 4, the emperor on a chair of state, while a person, supposed to be Parthamisiris, King of Armenia, is brought before him. On the southern side are—1. Trajan crowning Parthamaspes, King of Partbia; 2. the Discovery of the conspiracy of Decebalus, King of Dacia; 3. the emperor addressing his soldiers; 4. the sacrifice of the Snovetanrilia. On the flanks of the attic are the two reliefs, supposed to have formed originally one compartment; they represent the victory of Trajan over Decebalus, and are the very finest works of the kind extant. The circular medallions over the small arches represent the sports of the chase, and their attendant sacrifices. The works of Constantine do not harmonize with these beautiful sculptures. The frieze which goes round the middle of the arch represents, in a series of indifferent bas-reliefs, military processions and various events in the life of Constantine. On the flanks of the arch are two round medallions, representing the chariots of the sun and moon, typifying the emperor's dominion over the east and the west. The figures of Fame over the arch, the bas-reliefs of the piers representing the conquest of Veroua and the fall of Maxentius, the figures on the pedestals of the columns, also belong to the age of Constantine, and show how low the Arts had fallen at that time."

But from the associations connected with it, not one of the ancient edifices of Rome offers—at least to the Christian mind—more interesting matter of thought than the ARCH OF TITUS, which forms the last of our illustrations.

The object itself, independent of the ornaments that embellish it, can scarcely fail to recall to the mind that most pathetic remonstrance, followed by the solemn warning and prediction uttered against Jerusalem—"Thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." This arch was erected by the senate and the people, to commemorate the conquest of Jerusalem by Titus, within half a century from the period when the prophecy was spoken. It stands at the end of the Forum, near the Colosseum; and is interesting not only as a record of Scripture history, but also for its elegance as an architectural structure, which may be designated as a massive, rectangular building, of marble, surmounted by an attic, and having a single arch, unlike those of Severus and Constantine, which have three. The frontage both ways is similar, showing on each side four fluted columns of composite order. Prior to the time of Pius VII., the edifice was in almost hopeless decay, and would have become a total ruin but for the judicious restorations made under the superintendence of the architect Valladier, by order of that pontiff; these are easily distinguished from the ancient portions. Upon the southern façade the frieze is sculptured in bold bas-relief, representing a procession of warriors leading oxen to the sacrifice; and above, upon the attic, is the following original inscription, finely-sculptured, in clear, capital characters, which are



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

perfectly legible:—SENATVS . POPVLVSQVE . ROMANVS . DIVO . TITO . DIVI . VESPASIANI . F. VESPASIANO . AVGVSTO. The side towards the Forum has suffered more severely than the other, only a portion of the basement and about half of the columns being preserved, with the mutilated figures of Victory, in bas-relief, on the spandrels of the arch. The sides, which are of very considerable depth, are completely covered with the celebrated bas-reliefs, representing the triumphal procession of Titus to the Capitol with the spoils of the Temple of Jerusalem. "Of these interesting works of Art, executed in an excellent style of sculpture, each on a single slab of white marble extending the whole depth of the aperture, the one on the eastern side represents Titus seated in a chariot, drawn by four horses abreast, led by a figure of Rome personified by a female, and accompanied by another female figure of Victory, the latter holding a chaplet above the head of the Conqueror of the Holy City, and hovering over the chariot, which is preceded and followed by numerous groups of senators, citizens, lieutors bearing their fasces, &c. The bas-relief on the western side is a continuation of the same procession, consisting of captive Jewish soldiers, followed by several of those identical implements of religious observance in the Temple of Jerusalem that are actually detailed in the Bible, and appear here represented in marble by the artist whose own eyes beheld them. Here, accordingly, is to be seen an exact resemblance of the very objects in the state in which they existed at the period in question, including the table of gold, the seven-branched golden candlestick, and the silver trumpets, all borne on men's shoulders, and very

clearly recognisable, though the heads of some of the bearers are deficient, and the bodies much mutilated."*

The three arches of which, in this and a preceding paper (*ante*, p. 139), a brief description has been given, are the principal structures of the kind in Rome; but there are some others, such as the Arch of Drusus, the Arch of Dolabella, the Arch of Gallienus, &c., that the lover of antiquities who visits the city should not omit to see. All of these works, as well as the columns and temples we have noticed, belong to the period of the empire when Rome appeared in her greatest architectural magnificence, for which she was chiefly indebted to the example of Augustus, whose highest ambition, after he was firmly seated on the imperial throne, was to extend the limits of the city and to adorn it with whatever could add to its splendour. But the further we proceed in examining the architecture of Rome, from his reign to his successors, the more apparent is the decline of pure principles and pure taste; the influence of Greek Art is, indeed, manifest, and the Corinthian type everywhere obtrudes, but so debased in style, and oftentimes so loaded with worthless and meretricious ornament, that if the architects and sculptors of Athens and Corinth could witness some of these Roman exhibitions of Greek Art, they would at once repudiate it as a falsity: at any rate, there is in them a manifest departure from the simplicity and elegance of the works of the Greeks.

J. DAFFORNE.

* Sir G. Head.

THE
NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:
THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.
WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF
OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,
AUTHOR OF A "MANUAL OF BRITISH ARCHEOLOGY,"
"CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONU-
MENTAL BRASSES AND SLABS," ETC., ETC.

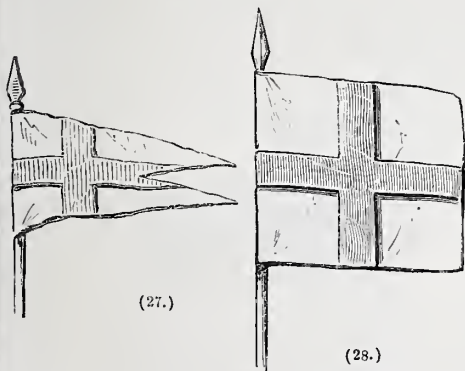
" . . . In the air
A thousand streamers floated fair,—
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue;
Broad, narrow, swallow-tail'd, and square,
Scroll, pennon, pencil, bandrol, there
O'er the pavilions flew:
Highest and midmost was descried
The Royal Banner floating wide."

Marmion, iv. 38.

PART V.—THE BANNER.

THE BANNER was of a square form, or nearly so, and it was charged with the complete coat-of-arms of the bearer or owner, but not with any other device. The armorial insignia were displayed upon the entire area of the banner, covering it as they would cover a shield. A pennon, with its points torn off, would very closely resemble a banner: and thus banners were often actually made in the middle ages on the field of battle, when a knight, because of his gallantry, was advanced to the higher rank of KNIGHT-BANNERET by the sovereign himself, present in person, under his own royal banner displayed. On such occasions, a part of the ceremony of creation consisted in the king commanding the points to be torn off from the heraldic pennon that every knight was entitled to bear, thus reducing it to the square form of the banner, by which the knight in question was thenceforth to be distinguished. For that purpose the knight, bearing his pennon in his own hand, was led between two other knights before the king, when an herald said,—“May it please your grace, this gentleman hath shown himself valiant in the field, and for so doing deserveth to be advanced to the degree of knight-banneret, as worthy to bear a banner in the war. Then,” adds the chronicler, “the king shall cause the points of his pennon that they be rent off.” Such was one of the customs prevalent in those dark ages, when, without either payment of money, or any other interest than his own worthiness as it was attested by his comrades in arms, a good soldier was promoted on the instant upon the field of battle.

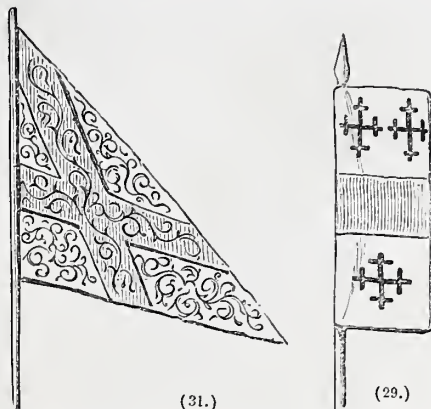
The difference in form and appearance between the pennon and the banner may be characteristically exemplified by placing side by side the pennon (27)



and the banner of St. George (28). The difference in signification between these two ensigns was very important, and amounted to this, that whereas the pennon was the personal ensign of the knight himself, who bore it upon his own lance, the banner was the collective ensign of a knight-banneret together with the knights, men-at-arms, and others who were under his command. Thus, while the pennon indicated knightly rank, the banner was the emblem of military authority. It was the *troupe-colour* of a knight's or baron's special command, and its position declared the presence of the chief himself or of his delegated representative. Every officer in command, from the king downward, had

his banner; and it was the heraldic blazon upon any banner which, by determining to whom it belonged, determined the military rank of the individual by whom it was displayed.

In many of the groups of military figures that appear in the illuminations and other works of mediæval artists, the banners borne by different chiefs upon their lances are represented to have been cut very short in proportion to their depths; in some instances, indeed, they extended but a few



inches from the shafts of the lances. Banners of this form were adopted apparently with the view to prevent their fluttering in the wind, and thus impeding the free action of the knightly weapon. The accompanying example (29) is from one of the illuminations in the celebrated MS. of Matthew Paris, preserved at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Other examples of these short banners appear in the fragment (30) of a painting that once adorned the walls of the “Painted Chamber” at Westminster. This same fragment contains a triangular flag, which may have been a pennon of unusually large dimensions. Similar triangular flags are not uncommon in the representations of mediæval warfare and jousting. I give another specimen (31) from the decorations of St. Stephen's

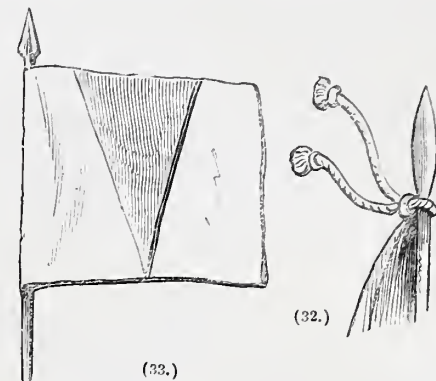


Chapel, Westminster; and I may refer to the knightly figures in the side niches of the canopy of the Hasting's brass, at Ely, in Norfolk, for further illustrations of this class of lance-flags.

The curious and interesting effigy of Sir Robert de Shurland (about A. D. 1310), at Minster, in the Isle of Sheppy, illustrates the manner in which banners were sometimes attached to lances by straps or cords (32), a usage of which the remembrance is retained by us in the cords and tassels that we attach to the heads of our own military flag-staves. The more prevalent custom, however, in the middle ages appears to have been to wrap the banner itself round the staff, and then fasten it by sewing, as may be supposed to be the arrangement in the greater number of my illustrative examples.

Froissart, in his admirable Chronicle, has given us the following graphic account of the first appearance on the field of battle of the banner of a newly-

created knight-banneret. Sir John Chandos, one of the Knights Founders of the Garter, appeared with his maiden banner at the battle of Navaret, on



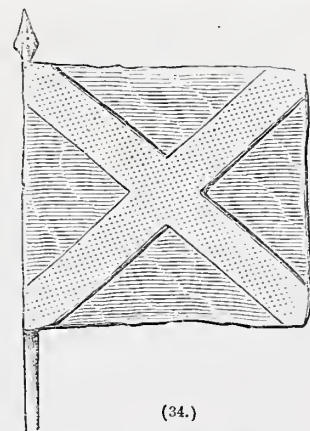
the morning of Feb. 3, 1367. “He brought his banner in his hand,” says the chronicler, “rolled up, and said to the Prince of Wales,”—the Black Prince—“My lord, behold here is my banner; I deliver it to you in this way”—furled, or rolled, round the staff, that is—“that it may please you to display it, and that this day I may raise it: for, thank God, I have land and heritage sufficient to support the rank as it ought to be.” Then the prince and the king—Don Pedro—took the banner (which was of silver, with a sharp pile, gules, (33,) between their hands by the staff, and displayed it, and returned it to him, saying,—“Sir John, behold your banner! May God grant that you may do your duty!” Then Sir John Chandos bore his banner to his own company, and said,—“Sirs, behold here my banner and yours: keep it as your own!”

“Sir John, behold your banner,” said the Black Prince, “may God grant that you may do your duty!” In these memorable words the heroic son of the third Edward anticipated the sentiment with which, in after times, another true English hero should sum up his triumphant career. It was not, indeed, on the occasion of the first display of a well-earned banner that NELSON spoke; still, through the agency of flags it was that his last appeal thrilled through the exulting fleet, when

“Along the line the signal ran,—
ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN
THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DUTY!”

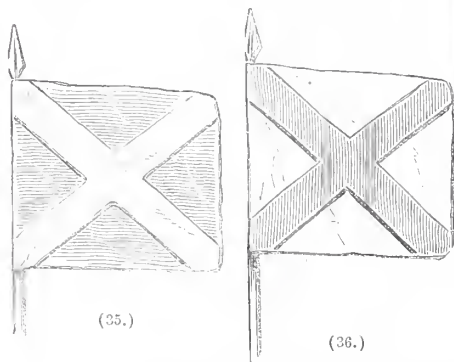
And the responsive cheer which spontaneously arose,—a fitting prelude to the thunders of the fight,—proclaimed that then, as of yore, as now also, England might rely upon the dutiful devotion of her sons.

I must return to Sir John Chandos, “the flower of English chivalry,” for the purpose of adding that he fell in a skirmish near the bridge of Iusac, Dec. 31, 1370. His death is described by Froissart in a manner no less vivid than that in which the chronicler has recorded the first appearance of his banner. He appears to have been buried at Mortemer, where he died of his wound. His tomb, as described by Sir S. R. Meyrick (“Archæologia,” xx.

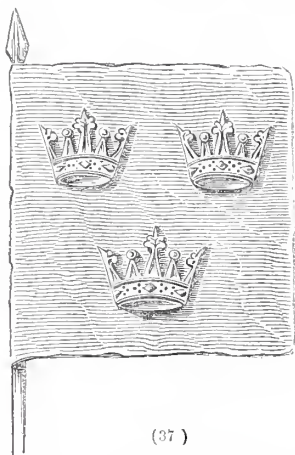


484), is a coped stone coffin, resting upon low pillars, and having sculptured upon it the banner, lance, and shield of the knight.

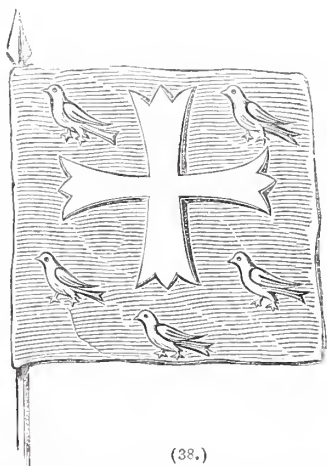
In feudal times lands and other properties were held by many persons and communities who were not members of the military profession, but who still were bound (in respect of their land and revenues) to contribute their contingents of men for military service. Banners, which might be displayed in the field at the head of their respective forces, were assigned to all such persons and communities. Thus, all the monasteries of England had their own banners. The banner of the great Abbey of St. Alban—the premier abbey of England—for example, bore on a field of blue a golden saltire, or diagonal cross (34). Such an ecclesiastical banner would be displayed in war at the head



of the armed vassals of the monastery, and its presence would denote that they appeared in that capacity. In processions, and other peaceful solemnities, the same banner would appear at the pleasure of the Abbot of St. Alban's. Famous and



popular saints had their own banners, which were not in all cases directly associated with any religious establishment. Such were the banners of St. George of England (28); St. Andrew of Scotland (35), a blue flag, bearing a white saltire;



St. Patrick of Ireland (36), a white flag, charged with a red saltire; St. Edward the Martyr (37), a blue flag, with three golden crowns; and St. Ed-

ward the Confessor, also a blue flag, charged with a cross fleury and five martlets of gold (38). In another class of ecclesiastical banners, portraits of sainted personages appear to have been represented, as in the instances of the banners of St. Peter of York, St. Wilfred of Beverley, St. John of Ripon, and St. Cuthbert of Durham. The banner of St. Cuthbert was regarded with peculiar reverence, and its presence was hailed as a most propitious presage of victory: it was displayed for the last time on the fatal field of Flodden, Sept. 9, 1513, by the Earl of Surrey, who took it northward with him, for that express purpose, from Durham. In one of his most effective passages, Sir Walter Scott has described, in such words as these, the agitated career of some of the noble and knightly ensigns at Flodden: he begins with the pennons of the lauces,—

"In the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew."

Then—

"Amid the scene of tumult high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight."

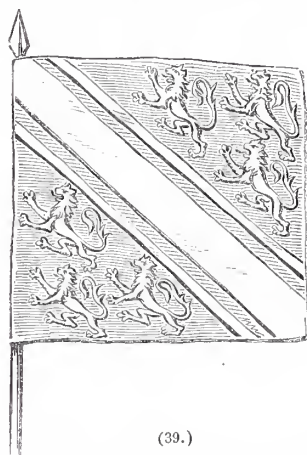
After a while—

"Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheer'd Scotland's fight
Then fell that spotless banner white,—
The Howard's lion fell:
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew,
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell. . . .
Advanc'd, forc'd back,—now low, now high,
The banner sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It waver'd 'mid the foes."

Marmion's esquire, "a fiery youth," could then no longer endure to gaze from his distant post upon the falling ensign of his lord; he galloped to the host, followed by the archers of his train, and

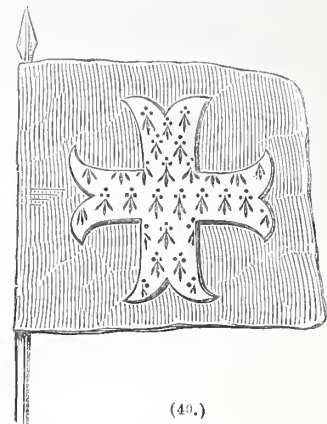
"With desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large;
The rescued banner rose;
But darkly clos'd the war around,—
Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes."

The most characteristic and interesting record of early mediæval banners that have waded in the breezes of England, is the "Roll of Caerlaverock," a contemporary Norman-French poem, which contains an accurate blazon of the armorial insignia of 106 Bannerets, who were marshalled under the royal banner of Edward I., at his siege of that border-fortress, in the year 1300. With the heraldic descriptions of the banners, the writer has associated slight but expressive sketches of the good knights who bore them. As an example of these ensigns, I give the banner (39) of the hereditary



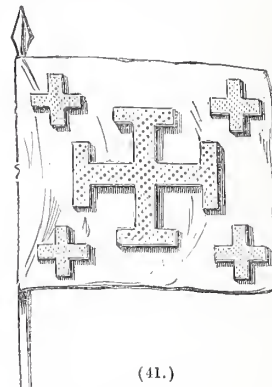
"Constable" of England, Humphrey de Bohun, the eighth of that name, Earl of Hereford and Essex, "a rich and elegant young man," as the "Roll" declares him to have been, who, two years afterwards, married Elizabeth Plantagenet, youngest daughter of the king. The De Bohun banner was blue, and it bore a silver bend, having on either side of it a "cotise" (or very narrow bend), and three small lions rampant of gold. Another of the Caerlaverock banners, of which I have also given a

representation (40), was borne by the celebrated Anthony Bee, Bishop of Durham, who was present at the siege. His banner is remarkable from the



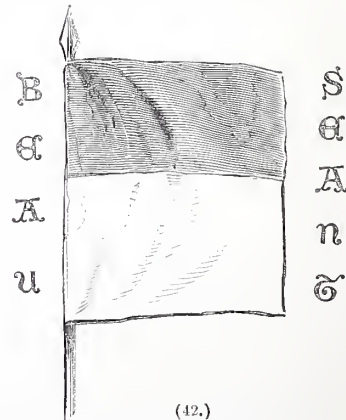
circumstance, that it is described to have borne, not the arms of his see, but his paternal coat of Bec—a cross moline, ermine, upon a field of scarlet. It may be presumed, therefore, that the prelate appeared on this occasion rather in his temporal than in his ecclesiastical capacity, and that the soldiers who followed him formed his personal contingent, and not a band composed of vassals of his see.

The banner of the crusader kings of Jerusalem (41) bore five golden crosses upon a ground of



silver,—a composition exhibiting an intentional violation of that fundamental law of heraldry, which forbids any device to be represented in gold upon silver, or in silver upon gold,—for the express purpose of distinguishing the ensign of the Christian sovereign of the Holy City from the insignia of all other potentates.

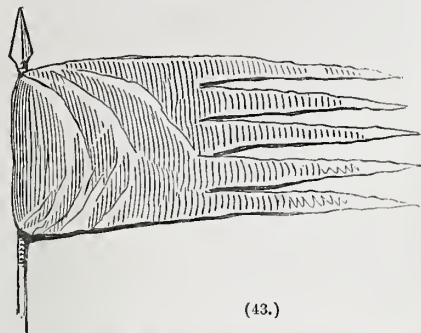
The famous banner of the Knights Templars, called BEAU-SEANT (42), had its upper half black



and the lower white,—the black to typify terror to foes, and the white to proclaim amity and goodwill to friends. This ensign of the order is repeatedly represented in the painted decorations of the Temple Church in London, where it appears of narrow proportions, and having its title set forth beside it.

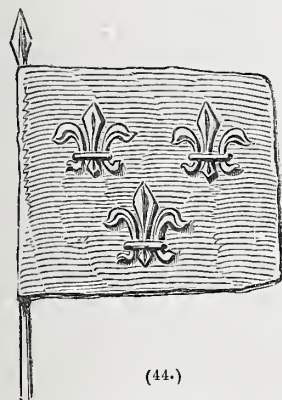
The war-ery of the Temple chivalry was also "*Beau-seant!*" and the Templars had for their devices the Agnus Dei; a group consisting of two knights of the order mounted upon one horse, indicative of their original poverty; and a red cross of eight points worn upon a white ground. The Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of St. John, were distinguished by a white cross, of the same form as that worn by the Templars, upon a black ground.

The *Oriflamme*, the celebrated ensign of France, which was taken by the French kings from the Abbey of St. Denys only on occasions of great importance and necessity, and then displayed in front of their armies for the encouragement of the troops, may be considered to have partaken of the



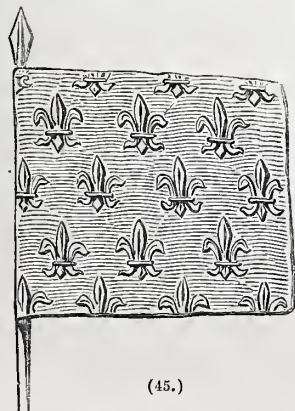
(43.)

nature of both the pennon and the banner. It was a square flag (43), composed of a very rich bright scarlet or flame-coloured silk, quite plain, and without any device whatever, but it terminated in five long flame-like points. This sacred flag was given to the breeze in front of the armies of France for the last time at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415, when it waved solemnly above the heads of 60,000



(44.)

princes, nobles, knights, esquires, and men-at-arms. Since that day, the national banners of France and England have but too often met in hostile array, and been witnesses to many a fiercely-contested fight; more recently, they have been displayed side by side, in friendly alliance, in front of a common foe; and it is to be hoped that, throughout all time to come, these united flags may proclaim an uninter-



(45.)

rupted friendship between the two greatest nations in the world.

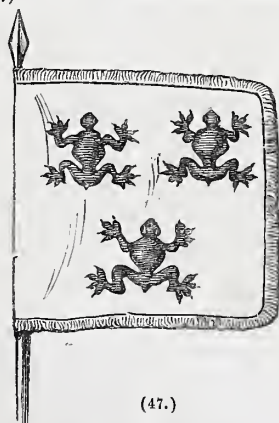
The royal banner of France, at the time of Agincourt, bore on a blue field three golden lilies, or

fleurs-de-lys (44). Before this period the fleurs-de-lys had been more in number, and they were scattered—*semée*—over the entire surface of the royal banner (45). Of these two banners, the earlier is distinguished as *France ancient*, and the later as *France modern*. The change was made by Charles VI. of France, on the accession of Henry V. to the English crown; for it is said that the French monarch very naturally felt aggrieved by the circumstance that the kings of England, as claimants of the crown of France also, *quartered* the lilies of France with the English lions (46),—



(46.)

accordingly, since the first and fourth quarters of the royal banner of England then were *azure, semée de lys*, Charles VI. reduced the number of the fleurs-de-lys in his own banner to three, thus producing a distinct heraldic ensign: whereupon king Henry V. of England did the like, and thenceforward for many years the three lilies of gold appeared in the royal banners of both England and France. The banner of Henry V., therefore, was the same with that of his successor of the house of Tudor, the eighth Henry (54), without the accessories of the green and white banner-staff or of a fleur-de-lys at its head. After the change effected by Charles VI., so long as the ancient fleur-de-lys continued to appear in a banner of France, the French kings ceased to make any further alteration in their armorial insignia. It is probable that King Charles VI. determined both on the number *three* for his fleurs-de-lys, and on their being so placed on his banner as to form a triangle resting upon its apex, in remembrance of a banner borne by his predecessors in very early days of the French monarchy. In this very ancient banner, which was white, *three black frogs* were arranged (as the heralds say, *two and one*)—a single one, that is, beneath the two others (47). Such a banner has been assigned to

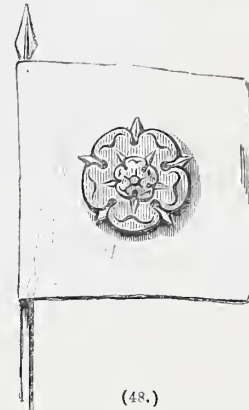


(47.)

Clovis himself, who may be considered to have founded the French monarchy in the beginning of the sixth century. The sketch that I have given is drawn from a copy of a representation of the ancient banner, that once existed in the cathedral at Rheims. The device of the three frogs, impaled with the fleurs-de-lys, is recorded to have been also borne by early French princes.

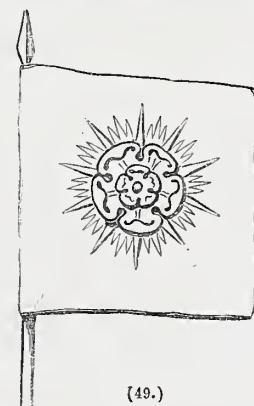
Throughout the fiercely-contested "Wars of the Roses," which began in 1455 at St. Alban's, and

were hrought to an end on Bosworth Field in 1485, the royal banner that had been adopted by Henry V., and by him transmitted to his unfortunate son, was continually displayed at the head of both the conflicting armies. It was the royal banner of England, and the crown of England was challenged by the rival chiefs of both York and Lancaster; Lancastrians, therefore, and Yorkists alike followed to the field the quartered ensign with the lilies and the lions. Banners, bearing the arms of Warwick, and the other nobles who fought and fell in these devastating wars, were then familiar objects in England. With them might have been associated two other ensigns severally charged with the fatal "Roses" themselves—"the Red Rose and the White"—the Red Rose, deep ruby-coloured as the "aspiring blood of Lancaster" (48), and the white, encircled with the



(48.)

glittering rays of the "Sun of York" (49). The Lancastrian princes are supposed to have derived their well-known device from John of Gaunt, one of whose badges was a "red rose;" and the white rose of the rival house is supposed to have been first used by Edmund of Langley, from whom Edward IV. was descended in the female line. Edward IV. himself first assumed the *rose-en-soleil* as a badge after the victory of Mortimer's Cross, when three suns were said to have appeared in the heavens, which, as the day advanced, and the Yorkist arms prevailed, became united in one. Before, however, that this omen was fulfilled, more battles had to be fought,

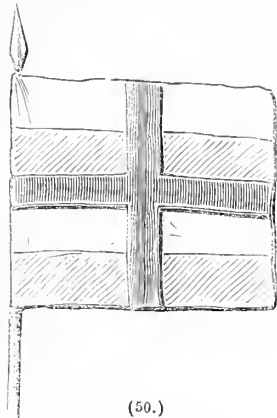


(49.)

and again the crown of England was destined to be both lost and won.

The banners in use in England after the accession of the sovereigns of the House of Tudor, in their general character resembled those of the previous period. STANDARDS then came into use, and appeared in association with banners in war, at tournaments, and on all solemn and festive occasions. It will be sufficient for me here to refer to two examples of Tudor banners, one of them a banner borne by Henry VII. before his accession, and the other a banner of his son and successor. Henry VII. took for the supporters of his royal arms a greyhound and a dragon. The dragon is said to have been the armorial ensign of Cadwallader, the last of the native British kings, from whom Henry, as a Tudor, apparently wished to declare his descent. This imaginary animal, a "red fierce dragon, beaten upon white and green sarcenett," was the charge of one of the three banners which the victor of Bosworth

laid upon the altar of St. Paul's, when he made his triumphant entry into London. Silver (or white) and green were the Tudor "livery colours." The other banner appears on board a boat, close in by the shore, in the curious picture at Hampton Court, representing the embarkation of Henry VIII. from Dover, on his way to meet Francis I. at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," in 1520. The picture is attributed to Holbein, and I shall have occasion hereafter more than once to refer to it again. The banner in the boat is a "St. George" of large dimensions; but, instead of the red cross being upon its own proper ground of white, in this instance it has been set upon the livery colours of the king (50), on a field, that is, formed alternately of white



(50.)

and green bars (*barry, argent, and vert*). Another banner of St. George, in all respects heraldically correct, waves from a tower by the water-side.

In our own times, banners identical with those of the middle ages may be seen hung up above the stalls in the choir of St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, and in the Chapel of Henry VII., at Westminster: they are severally the ensigns of the Knights of the Garter, and of the Knights Grand Crosses of the Bath. Other similar banners decorate Wolsey's Hall, at Hampton Court; and many other of these relics of the days of chivalry linger here and there, hung up high in dusty silence, perhaps in some old hall, or, by far more probably, above a tomb and an armed effigy, in some church or chapel that was "huddled in the olden time."

Banners, besides being borne on staves and lances, were constantly attached to trumpets. Thus Chaucer says,—

"Every trumpet his lord's arms bare."

At the Battle of Agincourt, the Duke of Brabant, who arrived late on the field, is said to have taken one of their banners from his trumpeters, and to have placed it about his own person, as his surcoat-of-arms. Shakspeare alludes to this when he says,—

"I will a banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste."

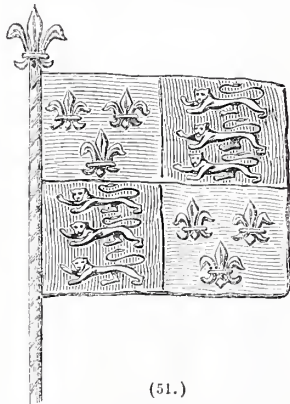
Banners continue to be attached to trumpets, both amongst ourselves and by other nations. In our trumpet-banners, however, we now so far deviate from the early practice as to place the royal arms, with the supporters and other accessories, upon the flags, instead of covering the whole area of each banner with the arms only.

Various modifications of the banner were, and still are, in use by heralds, on the occasion of state funerals, and other solemn pageants. Amongst these are the *bannerole*, an heraldic flag of rather small size, charged with the most important quarterings of the arms of any family; the *guidon*, a large white flag, emblazoned with certain appropriate heraldic devices, expressive of high rank and distinguished honour; the *great banner*, charged with numerous quarterings of arms; and others, of which the peculiar character and use would be in some degree determined by circumstances connected with the ceremonial at which they would be displayed.

PART VI.—BANNERS AT SEA.

At sea, it was customary, in the middle ages, for men-at-arms to be stationed in the tops, and at the bows, and on the forecastles of the different vessels, holding the banners of the chiefs who were on

board, and other similar flags; some of them, of a large size, were displayed from banner-staves fixed for that purpose at the sterns and bows of the vessels, or at their mast-heads. From the principal vessel of a squadron the royal banner would be displayed. The armorial insignia of the king, and of his great barons, were also emblazoned, in the early days of our glorious navy, upon painted shields which hung round the hulwarks of the ships (where the hammocks are now stowed), precisely in accordance with a usage prevalent in the ships of war of antiquity; and they were repeated upon other painted figures of shields, with which it was the custom to surround the "tops," or "top-castles," as they were then called. Strange and unshipshape to a modern nautical eye as all representations of these old vessels appear, they still are eminently picturesque, and they sometimes bear even a noble aspect. As vehicles for heraldic display, they were eminently in high favour. Their armorial splendour of banners and shields was commonly increased by the characteristic usage of *emblazoning the entire sails* with the arms and cognizances of princes and chieftains. Thus, the sails themselves were converted into nautical hammers. In one of the illuminations of the Cambridge copy of Matthew Paris, the "king's ship" is represented with the three lions of England emblazoned upon her solitary sail. The great seal of Richard Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.) illustrates the same practice about the middle of the fifteenth century (A. D. 1467). The ships in the "Embarkation of Henry VIII.," to which I have already made reference, are splendidly dressed with various flags; and they all have shields and other heraldic insignia painted in different parts of their hulls and rigging; but there are not any emblazoned sails. The sails of the ship, however, that the king honours with his magnificent presence are of cloth of gold: her banners—and those of the other vessels of the squadron are identical with them—are charged with the royal arms, and their staves are painted of the Tudor colours (white and green), and surmounted by a fleur-de-lys (51). The trumpeters on board this ship have large banners attached to their instruments. Somewhat later, the arms of Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England, appear on his great seal upon a shield within a garter in the centre of his ship's mainsail. The ship also carries, besides her enormous streamers, two banners of St. George. This was the Lord Howard who commanded the English fleet which completed the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in 1588. At the same period the custom began to prevail of placing arms in a similar manner upon the flags that were hoisted in such liberal profusion on board ship. Two other pictures of great historical interest at Hampton Court exemplify the same practice in the following century. In one of these pictures Charles II. is represented embarking from Holland,



(51.)

in 1660, at the Restoration, and his ship carries a red flag with the royal arms upon a shield in its centre. The embarkation of William III., in 1688, is the subject of the companion-picture, in which the king appears in his barge, on his way to the ship, and the barge displays a red flag emblazoned with the royal arms of England on a shield, accompanied with supporters and other devices. The regular ships' ensigns, that were introduced towards the commencement of the seventeenth century, I leave for subsequent consideration.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ST. AGNES.

Domenichino, Painter. S. Smith, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 7 ft. by 5 ft.

DOMENICO ZAMPIERI, or, as he is usually called, Domenichino, born at Bologna in 1581, was one of the most illustrious painters of the Bolognese school, and among the most distinguished scholars who went forth from the studio of the Caracci: his talents and success throughout his career were so remarkable, as to excite the constant jealousy and ill-will of many of his contemporaries. Soon after he had entered the Academy of the Caracci, he bore away the principal prize from all his competitors, among whom were Guido and Alhano; with the latter Domenichino formed an intimate friendship, and, on leaving the school, they visited together Parma, Modena, and Reggio, to study the works of Parmegiano and Correggio. Albano then went to Rome, whither he was shortly followed by his friend. The Cardinal Agucchi was the first who so far appreciated the genius of Domenichino as to extend to him his patronage: he employed him to decorate his palace, and gave him a commission to paint three pictures for the Church of S. Onofria. Anibal Caracci was at this time in Rome, occupied with his great work in the Farnese Gallery, and he engaged Domenichino to execute a portion of it from his cartoons: in the *loggia* of the garden he painted from his own designs "The Death of Adonis." On the recommendation of Caracci, whose failing health incapacitated him from undertaking any new commissions, Domenichino was employed, in conjunction with Guido, by the Cardinal Borghese, in the Church of S. Gregorio.

The next great Roman ecclesiastic who sought to avail himself of his talents was the Cardinal Albrandini, whose villa at Frascati he decorated with frescoes, ten in number, from the life of Apollo. Soon after his completion of these works he commenced his grand picture of "The Last Communion of St. Jerome," for the principal altar of the Church of S. Girolamo della Carità, at Rome: this work has universally been regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, and second only to Raffaele's "Transfiguration" among the pictures of the world. When the French armies, during the wars of the Revolution, rifled Italy of her Art-treasures, this was one of the first works on which they laid violent hands; and, until the peace of 1815, it ornamented the gallery of the Louvre: it was then restored, with the other pictures and statues that had been carried off, and is now in the gallery of the Vatican, in the same apartment with the "Transfiguration," and four other pictures by Raffaele—a splendid exhibition in themselves.

The fame Domenichino acquired by this picture only redoubled the malevolence of his rivals, who at length succeeded in driving him out of Rome. He returned to Bologna, where he passed several years in the quiet exercise of his talents; but Pope Gregory XV., unwilling to lose his valuable services, prevailed upon him once more to visit Rome; and appointed him principal painter and architect to the pontifical palace. He died in 1641, after a life laboriously passed in the earnest and successful pursuit of an art which he loved and practised in all sincerity.

His "St. Agnes," one of the "heir-looms" of the British crown, was formerly an altar-piece, but from what church it was taken, and when it was brought to England, there seems to be no positive information: the picture, prior to its removal to its present locality, was at Kensington Palace. The youthful saint—who, according to tradition, suffered martyrdom at the age of thirteen, in the year 303—is standing in an attitude of deep devotion; an angel is flying towards her with a crown and palm-branch, while another is seated at her feet caressing a lamb, the symbol of St. Agnes, who is the peculiar patroness of innocence and purity of mind. The head—its long hair confined by a rich tiara—is of exceeding beauty; the figure is designed with great elegance, and the entire composition is elevated in character, is painted with great warmth and transparency of colour, and is regarded as one of the artist's best pictures.

It is in the collection at Windsor Castle.



DOMENICHINO. FINX.

S. SMITH SCULPT.

ST. AGNES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

PUBLICATIONS
OF
THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY,
FOR PROMOTING THE KNOWLEDGE OF ART.

THIS society has now issued its tenth annual Report. It has struggled on through years of difficulty, and now at length finds pecuniary success and growing popularity crown its efforts. Ten years ago it was established, with the special purpose of promoting the knowledge of the higher branches of the arts; and it has, year by year, presented to its members engravings of some great Italian work, little known, it may be, to the general public, but claiming consideration by special rarity or beauty. It has thus sometimes thanklessly laboured to form a taste, and to create for itself an appreciating public, stemming the stream of unpopularity, in the steadfast persuasion that its mission was high, and its object praiseworthy. It thus, for some years, dared to threaten its very existence, by the publication of hard, wood engravings from the works of Giotto, valuable to the antiquary, and even to the professed connoisseur, but necessarily of little or no interest to that larger public, upon whose liberal support the success, and even the existence, of the society ultimately depended. After some years of hard fighting through all the difficulties incident to deliberate unpopularity, the society at last entered upon a new career, by which at once the public eye was to be allured by the beauty of colour, and the correct taste of the already educated few satisfied by essential excellence. It has thus, for the last two years, satisfied both zealous supporters and murmuring objectors, by the publication of carefully executed chromo-lithographs from some of the rarest, as well as of the most beautiful, of early Italian frescoes. Some two years since, Mr. Layard travelled through Umbria and the north of Italy, and, with Vasari in hand, hunted out all but forgotten works, and formed for the society entirely new plans for future operations. With trained skill, and with much actual physical exertion, he made traced outlines of many important frescoes, little known, or in course of actual decay. Mrs. Higford Burr, a skilled amateur, whose drawings and sketches have justly claimed warm admiration, has likewise executed reduced coloured studies of these same frescoes, giving their pictorial effect and architectural position. In addition, Signor Mariannucci has been employed professionally in the copying of frescoes by Pinturicchio at Spello, by Benozzo Gozzoli, at San Gimignano; and not less important pictures by Francesco Francia, in the desecrated chapel of St. Cecilia, at Bologna. The Arundel Society thus proposes to promote that knowledge of Art, for which it was originally established, by the publication of facsimile outlines traced by Mr. Layard from the original pictures. It furthermore attempts to bring these frescoes before the English public, in their actual, pictorial, and decorative effect, by chromo-lithographs, the careful reproductions of coloured drawings. The entire publications of this society are now before us, and we shall endeavour to bring to our readers' notice, in one collected review, a description and criticism of the works which have been thought best fitted to advance that knowledge of highest Art, for which this society claims a privileged existence.

Nine years ago a fortunate commencement was made, by the translation of Vasari's "Life of Fra Angelico," illustrated with outlines from the painter's works, executed by Mr. Scharf. The first, second, and third years of the society's existence were likewise in part devoted to the frescoes executed by this great spiritual artist in the chapel of the Vatican. We all know the history of this good man. Fra Angelico, gifted from his earliest youth with the genius of an artist, patronage and wealth within his reach, he yet determined, for the "peace of his mind, and in order to attend, above all things, to the saving of his soul, to enter the religious order of the Dominicans." History, and Poetry, and Art, are never weary of dwelling on a life so eminently pure and good; and for ourselves, we feel that we cannot know enough of the ways, and thoughts, and works of a man, who prayed, and wept, and painted, and again watched and fasted, and then again painted, as angels seemed to whisper, and visions came to tell. We never can look upon these beautiful and

spiritual works, either in the originals, or through the translation of engravings, without subtle questionings touching the doctrine of artistic inspiration. In turning over the present series, we find figures and faces so pure and angelic, so little tainted by the grosser materialism of earth, that, in the words of Vasari, they are like to no work of mortal hand, but as if painted in Paradise. We know, indeed, that Angelico himself regarded his art as the direct gift of heaven. We are told that it was his rule not to retouch or alter any of his works, but to leave them just as inspiration had first shaped them, believing that such was the will of God. We therefore, as we have said, ever look upon the beautiful forms traced by his pencil, as if they descended from the world of spirits, as if the souls of the good and pure wished for a season to take up an earthly tarryance, and asked of the painter a corporal body, in which henceforward they might dwell. The Arundel Society, in giving these works to a secular English public, might well think they were preaching a homily to holiness. All that revelation has told us of a peace which the world cannot give, of a beauty untainted by sin, of a faith so serene that a doubt cannot shadow, may here be traced in the lines of these carefully-executed engravings. The spiritual sensibility of the faces, no less than the frailty of the bodily lineaments, seem to take us to that land where no storms shake the tranquil sky, and no cares corrode the calm cheek of beauty. These engravings, in the present aspect of our own English school, teach an important lesson, and tell us what the much-abused term "Pre-Raphaelite" really implies. For one thing, they show us that ugliness was not, in those days, deemed the outward sign of holiness. Vasari expressly tells us that Angelico was one of those who held that the saints in heaven are as much more beautiful than mere mortal beings, as heaven itself is more beautiful than earth. Accordingly, throughout these works we find the innocence of childhood, the purity of woman, and the blessedness of the saints, ever clothed in the serenity of heavenly loveliness. It appears, indeed, to have been this artist's creed, or rather his unconscious intuition, that ugliness was but the taint of sin, that it entered creation as the work of Satan, and that thus religious art should restore to the outward form, even as the work of grace to the inward soul, the original, though lost perfection. So completely, indeed, had this one grand idea taken possession of this artist and his school, that it is notorious, that when he came to the passion and the conflict of earth, his hand was wanting in power, and his genius incapable of dramatic intensity. His, indeed, was the monastic art, walking in cloisters shadowy in the evening light, treading in paths softly strewn with gentle flowers, looking into sunset skies of rainbow glories—a world all shut out from the ruder nature where thunders reign, or that wider world where passions triumph. One of the chief advantages incident to a society like the Arundel, is that it carries its members back into a world and an age which is now no more. In the noise and the conflict of a city life, in the midst of an art and an epoch wholly material and mechanical, it is salutary and refreshing to be taken back to men and times with whom we have now little in common. These were men to whom the natural laws of science were unknown, and just in proportion as natural and material facts were beyond their reach, do we find them soaring into the supernatural, never doubting whether angels could by wings defy the Newton law of gravity. This series of engravings, sketchy and slight, are carefully executed, giving the special character of the original works. On comparison with certain outlines published in Italy, we can thank the Arundel Society for placing within our reach transcripts of far greater accuracy and value.

The master next selected for illustration was Giotto, and the scene of his chosen labours the Arena Chapel, in Padua. Giotto, we know, was one of the greatest of painters, and the Arena Chapel assuredly is one of the most important of his works. Giotto was born in the year 1276, and died 1336; the chapel was founded in 1303, and Giotto, as the master painter in Italy, was summoned, in the year 1306, to decorate its walls. This chapel, which, in the history of Art, may be ranked with the church at Assisi, is one of those interiors where architecture offers but a surface for pictorial decoration; where the

walls and compartments are as leaves of a great book, in the pages of which are emblazoned those signal events in the Christian religion, which brought salvation to the world. It has well been said of such pictorial narratives, that they were as an illuminated Bible, wherein the unlettered multitude might see what they had not the ability to read; that thus might be handed down, not by dim tradition only, but through visible demonstration, those great truths, which had been not only preached, but actually enacted in the sight of all the people. In the series published by the Arundel Society, illustrating the life of Christ, we find, among many other subjects—"The Baptism," "The Marriage in Cana," "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Entry into Jerusalem," and "The Last Supper." We are told with what ardour works such as these were uniformly greeted by the people. They seem to have taken the unlettered multitude by surprise, to have come like a revelation, an actual and vivid realization of things which the soul had long thirsted for. And now, when we ourselves look at these first early efforts, after the lapse of more than five hundred years, a no less surprise, not to say dismay, seizes on our minds—a surprise that works so rude could have held so strong a sway over the popular imagination. Bringing to the criticism of these early frescoes the superior acquirement of the present day, we look upon these works as the tentative efforts of childhood simply striving to do its best, with little knowledge, yet much zeal, with little power to execute, but yet the germs of great thought struggling for utterance. It was a bold venture when the Arundel Society determined to claim for this series of thirty woodcuts, with others yet unpublished, a favourable reception from subscribers not specially educated in such antiquarian lore. The mode of publication, too, hard, dry woodcuts, an unhappy rendering of soft delicate fresco execution, seemed specially selected to defy popularity, and to preclude any wide support. This enterprise, happily all but completed, and fortunately now no longer precluding more alluring undertakings, has been, we believe, the one grand mistake of this well-purposed society. Yet, at the same time, we are bound to admit that this series will be valued just in proportion as the members possess sufficient knowledge to assign to these works their due position in the rise and development of Italian Art. Vasari tells us that it was Giotto's special mission to appeal once more to a neglected nature, and to overturn the lifeless conventionalism which, under Byzantine sway, had for centuries paralyzed the arts. Cimabue had first shown the way; and when he took the child Giotto from the sheepfold, the mantle of the master's genius fell upon the chosen pupil. In looking through this series of engravings, the dry bones of a death-shrouded art already start into life and animated action. Draperies, no doubt, are still hard and rigid, yet life throbs beneath them; they respond to the movement of the figure, the symmetry of their fall is modulated by the articulation of the underlying members. The growing study of nature, too, is seen in the individual character of the heads. Age is marked by dignity, youth by beauty, goodness by sobriety and chastened simplicity. We already find the head of Christ noble in expression, and elevated in type; the features of Judas, on the other hand, are corrupt and all but deformed. Such a series of engravings, as we have said, may suggest to the student many interesting reflections. By analysis he may trace the various schools, and the individual agencies which have combined to produce this ultimate pictorial result. He will still discover the emaciated lineaments of that Byzantine art, which, by a tedious pedigree of descent, from the still elder but untorn classic, prolonged a painful and diseased existence, in which beauty was corroded into last decay, and strength took refuge in a stertorous paralysis. Even in the draperies, which we have seen occasion to commend, are the long drawn lines of Byzantine feebleness. Even in the faces, which have the dawn of a better life, are often found the lines of those careworn, anxious, and morose features seen in Byzantine mosaics, which haunt the beholder's mind as a hideous nightmare, and seem to tell of an eternity of suffering. Yet here and there we trace nature awakening into beauty, and smiling once again into blissful life. We thus see in Giotto the traditions of the past dying out before that new birth which nature was

about to give. Tradition had enthralled the arts; nature promised liberty; and then came a third agency—the individual genius of Giotto—moulding the dead past into the living present. These three forces we trace throughout these works, ever combining to a joint result. Sometimes history and tradition are paramount, threatening with reaction and retrogression; in other places nature asserts for a moment almost undisputed sway; and then again the voice of Giotto speaks, as if he alone had truths to tell. He was a simple, truth-loving man, who spoke out honestly all that he knew; who told us what was nearest to his heart in few, straightforward words. His utterance often faltered, as if his soul were overhurdled, laden with sorrows or elated by joys, to which as yet he could give no adequate expression. In this early art do we thus especially love to mark the struggling of a great master-mind to free itself from all impediments, and break loose in untrammelled liberty, the equal companion of nature, and the humble servant of God. But Giotto lived, as we have seen, in times when genius itself could effect but little, and was often merged and all but lost in the oblivious century which had given it a cradle, and offered it a grave. Yet he has outlived Time, the devourer of reputations, simply because he allied himself to those eternal truths in nature which admit of no decay.

The unpopularity of this series of woodcuts was, finally, in some measure redeemed by an eminently attractive chromo-lithograph of this same Giotto Chapel, executed from one of Mrs. Higford Burr's admirable drawings. The wood engravings had given with accuracy the outline, light, shade, and composition of the original works; this chromo-lithograph brought together their scattered detail, telling the untravell'd English public, almost for the first time, how frescoes were, by the middle-age Italians, made accessories to architectural design and decorative effect. In that southern sky and climate, gilded and dazzling with an ardent sun, religion was seldom robed in the neutral greys to which our northern eyes are habitually accustomed. In this very chapel we find the roof blue as the depth of Italian sky, gemmed with golden stars, from the midst of which saints and angels look down upon the worshippers below. On every side, in purest and brightest colour, are scenes taken from the life of Christ and the Madonna, kindling imagination, and warming to the ardour of worship. In those days the house of God was made as the portal to the courts of heaven, rich in radiant gems, and roofed by rainbows. Colour was the attribute of light, that light which came from heaven. Its harmonies, intensities, and loveliness, seemed symbolic of the inner harmonies of the spirit world, the music of the spheres, the cadence of thoughts, each taking a tone and a colouring consonant with the joy or the solemnity of worship. Such, no doubt, was the theory and the purport of these gorgeous middle-age interiors. They come upon our cold northern eye, accustomed to the chill of passionless whitewash, with the hectic flush of fever. Yet we have already made, and shall probably continue to make, in our own country like attempts. Of late years, our architects and decorators have been seized with the love of ornamental colour. In some of our cathedrals and chapter-houses experiments, which have been deemed bold and almost unwarrantable, have been tried. Secular halls, both in London and the provinces, have been adorned with the richness of gold and the full glitter of colour; and the public have been dazzled by the attempt, not to say dismayed. The whole question is still heset with unsolved difficulties. It is still subject of dispute whether a cold, foggy climate requires a cool consonant colouring, or whether, on the other hand, its very coldness does not the more demand the artificial aid of a coloured warmth. It is still an undetermined question how far architecture and sculpture, in the chasteness of their purity, should rely solely upon form; or, on the other hand, to what extent the desired Art-expression may be augmented by hues, and tones, and harmonies, taken from a sister art. Again, it may rightly be subject of debate whether we shall trust to the natural tints of well-selected stones or marbles; or, on the other hand, holdly call in the more artificial aid of the colourist's brush, and paint an outer surface which shall please as a picture and disguise as a tapestry. It is fitting, then, that the public should

be informed, as in this chromo-lithograph, what actually had been in olden times attempted, and what success rewarded the experiment. Accordingly, the Committee of Privy Council for the Department of Science and Art have made an annual grant of £100, in order that the Schools throughout the country may be furnished with these chromo-lithographs: a higher tribute could scarcely be paid to the value of these works as instruments of popular and national education. This first chromo-lithograph of Giotto's Chapel, though perhaps inevitably a little heavy and opaque, is certainly a triumph over no ordinary difficulties. When we consider that each separate colour is printed by a distinct stone, when we find that each wall of this resplendent interior is covered with pictures of crowded figures, we may estimate the difficulty of the task, and the skill by which these difficulties have in great measure been overcome.

The publications of the past year comprised, in addition to the chromo-tint of the Arena Chapel, a second chromo-lithograph taken from a fresco of Pietro Perugino, at Panicale, upon the Lake of Perugia. It is the intention of the Arundel Society thus to illustrate in colours the works of the leading artists in the Italian schools, to furnish the portfolios of its members with a historic series, in which may be traced the rise and development of Italian art from its earlier struggles to its full and final maturity. In the Arena Chapel of Giotto, and the works of Perugino, both illustrated by this society, we have two great landmarks in the history of Art. The pictures of Giotto lie at the first starting-point; the works of Perugino are close upon the goal. Giotto was the first promise; Perugino all but the final reward. No doubt Perugino himself, when compared with all the allurements and artifices of later times, appears still hard and undeveloped; yet we find in his comparatively mature works the accomplishment of prior historic promise. Human nature, both in its physical lineaments, and in its higher aspect of spiritual expression, is almost now for the first time fully understood. Drawing now attains to accuracy of hand and truth to nature; colour becomes lustrous and harmonious; and the finished picture is not only a work pleasant to the eye, but profitable to the soul. Art at that period had become truly a ministration to religion; saints were made but a little lower than the angels in beauty and holiness; heaven seemed to stoop to earth and sanctify the works of man. The picture by Perugino, selected for publication, is perhaps valuable rather as a discovery than for its pre-eminence among the works of the master. To Mr. Layard, who rescued the marbles of Nineveh, was reserved the further honour of bringing to light, or at least to notice, all but forgotten frescoes lying in forsaken towns of Italy. Among the number thus rescued from neglect, or saved from destruction, is this fresco by Perugino, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian." "This noble work," says Mr. Layard, "although mentioned in most lives of the painter, is unnoticed by his first biographer, Vasari. It has consequently been overlooked, even by those who have made the history of the art of his period a study."—"On one of the wooded hills rising above the Lake of Perugia stands the small town of Panicale; its half-ruined walls and towers show that it was a fortified post of some importance during the middle ages. Away from the high road leading to the principal cities of central Italy, it is seldom visited by the traveller, who would scarcely find in it the miserable shelter of an Italian 'osteria'; yet, like almost every town and hamlet of this favoured land, it contains works of Art such as elsewhere would render a city favoured. Outside the walls, on an olive-clad eminence overlooking the town, is a convent of nuns; attached to it is a chapel dedicated to St. Sebastian. The wall behind its high altar is covered with a fresco representing the martyrdom of the saint; it is the work—and may be ranked among the finest—of a painter who, by his genius, and the influence he exercised upon his great contemporaries, forms an epoch in the history of Art."

The execution of the chromo-lithograph from this fresco by Perugino, we deem to be in great measure satisfactory; it was, indeed, stated at the annual meeting of the Arundel Society that this chromo-tint and the original drawing being placed side by side, persons well conversant with such

works could scarcely distinguish between the two. Without pledging ourselves to an assertion so startling, we willingly admit that such coloured reproductions of the great Italian frescoes are most valuable illustrations of an art little known in lands lying north of the Alpine barrier. It were, we think, wholly unreasonable to expect from these mechanical copies of spiritual works all the subtleties and delicacies which mark the originals. It is absolutely impossible that the precision and detail of drawing attained in figures of full life-size can be literally transcribed without error or perversion, first by the artist-copyist upon paper, and then by the lithographer apportioning the shades, the details, and the colours, upon separate and diverse stones. It certainly must be impracticable, by the mere mechanical art of printing, to render full justice to the intricate harmonies of colour, to the gem-like lustre and transparencies which only the artist's subtle eye and cunning hand can see and execute. It is fortunate that at least inevitable defects in drawing are corrected by the copied tracings made by Mr. Layard upon the heads of the original. For colour, composition, and general effect, this chromo-lithograph may, however, be taken as at least a close approximation to the original. We have no hesitation in saying that the Arundel Society has done the very best which the difficulties of the case would permit; we know from experience that absolute accuracy is a positive impossibility. From the examination of elaborate and costly line engravings with photographs or the original works themselves, we know too well how easily errors in drawing and light and shadow may creep in. Even Raphael Morghen's highly-valued engraving from the "Last Supper," will not stand the severity of this final test. Accuracy and error are then but comparative terms, and all that concerns us in the present case is to know that every practicable means has been taken to secure success. Upon this point we ourselves have little doubt; we know that the Arundel Society has spared no pains to give to its members trustworthy versions of the great works selected for illustration. Mr. Layard, we have seen, has, in generous ardour, made accurate tracings of the most important heads or figures; Mrs. Higford Burr, with a zeal not less devoted, has executed, with the labour of days and weeks, careful studies of the colour. When even all this was found insufficient, professional aid was called in, and paid artists employed to make the best copies which skill could execute. Even then some drawings have been rejected as unworthy of the sanction of the society. Photographs, likewise, have been brought in as additional testimony either to support or confute evidence less reliable. We know, indeed, that accuracy is the special aim of the governing council, and we feel persuaded that they will avail themselves of all possible appliances, all improvements in mechanical execution, or advantages of skilled labour, in order to make [their works not only attractive to the eye, but instructive by intrinsic merit.

In accordance with the purposes already stated, the Arundel Society has just issued two further chromo-tints, which are, we think, an advance on previous publications: the one, "Christ among the Doctors," from a fresco, by Pinturicchio, in the cathedral at Spello; the other, taken from a fresco of "The Madonna and Saints," painted by Ottaviano Nelli. Pinturicchio, the contemporary and fellow-labourer of Perugino and Raphael, may yet, in manner and expression, be classed among Pre-Raphaelite painters. There is still somewhat of the quaint austerity, bordering upon the unconscious grotesque; that hardness of line, stiffness of attitude, which, in the earlier painters, though doubtless to be ranked as defects, are but too often admired as actual merits. The real value of these masters, yet undeveloped in all the material elements of Art, is to be found in their deep spiritual expression. The bodily framework of the figures is often to the last degree feeble, impotent for action, and incapable of life's healthful function; but just in proportion as the body is thus in subjection does the spirit, in emancipated freedom, seem to soar in high aspirations, or lose itself in blissful reverie, too intense for the utterance of words. Pinturicchio belonged to this favoured period, and this fresco of "Christ among the Doctors" we have regarded

among his best and purest works. It is an example of what may be emphatically termed "Christian art." We do not, as yet, trace either the advantages or the disadvantage of classic studies: neither that perfect physique which constituted, as it were, the godhead of Grecian art; nor, on the other hand, that false display of limb and muscle, which ere long perverted saviours into pagan athletes, and, to use a recently-adopted phrase, made the religious arts but illustrations of a "muscular Christianity." In the more spiritual period to which Pinturicchio belonged, the hands and the heads were the chosen agents of expression. In this very chromo-lithograph we find the wooden, motionless limbs designedly hidden beneath the concealing folds of dense draperies; while, in contrast, the heads are highly wrought, with earnest expression, and the hands move as the index to the workings of the mind. Pinturicchio, it is said, was scarcely faithful to his high mission, or true to the genius with which he was intrusted. He painted, we are told, with a fatal rapidity, incompatible with conscientious care. Even in this very work, which is assuredly among his best, religious sentiment is handed down somewhat as a dry routine, an established conventionalism, mechanically executed by the hand, rather than coming direct and warm from the heart. But even with these admitted shortcomings, this work is a choice specimen of one of the chiefest of masters, living in the very best of times, falling under the very highest of influences; a good example of the more advanced Pre-Raphaelite period, with all its acknowledged merits and incidental defects.

The most successful work yet published by the Arundel Society is the chromo-lithograph from a fresco, by Nelli, executed under the direction of Mr. Louis Gruener, from a drawing made by Mrs. Higford Burr. It is a gem of purest, brightest colour; it is as an illuminated missal of golden glories, purple robes, winged angels playing upon lutes at the Madonna's knee, or in choral company floating in the blue of heaven. There is, in this exquisite work, little of the erudity and opacity generally found in chromo-lithographs; the transitions of the tone are delicate and subtle, the colours lustrous and transparent.

This society has laid down for itself an ambitious programme for future operations, and now appeals to the public for commensurate support. At the last annual meeting, Mr. Layard, who occupied the chair, drew a tempting picture of the works which, in future years, the council hoped to present to the subscribers. Much yet, doubtless, remains to be done for the full illustration of those great works and masters, which constitute the glory of Italian art. There are, for example, important frescoes by Francesco Francia and Lorenzo Costa, at Bologna, fast hastening to decay. The frescoes by Benozzo Gozzoli, thronged with angels of matchless beauty, in the Riccardi Chapel, at Florence; the Life of St. Augustine, by the same painter, at San Gimignano, are but little known to the English public. The works of Simone Memmi, Taddeo Bartolo, and others of the early and spiritual Siennese school, have likewise rare historic claims upon a society which seeks to rescue simple merit from oblivion. And lastly, the famous frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel, in Florence, by Masolino, Masaccio, and Lippi, works to which even Raphael and Michael Angelo were greatly indebted, have never yet been adequately reproduced. It is the purpose of the Arundel Society to bring these, and other scarcely less important works, to the knowledge of the British public. We know of no surer means of educating the English taste up to the standard of noblest Italian art. In a day when the most vital questions concerning the Arts are still in doubtful agitation; when Gothic finds itself opposed to Classic, Christian to Pagan; when the term "Pre-Raphaelite" is used as a watchword; when naturalism and spiritualism; and other pretentious phrases, are handed about without definite meaning, it certainly has become important that the public should see, and judge for themselves, the works about which these controversies have arisen. We can only hope—as, indeed, we believe—that the Arundel Society is now in a fair way to accomplish the purpose for which it was established—the elevation of the public taste, and the advancement of our native schools of sculpture, and of painting.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

PICTURE SALE.

THE NORTHWICK COLLECTION.

WE resume our notice of the sale of the Northwick Gallery at the point where we were compelled to break off in our last Number, by the necessity of getting our sheets to press.

On the 22nd of August the seventeenth day's sale commenced; it comprised,—'The Girl with the Horn-book,' Schidone, formerly in the Palace of Capo di Monti, Naples, and purchased for a comparatively trifling sum by its late owner, when in Italy many years ago, 405 gs. (Scott); 'Lovers' Quarrels,' Sebastian del Piombo, the figures said to be portraits of Raffaele and La Fornarina, 150 gs. (Agnew); 'Lot and his Daughters,' a large gallery picture, formerly in the Orleans gallery, Velasquez, 140 gs. (Eckford); 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' Giorgione, 300 gs. (Rhodes); 'A Lion Hunt,' Rubens, the picture engraved by Soutman, who studied painting under Rubens, and also engraved many of his pictures, 150 gs. (Eckford); 'The Alchemist,' D. Teniers, and one of his finest works, 675 gs. (Agnew); 'Samson and the Honeycomb,' Guercino, from the Colonna Palace, Rome, 390 gs. (Eckford); 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' also by Guercino, the companion picture of the other, formerly in the Balbi Palace, and afterwards in the collection of Sir Simon Clarke, from which it passed, at the price of 315 gs., into the hands of Lord Northwick, 505 gs. (Agnew); 'Cleopatra,' L. Caracci, 150 gs. (Whitcombe); 'A Musical Party,' a very fine picture of the Venetian school, generally considered to be the work of Giorgione, whose name was appended to it in the catalogue, but attributed by Dr. Waagen to Palma Vecchio, 750 gs. (Farrer); 'St. John writing the Apocalypse,' formerly in the collection of Lucien Buonaparte, and since in that of Sir Simon Clarke, Carlo Dolci: this very beautiful picture, which may be classed among the finest works of the master, if not his *chef-d'œuvre*, was first put up at 300 gs.; after a most animated bidding it was knocked down to Mr. Scott for the sum of 2010 gs.; 'The Martyrdom of Stephen,' Garofalo, from the Balbi Palace, an exceedingly fine picture, 1530 gs. (Eckford); 'The Virgin with the sleeping Infant,' Guido, 110 gs. (Eckford); 'The Virgin and Infant Jesus,' Lorenzo de Credi, a small, but exquisitely painted work, 300 gs. (Farrer); 'Christ delivering the keys to St. Peter,' in the presence of four other disciples, 460 gs. (Rhodes): this is a fine picture, it was painted for the chapel of the tomb of John Breughel and his family in the Church of Notre Dame de la Chapelle, Brussels, whence it was sold to M. Braamem, in 1765, to aid in defraying the expenses of repairing the church; afterwards it became the property of M. Van Lanckeren, of Antwerp, and at the sale of his collection, in 1833, it came into the hands of Lord Northwick; the last picture we have to notice in this day's sale is, 'Charity,' by Andrea del Sarto, from the collection of Joseph Buonaparte, 210 gs. (Mr. Drax, M.P.) The amount realized this day was 10,575*l*.

Though the catalogue of the last day's sale included 131 lots, principally of pictures that were hung in the apartments of Northwick Park, and in which were included a few by English artists, there is only one we think it necessary to specify, 'The Virgin and Infant,' by Murillo, which was knocked down for 200 gs.; few of the others went beyond 50 gs.; the average of the whole being under 30*l*. We ought, however, to observe that among the "lots" were some picture-easels, cases, &c. The day's sale amounted to 3778*l*.

It was, we believe, estimated by those competent to form an opinion upon the subject, that the Northwick collection of pictures and works of Art, as announced for sale, would realize about 100,000*l*.; this sum has scarcely been reached: we have had no opportunity of ascertaining the exact amount it has produced, but have heard it stated at somewhere about 95,000*l*. What they cost their late owner no one would presume to say, but there is little doubt that if a balance of outlay and proceeds were struck, the difference on either side would not be very great; for if Lord Northwick paid large sums for many of his old masters, a very considerable number of the modern works realized much more than he gave for them.

That so fine a private gallery of pictures, collected

with no little judgment—although containing many inferior, and some doubtful, works—and at so heavy an expenditure, should now be scattered abroad, must be matter of sincere regret to all lovers of the Fine Arts, for there are few indeed possessing pictures who are so liberal in exhibiting them as was the late Lord Northwick. His gallery was his pride, but while revelling in the enjoyment of it himself, he was equally desirous that others might partake of his pleasures: it was open to all, at all seasonable times, and many has been the pilgrimage to Thirlestane House from all parts of the country, to examine its pictorial treasures. The town of Cheltenham, by its dispersion, loses its greatest attraction, and the inhabitants their purest source of enjoyment—at least, those of them who can appreciate such an intellectual feast. The name of Lord Northwick must always be remembered with gratitude and respect by every one who feels interested in the works of the painter; and by none more so than by those who have chanced to inspect the gallery when his lordship was staying at his mansion, for it was no uncommon thing for him to enter into conversation with the visitor on the subject of the pictures.

We believe we are right in stating, that if the heirs to the Northwick property had been free to follow their own inclinations, the gallery would have remained intact, or nearly so: but in consequence of his lordship dying intestate, no other alternative was left than a public sale. Perhaps, however, Thirlestane House may yet boast of a picture-gallery, if the report be true that many of the pictures recently sold were purchased on behalf of the present owner of the mansion, who has also succeeded to the title.*

Although in our notice of this sale we have appended the names of those to whom the pictures were assigned by the auctioneer, it must not be supposed that these individuals, the majority of whom are dealers, purchased entirely on their own account; they acted, principally, as agents, and we understand the collections of the following noblemen and gentlemen will be enriched by the dispersion of the Northwick pictures:—the Duc d'Anville, the Dukes of Buccleuch, Cleveland, Hamilton, Newcastle, and Wellington; the Marquises of Hertford and of Landsdowne; the Earl of Ellenborough; Lords De Lisle, De Saumarez, and Lindsay; the Baron de Rothschild; Sir T. Phillips, Messrs. Baring, H. Butler, J. E. Denison, Drax, Hardy, Hargreaves, Holford, Labouchere, B. Owen, and Scott. Mr. Drax is stated to have been the most extensive purchaser, having secured nearly 100 pictures, among them Claude's 'Apollo and the Cumean Sibyl,' the 'Ascension of the Virgin,' by Sacchi, and the 'Nativity,' by Pinturicchio. The Marquis of Hertford has a 'Group of Family Portraits' by Gonzales Coques; 'St. Catherine,' by Conegliano; and 'Cupid wounded by his own Arrows,' by Giorgione. The Marquis of Landsdowne bought the 'Musical Party,' by Giorgione, and Parmegiano's 'Portrait of B. Castiglione.' Mr. Hargreaves added to his collection 'The Virgin gazing on the Infant Christ,' by Luini; Schidone's 'Girl with the Horn-book,' and Luingebach's 'Departure from the Chase.' The two fine paintings by R. Wilson, of 'The Lake of Nemi,' and 'The Campagna di Roma,' were bought by a gentleman of Cheltenham, Mr. G. M. Daubeney. While the following works were purchased for the National Gallery:—'The Virgin throned and holding the Infant Christ,' by G. de Treviso; 'Birth of Jupiter,' by Giulio Romano; 'Glorification of the Virgin,' by Moretto; 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by Terburg; and Masaccio's 'Portrait of Himself.'

* Since the above was written, we learn from the *Cheltenham Examiner* that the present Lord Northwick has purchased about sixty pictures: among these are included Maclise's 'Robin Hood and his Foresters'; 'The Stoning of St. Stephen,' by Garofalo; Frost's 'Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Actaeon'; Cuypp's full-length portrait of 'Count Egmont'; Danby's 'Wood Nymph chanting her Hymn to the Rising Sun'; Redgrave's 'Flight into Egypt'; Van Schendel's admired 'Market Scene—Selling Poultry by Candle-light'; De Louthembourg's 'Avalanche'; Guercino's 'Samson and the Honeycomb'; Bellini's likeness of 'Mahomet II.'; Rubens's 'Lion Hunt'; Vander Capella's 'Marine View—a Calm'; the 'Landscape with three horses,' by A. Cuypp; 'A Scene in Canterbury Meadows,' by T. S. Cooper; G. Dow's 'Portrait of Dr. Harvey'; Velasquez's 'Lot and his Daughters,' and a number of others, including examples of Titian, Guido, Giorgione, Mabuse, Giotto, Vandyke, Fiesoli, Albano, and some of the most famous of the ancient and modern masters.

CHARITY.

FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY SIR R. WESTMACOTT, R.A.

To understand rightly the creations of Art, it must be studied under its two great phases or epochs—the Pagan and the Christian. To the Greek, Art, whether painting or sculpture, was the personification of the Beautiful: his creative imagination, haunted by the impression of the scenes around, became inspired by the beauty it surveyed, and, thirsting for the knowledge of Deity as cause, sought to represent his darkened creed of spiritual existence by every graceful symbol and elevated attribute such an innate desire could assume. The Deity to him filled space; his faith was the pantheism of physical beauty. Yet still, amid this imperfect civilization,—which arose from a natural perception of the beautiful, and a natural appreciation of what is right, rather than from enlarged moral instruction,—the arts of Greece became the vehicles of social progress, and their rise and decay were dependant upon the state of public morality. Pliny mourns over the decadence of Art, when the philosophical and religious creeds of the Greek descended to a low standard, and superstition and slavery usurped the places of, what to him was, a pure faith, and of freedom.

Christian Art derived its impulses from the opposite principle: its mission was to inculcate moral duties and religious faith: physical beauty had little or no share in the creed—and, therefore, little or none in the practice—of the earliest Christian artists. Their chief aim was the intelligible expression of the subject; technical skill, drawing, and colour, however desirable to constitute a good picture, were not the requisites sought after: and it is worthy of observation, that as the Church declined from its purity, so Art arose in beauty and grandeur. The same spirit did not, unfortunately, animate all alike; but where we recognise a sympathy of feeling in the Art of the two periods, it was developed in the one case through the medium of a thin, uncultured, and comparatively barren knowledge of its capabilities; and in the other, through that which was rich, fruitful, and luxurious: the respective harvests showed the difference between the growth in an unkindly, uncultivated soil, and a soil which had been carefully tended and dressed. The greatest triumphs in Art were achieved when Christianity had sunk down almost to its lowest state of thralldom and superstition.

Sculpture was not in so great a degree as painting subjected to the same external influences; moreover, it scarcely admits of similar characteristic changes, having reference to the two epochs of Christian Art: it is only when viewed in comparison with Pagan Art, that we recognise a difference. It would indeed be matter of surprise that a creed of truth and purity, of holiness and love, should have produced so few works which, as examples of Art only, can be put in competition with the productions of paganism, did we not remember that the one is symbolical of material beauty, the other of spiritual; that the heathen sculptor limited his ideas of excellence, at all times, to form and action: the Christian sculptor, when engaged on a work, not, as it were, of pagan origin, as a Venus, a Cupid, a Juno, or a Mars, seeks to incorporate the highest moral beauties, or the truths of his creed, with those of our material nature; and the greater his success in the realization of the former, the more worthy is his work of our admiration: one can overlook a defect or two, if not very glaring and wrong, in his modelling, when the sentiment he has embodied is good and ennobling.

Our modern school of sculpture supplies us with many such examples as those just alluded to: the bas-relief of "Charity," by the late Sir Richard Westmacott, is one. A Greek sculptor would never have selected such a subject; his ideas of Art would not have entertained it: we do not go so far as to say that charity had no existence in the heathen mind, but it was not a virtue to be symbolised in marble or stone. Westmacott's allegorical group is a work of great merit, both in composition and character; all the heads are beautifully modelled, and the expression of the subject is well-maintained throughout. It was executed when the sculptor was in the zenith of his fame.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND,
AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The committee of the Wallace Monument met on the 1st of last month, at the Royal Gallery, St. Vincent Street, to make their report on the designs sent in, eighty in all, for the object in question. The first premium, of fifty guineas, was awarded to the design of Mr. J. T. Rothead, an architect of Glasgow; the second to Messrs. Peddie and Kinnear, architects of Edinburgh; and the third to Messrs. Haig and Low, of Glasgow. The design that gained the first prize is a mediæval Scottish tower, 220 feet in height, with an interior staircase leading to the summit.

DUBLIN.—We hear that the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy opened the rooms of their recent exhibition at the charge of *one penny* for admittance! Whether or no the project was profitable to the society, as a pecuniary speculation, we do not know, though it is stated to have been so; but certainly it must have proved profitable to the inhabitants of Dublin, very large numbers of whom are said to have availed themselves of this cheap introduction.

BRISTOL.—The Society of Artists of this town opened their annual exhibition last month. The number of works hung on the walls is nearly six hundred: many of these, by our principal artists, are old familiar faces, having been lent for the purpose of exhibition by their respective owners. Leslie's "Columbus and the Egg," recently purchased at the Northwick sale; Collins's "Sunday Morning;" Phillip's "Spanish Contrabandistas" (this last the property of the Prince Consort,) are there; also Robert's "Basilica of San Lorenzo, Rome," Le Jeune's "Parable of the Lilies," Horsley's "Sempstress," F. Goodall's "Scene in Brittany" and "The Happy Days of Charles I.," Stanfield's "Port na Spania—Giant's Causeway," F. Dauby's "Game of Anchines," Creswick's "Mountain Torrent," a very charming group, by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., exhibited for the first time, it is called "The Bridal of Andilla," Frith's "Wayfarer," F. Dillor's "Temple of Philæ," Stanfield's "Destruction of the Spanish Armada," Lauder's "Christ Betrayed," H. Johnson's "Hierapolis." Among other contributions we may point out three fine landscapes by J. B. Pyne; "Turkish Ladies at Scutari," by Armitage; "Spring-Time in the Woods," by V. Cole; some good pictures by J. J. Hill, G. W. Horlor, W. and F. Underhill; "Gallantry," by J. A. Houston. Of the local painters, Messrs. Henshaw, J. P. Pettitt, C. T. Burt, W. Hall, C. W. Radclyffe, Lines, Sen. and Jun., H. Harris, Wivell, and others merit notice; and Mr. A. E. Everitt's water-colour drawings must not be lost sight of. The exhibition is quite up to its usual standard of excellence.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The fifth annual meeting of those interested in the Wolverhampton School of Practical Art, was held at the rooms of the institution on the 29th of August; the Earl of Dartmouth, the president of the school, occupied the chair. His lordship, in addressing the company assembled, took occasion to congratulate the students on their productions both in modelling and drawing; of these works there was a considerable display in the room. The funds of the school, though less than the expenditure, were administered, in the opinion of the noble chairman, in such a way as ought to satisfy the subscribers and supporters; and, looking at the care Mr. Muckley, the headmaster, bestowed on the pupils, it would be the fault of the town and the students if the institution did not flourish in the manner it deserved. The treasurer's account showed that the receipts of the year amounted to 382*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*, including 166*l.* 2*s.* from annual subscriptions, and donations, 153*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*; but the expenses reached 500*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.*, or 117*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.* beyond the income; of this deficiency a sum of 56*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* was brought forward from the preceding year; so that it seems the debt is increasing, instead of diminishing, as it ought to do. It is accounted for chiefly by an addition to the salary of the headmaster, and by the temporary appointment of a second master, which the increased number of pupils has rendered necessary. The second master is Mr. E. R. Taylor, formerly a pupil of Mr. Muckley, to whom the parent institution, in London, has awarded an annual premium of 20*l.*, in consideration of his high certificates of ability. The number of students in the various classes is now one hundred and five. Before the meeting separated numerous prizes were presented to the successful competitors.

LIVERPOOL.—The council of the Liverpool Academy has awarded the first prize, 50*l.*, to Mr. Dyce, R.A., for his picture, "The Good Shepherd," hung in the Royal Academy this year.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. Lough's design for the Stephenson statue, described in our last Number, has been exhibited here, the place where the work is to be erected. Mr. Robert Stephenson, M.P., son of the distinguished engineer, has suggested, instead of Mr. Lough's pedestal, one having the character of a terrestrial globe, as expressing the universal adoption of the railway system, and a model of the plan is placed in the room: but there is great doubt of its being employed. Some of the old painters made Christ and saints thus standing on, or rising from, a globe, but the idea is not at all applicable to sculpture.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION,

1861 OR 1862.

THE Exhibition of Art and Art-Industry, whether in 1861 or in 1862, will no doubt take place. Another lesson as to the "stupidity" of war has been taught. It is probable that the several sovereigns of Europe will see the wisdom of manifesting their belief in the continuance of tranquillity, by encouraging a movement that can be made only when peace is sure. A refusal to co-operate once again for the high and holy purpose of bringing all people of all countries into communion, might be held to negative those professions of desire to avoid strife, with which every government of Europe joins "the Conference." We therefore entertain a reasonable conviction that the project will be carried out—especially as ample funds are guaranteed; and it is understood that indirectly, if not directly, it will receive the sanction of the Queen and the Prince Consort, and that H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—of "full age" in 1862—will be placed at the head of it. Preparations should consequently be made in time. It is the imperative duty of all who are interested in the issue to "look forward." The year 1862 seems a long way off from the year 1859, but time travels rapidly. In 1851 there were many exhibitors who would have given much to have had three years instead of three months to make ready for the contest, finding, when it was too late, what they had lost by procrastination. We do not mean that manufacturers should now set themselves to the work in earnest, but that such important commissions as may be entrusted to them shall be executed with a view to exhibition when the time arrives; nay, further than this, that wealthy patrons of Art and Art-industry should, with as little delay as possible, commission productions with the express object in view of aiding to sustain national glory by direct evidence of supremacy.

We are fully aware the movement is not popular among the manufacturers generally: they shrink from a contest that involves certain cost, risk, and labour, with results doubtful and hazardous. There are many reasons why they naturally hesitate to embark in this scheme. Better not do it at all than do it with "half a heart;" but when the time arrives, they will find it worse than perilous to keep aloof. They *must* bear their parts, each and all, in the Trial to which all will be subjected; and he is wise who determines at once to take such steps in advance as may insure triumph.

It is announced as an essential part of the project that Art in its higher branches is to receive due honour. Artists are therefore invited to prepare for the competition: we trust they will do this effectually, even if it be at the cost of the annual exhibitions that will take place between the years 1859 and 1862.

No doubt proper steps will be taken to obtain valuable aid from the several nations of the Continent, from America, and from our Colonies. It is not now, as it was in 1851, an experiment. To many countries—our colonial possessions especially—the beneficial results of the great gathering in 1851 have been immense: not only in teachings, but in actual gain,—not alone as concerned their future, but the advantages suddenly and at once secured. Contributors will have learned still better how to turn opportunities to profitable account; and in 1862 there may be a harvest immeasurably more productive than that of 1851.

We shall continue from time to time to press this matter—of very vital importance—upon the attentive consideration of all who may be within reach of our influence.



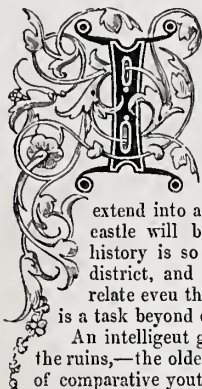
CHARITY.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY SIR R. WESTMACOTT, 1849.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART X.—TENBY, &c.



It is a long walk, but an easy drive, to the very beautiful ruin of CAREW CASTLE, distant six miles from Tenby, and four and a half from Pembroke, and lying directly in the road—the “easiest,” but not the most picturesque—from our town to the other. We must compress into a page the matter we might extend into a volume, for every portion of the old castle will bear detailed description; while its history is so closely interwoven with that of the district, and its most memorable rulers, that to relate even the leading incidents associated with it, is a task beyond our reach.

An intelligent guide will conduct the reader through the ruins,—the older parts, those of middle age, and those of comparative youth, that date no farther back than the reign of “good Queen Bess.” He will pace slowly, and we hope reverently, over the sward that carpets the fine banquetting-hall. He will be shown the breaches made by Cromwell’s cannon, and those that have been produced by the less fierce though more irresistible destroyer—Time; and he will occupy a morning of intense enjoyment, though of melancholy thought, in rambling up and down the broken stair-steps, into chambers rude from the first, and those once richly decorated; into the venerable chapel, and the deep, dark dungeons; to peep through lancet holes, and sit beside oriel windows; to



THE CROSS AT CAREW.

grass-covered courtyards and ivy-clad towers; and he will receive a lesson as to the stupendous strength and surpassing grandeur of the olden time, such as no printed book can give him.

But before he passes under its still substantial gateway the Tourist will be called upon to examine an ancient cross, “fashioned out of a single stone,” close to the entrance. It is of a remote period, but not, perhaps, older than the ninth or tenth century. It contains an inscription, but no scholar has yet been able to read it. The interlaced pattern is precisely similar in character to those of which so many examples exist in Ireland, and of which there are the remains of several others in this county. The neighbouring church, also, will amply repay a visit; it contains sepulchral effigies of several of the castle’s lords.

The district was originally one of the demesnes belonging to the princes of South Wales, and was given as a dowry with Nesta, daughter of Rhys ap Tewdwr, to Gerald de Windsor, who was appointed “lieutenant of these parts of Henry I.” By one of his descendants it was mortgaged to Sir Rhys ap Thomas; and here the gallant Welshman received and lodged the Earl of Richmond, on his way from Milford to Bosworth Field, placing, to commemorate the event, the royal arms over a chimney-piece in one of the apartments, probably the

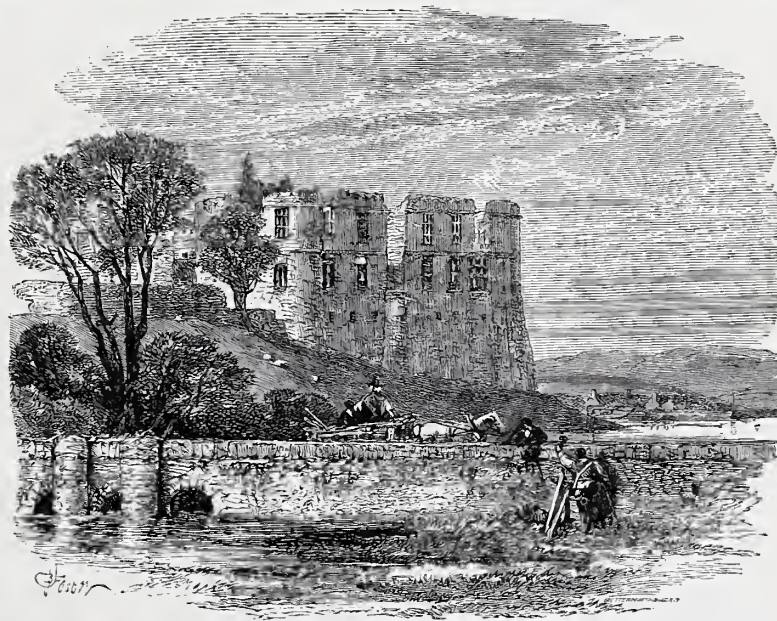
chamber in which “the hope of England” slept. The piece of carving is there still, in good preservation. Here, too, some years afterwards, when the sovereign remembered his debt to the chieftain, and accorded to him the distinction of the Garter, was held “a tilt and tournament” for the honour of St. George, “the first show of the kind that had ever been exhibited in Wales.” A full account of this “princelie fête” has been preserved, setting forth how “manie valerouse gentlemen” then made trial of “theire abilities in feates of armes,” “the men of prime ranke being lodged within the castle, others of good qualitie in tentes and pavilions pitched in the parke,” the “festivall and time of jollitie” continuing during the space of five days, commencing on the eve of the day dedicated to the “trustie patron and protector of marshalistes.” The first day was spent in “taking a view of all the companie, choosing out



CAREW CASTLE: THE COURTYARD.

five hundred of the tallest and ablest;” the second in “exercising them in all pointes, as if they had beene suddenlie to goe on some notable peece of service;” the third in visiting the bishop at Lamphey, in regaling at his charges, and “in commemorating the vertues and famous achievements of those gentlemen’s ancestors there present;” the fourth was the day of tournament, Sir William Herbert being the challenger, Sir Rhys “playing the judge’s part;” the fifth being devoted to hunting and feasting, the bishop bestowing a sermon upon them, “tending to all loyall admonitions, obedience to superiors, love and charitie one towards another.”

What a brilliant romance it is, that record of high festival held within these now broken walls, “ever and anone seasoned with a diversitie of musicke;” the “justes and tournamentes



CAREW CASTLE: EXTERIOR.

for the honoure of ladies;” the “knockes valerouslie received and manfullie bestowed;” wrestling, hurling of the bar, taking of the pike, running at the quinteine; while—a thing especially note-worthy—“among a thousand people there was not one quarrell, crosse worde, or unkinde looke that happened between them.”

Ay, imagination may people these ruins with “faire ladies” and “gallant knyghts;” may restore its tapestried halls and gorgeously furnished chambers; may hear the harper and the troubadour, recalling its reign of chivalry,—its “festivals” and its “tournamentes,”—while the wind whistles through its long corridors or moans among broken rooms of state, and from ivy-mantled towers

“The moping owl doth to the moon complain.”

By far the most delightful trip from Tenby (but it will occupy a long day, for the distance is nineteen miles) is that which embraces St. Govan's, the Huntsman's Leap, and the far-famed "Stacks," including also the mansion of Stackpole Court. The scenery is wild, and, if not sublime, astonishingly grand; while the district itself is the home-ground of many of those fanciful legends and quaint superstitions that still influence the peasantry of South Pembrokeshire. There are two roads—one, through Penally and Lydstep, follows the undulating line of coast; the other, longer, but more agreeable, is over the Ridgeway, and through Pembrokeshire. In both cases, the tourist passes STACKPOLE COURT. Those who take the former road will obtain a fine view of the house and the surrounding hills, just before crossing the bridge over the estuary at the head of which the mansion is built. It occupies the site of the baronial residence of the old Crusader, Elidur de Stackpole. The place has undergone many changes. It was garrisoned and "held out stoutly," in the civil wars, "for the king and the public honour," and is at present the residence of the noble Thane of Cawdor.* His lordship possesses many valuable works of Art, and many interesting relics of antiquity, amongst which is a HIRLAS HORN, which we have engraved; it is said to be the actual horn presented by the Earl of Richmond to Dafydd-ap-Jevan, in whose castle, at Llwyn Dafydd, Cardiganshire, the illustrious prince was entertained on his way to Bosworth Field. Passing through remote Boshoston, with its recently restored church, the carriage road soon terminates, and we draw up on the heath upon the lofty promontory of St. Govan, which juts out to the south, and forms the termination of the county. Before us is an immense and glorious picture, in which the majesty of ocean scenery reaches its perfection. The elevation on which we stand, the open sea before us, the perfume of the wild flowers, the sea-birds



HIRLAS HORN.

shrilling overhead, and the ever-during beat of the waves—to-day calm and limpid—at our feet, combine to produce a scene of inexpressible interest, grandeur, and beauty. Close by, perched across a fissure in the side of the cliffs, and unseen from above, is the far-famed CHAPEL OF ST. GOVAN.† A long flight of steps, well worn, and, as yet,

"Counted by none both ways alike,"

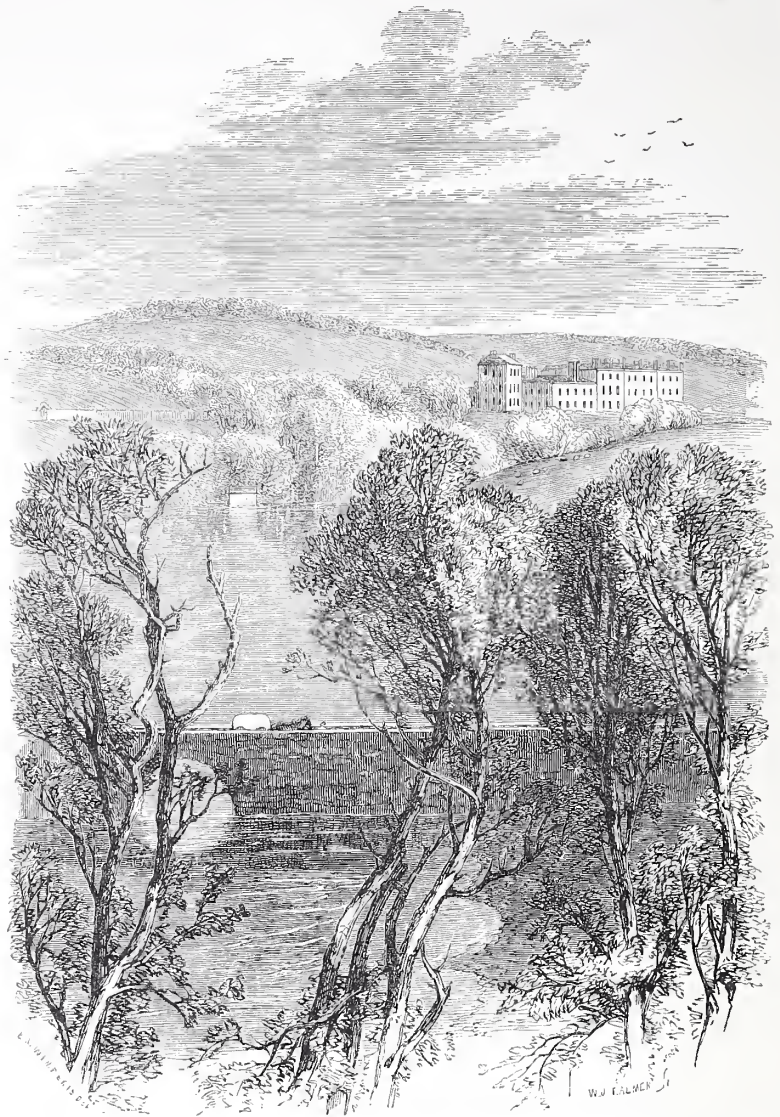
conducts to it.‡ It is a small rude building, with an arched

* The mansion was built by the great grandfather of the present Lord Cawdor; he was son of Sir Alexander Campbell, of Cawdor Castle, in Scotland, "the first of the name who settled here, by marrying Miss Lort, the sole heiress of this great property." The demesne is surpassingly beautiful; "not far from the sea, though no sign of its proximity was apparent, nor should we have suspected it as we rode alternately through noble woods, pleasant lanes, with expanding prospects on either side, and verdant vales at intervals."—GOSSE. The present edifice of wrought limestone, rises beautifully at the foot of a sloping hill, in the sight of a spacious lake, the favourite resort of almost every species of wild fowl, and looks over a wide-extended park, along which herds of deer scamper in all the gladness of their nature. Skirting hills and rich plantations belt the domain on various sides, and beyond is the bright and boundless ocean."—ROSCOE. The tomb of a crusader—supposed to be that of Elidur de Stackpole—is in the Church of Cheriton, "sometimes called Stackpole Elidur." The church, with several others in the vicinity, has been recently restored at the cost of the Earl of Cawdor, and is now a charming example of ecclesiastical art.

† "The valiant knight—the Sir Gawain, of good King Arthur's round table—has been transformed, by popular error, into a saint. The superstitious stories to which this singular position of a consecrated building has given rise are without end."—MALKIN. Malkin here, as well as in many other of his assumptions, is not to be relied on; the name, no doubt, is a corruption of St. Giovanni, to whom the chapel was dedicated.

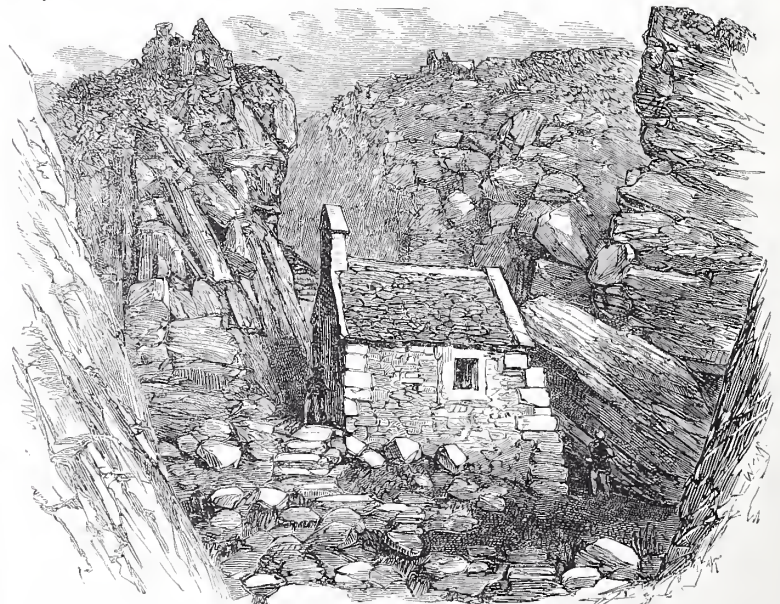
‡ "There is a popular belief that these steps, like the stones comprising the circle of Stonehenge, cannot be numbered; but in my descent I made them fifty-two—a tale agreeing with that of Ray,

roof, and has on either side a stone bench cushioned with withered sods. In the east wall a



STACKPOLE COURT.

doorway admits into a cleft of the rock in which is a marvellous crevice, "that enables the largest



CHAPEL OF ST. GOVAN.

person to turn round therein, and is at the same time quite filled by the smallest." It is used

A. D. 1662."—FENTON. "I was silly enough to count them twice; I made the number seventy-three, exclusive of broken and fragmentary ones."—GOSSE. Our friend, Mr. Thomas Purnell (to whom we are indebted for much of the information contained in this division of our Tour), numbered them, and makes them seventy.

as a "wishing-place;" and the legend asserts that all who turn round therein, and steadfastly cling to the same wish during the operation, will most certainly obtain their wish before the expiration of the year: the smooth and glassy face of the rock testifies to its frequent use. No doubt some "holy" anchorite, "mistaking his road to heaven," here made himself miserable in life, and here, in after years, when a peculiar sanctity was attached to the scene of his self-sacrifice, came many pilgrims, with minds or bodies diseased, trusting in the virtues of stones the saint had trodden, and water of which he had drank; often, no doubt, obtaining "cures," the consequence of faith. Tradition gives this cavity a singular history. Our Lord—so runs the tale—pursued by the Jews, sought safety in this neighbourhood. Passing through a field where men were sowing barley, he ordered them at once to go for their reaping-hooks, and, if any passed that way and inquired after him, to say they had seen such an one, but that it was in sowing time. The men, although they knew not who it was, did as they were bid, fetched their hooks, and lo! on their return, the field was waving with ripe corn. Whilst engaged in the reaping, a band of men accosted them, as was expected, who, having received the appointed answer, gave up the chase in despair. The Lord, meanwhile, had been concealed in this crevice, which had opened to receive him, and still bears a faint impress of his person. The little chapel has a bell-gable, but it has been denuded of its bell, for, according to the same authority, once upon a time a sacrilegious pirate heard its silvery tones, and despoiled the sanctuary of its treasure; but God's vengeance overtook him, for no sooner had he embarked with his theft than a violent storm arose, in which he and his polluted band perished. A substitute, also, was provided for the loss in a large stone, which ever since, when struck, rings out the same note as the missing bell.* To reach the shore we pass the sainted well, said to be a sure and certain cure for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and having picked our way over and between immense stones, we arrive on the ledge of rocks that, at low water, runs round the base of the overhanging cliffs. The whole scene here is wonderfully grand: though we may be alone, there is no solitude, for there seems a Presence that fills the whole place, and, amidst these caverns and frowning precipices, we feel our own insignificance.

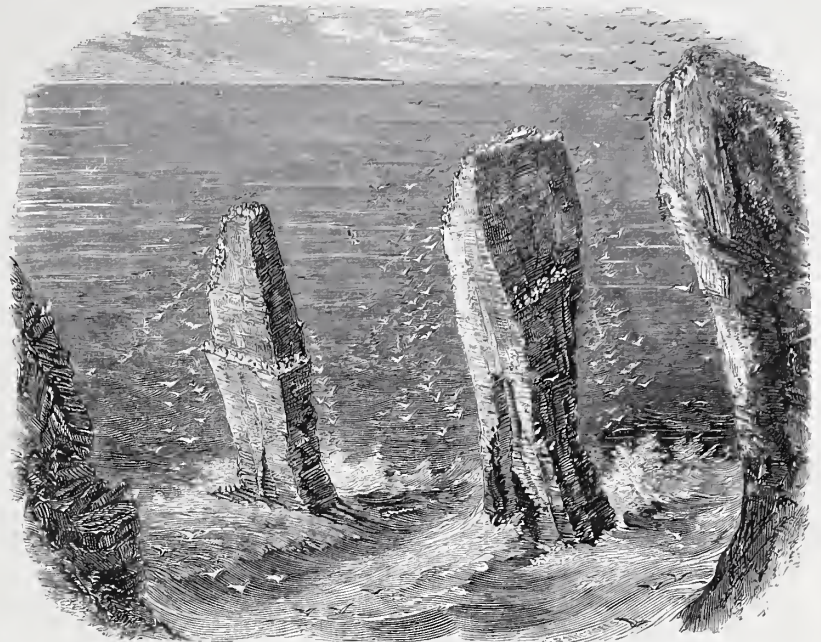
At a short distance from each other are three fissures, extending a considerable distance into the land. The first has no name; the second is the well-known HUNTSMAN'S LEAP, a frightful abyss, which is not seen till we are on the brink. Sea-pinks, heather, and furze grow to the edge of the crumbling banks, and the sides of the bare rocks are lichened over with many colours. A creeping sensation comes over us, as, looking to the depths below, we hear only the hollow muttering of the in-coming tide, or the chuckle of the sea-gull echoing from side to side. In one place the distance across is inconsiderable, and, half way down, the sides touch, like a collision of two huge leviathan ships: here it was the impetuous courser, in full career, plunged across, bearing on his back the terrified huntsman, to give a name to the place, and to die with fright on his arrival home. Adjoining is Boshoston Meer, a funnel-shaped chasm, sixteen fathoms deep, communicating with the sea, through which, at certain seasons and times of the tide, a great volume of water is forced up to an incredible height, and with an unearthly noise, only to be heard in wild weather. "And, which is more strange," writes old George Owen (*temp.* Queen Elizabeth), "if sheepe, or other like cattell, be grazing neere the pitt, oftentimes they are forcibly and violently drawne and carried into the pitt; and if a cloke or other garment be cast on the ground, neere the pitt, at certaine seasons, you shall stande afarre of, and see it sodainly snatched, drawne, and swallowed up into the pitt, and never seene againe."

The neighbourhood has other objects of singular attraction. Not far from Boshoston Meer is a "sunken wood"—a place of great interest; "a round pit, of some fifty feet wide, yawns in the ground; it is full of ash-trees which, springing from all parts of the bottom and sides, just reach to the summit, and no more—a curious example of the influence of the sea-spray in preventing the growth of trees." "The whole neighbourhood, from many striking traditions, and other circumstances, appears to have been the scene of frequent and bloody contests." There are, or were, when Fenton wrote his history, in 1811, in this neighbourhood, three upright stones, about a mile distant from each other. The tradition is that on a certain day these stones meet to "dance the Hay," at a place called Saxon's Ford, and when the dance is over, travel back and resume their places. These stones are referred to by Giraldus, as having been placed by Harold to record his victories, and contained inscriptions—

HIC HAROLDVS VICTOR FVIT.

* "I found that this ringing power was possessed by a good many of the boulders in the wilderness of stones over which I had to clamber my way down."—GOSSE.

"Nothing can exceed the awful wildness that throughout characterises this solitude, amidst a chaos of rocky fragments broken into a thousand irregular shapes, with every object shunt out but such as are best calculated to inspire meditation—the canopy of Heaven and the trackless



STACK ROCKS.

ocean." As we were leaving the spot, we were saluted by an old man and a delicate little girl—his grandchild, who were crossing the heath.

"'Tis a wild place you have here," we said, pointing to the Meer.



HUNTSMAN'S LEAP.

"Ye may well say that, if ye heard 'em at work; though a dunna howl now half so bad as when I was a lad—people have been know'n to hear 'n as far as Cold Blow, up by

Narberth, and that is fifteen miles, as the bird flies. 'As got a deal quieter now,' he added; 'some sez part of 'en is broke away; but for all that 'a do holla away main stoutly yit upon times—many and many is the times I've alay awake listening to his noise.'

"Do many people visit the neighbourhood?" we inquired.

"Yis, a sight of people comes here in the summer from all parts, only out of eurousity, like you, mab-be,—but lots comes for the cure."

"The cure?"

"Yis, they come to St. Govan's to try the well; and it's only them as haven't got no faith that goes away without being cured. Why, I myself have had some lodging at my own cottage who came on crutches, but when they left could walk away as linsty and strong as you can."

"If the well is so efficacious, why do you not try its effects upon her," said we, looking upon the child at his side, who seemed in a rapid consumption, "she looks rather ill?"

"Ay, poor thing, she *is* ill," said the old man, mournfully. "We have tried everything we could think of, and only yesterday we had over the charm-doctor, but he wouldn't try on her, as he said he could not do her any good. To please the mother, I am now taking her to the well; but I know it's no use, for—" and he lowered his voice to a whisper—"I have seen her light!"

The old man and his charge having wished us good morning, pursued their way to St. Govan's, whilst we struck off in an opposite direction for the Stack Rocks.

The path is along the summit of the high cliff, from the margin of which we are never too remote to hear the splash of the waves as they roll into the little creeks with which this coast is notched "like a saw." Here and there, in our course, we pass by some wondrous aperture, with yawning mouth, that communicates subterraneously with the sea; and, at a short distance from the "leap," we have an opportunity of examining one of those singular camps, very numerous along these coasts, remaining as souvenirs of that northern race who, in the early dawn of our history, swooped like birds of prey upon the land. Long before we arrive, we are made aware of our proximity to the Stacks by the incessant noise and hum of the birds that occupy them, and when the spot is reached, the scene is of the most interesting description. We are on the breeding-grounds of various birds that "time out of mind" have selected this wild and little frequented place. Here they congregate in vast numbers. From May to September the two lofty isolated rocks are the homes of the Razor Bill, the waddling Guillemot, or Eligug, which gives its name to the rocks, and that foolish-looking creature called the Puffin, who possesses the humorous propensity of driving rabbits from their warrens, and hatching in the holes. Every available ledge and cranny of the rocks are covered, and the crests seem one mass of animated nature. Indeed, the taller Stack has the appearance of a great unheavenly monumental column, covered with alto-relievos alive and in motion. Some are engaged in sitting on their one egg, some in paddling it out with their feet to the sun; here may be seen a red-throated diver on the water, in the act of plunging for his prey; there a gull cradled on a wave, looking about him with entire nonchalance; while, on the craggy ledge of some rock, the green cormorant, stretching out his wings to dry, is waiting for his last meal to digest, preparatory to engaging in another.

The reader must not suppose that we have exhausted the store of sea-cliffs which the wild coast round this shore supplies; it is very productive of scenes and incidents such as those we describe. But we have conducted the Tourist only through beaten tracks; he who is strong enough and venturesome enough to explore for himself, will encounter many other marvels that will amply recompense time and toil. And if he be a naturalist, how abundant of wealth is every one of these green laes and grey sea-rocks! †

* "The whole tract is full of what may be not improperly called sea-wells; large circular cavities in the ground, at some distance from the shore, with perpendicular sides, as deep as the height of the cliff, into which the sea finds its way with much noise and violence."—MALKIN. "At Boshoston Meer, when impelled by wind and tide concurring into it, the sea is sent up in a column of foam, thirty or forty feet above the mouth of the pit, exhibiting the appearance of a perfect rainbow."—FENTON.

† A short distance from the Stacks, on the main land, is a large Danish camp, which occupies a neck of land, and on which is one of the greatest wonders of the coast, "The Caldron, or Devil's Punch-bowl." "The 'Caldron' is a chasm of exceeding grandeur, surpassing in sublimity anything I had yet seen. It is a somewhat circular pit, with absolutely perpendicular sides, about two hundred feet in depth. . . . No description could do justice to this extraordinary chasm, or convey any idea of its sublimity and grandeur."—GOSSE.

‡ We have recommended—and do so again—William Jenkins, of Tenby (his whereabouts may be easily ascertained), as a person very useful to aid in collecting the treasures of lane and rock. His demands of payment for skill and labour are very moderate, and he is usually supplied with tanks full of *actinea*—which he frequently sends (and sometimes *by post*!) to London and other parts. As a companion and guide in search of natural wonders he is very serviceable to the Tourist.

We thus bring to a close our visit to charming Tenby. We are aware that our statements and descriptions have induced many to visit this delightful sea-side town, and we have full confidence that such visitors have not been disappointed.

At present Tenby is distant twelve miles from a railway—the terminus of the South Wales Railway at Neyland. This may, or it may not, be a disadvantage; for the drive is a delicious drive—over the Ridgeway, or by "the lower road," through Carew; and it is, perhaps, a refreshment to inhale pure sea breezes, for a couple of hours, after the steam and scream of a railway carriage. Ere long, however, the train will be carried into the town, and Tenby, with its multifarious advantages, will probably become the most popular sea-bathing place of the Kingdom.

Its several attractions we have endeavoured to exhibit in these papers; they may be repeated in a brief "summing up." The sands are singularly hard and dry—dry within a few minutes after the retreating tide has left them, and so hard, that those who walk—even those who ride—leave scarce the impress of a footstep in passing; they extend also between two and three miles north and south. Here the breezes are always "hearty," yet they may be comparatively mild or invigorating, according to the quarter in which they are sought; thus persons with delicate lungs may breathe freely in one direction, while in another the robust lover of nature may rejoice in the boisterous strength of winds that from any of the "four quarters blow." The town and neighbourhood of Tenby may therefore be recommended as a winter, as well as a summer, residence; but as on this topic we cannot speak from personal experience, we refer, in a note, to the proper authorities.*

It is needless to refer again to the many sources of enjoyment here supplied to the naturalist, or to those who seek useful pleasures in green lanes or among rocks on the sea-shore. The charming volume of Mr. Gosse will show how abundant is every hedge-row and sea-cliff "hereabouts." They must be idle in heart as well as mind who lack amusement or occupation here.

To the antiquary, the archaeologist, the ecclesiologist, and the historian, there is a treasure-store in this vicinity, as—aided by the artist—we have shown.† The Castles of Pembroke, Carew, and Manorbier are within easy reach; the venerable Palace of Lamphey is not far distant; while, as we shall hereafter explain, a day by railway will convey the Tourist to many of the most beautiful, the most interesting, and the most instructive districts of the Kingdom.

The lodging-houses in Tenby are, of course, numerous, and, for the most part, good, and not dear. On the other hand, the "hotels" are indifferent; they offer no inducement to "a stay" beyond a single night. Carriages, open and closed, are in sufficient number, and at moderate charges. The markets are well supplied: *fish* being the article most scarce and most in request—Tenby depending rather on "foreign" supplies than upon the activity of its own fishermen, whose boats are often sleeping at the quay. The oysters of Tenby are famous "all the world over."

There are warm baths sufficiently convenient and comfortable, and machines on the shore, although by no means enough. Of public rooms it is sadly deficient. There is an assembly room, limited in size and inconvenient, and a reading-room, neat and well arranged, but scarcely so high as an hotel parlour. The church, an impressive and interesting structure, does not afford sufficient accommodation to both visitors and parishioners; but the excellent and respected Rector is arranging for the substitution of seats for pews, by which ample space and verge enough will be obtained,—at all events for some time to come.

But the evils that exist in this pleasant and attractive watering-place are in process of removal. If Tenby had the "luck" to find a single person of intelligence and energy to render available all its resources, it would become ere long—what it unquestionably may be—the most popular, as it certainly is the most abundantly endowed, of the sea-bathing places of Great Britain. As it is, however, its attractions are many and manifest.‡

* Tenby, one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and partially surrounded by high lands, that are a protection against the obnoxious winds that occasionally prevail, is not only everything that can be desired by the summer tourist, but is by no means ill adapted as a winter residence for the invalid. The climate, for the greater portion of the year, is warm, dry, and bracing; the air is so mild that the myrtle, fuchsia, and verberna, flourish in the open air all the year round. Walsh, in his "Manual of Domestic Medicine," recently published, says that "Tenby is by far the most delightful watering-place in the west of England and South Wales, being mild in its winter temperature, and free from autumnal vegetable decay. It is one of the best climates in England for the general run of invalids who require sea air, and is only inferior to Undercliff and Torquay for those who are afflicted with pulmonary complaints." In one of the guides to Tenby, however, a local physician (Dr. Sutton) holds that it is fully equal to Torquay, and that Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay—the three watering-places in England most frequented by invalids during winter—are all inferior to Tenby in this respect; "the climate there, although mild, being excessively relaxing. Tenby, on the contrary, equally mild, is nevertheless invigorating." The average temperature is about 50° of Fahrenheit; extreme cold is seldom experienced, and snow rarely lies upon the ground. Sir James Clark is of opinion that a cold, damp, and variable climate gives a predisposition to consumption. The temperature of Tenby being the reverse, cannot be an improper place for the residence of persons with tender lungs. The climate of the whole of South Pembrokeshire is remarkable for its mildness, and in parts, as at Stackpole, plants which in most other parts of Great Britain require the protection of greenhouses, thrive in the open air. The following table gives the result of a careful analysis of the temperature of Milford Haven, kept by Sir Thomas Pasley, at the Dockyard, which, lying exposed to breezes from the Atlantic on the west, and keen winds from the Presely mountains on the north, is by no means so warm as the neighbourhood of Tenby:—

MEAN OF MAXIMUM AND MINIMUM, 1850—53.		
Years.	Maximum.	Minimum.
1850	55.70	45.60
1851	55.90	43.30
1852	56.40	44.10
1853	53.22	41.62
Means	55.30	43.65

Difference between mean summer and winter 16.77. Mean total rain of four years 32.761.

Thus we find that the climate of Tenby is nearly as equable and mild as that of Madeira, and consequently well adapted for a winter residence.

† The great portion of these illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. E. A. BROOKE, whose valuable volume, "The Gardens of England," obtained for him well merited celebrity. His drawings of Tenby and its neighbourhood have been to us highly satisfactory; they have so much pleased the inhabitants of the town, that he has been induced, in a great measure, to settle among them, and the corporation commissioned him to paint a picture expressly for themselves.

‡ We have stated that at the terminus at Neyland there is an hotel of the best order, built, and we believe, "managed," under the auspices of the Directors of the South Wales Railway. The comforts here are many, and the charges low. It is but a step from the station, and two excellent steam ferry-boats are continually plying between the quay at Neyland and that at Pater, to convey passengers across the "small arm" of the bay. Moreover, this hotel is charmingly situated. At Pater public conveyances from Tenby await the arrival of all London trains, and private carriages are readily procured by signal from the hotel. We have explained the many reasons why this plan of procedure is preferable to that by Narberth Road. Visitors to Tenby who have no "lodgings" secured, and who arrive at Neyland by the express train at half-past six, will do wisely perhaps to remain there until the morning; then drive to Tenby, having ample time to make the requisite arrangements for comfort and accommodation, instead of being compelled to locate themselves hurriedly and perhaps unpleasantly.

LIVERPOOL
SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

THE causes of the origin of this Society are well known to the artistic world, and need no comment. It is sufficient to say that its promoters seem actuated by no other motives than a desire to give a fair field to talent, without undue favour to any particular school. Judging from the support the society receives from all our leading men, save a few of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, we may safely say it is now firmly established. Its operations are carried on by the council and officers gratuitously, so that when its funds increase beyond its expenditure, which is fully expected this year, they will be laid out annually in its own exhibition—in the purchase of first-class pictures for a permanent gallery of modern Art.

The second exhibition of the society opened with a private view to the subscribers and leading men of the town, on Saturday, the 3rd ult., on which day sales were effected to about £1300. On Monday, the 5th, it was opened to the public, when the sales were increased to about £1500, several of our London artists selling all their contributions.

We are not about to enter into a criticism of the merits of the works of Art exhibited: it is enough to say that the specimens are all worthy of the names of the individual painters. Our present object is simply to specify the various contributors, and show, as near as we can by description, how their works are situated.

Entering the hall by the left door, where the catalogue commences, we find the first compartment occupied by the water-colours without margins, and miniatures, enamels, &c., to the height of about six feet, oil paintings occupying the remainder above. Among these water-colours we observed some of the best specimens of the President of the Old Water-Colour Society, H. Warren, his picture of the "Peri" occupying the centre, opposite the entrance. Around are works by Weigall, Miss Sharpe, A. Penley, Burgess, Essex, D'Egville, Rowbotham, Soper, Richardson, Bartholomew, Chase, Dobbin, B. R. Green, W. Callow, W. Bennett, &c., all in good situations. Immediately over these, on the left wing, are paintings by Alexander Blaikley (the "Opening of the Parliament," a centre picture), "Heads," by Amiconi, and several landscapes of merit. In the centre of this compartment is Poingdestre's picture of "Horses going to Market," supported by Salters at one side and Heaphy at the other, surrounded by the works of A. Gilbert, Marshall, Claxton, Wolfe, Nalder, Emmerson, &c. The right wing has C. Leslie's picture of "Balmy Morning in North Wales" for its centre, having C. F. Buchanan, Mogford, and H. Bonner for companions.

The centre compartment of the hall, to the left, has on its left wing, on the line, Hornung's "Scene after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." On one side is a landscape by Niemann, on the other a sea sunset by J. Danby. These are surrounded by the works of Pickersgill, R.A., T. G. Cooper, Henshaw, Knight, R.A., A. F. Patten, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., Meyer, of Bremen, E. A. Pettitt, D. W. Dean, V. Fleury, H. Desvignes, and J. B. Smith. The middle of this compartment has Faed's "Sunday in the Backwoods" for its centre picture, supported right and left by the two Boddingtons, Duffield, and Herrick, which have in their vicinity works by Leu, Niemann, Wainwright, A. Ludovici, Hengsbach, Wingfield, Hayes, A.R.H.A., F. Dillon, R. B. Beechy, H. K. Taylor, &c. The right wing of this compartment has for its centre, on the line, Gavin's picture of "Thread the Needle," supported by works by Alexander Johnson, Pickersgill, R.A., Ewbank, Clint, J. E. Meadows, G. Cole, A. Dever, W. Beattie, Miss Tekusch, &c.

Entering the large compartment at the end of the hall, we find on its left screen, in the centre, Caraud's picture of "Louis XIV. and Madame Maintenon at Versailles, witnessing the performance of the lady pupils of St. Cyr." On one side is Herriek's picture of "Othello," and on the other Baccani's "Marguerita." These are surrounded by works by Erskine Nicol, T. P. Hall, Herdman of Edinburgh, Halle, V. Cole, Hurlstone, A. Corbould, A. Flamm, and Lindlar. The left side of this compartment has for its centre Elmore's pic-

ture of "Charles V. at Yuste." On one side is T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., and on the other is Erskine Nicol; whilst immediately surrounding are pictures by W. J. Grant, Norbury, J. J. Curnock, G. Wolfe, Houston, A.R.A., Melby, G. A. Williams, J. Calvert, C. Dodd, G. Simson, J. D. Wingfield, J. J. Hughes, &c. The great end of the room has for its centre Lee's picture of the "Coast of Cornwall." On the line are pictures by Dunean, Herring, Sen, A. B. Clay, Eugene de Block, Amanda Fougere, J. F. Cropsey, Caraud, and Hubner; whilst in the immediate vicinity are works by Underhill, Mrs. Oliver, Cordes, Salentin, Dever, D. O. Hill, R.S.A., Curnock, Butler, Morris, Hurlston, Pettitt, Rolfe, Burnett, &c. The right hand space of this compartment has for its centre Hart's picture of "Eccelino," supported by Taylor, Hall, Melby, G. Walters, W. G. Herdman, Cole, Holyoake, Dielman, Gooderson, &c. In the immediate vicinity are works by Jungheim, B. Callow, Bottomley, T. Smith, &c. The right screen of this end has Lee's picture of "A Norwegian Fjord" for its centre, supported by Cesare Dell' Aequa, Cropsey, Jerome, Hubner, Cole, Bosch, McMannus, and Marquis. Around are pictures by Rayner, Salisbury, Pickersgill, Jun., and Emmersou.

The next central compartment of the hall has, in the middle space, Hart's picture of "Athaliah." The line is then divided between Lance and Cordes on one side, and David de Noter and Weber on the other; also Cobbett, Woolmer, W. Callow, Portman, Wells, Desauges, &c. The left screen has Mrs. E. M. Ward's picture of "An Incident in the Childhood of Frederick the Great" for a centre. On one side is Pyne, on the other Herring, and in the immediate vicinity are works by Baccani, Josiah Green, B. Callow, Poingdestre, Kepler, Calderon, Callaway, G. Sant, C. Foley, G. S. Wood, and Madame Geefs. The opposite screen has Gavin's picture of "The Orphans" for its centre. To the right of this is Pyne, and on the left Tennant. Surrounding are works by Boser, Hooeg, J. B. Smith, Peele, P. W. Elen, J. Richardson, Steffani, J. L. Stewart, C. Rolt, A. Becker, &c.

We now come to the last compartment, where the water-colours with margins are placed. Amongst these will be found works by Miss Lane, Herdman and Sons of Liverpool, Collingwood of Liverpool, B. R. Green, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Huggins, R. L. Bond, T. J. Soper, J. Stone, A. C. Stannus, A. Penley, Rowbotham, J. Chase, and Mrs. Duffield; whilst immediately above are works by Parrott, Buebanan of London, Niemann, Gooderson, Shalders, J. B. Smith, Baccani, Clothier, Becker, J. Noble, Barker, Tovey, Simms, Heffer, Barnard, &c. The cross screens in the avenue have on or near the line, Tennant, Earle, Mogford, Sant, Steffani, J. Anderson, F. Smallfield, Coignard, Beechy, Mogford, and Simms.

The spaces on each side the staircase have on the line at one side David Roberts, R.A., and on the other Armitage. In the immediate vicinity are Pyne, H. Bourne, Madame Lagache, Simonson, David de Noter, Marshall, Claxton, &c.

In the gallery are works by W. West, Duffield, Rayner, Collingwood, Leslie, Nalder, Legras, Clotbier, Hornung, D. Cox, Jun., Mrs. Criddle, R. Elmore, T. L. Boys, Bouvier, &c.

The sculpture is numerous, and judiciously placed at the ends of the screens, or in the centres of the compartments; and comprises contributions by Fontana, Weekes, Durham, Foley, Baron Marchetti, Leifebild, C. E. Smith of Liverpool, C. Moore, Westmacott, Halse, and B. Spence.

It will be observed that, in the oil-painting compartments, there are eleven centres of sides—eight of these have been awarded to English painters, and three to foreigners.

The liberality and fair-dealing of the society have brought them contributions from all the principal schools of the continent, and even from America; and we find, interspersed, works from Paris, Düsseldorf, Antwerp, Berlin, Bremen, Munich, Italy, &c.

We subjoin a list of the sales of the first week.

No. 403, "A Norwegian Fjord," A. Len. No. 278, "Lake of Lucerne," J. Butler. No. 21, "Dryburgh Abbey," J. Joy. No. 668, "The Swale Marshes, Yorkshire," by J. Joy. No. 336, "Coast of Norway," Cordes. No. 635, "The Town Choir of Carmel Priory Church," Herdman, Jun. No. 275, "A Norwegian Fjord," Melby.

No. 320, "Angers, on the Loire," E. G. Muller. No. 422, "Hastings—Evening," C. Sims. No. 656, "A Shady Brook," C. Simms. No. 263, "Fern-gatherer," J. Michie. No. 60, "Vale Castle, Guernsey," G. Wolfe. No. 409, "Dutch Trader," H. K. Taylor. No. 667, "Houses of Parliament, from the Thames," Anderson. No. 153, "A Lake in Bavaria," A. Leu. No. 167, "Evening," C. Smith. No. 427, "Kate," J. Colby. No. 508, "In North Wales," J. Smith. No. 645, "The Britthorn, Suisse," A. Becker. No. 583, "St. Paul's," Finnie. No. 580, "Near Haslemere, Surrey," J. B. Smith. No. 160, "Italian Girl," D. Simonson. No. 480, "A Country Girl," F. Boser. No. 513, "The Little Church-goer," F. Boser. No. 452, "Woodland Secury," A. Kepler. No. 246, "The Wetterhorn," S. W. Lindlar. No. 447, "Study of a Lion's Head," G. S. Wood. No. 377, "Destruction of a Jetty," H. K. Taylor. No. 297, "A Gitana," Amanda Fougere. No. 468, "Pont-y-Pool," J. J. Curnock. No. 156, "The Bondoir," Ludovici. No. 405, "The Serenade," Bosh. No. 117, "Dutch Shipping," H. K. Taylor. No. 130, "The Alchemyst," C. Webbe. No. 552, "The Little Suppliant," Meyer, of Bremen. No. 178, "A Marine View," R. B. Beechy. No. 57, "La Belle Lisette," F. Heaphy. No. 531, "Hound and Terrier," T. Earl. No. 31, "Ella si Lusinga," Amiconi. No. 52, "The Alhambra," J. Dobbin. No. 673, "Coast of Hlraecombe," W. West. No. 431, "Coming Events," W. Stubbs. No. 131, "View near Staplehurst," J. B. Smith. No. 16, "Love and the Novice," A. Rowan. No. 300, "The Lake of the Four Cantons," C. Jungheim. No. 28, "La Colazione," B. Amiconi. No. 471, "Evening," C. Smith. Total £1700.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The *pleiad* of artists who had followed our armies to Italy have come back with bronzed faces and portfolios full of incidents by fell and flood.—It is said that M. Jeavron has discovered a fresco at Milan attributed to Leonardo da Vinci.—Yvon has been commissioned by the Emperor to paint the battles of Magenta and Solferino for Versailles.—M. Dumont, of the Institute, has been commissioned to execute the statue of Pope Urban V., who was a Frenchman by birth, to be placed opposite the Cathedral of Mende.—The group by Etex, "Maternal Grief," has been purchased by government; also that of a "Bacchante and Faun" by Crauck.—An article in the *Revue des Beaux Arts* seems to take it as ill behaviour that the English artists did not send to the last *Salon*, after having been invited, and having promised so to do. The writer appears to have forgotten that the obstacle in the way was the breaking out of the recent war between France and Austria.—On the occasion of the recent *Fête de l'Empereur*, a large distribution of paintings, sculptures, &c., was made to provincial museums, churches, &c.: the decoration of *Croix d'Honneur* was also given to several distinguished men of science.—The municipality of Paris votes each year a considerable sum for the Fine Arts: out of these funds the Cupola at St. Roch has been restored; St. Nicolas des Champs decorated with fresh paintings; important works have been executed at the Church of St. Sulpice by Duval and Lafon; the Churches of St. Severin, St. Philip du Roule, and St. Nicolas du Chardonnet have received paintings, and the steeple on Notre Dame is nearly finished: the sum spent on these works amounts to above 300,000 francs.—Several tall columns have been erected in various parts of Paris, in order that engineers may make observations as to the direction the new streets are to take. Although so large a portion of old Paris has been already taken down, it appears that an enormous amount of demolishing is yet to be done—in short, Paris will soon be a new city.—A proposition has been submitted to the proper authorities to make the prison of Mont St. Michel a museum for mediæval curiosities.—The papers here speak of the discovery, in a village church in the department of the *Seine-Inférieure*, of a picture by Jouvenet, one of the most distinguished of the French historical painters, who died in 1717. It is a large work, the subject the "Assumption of the Virgin," and is reported to be one of the artist's best pictures; it is signed and dated 1713.

BERLIN.—The numerous and large cartoons executed by Cornelius have been placed in the Academy here, where they occupy several apartments: the exhibition is open to the public.

HAMPTON COURT CARTOONS.

By the photographs of the Cartoons exhibited at the Kensington Museum, we are painfully reminded of the condition of these works. The photographer has, of course, selected the best sections of the remnants, for there are portions of them from which no idea of original form or colour could be gathered—as, for instance, the robe of the Saviour in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" was originally red, whereas it is now grey. Indeed, the primary force and brilliancy of the compositions can only be understood by comparisons with the tapestries in Rome or in Berlin, of which latter a word anon. Sixteen years have elapsed since the protection of the cartoons by glass, was suggested in this Journal, as the only way of preserving them. The most delicate works in the National Gallery have been covered,—for this every lover of Art will be thankful,—but of the Cartoons, which are more delicate than any of these, the majority are still exposed to injury from dust and atmospheric action. The tone presented to us in the photographs is, of course, low, and could not, with every allowance, be accepted as that of the faces, were it even many tones higher, from the bad light by which the Cartoons are seen. But the flesh hues have faded much more than oil colour would have done during a like period—the evanescence of *tempera* more imperatively demands protection. The incorruptible lens sets before us some of the most characteristic heads, with all the cracks and disfigurement of upwards of three centuries—it may be said, of neglect.

Two of the compositions were, a few weeks ago, covered with glass—perhaps some others are now glazed; but this should have been done immediately after their restoration; for the tints are more fugitive than those of an honestly treated water-colour drawing. Haydon, years before his death, protested energetically against the piecemeal ruin of the Cartoons. He proposed their removal from the room they now occupy, the windows of which in summer are always open, looking on the inner court, the fountain of which, like the light in the eyes of some one of Moore's heroines, is "ever playing." In gusty weather, the spray is carried into the gallery; and it cannot be doubted that this reservoir of moist air—for such the court certainly is—has had much to do with the decomposition of the Cartoons. If, however, they be hermetically sealed, what remains of them may be preserved; but as they are too important to be hidden at Hampton Court, it is to be hoped that in the projected Art-buildings a Cartoon gallery will not be forgotten.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago there was exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, a portion of a set of tapestries worked from these compositions. They were nine in number, and the property of Mr. Bullock, who, we believe, at that time, had some interest in the Egyptian Hall. The purchase of these tapestries was urged upon the government of the day, because the Cartoons being at Hampton Court, they would have been more valuable to us than to any other nation. They were executed at Arras, contemporaneously with those that are so carefully preserved in the Vatican, and which serve, on high ceremonials, to decorate the Sixtine Chapel. In the time of Henry VIII., and until the death of Charles I., they hung in the Palace of Whitehall; but when the Art-treasures of that unfortunate monarch were dispersed, they were purchased by the Spanish ambassador, in London, Don Alonso de Cardenas, for the Duke of Alba, and they remained in the palace of the Alba family, at Madrid, until 1823. They were then purchased by Mr. Tupper, the British Consul, by whom they were brought to England. After an interval of about twenty years, they became the property of Mr. Bullock, and were, as we have said, exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. In 1844 they were purchased for the Berlin Museum, in the rotunda of which we have seen them, not without a feeling that they should have enriched our own collection. The fact of the Cartoons having been executed principally by Raffaello's pupils, may be urged as a plea for a second restoration; but it is to be hoped that this will never be listened to.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE ADMIRABLE ENGRAVING, BY J. H. WATT, FROM SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE'S PAINTING OF

"CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN."

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

If there were language in each star,
A voice in every onward wave;—
If every breeze that travell'd far,
An ever-during utterance gave;
They yet must fail to tell the worth
Of those blest words Christ spake on earth.

O morn, it was no light of sun
That left such glory on thy face:
It was a light in Christ begun—
A sun that ne'er will run its race!
A light—a sun—whose endless ray
Shall cheer affliction's darkest day.

Blest words, that wider circle fill
Than frail humanity can span;
That thrill—and shall for ages thrill—
The universal heart of man:
Words with eternal comfort rife;
Words throbbing with immortal life.

Though weak the little feet that came,
Half coyly to the Saviour's side;
Though small the lips that lisped his name,
Though cheek'd by his Disciples' pride,
He, who beholdeth all things, saw
In each child's face God's written law.

As in the seed we know the flower
That future suns shall wake to birth,
So, in the child, Christ saw that *dower*
Which speaks of other worlds than earth!
That germ which sleeps in quiet might,
Till God shall call it into light!

Though *they* could neither see nor hear
What then our Saviour saw and heard—
The glory of another sphere!—
The music of Jehovah's word!—
To *His* divine humanity
All things of heaven were open'd free.

Oh, fitting theme for painter's art,
That brings the Past before man's eyes;
That bids him from no portion part
Till angels meet him in the skies!—
What worthier theme for painter's skill
Than *truths* which Christian hope fulfil?—

Yes, come to Jesus—what delight
So rich as that in Jesus born?—
Come, sleep in Him with prayers at night!
And wake in Him with hymns at morn!
And let your growing hearts approve
The spirit of your Saviour's love!

He, who did little children bless,
Will still receive and bless them now:—
Kneel to Him in your loveliness—
Pray for His hand to press your brow:—
That hand which life to all hath given,
That welcomes all from earth to heaven.

Christ waiteth:—shall your Saviour plead,
And you, with children at your knee,
Still pause, their little steps to lead,
To Him who loves them *more than ye*!—
Teach, father, teach the way He trod;—
Lead, mother, lead thy child to God!

Art is the world's interpreter!
It speaks to every land the same;
And Art can higher fame confer,
And wider spread the painter's name,
Than all the poetry of mind
To land and language strict confin'd!

Then, on the eloquence of truth,
How grand to fix a nation's gaze;
And robe in everlasting youth
The images of perished days!
More glorious, Eastlake, such renown,
Than hero's wreath—or monarch's crown!

CHARLES SWAIN.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON is still persevering in his efforts for the enclosure of Hampstead Heath; but it is probable that he contemplates rather a compensation than actual and legal possession; for any act of parliament in his favour must be followed by an assessment of numerous claims, to be in such case put in by an extensive population of proprietors and leaseholders, according to the terms of their respective tenures. The threatened conversion of Hampstead Heath into another Tyburnia has been felt to be a prospective calamity, so serious as to call forth an organized resistance to the measures of the lord of the manor, on the part not only of the owners, lessees, and occupiers of property at Hampstead and in the vicinity, but also of certain of the metropolitan parishes. The means that prevailed for the formation of a park for Finsbury, in opposition to a similar complication of claims, might also be effective in the case of Hampstead Heath. In deprecating the allocation of cockney villas on the Heath, we advocate the cause of the London artists, for there is no other site near the metropolis where we can find such a variety of precious, open-air material, from accessory and background *morceaux* to the entire landscape; for in these days a few dashes of the brush will not, as of yore, stand for a passage of nature—a veritable locality must be sought and honestly painted. With the exception of rock and mountain, almost every feature of nature may be realized from the scenery of Hampstead. The pictorial merits of the place are attested in the works of Constable, Linnell, Harding, Stanfield, Cox, Dewint, Duncan, Ward, Danby, Calcott, Nasmyth, Collins—indeed, all our London landscape-painters owe their earliest debt of nature to this fiesole of ours. And to those *tyrones* whose fledgling efforts have not yet retraced them the means of going to the coast, or North Wales, the Highlands, Arran, or any of our nearer pastoral battle-fields, it is a very life-school. "Hamstead," as it was written until late in the last century, occurs early in the catalogues of the Royal Academy. But Wilson had given the public a taste for Italian scenery and grand effects, so that Hampstead began to be understood only after Gainsborough showed that works not less valuable, and equally interesting, could be constructed of domestic materials. It was not, however, until recently that the place has been fully appreciated, that is, when landscape art ceased to be a loose reminiscence, and became a serious study of nature. It may be that Government is not at present prepared to promote the purchase by a considerable grant; but, in any case, until the Heath can be secured, measures may be taken for the prevention of its allotment in building sites. The movement for the maintenance of the place in its natural integrity is a sanitary impulse, and therefore cannot be opposed by Mr. Spooner and Mr. Coningham, and those who vote with him on Art-questions. The portion of land proposed to be secured to the public as a park consists of about two hundred and fifty acres, and about eighty acres adjoining, a part of the settled estates of Sir T. Maryon Wilson, Bart., lord of the manor of Hampstead, who, by the will of his late father, is not empowered to grant building leases. The Heath itself is entirely unproductive, but portions of the land are available for agricultural purposes. The present valuation of the ground may be from £150,000 to £200,000, but should Sir T. M. Wilson succeed in the appropriation by act of parliament before the lands are secured to the public, the new interest so created would most materially enhance the cost of the property, and probably render the acquisition of the lands by the public perhaps entirely unattainable. As, therefore, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson renews his application to Parliament each session, it were well that the question were settled within some convenient but brief period. It would be gratifying to see the names of some of our most eminent painters among those of the promoters of this really most desirable acquisition; but, after all, it is a public question, in which every denizen of our vast city is more or less interested.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY and the Marlborough House Collection are now closed to the public; the former will be opened again on the 24th of the present month; but the pictures lately at Marlborough House will be removed to the temporary building, at Kensington—the former edifice being required for the use of the Prince of Wales.

AN EXHIBITION of the works of David Roberts, R.A., is, it is reported, to take place during the approaching winter. We have not yet heard where the pictures will be hung: we presume, however, the place will be at the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—We took a walk round the interior of this building the other day, and found that Mr. Sang and his large staff of assistants were progressing rapidly with the work of re-decoration, on which they have been engaged for some weeks. The embellishments are in fresco, not simply painted as before; and, so far as we could judge from the portion already finished, the arcade, or ambulatories, will have a splendid appearance. The ornamentation is remarkably rich in colour, and elegant in design. We shall recur to the subject when the work is completed.

WEST'S PICTURE of "Christ crowned with Thorns," which, as our readers will remember, was terribly damaged some months since, by a man who was formerly an inmate of a lunatic asylum, has been restored and replaced in the chancel of All Soul's Church, Langham Place. It was supposed that the canvas, which was literally cut into large strips, had been so mutilated as to make restoration impossible, especially as the most delicate and important parts of the painting had suffered most severely; but Mr. Farrar, of New Bond Street, who was entrusted by the vestry of Marylebone with the task of repairing it, has so well succeeded, that all traces of the mischief perpetrated have entirely disappeared. The picture was never at any time a work of the highest class; indeed, West cannot be regarded as a *great* painter; but it was far too valuable to be lost, and we are therefore glad to know that it is again safe and sound.

OSBORNE HOUSE.—Mr. Lake Price is stated to have received a commission from her Majesty to execute a series of photographic views of the principal apartments at Osborne House, with their contents.

NEW HORTICULTURAL GARDEN AT KENSINGTON GORE.—A model, showing how the ground will be laid out in terraces for the garden of the Horticultural Society, has just been placed in the South Kensington Museum, at the north end, near the entrance to the Ornamental Art-rooms. Between the Kensington Road and Cromwell Road, the ground falls about 40 feet, and using this fact in aid of a general effect, the ground has been divided into three principal levels. The entrances to the gardens will be on the lower level, in Exhibition and Prince Albert's Roads, and the central pathway, upwards of 75 feet wide, ascending through terraces to the third great level, will lead to the Winter Garden. The whole garden will be surrounded by Italian arcades, each of the three levels having arcades of a different character. The upper, or north arcade, where the boundary is semi-circular in form, will be a modification of the arcades of the Villa Albani, at Rome; the central arcade will be almost wholly of Milanese brickwork, interspersed with terra-cotta, majolica, &c.; whilst the design for the south arcade has been adapted from the beautiful Cloisters of St. John Lateran, at Rome. None of these arcades will be less than 20 feet wide, and 25 feet high, and they will give a promenade, sheltered from all weathers, more than three-quarters of a mile in length. The arcades and earthworks will be executed by the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, at a cost of £50,000; whilst the laying out of the gardens, and the construction of the conservatory, or winter garden, will be executed by the Horticultural Society, and will cost about the same sum, the greater part of which has been already raised.

THE ADDITIONS TO THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—At the end of the late session, some nine or ten thousand pounds were asked for by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for certain supplementary additions

to the exhibition buildings at Brompton, for the reception of the Turner and Vernon Collections at Marlborough House. Being an Art-estimate, it was, as usual, opposed by Mr. Coningham and Mr. Spooner, and those who, on such subjects, vote with them. The money was, however, granted, and, in anticipation of such result, the buildings had been erected beforehand, by means, it may be presumed, of an advance from the Great Exhibition Fund. The rooms are those in which the Raffaele drawings have been exhibited; they do not appear so perfectly lighted as those in which the Sheepshanks Collection is placed; but their sufficiency in this respect cannot well be tested until they receive the pictures.

PICTURE BY MABUSE.—At Messrs. Graves, in Pall Mall, there is the most perfect example of Jean de Mabuse we have ever seen. It is a portrait of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., and wife of James IV., King of Scotland, when about seventeen, and just before her marriage. The face is brilliant in colour, and the condition of the portrait generally is so perfect that it must have remained undisturbed for centuries, a well-appreciated gem in the possession of some ancient family. At Hampton Court there is, by the same painter, a group of portraits of the three children of Henry VII., Prince Arthur, Prince Henry (afterwards Henry VIII.), and Margaret, who is the youngest of the three, in fact, scarcely beyond infancy, and between the two heads there is a remarkable similarity. The quality and interest of the portrait are sufficient to recommend it to the National Portrait Gallery, but portraits of a certain kind are declined by the authorities, with a hope that the Queen will present to the gallery a selection from the royal collections. These portraits procured the artist extensive patronage among the English nobility, and many of his works remain in this country. There is also at Messrs. Graves a marble bust of Charles V., which must have been executed just before he withdrew into monastic retirement. He wears a richly ornamented suit of plate armour, and his features indicate advanced age. Another interesting portrait is that of Mrs. Elliot, by Gainsborough. The lady, in her time, figured as the authoress of memoirs which not only procured her an extensive celebrity in her lifetime, but have been deemed worthy of reproduction, inasmuch as to induce a recent re-publication. The portrait is in excellent preservation, and as careful as anything Gainsborough ever did. The three works are from the Northwick collection.

THE CHAMBERS' INSTITUTE AT PEEBLES.—There are few events more interesting than that which the newspapers of the past month have recorded: the opening of a Literary Institution, at Peebles, a free gift of Mr. William Chambers to his native town. After a long career of useful labour, this eminent and estimable gentleman finds himself—and we are pleased to record the fact—so prosperous, that he is enabled to carry out the cherished wish of his heart, by giving to his fellow townsmen such aids to progress as may lessen toil, and render it comparatively easy to acquire knowledge. His life has been a valuable one to mankind: the works that bear his name are so many valuable contributions to public good; they will long endure as evidence of his clear intellect, sound judgment, generous sympathies, pure philanthropy, and true patriotism; and if the library he has endowed had no other books than those he has produced, it would not be scantily supplied with means of instruction and sources of enjoyment. Mr. Chambers, however, is not an old man; his work was commenced early, and it is pleasant to believe he is destined to see the fruitage of the seed he has planted. We can rejoice while we envy the feelings that were his, when returning to the town he had quitted when a lad—full of hope, it may be, but with small trust, except in God and in himself—he announced his intention to make easy to others the path he had himself found beset with difficulties; supplying to the hereafter—the very humblest and poorest of his fellows—facilities for the acquisition of knowledge, and its associate, wealth, such as forty years ago were rarely within reach of any but the high-born and the rich. The Chambers' Institute may grace and benefit Peebles, but the glory of its foundation will be shared by all, everywhere, who appreciate true worth, and honour the results of wisely and usefully-directed toil.

THE STATUE OF WEDGWOOD, intended as the "Potteries'" memorial, is to be executed by Mr. E. Davis, the sculptor of the statues of the Duke of Rutland, at Leicester, and of General Nott, at Carmarthen. Mr. Davis has prepared a small model of the Wedgwood statue, representing the celebrated potter holding the Portland Vase in one hand, and directing attention to it with the other. The work, when finished, will be placed in the Railway Station Square at Stoke, the directors of the line—the North Staffordshire—having granted a site for the purpose.

MR. ALDERMAN COPELAND, M.P., has presented to the Museum of Lichfield a large collection of his best examples of Ceramic Art, chiefly of objects in statuary porcelain, in the production of which his works at Stoke-upon-Trent have taken the lead, and kept it, since the introduction of the material into Art; indeed, it is well known that to his establishment the world is indebted for this now popular addition to our sources of profitable commerce. At first it was generally considered a commercial failure; the articles were admired, but did not "pay;" and just at the moment when there was serious question of its abandonment, public appreciation came with its attendant recompense. Productions of this class may now be possessed by thousands.

AMONG her Majesty's recent purchases at the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, was a very charming drawing of "The Feast of Roses," by Mr. Henry Tidy. It is a work of size, and full of figures. When reviewing the collection, we spoke of this work as a production of considerable merit, and rejoice to find it added to the fine and extensive gallery of modern Art, in the possession of her Majesty and the Prince Consort.

DRAWING MODELS.—A series of rustic drawing models, designed by Mr. B. R. Green, produced and sold by Messrs. Rowney and Co., will be found of much service to the young student of perspective. The subjects are a cottage-door with steps, a hen-coop, a pigeon-house, a pump, and others. They are roughly executed, but on this account, perhaps, are not the less desirable, as they approximate the more closely to nature; and being coloured in imitation of realities, the identity is still more forcibly established. The cheapness of these models renders them easily attainable.

STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES.—A set of coloured stereographs, taken from the ceremonies, &c., of the Roman Catholic Church, has recently been published by Mr. A. W. Bennett. We confess that the subjects afford us no interest, but the gorgeousness of pontifical habiliments, and the attire of the "Blessed Virgin," and other ecclesiastical "material" of a like nature, may gratify others; and as Mr. Bennett's pictures display these in all their richness of ornament and colour, we can safely recommend the stereographs to those who may appreciate them more than we do. Of their merit as examples of the art, there can be no question; they are coloured with remarkable accuracy and care, and do great credit to the artist.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—Some time has now elapsed since Sir Edwin Landseer received the commission for the lions for the base of the Nelson column, but nothing is heard of their progress. It were desirable, as in all cases of public works, that a sketch of the artist's intentions should be exhibited; we know not whether it be proposed to place the lions in one uniform *pose*, or vary their attitudes. The Nelson monument has not been, as to its completion, one of our happiest essays: several of the artists who were employed upon it are dead, and Baily, who executed the statue on the column, has retired. Such progress in public works reminds us of Santa Croce, or the Cologne Cathedral, or of some of those continental edifices, of which one tower has been patiently and for centuries waiting for the others.—No answer has ever been given to the question, "Why was Jenner placed among the heroes?" We may, however, hope for an answer to the query, "When is he to be removed?"

AT THE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, several important and valuable lectures, by competent masters, are announced: an advertisement explains their nature.

THE GALLERY AT DULWICH.—Our readers should know that no ticket of any kind is now necessary to obtain admittance to this gallery.

REVIEWS.

HANDBOOK OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE. By Mrs. WILLIAM FISON. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Did we not know that in the present day ladies can, and do, write upon almost any subject to which they choose to give their attention, however foreign it may appear to the matters which are generally supposed to occupy the minds of the sex, we should have felt surprised to see a work of this kind from the pen of a female writer. But it is certainly something new to find a lady acting as a reporter for a weekly publication; yet we learn from the preface that Mrs. Fison was actually engaged by the editor of that useful and well-conducted cheap periodical the *Leisure Hour* to attend, and report, the proceedings of the British Association, when the society held its meeting at Cheltenham, in 1856: and right well, there is no doubt, she executed her commission, though we cannot say that her "report" ever came under our notice. It was, however, circulated as a separate publication, and with considerable success: it is this that has led to the appearance of the "Handbook."

That the investigations and labours of the British Association in the field of Science have been most profitably brought to bear on our social condition cannot truthfully be denied, though there are men, and educated men too, who are incredulous on this point: for example, a reverend dean addressed, in 1838, a letter of remonstrance to the Duke of Newcastle, who had consented to preside at the meeting that was held that year in the town from which his grace receives his title: this letter, printed and published, was entitled "On the Dangers of Peripatetic Philosophy." Mrs. Fison most satisfactorily answers any objections that might be made against these annual gatherings of the learned, and of those who desire to learn, in the following remarks:—"Slowly, but surely, has an appreciation of the benefits conferred by this 'Peripatetic' Association arisen in the minds of unscientific men. If its visits were considered merely in a pecuniary point of view, it would be allowed that a large influx of strangers into a town or city could not be unproductive of a considerable expenditure, the profits of which must be reaped by the inhabitants; but the advantages gained by those who are privileged to receive the Association are of a far higher character. To come into contact with the master-spirits of the age—the Herschels, the Brewsters, the Liebig, and the Murchisons, who, in devoting all their energies and talents to the furtherance of Science, become the benefactors of the whole human race—must have an influence upon those who, while they cannot equal such men in the discovery of scientific truth, may yet learn to appreciate their labours, and find their own intellectual faculties expand in so doing." It is really astonishing to find cavillers at such meetings as those of the British Association. Why, do not politicians meet in the House of Commons to discuss the affairs of the nation? do not men of every profession, including the clergy, meet to consider those matters in which they are most interested as professors, but in which the public also is interested? We have written "men of every profession," an exception, however, must be made of artists, who, unhappily, are not gregarious enough to meet for the advancement of their interests, else we should see Art and artists very differently circumstanced to what they are now.

A considerable part of Mrs. Fison's "Handbook" is appropriated to a report of the meeting of the association at Leeds, last year; while the rest of it is devoted to the discussion of the benefits conferred by the society on Science, and of the alleged deficiencies that have hitherto prevailed in our universities and schools, for obtaining instruction of a scientific nature. Other topics, relevant to the subject, are introduced, and handled with ability and good sound sense by the author. Her own observations, and those quoted from the writings and speeches of others, on the comparative ignorance of the principles of Art which characterises the majority of our Art-workmen, are unfortunately still but too true, though we trust the reproach is gradually becoming more restricted in its application.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by R. N. WORNUM. Part III. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

Another capital number of this publication, which is one that ought to find—and there is little doubt it does—extensive patronage, especially in the country that claims the honour of giving birth to the greatest landscape-painter of this or any other time. The more we see of Turner's pictures, the more

they impress us with the vastness and comprehensiveness of his genius, the grandeur and poetry of his thoughts, the originality of his mind, and with his power to grasp the materials of the natural world, and make them subservient to his purpose in Art.

Of the three plates included in this part, the first will assuredly claim most notice, for it is from a picture none would suppose to be the work of Turner—"The Country Blacksmith," might have been painted by some of the old Dutch painters, by Teniers, or Ostade, for example, or more probably still, by our own Wilkie; but, certainly, if it were not known to be Turner's, no one would think of assigning it to him. It leads us to inquire somewhat curiously what would have been the result if the artist had turned his attention to rustic interiors, village ale-houses, rural weddings, and harvest-home fêtes. That he would have become great in these none can doubt who look at this composition; there are few, however, who do not rejoice that he found greater attractions in the glorious sea, the everlasting hills, the wide expanse of wood and meadow, the air and the sunshine—in all that is of nature born—than in white-washed cottages, or the smoky atmosphere of a village tap-room. The picture in question was painted in 1807; it is small, but is full of subject-matter, the whole of which is represented with the utmost attention to detail, and with a masterly effect of light and shade. The engraving, by Mr. C. W. Sharpe, is executed with great firmness and brilliancy of colour.

"Orange-Merchantman going to pieces" is the subject of the next engraving, from the *burin* of Mr. R. Wallis. The picture, painted in 1819, exhibits a wreck on the bar of the Meuse. The storm has passed away, but masses of cloud, through which the sunshine breaks on the distant water, are rolling across the blue sky; the ground-swell still lifts the surface of the sea into long, heavy waves, through which boats of various sizes and shapes are ploughing their way to and from the wreck, the surface of the water being dotted with the fruit that has escaped from the stranded vessel: these bright yellow spots have a strange appearance on the canvas, but they are so skilfully introduced as to enrich the colour of the picture without disturbing its harmony. The style of this work belongs to Turner's best time.

The last engraving in the part is "Rain, Steam, and Speed," painted in 1844; it is one of those extraordinary fancies, in which the artist indulged, more especially, towards the close of his life: but what a wonderful composition it is! how full of the poetry of Art! The line of railway arches stretches, in imagination, miles along the open country, towering above the landscape on each side; in the immediate foreground is a wide river, which seems swollen into a torrent, and is rushing rapidly between the arches of the railway; while amid the hot, surging mist, and the driving rain, comes the swift iron-horse, breasting the storm, and leaving its trail of white foam far behind. As a presumed representation of nature, the picture is characterized by numerous improbabilities, if not impossibilities, but as a poet-painter's dream, it is exquisitely beautiful. The engraving is by Mr. R. Brandard, who has grappled boldly with the difficulties of the subject, and has produced one of the best prints, on a small scale, after Turner, that we have seen for a long time.

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, F.L.S., &c. Part VI. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

Mr. Wood continues to carry on this serial publication with spirit and energy. The sixth part, now on our table, is devoted principally to the history of dogs; and here we find the pride of the sportsman, the pet of the drawing-room, the terror of the burglar,—dogs of all kinds and sizes,—accurately described by one who has studied their "points" and qualities, and pictorially represented by artists who have done their work as accurately. The woodcuts, admirably engraved by Messrs. Dalziel, from drawings by Wolf, Harvey, Weir, Coleman, and others, are capital, and there is an abundance of them; almost every page has its illustration. We have rarely seen finer specimens of wood-engraving from natural history, than the majority of these.

PERSPECTIVE. By G. B. MOORE. Published by WALTON & MABERLEY, London.

A pamphlet of a few pages, written by the author as an appendix to his larger work, "Perspective: its Principles and Practice." The rules laid down are intended to apply the science to sketching from nature, more especially to the delineation of buildings; they are simple and to the point.

AN INTRODUCTION TO EARLY CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM. By WILLIAM PALMER, M.A. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This is a little work descriptive of fourteen compositions from fresco-paintings, glasses, and sculptured sarcophagi, found in the catacombs of Rome, and which belong to the early periods of Christianity. These compositions, which have been copied by Signor Bossi, of Rome, are about to be published by Mr. Palmer, who has sent out his book as a kind of *avant courier* to the more important publication. In the absence of the prints we cannot tell how far Mr. Palmer's readings are borne out by the works themselves: he treats the subjects with great minuteness of detail. His opinion is that the paintings and glasses of these fourteen compositions exhibit the Christianity of the third century, though possibly some one or other of them may belong to the second, and several of them to the fourth. The sculptures from Christian sarcophagi at Rome, and in the two examples introduced from the sarcophagi at Arles, which have also been used in these compositions, represent the symbolism of the fourth and fifth centuries. These sculptures are presumed to hold the same place in the crypts of the earliest basilicas founded under Constantine and his successors, as the frescoes and glasses held in the catacombs of the first three centuries.

STUDIES FROM THE GREAT MASTERS. Engraved and Printed in Colours. By W. DICKES. Part VII. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS and Co., London.

Quintin Matsys's "Misers," and A. Caracci's "Three Maries at the Sepulchre," are the prints in Part VII. of Mr. Dickes's "Studies." The former is capably rendered; the drawing and expression of the figures are good, and the colouring quite brilliant. The other, from Lord Carlisle's celebrated picture, pleases us less, but only because the "Misers" is really excellent. Caracci's painting offers, in the peculiar and varied feeling of the women, greater difficulties to overcome than the hard and furrowed faces of the old Dutch usurers; the body of the dead Christ is unexceptionable, as a print, in colour and drawing. Such works of Art as these—and they are quite worthy of the name—at a shilling each, are among the marvels of this enterprising age.

THE BOY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

There are few young boys, we are persuaded, who will not receive this book as a welcome birthday present, for it is full of amusement and instruction, both admirably blended. The first and longest story describes the ascent—presumed, of course—of three "fellows," youths between fourteen and seventeen, up Mont Blanc: it is capably told, and "old boys," or fathers, might read and relish it. Then there is another entitled, "Young Giants," a kind of biographical sketch of the lives of a few illustrious Englishmen, the heroes of Art, industry, and patriotism. "A Tale of a Piu;" "Buffalo hunting in the Philippines;" "The Australian Shepherd Boys," by W. Howitt; "Grandfather Pigtail's Story," by G. A. Sala; "Uncle Jack's Birthday Tale," by Mrs. S. C. Hall; and many more, all of which will help to while away an hour or two of the approaching long evenings, when boys are at a loss for something to do. The names of the authors are not appended to all the tales, but besides those mentioned, we find on the title-page, Augustus Mayhew and Thomas Miller among the contributors. It is amply illustrated.

ART, AND HOW TO ENJOY IT: a Reply to the Question, "How shall I know a good Picture?" Addressed to Amateurs interested in Painting. By E. HOPLY. Published by Low, SON, and Co., London.

A little work, written originally for the benefit of the members of a private conversazione, and, at their request, now made public. Mr. Hopley's essay deserves to be wider known than the limited circle to whom it was read; for though it contains nothing which those who have studied Art do not know, his remarks will be of service to such as are ignorant of good Art: the principles upon which this is constituted are laid down simply and without dogmatism; they are such as he who runs may read. We have an abundance of Art-patrons in the country, but if the majority of them knew more about the subject for which they pay their guineas liberally than they do, we should have far better Art than that we too frequently see, and it would not cost a fraction more. Artists who can sell almost anything they choose to paint, are little likely to elevate the standard of their works so long as the public remain satisfied.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.



NE impression frequent at Florence is, that Andrea del Sarto is really a very delightful artist, whose due praises have been far too much withheld by our recent critical writers. It

is no doubt true, as Vasari, his warm admirer, tells us, that there was a certain timidity and want of force in his conceptions. They were, indeed, of a mildly tender, elegant, and somewhat feminine cast, undistinguished by masculine grandeur and energy. He had

little dramatic power; his range was not extensive; but within that range, he is not unfrequently truly, heart-soothingly, delightful. Some of his frescos, for tenderness of feeling, not monkish, but sweetly and innocently human, are quite unequalled in Florentine art: in the most purely gentle and simple aspects of grace and beauty, he alone, in his happiest moments, seems to us to have shared the true Raphaellesque spirit. It is true that feeling of this kind is, in his softly splendid oil pictures, painted in the latter part of his career, too often forgotten for beauties of a more technical and artificial character; yet even in them, bright instances of it are not wanting; and their general character certainly raises them infinitely above Mr. Forsyth's most stupid notion, that "Andrea had neither poetry in his intellect, nor feeling in his heart." The critic here either shows utter carelessness, or else simply describes himself; not that we should have noticed this little piece of self-exposure, but that it has been repeated to Andrea's prejudice in other books. And even where our painter's sensibility is somewhat merged in his art, it is, at least, admirable, magnificent Art. In the spirited refinement of his drawing—we see it marked especially in his sketches—he also comes next to Raphael, as it seems to us; and in his tender harmony of colour, soft and warm, yet strong and brilliant, in his beautiful light melting grace of execution, he is alone amongst the Florentines. Next let us notice his rare skill in grouping and composition, and we shall at least begin to comprehend why he was so often called in his own day, *Andrea senza Errore*, or Andrea the Faultless. An additional interest attaches to his name, not only from the unhappiness of his life, and its sad close, but from the fact that he was the last of the illustrious line of Florentine painters, in whom poetic feeling and refined Art were harmoniously united. The time was now fast approaching when certain outer forms and manners distinctive of Michael Angelo, and other consummate artists, were degraded by a blind general admiration to mere idols of Art,

in ignorance of the spirit which alone gives them value, and in neglect of nature, and original conception and feeling. Already the inspiration derived from the mediæval form of religion had passed away; and now the more purely natural graces which had succeeded it, were, from this subjugation of fancy and feeling, to give way in their turn to academical pedantries, theatrical posturings, and vapid affectations of sentiment. Thus the natural sense of truth and beauty was superseded by the false vanities of the schools; which fully implies, of course, that imagination and spirit succumbed to unfeeling mannerisms. Art, with astonishing rapidity, sunk low indeed. Meanwhile, under the tyranny of the degenerate later Medici, the corruption of society was undermining that which alone could have checked such a decline—the vigorous national life, feeling, and thought of better times, of which the genius of the gifted was but as a concentrative mirror, or refined essence. For the mind of even the greatest artist is ever keenly susceptible of the surrounding influences: it receives their colouring from his childhood upwards; and as sympathy and appreciation are the necessary fuel of his fire, and success is the very condition of his career, he is still impelled and tempted in every way to adapt himself to those about him.

And now the Church itself was beginning to administer to him corruption in a new form. The old severe ascetic spirituality was no longer suited to a more softly and warmly illuminated age; and so it became expedient to substitute for it in Art, imposing displays of sentimentality of a softer and more theatrical kind. Hence the pictures of this class of expression, which more and more prevailed during the period we are now approaching, and for which the painters themselves have of late been sometimes made entirely responsible, with much shallow and partial severity; for it is obvious that the priesthood itself infused and encouraged this degenerate spirit, which is further apparent in the precisely analogous corruption at the same time of the other Arts under their patronage. But to return to Andrea del Sarto. Though his genius was not strong and independent enough wholly to resist these declining tendencies, it is his high distinction that numbers of his works are amongst the last shiing protests against them. They are like sunset rays after a glorious day, when the withdrawing light is become soft and tender, yet still retains gleams of a truly heavenly character.

This *Raffaellino of Florence* was born in 1488, five years after Raphael d'Urbino, whom he survived ten years. His personal instructor was Piero di Cosimo, a naturalistic painter of the quaint and meagre old style; but apparently he formed himself chiefly by the study of Fra Bartolomeo, and Albertinelli, of whose modes of conception and execution his own may be termed a more humanly tender, and soft variation. When young, he is said to have dedicated his leisure to drawing from the cartoons of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, excelling every other student employed in the same manner; and certainly we have found instances in which the influence of Da Vinci operated exquisitely in his earlier works, as that of Buonaroti did more questionably in his later ones. In this notice of Andrea, we shall consider his frescos first, separately, and his oil pictures afterwards; because, on the whole, his earlier characteristics most prevail in the first, and his latter in the others. His principal frescos are the two series at Florence; the one (only in chiar'oscuro) at the suppressed convent of Lo Scalzo, or the Barefooted Friars, and the other (unrivalled for tender warm colour) in the court before the Church of the Annunziata: The Scalzo frescos, representing

in twelve compartments the History of St. John the Baptist, were begun first, in his twenty-third year, but continued after parts of the other series, at two intervals during fifteen years; so that they illustrate the progress of his style from an early to a late period. Even in the first painted, notwithstanding the youthful shortcomings, you are struck with the grace of the drawing and composition. In the others, executed much later, his merits in this respect are fully developed. But your delight in the whole series arises chiefly from something rare indeed in Florentine pictures—namely, the expression, in union with beauty and grace, of naive innocence and simplicity of a more purely human cast than usual, and for the most part cheerful, tending to smiles; the slight development of *intellect* in the countenances being atoned for by the sweetness of *heart* and *spirit* they discover. These amiable beings, created by our dear Andrea's pencil (for such works give you an affection for their author), strike one as something between the pure gracefulness of Raphael, and the lively, boyish innocency of Correggio. The stories, moreover, are told in an unaffectedly simple, mildly expressive manner; a poetical conception of domestic life, a refined fondness for it, being a prominent and delightful characteristic. Here the feeling, the costumes, and general treatment remind one something of the more elegant modern German designs; though, now and then, the postures and the lines have a spice of the grand Michael Angelesque; for, as Vasari says, the last of these works were painted after Andrea had enlarged his manner by the study of Buonaroti. In portraying the horrible events of the Baptist's life, the painful sanguinary details are concealed by a gentle spirit embodied in figures interposed very ingeniously. The humanly gentle Andrea is far more coy of such objects than the seraphically gentle Angelico.

The five frescos in the Annunziata, representing the miracles of San Filippo Benizzi, the founder of the order of Servites, to which the adjacent church belongs, come next in order of date after the two first compartments in the Scalzo series; and they were commenced in Andrea's twenty-fourth year, not completed then, as that most seraphically absent man, Rio, states. Andrea, like our own Goldsmith, a tender-hearted genius, was, like him, but weak and wandering in the ways of the world, and very easily duped. The artful sacristan, Fra Mariano, who now treated with him, soon discovering this, persuaded him that his fame would be so much extended by his painting the vestibule of the most popular church in Florence, that he really ought not to be anxious about payment, but, even though not invited, should have applied for the work, without any alloy of sordid considerations. There was that rising, and certainly very spirited young man, Franciabigio (formerly Andrea's fellow lodger and assistant), had already been there, secretly, three or four times, and fully appreciating the vast advantages of such a position, had eagerly offered to execute the whole for pure fame, and any little trifle that the good fathers would, optionally, add to the bargain. This last bait fully succeeded; and, indeed, the simple painter's ambition, or professional jealousy, was so thoroughly roused, that he actually became fidgety until an agreement was drawn up, securing to him the whole work, beyond risk of envious interlopers, at the magnificent recompense of ten ducats a picture. Rio says that "although mystical exaltation was foreign to Andrea del Sarto, his genius was, nevertheless, occasionally elevated and purified by the atmosphere of the cloisters." No slight tribute this, in itself, to the painter's meekness and powers of spiritual abstraction; since the

cloister was to him so long an atmosphere of priestly avarice, and penurious toil! The first three of the series which, in consequence of this superb bargain, decorates the recently glazed court before the church, represent S. Filippo Benizzi clothing the naked, reproving certain blasphemers, and delivering a woman from an evil spirit. These earlier pictures are somewhat rude and unformed in style; and the second of them indicates weakness in the delineation of the more violent passions. Then follow those two frescos which appear to us to be his masterpieces, so far as pure tenderness of feeling is concerned. In the first, S. Filippo is lying dead; the brethren of his order and others mourning around; and seated upright on the ground, in front, is a child, who has been restored to life by touching the bier on which the saint lies extended. A mild and gentle sorrow pervades the bystanders—a sorrow softening, through the unseen holy Dove, to resignation. Some figures of youths in the peculiarly refined elegance of their drapery, and general air, are quite in the manner and spirit of Leonardo; yet it is seldom Andrea directly imitates. The last of the S. Filippo Benizzi series, and we think decidedly the most beautiful in feeling of all Andrea's productions, represents a priest about to heal some naked children, by placing the saint's clothes on their heads. He stands in front of the altar, with women and children before him. One child in arms stoops down towards another with engaging liveliness of expression; the smiling fondness of the mothers, too, is delightfully rendered. On each side a youth in red drapery approaches the altar. They are, perhaps, too much counterparts, but quite manifestly pious, single-hearted young men. An infirm old man hobbling in, with his hand on his knee, is said to be a portrait of the sculptor, Andrea della Robbia, the nephew of Luca, who carved that delightfully jocund frieze of the singers. The figures are somewhat thinly scattered and small for the size of the picture: the simplicity of composition is a natural expression of the sentiment; and so is the mild warm colouring, full of sunny light, and unusually pleasing for a fresco. A delicate red is here Andrea's brightest and most favourite tint in draperies; and all the other hues are likewise softly tempered into a warm and tender harmony. An air of innocence and affection prevails, to which all the various means of Art thus minister; and above all, the figures are guileless and amiable true men and women, whose humanity has not been washed out by those monkish waters of purification. This fresco is the loveliest Florentine picture in Florence, combining more completely than any other, the expression of true and genuine religious elements of the gentler kind, such as are proper to human beings; the angelical hybrids of the Fra Beato of Fiesole being, we doubt not, much too abstract, exclusive, and monotonous in their imaginations and sympathies, and materially deficient in what we will venture to term the true Catholic geniality. Rio, who expatiates at large on some of the other pictures here, only alludes to the colouring of this one, the finest of all. But as expression becomes more and more human, it only seems, in the eyes of this spiritually supercilious and thoroughly emasculated writer, to sink more and more into mere "naturalism," and is nick-named accordingly. He has devoted several unctuous, incense-fumy pages to rapid praise of Andrea del Sarto, qualified by equally rapid regrets on account of his assumed shortcomings; but there is not a syllable pointing out the particular kind of beauty that gives their distinguishing value to his works.

The left side of the court of the S. S. Annunziata was thus finished, when poor

Andrea, finding the promised celebrity a little too dear, wished to escape; but all he could gain was a modification of the terms to the production of two more pictures only, with a slight increase of payment. By far the most pleasing of the two works which now appeared on the right side of the court, is the Birth of the Virgin. Santa Anna, the mother, sits languidly up in bed, with two women taking food to her. She contemplates the new-born infant, whom some women, seated by the fire, are washing and clothing. A boy in a long garment, beside them, warming his hands, under a magnificent old chimney-piece, is verily a little darling. Two elegant ladies have come to visit Santa Anna. They are attired handsomely in coifs and hanging sleeves, very much in the fashion of Catharine Parr or Ann Boleyn. A domestic scene this is, not of holy times and characters, but an elegant lying-in levée at Florence, in Andrea's own days. Mousa Maddalena di Giovanni degli Albizzi has just brought an infant into the world; and the ladies of the Tornabuoni and Soderini have called to offer their congratulations, and any little services that may be needful. That is all: but it must be a very fine ideal representation indeed of the Virgin's birth, for which we would willingly exchange so graceful, so picturesque a glimpse of the painter's times. We went more than once to enjoy it. There was no more favourite place of resort with us in Florence, than the cloisters adorned with these frescos; and when the absence of the old custode prevented us from entering the glazed arcade itself, we were content to linger and gaze through the panes on Andrea's coiffed and pelisséd Florentine ladies, and on the amiable innocence assembled round San Filippo's representative, where not only are children healed by the touch of his raiment, but those who accompany them seem to be made gentle and gracious by his lingering spirit. A lively reflection from the evening glow outside would, at these moments, penetrate the silent cloister, and overspread every painting, heightening to a most rich and splendid tone that milder warmth, which is so delightfully characteristic of Andrea del Sarto. Then, indeed, in his tomb here, he might be said, to lie enshrined in the glow of his own frescos.

But even whilst we were thus admiring in quietude the picture of the Madonna's birth, the anniversary of that event was being observed with fluttering and crowded splendour in the adjoining church, the most sumptuously furnished and popular one in Florence. Its roof and arches are all frivolous with modern paintings of cupid-like cherubs, and other such beings, in a taste fit for a concert-room. Before the choir rises the baldacchino, all gilding, with a coloured image of the Madonna in the middle.* A splendid crown and robes adorn her; nevertheless, a crowd of glittering swords pierces her flaming uncovered heart; but, again, notwithstanding these lower agonies, her rosy looks and eye of upturned blue beam with the softest placidities of sentiment. Numberless wax candles are dotted around; numberless little silver hearts offered to her fill an immense frame on one side; and formerly innumerable models of legs and arms, which she is believed to have freed from disease by her intervention, were hung all about; but having not unfrequently fallen on the heads of her votaries beneath, and also on the works of Art, doing them serious injury, their removal was judiciously deemed advisable. During the entire season of the Madonna's great festival, every arch in the nave, and in the sumptuous semi-

* To prevent the possibility of such a charge of irreverence as would be unjust and most injurious, let it be understood, once for all, that there is no identity whatever in the writer's mind between the Blessed Virgin and these figures of the Madonna; no, no more than between her and Juno, the ancient, or classical, "Queen of Heaven."

circular choir designed by Leon Alberti, remains hung with the richest crimson silk damask curtains, adorned by heavy gold cords and fringe, so that on the whole the church looks as like a splendid drawing-room as well can be. We could not, at the time, possibly help calling it the Madonna's principal levée or reception-room in Florence. And we certainly found in it, on one of these grand fête occasions, more energy of devotion than it had previously been our lot to witness in Italy. The church was absolutely full, and now of smarter people, with a bright sprinkling of bonnets, not unworthy of Hyde Park in the month of May, amongst them; and in place of the languid drawlings and mutterings of an ordinary mass, the priests chanted with extraordinary vigour; and the *Sancta Marias*, taken up by the crowd in the ever-recurring responses, testified to the very roof their lively enthusiasm. Had the object of these orisons been indeed "the Mother of the Trinity, who offered her Son for the salvation of mankind," as some of their writers have gone the length of contending, they could not have accosted her with more vehemence of worship. Presently we perceived, amidst a gaily variegated living lane, the priests glittering and fuming along in procession towards the Michelozzi Chapel; and there they resumed their genuflexions before an altar of silver, crowded by a pile of plate that almost vied with one of the silversmith's displays at our great Exhibition. Beside this sumptuous chapel, we found an oratory lined around and under foot with the richest *pietra-dura*, representing the lily, the star, the rose, the moon, and other emblems of the Madonna, in the costliest various-tinted marbles, shining beneath draperies of lace, delicate as the tissues of frost-work that curtain the nymphs of the glacières. We could not but tread as on eggs amongst these dainty splendours (fearful, moreover, as we were seriously, of interrupting the worshippers), in our endeavour to catch a glance at the miraculous picture which is displayed on the occasion, to eclipse, in popular interest, the softly painted head of our Saviour, by Andrea del Sarto, on the adjacent altar. Rio, however, graciously admits that this last "is not unworthy of the position which it occupies near the other—that miraculous work which has continued to be for six hundred years the mysterious object of popular devotion." The artist, it seems, fell asleep, exhausted with his vain endeavours to represent the Virgin's face, when an angel came and completed his task. But, alas, how ill this angel painted! It was on another occasion we heard in this church the prayer which the archbishop had ordered to be offered up periodically to Noah, imploring him to intercede for the remission of that destructive disease of the vine, which, unhappily, seems assuming a chronic form. It is a very copious petition, composed with the blandest euphony, certainly; but we cannot help questioning the judgment, not to say the delicacy, of particularly addressing Noah on the subject; for, indeed, are not his recollections of this plant of a rather humbling character; and can we suppose him eminently desirous of encouraging that through which he himself received so much moral deterioration?

But returning to Andrea, we must now proceed, in the second place, to notice his oil pictures, which chiefly belong to a later part of his career; and, on the whole, denote a further development of his splendid technical powers, rather than of that pure innocent tenderness of spirit which we have been admiring in his frescos. It is a difference for which his unfortunate wedded life perhaps accounts in no slight degree; for surely it is less to be expected that sweet and placid conceptions should grow in a brain continually teased by a rest-

less and importunate woman, than that the less tender and thoughtful requisites of Art should flourish in such a condition of things. We must now shift the scene from the Annunziata to the Pitti, where the great collection of Andrea's easel pictures is to be met with. Indeed, so far as the general effect of the halls there is concerned, his works form their most imposing ornament. We counted five large altar-pieces, besides several others of considerable size; and nearly all are of that soft, warm, splendour of colour, which, heightened—rather too much for their own sakes—by varnish, and surrounded by fresh and sumptuous gildings, gives them a truly magnificent aspect in the *coup d'œil*. In the first hall you are immediately much taken with two of these altar-pieces, both Assumptions of the Virgin, the one principally a repetition of the other. The Madonna is his pretty wife raised into the clouds, in the act of prayer, and supported by a living garland of little cupid-like angels. Her eyes are large and dark; her features small, but regular: here, at least, flirt and virago as she was, she looks serene and gentle enough. Foremost amongst the worshippers kneeling beneath, is one whose face is a portrait of her luckless Andrea, looking round out of the picture, with uncommonly large animated eyes, but a physiognomy in other respects indicative of weakness of character. Much beauty and gentleness of feeling may be found in this picture, obscured by artificialness of arrangement; for the figures are but too obviously assisting in a display for artistical purposes, combined with those ecclesiastical objects, in furtherance of which a softer sentimentalism in all the Arts is now beginning to be encouraged, as, in the softer temper of the times, more conducive to *éclat* and effect than the old severer forms. But whatever may be the regret for a decline in conception and feeling of this kind, which seems indeed to have been the general tendency, let not the painter be deprived of the honour here due to him as a graceful and brilliant improver in the more technical elements of his art. The beautiful light melting execution, and the colouring, combining a warm harmonious splendour to a singular degree with delicacy and tenderness, are his own, and stand by themselves in Florentine Art. An altar-piece uniting similar beauties with a more manly force of expression, is Andrea's famous "Dispute on the Trinity." Four saints stand side by side. Of these, Augustine moves vehemently towards Peter the Dominican, who, in the excitement of the argument, holds up a book with earnest indignant action; St. Francis (ever mild in manner) seems more gently persuasive; and the youthful St. Lawrence listens with attention, yet modestly hesitates, in deference to the conflicting opinions of his elders. A figure kneels on each side: one is Lucrezia, Andrea's wife, in the character of Santa Maria Maddalena, throwing up her fine dark eyes with devout fervour, or that which finely simulates it; the other, a most feminine St. Sebastian with a nude back, and golden-brown hair, and green drapery, is exquisitely painted. Here we have forcible and dignified expression, nice shades of character and feeling, life that animates the room, and an execution and splendour of colour rarely equalled. Ah, poor *Andrea senza Errore!* one exclaims. At the advanced period of his career when he painted this—his "culminating period" it is called—he was still in wretched poverty. Not only had he the father and all the sisters of his wife devouring everything he gained, but his remuneration itself was only scanty, partly, no doubt, in consequence of his timid shy inaptitude for dealing with the hard men of the world.

There are smaller pictures by Andrea in the Pitti, with many slender quaintish figures, often

in exceedingly tight pantaloons gay as harlequins' eggs; the whole painted with a softness almost rapid. These were originally furniture panels. Francesco Borgherini was bent on adorning one of his apartments with coffers for hereditary vestments, backs of chairs, and seats of different forms, besides a magnificent bedstead of walnut-wood—a very throne, no doubt, for Sleep, on which one would, it is likely, be too much quickened by restless admiration of carvings and miniatures, to sink very readily into her balmy embraces. So he engaged for the work the pencils not only of Andrea, but Granacci and Pontorno; and the three vied with extraordinary care in embellishing these beautiful articles, so characteristic of Florentine taste. Andrea not unfrequently sleeps through a Holy Family picture—as who does not?—repeating the same monotonous inexpressive mannerisms; his misfortune being the constant haunting on the tip of his pencil of his wife's pretty, but somewhat fretful and inharmonious face; and a grimacing idea of childhood—for his children commonly swarm about their mothers with the roguish air of little Pucks, or sometimes with most unmirrored simulation of laughter. Sometimes, nevertheless, a more refined spiritual tenderness approaches the blessed mindedness of those sweet frescos which he produced in his calm, free, unmolested, bachelor days, and equals, we think, the work of any Florentine. His "Annunciation," a somewhat early picture in the Hall of Jupiter, is particularly distinguished by this excellence: of the three angels, Gabriel who kneels with a lily branch in his hand, has a look highly tender and fervid. We would couple this work with that flower of his maturest time, his *pathetic picture*, the Deposition from the Cross, which at least equals the adjacent Fra Bartolomeo of the same subject, and is original, and "not almost entirely borrowed from that picture," as Rio affirms, but altogether different. Andrea painted it for the Camaldolese nuns at Mugello amongst the Apennines, where with his wife, his sister-in-law, and step-daughter, he had retired for refuge from the plague. The whole company in this Pietà is mourning, gracefully indeed, but undeniably, with true-hearted depth. The Magdalen, kneeling at Christ's feet, gazes on him wildly, with raised hands clasped beside her cheek; and her characteristic excitability contrasts vividly with the more solemnly restrained grief of all the others.

Andrea's stay with the nuns amongst the mountains, whilst he painted this picture, is represented as one of the few green spots of his existence. Pleased with the country air and quiet, and with the constant proofs of friendliness bestowed by those venerable ladies on his family and himself, he lingered his sojourn, and, as we see, painted with more than his usual fineness and tenderness of feeling. His looks, probably, were meanwhile in a state of transition between the aspects of his first and second very interesting autographic portraits in the Uffizi. In the former of these he is thin, thoughtful, melancholy, with large impressive eyes, a steady penetrating gaze, worthy so excellent a painter: the second represents him later in life, fatter and more placid and common-place looking. But a third picture in the Pitti representing him, together with his wife, is dramatic and singularly significant. His hand is on her shoulder, and he addresses her with an air of melancholy entreaty; his countenance here lamentably indicative of weakness and irresolution. She, meanwhile, looks out of the picture, perfectly unmoved, holding a letter.—She has, we ween, been rating him for coming back from France, from wealth abroad to poverty at home, and now holds her own letter imploring his return, which he has humbly placed in her hands as some extenuation.

When first Andrea met with her, she was

the wife of a cap-maker. Though of a family low both in means and repute, she gave herself airs, and was flirtish, delighting above all things, says the biographer, in catching the hearts of men. Recanati, her husband, suddenly dying, Andrea married her, without a word to his friends, and much to their disgust; for highly esteeming his talents and prospects, they thought the alliance most derogatory. But it was soon manifest that he had destroyed his inner peace as well as his outer respectability, and become not only grievously wife-ridden, but jealous, and not only jealous, but still more lamentably an altered person; for the artful Lucrezia wrought upon him to abandon his own indigent parents, whom he had hitherto maintained out of his scanty earnings, and adopt her father and sisters instead; inasmuch that his friends began to look coldly on him, and whenever he approached in the street, seemed to find something preferable on the other side of the way. Nay, this wife of his would scold and tease his pupils, not only with shrewish words, but a smart box on the ear, now and then. We are told so by Vasari, here surely a good authority; for "Giorgino" himself was one of them, and speaks probably from a smarting memory. "And Andrea," he adds, "thought this kind of life a high pleasure." It is certain that his very imagination became uxorious; for he rarely painted a woman's countenance without availing himself more or less of his wife's features. Many a fair tender vision, such as formerly graced his pencil, when he dwelt in "maiden meditation, fancy free," was doubtless excluded by them, or superseded before he could embody it on his canvas.

Yet he bore not his life ever with this equanimity, for we learn by and by, not that his wife's fascinations waned, but that her cormorant relatives became intolerable, subjecting him to a discreditable mode of existence, and a poverty from which it seemed impossible to rise. It must have been amidst this state of things that he received the following letter from Benvenuto Cellini; we picked it up the other day, much torn and crumpled, whilst walking in the garden of our fancy somewhere a little out of the Via Larga. Our friend Benvenuto does not seem quite to hit the particular circumstances; and yet perhaps he descends acutely to that foundation of the evil which wholly comprehends the rest.

ANDREA, MIO CARO.—You are vexed, I hear, at some remarks imputed to me by that pestilent fellow, Bandinelli, touching your domestic infelicity. He lies. There is no more truth in his tongue than in his blundering and incapable chisel. When next we meet, I will take my solemn oath on the gospels that my tender heart has hitherto only wept in respectful silence over those unhappy circumstances which, more even than you can imagine, are the universal topics of conversation. But to maintain this silence with yourself individually, were simply unkindness, since it really seems to me that a little friendly advice and counsel are alone wanting for your enfranchisement. For naturally in our isolation we shrink from the application of those bolder remedies of which we should avail ourselves with entire comfort and confidence were they suggested and sanctioned by the counsels of an enlightened friend. My apprentice, Ascanio, interrupts me, or I should enlarge more on the philosophy and privileges of friendship, respecting which I have just been holding a masterly discourse with the divine Benedetto Varchi. Inspired, however, by the exalted subject, I cannot do less, my dear Andrea, than implore you to arouse yourself to that firmness which your treacherous heart alone can have hitherto kept aloof from your noble and manly will. When milder medicines fail, we proceed at once to specifics of a violent nature, which, from the pain they inflict on ourselves also, do, in fact, evince more affection towards the object of them, than those softer remedies before ineffectually administered. We have, in your case, plainly, it is manifest, got beyond the proper season of emollients; and were I you—now comes the very pith of my advice—I should, I candidly admit, in the case of this intolerable woman, have recourse to such stout and copious correction as would probably resound through the whole *borgo*. And yet, all the while, a ministry of infinite love would be, whipping, not her, in the deeper or esoteric sense, but out of her the devil, who torments her as much as me, and is not to be reached otherwise. To emblemize which motive, the twigs should, at least some of them, be flowery, and bound together with rose-coloured ribbons, their power being superficially irritative, not profoundly detrimental, in fact, not operative much beyond the inferior cuticle. Thus should I, with an art that reminds me of my goldsmith's craft (as

specially exemplified in the incomparable ornament I have recently wrought for his eminence the Cardinal Gaddi), forge the first link in the true chain of conjugal love, which is fear, the second being respect, and the third, love. The light of love, surrounded and set off by the shadows of terror, compose the true chiaroscuro of wedded life. There is no love worth having without respect and reverence, of which the strongest foundation is undoubtedly fear. Besides, how much more delight and pride will she derive from your endearments when they are contrasted with your manly severity, when their preciousness is enhanced by their precariousness! Commending you to the protection of the Deity, I remain, your affectionate,

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

It was in this abject state of his affairs that Andrea received an invitation from Francis I. Advised by anxious friends, he accordingly repaired to his court, and there the poor man seemed conducted at once from the depths of sordid anxiety to the height of prosperity and ease. The French King did his utmost to retain him in his service, for he was pleased with the readiness and punctuality of his pencil, and his high satisfaction with all about him. But suddenly, in a luckless hour, came an artful letter from his wife, full of bitter complaints, and tender entreaties for his return. He had adequately provided for her; he had even ordered a house to be built for them both, behind the Nunziata; and given assurances that he might be back at any time, laden with money. But with this restless, wretched woman, the inconveniences of the present hour outweighed all the golden future. So she wrote that she never ceased to bedew her deserted pillow with widow's tears, and that if he delayed his return, he would certainly find her, no mistress of that fine imaginary house by the Nunziata, but in her cold grave. The foolish man gave way: he obtained leave of absence for the arrangement of his affairs, swearing to return within a few months, and set out with a considerable sum, which the king entrusted to him, for the purchase of works of Art. At home once more, he lived gaily with his wife, making handsome presents to her father and sisters, but doing nothing for his own parents, whom he would not even see—alas, for the painter of the little children being healed by the garments of San Filippo Benizzi! They were suffered by him to end their days in poverty and misery.

About this time it was, probably, that Andrea signalled himself as a convivialist at the clubs of the Cauldron and the Trowel, of which Vasari gives an account in his life of Rustici, the sculptor. These societies, consisting chiefly of artists, wits, and bonvivans, but including gentlemen of the highest families, were wont to sup together, and divert themselves in an astonishingly quaint and fanciful manner. The Brotherhood of the Cauldron feasted in an enormous boiler, whose overarching handle was illumined with lamps, and its sides with pictures. In the midst, a tree, branching with the various courses, rose and descended to the sound of unseen musical instruments, and every member had to contribute a dish exhibiting some fanciful external device, as well as refinement in the culinary art. Andrea once brought as his contribution an exquisite model of the Florentine Baptistery. The pavement was a mosaic of various-tinted jellies; the porphyry columns were thick sausages, with capitals of Parmesan cheese, and cornices of sugar-work. In the centre was a singing-desk made of cold veal, the book on which was delicately wrought of pastry, with musical notes represented by pepper-corns. On the roof being removed, a number of choristers made of thrushes, dressed in surplices of lard, were discovered standing before the desk, their beaks wide open, as in the act of earnestly chanting; and behind them, to complete the group, stood two very fat pigeons as contra-bassi, with half a dozen ortolans officiating as soprani. This delectable device was worthily hailed

with bursts of applause, and Andrea was immediately proclaimed King of the Feast. It is at one of these meetings that he read a comic poem from his own pen, in imitation of the *Batrachomyomachia*, in which, at the end of every canto, he thanks the Signori of the Cauldron for their patient hearing of his verses.

The other society, that of the Trowel, was distinguished, not only for the whimsicality of the practical jests, but for the fanciful beauty of the *tableaux vivans* contrived by distinguished artists belonging to the club. On one occasion, the members were to come in fancy dresses; but any two similarly attired were liable to a ludicrous penalty. Another time, the company presented themselves in the guise of masons; when architectural structures composed of delicious eatables were submitted to their criticism, and if condemned, eaten, until suddenly, a cleverly-contrived shower of rain enforced a general dispersion. Another time an invitation to supper came as from Pluto; and the guests were ushered through the mouth of an enormous dragon into a chamber nearly dark, where devils thrust them into their seats, and served what seemed Tartarean reptiles, and even bones and refuse of the grave; but moral courage and faith in their host were rewarded by the very ecstasies of the palate. Meanwhile fires glared fitfully, and the abysses of the damned were momentarily displayed, and fearful groans resounded; and sometimes the spirits of the guests themselves were satirically represented as paying the penalty of their trespasses: when in a moment, *hey presto!* the whole vanished, and the apartment was seen mildly illumined, and set forth with a banquet in the most cheerful and elegant manner. Over waves the greenest and most silvery pasteboard could accomplish, then came curtseying to the guests, affably, a ship from the Hesperian Isles, laden with bombons, which were distributed by the mariners amongst the guests; and the entertainment ended with the comedy of Philogenia, most beautifully decorated. But the expense of these meetings becoming extravagant, a warning was needful, and it was given. The members were invited to a seeming almshouse, to which, as was signified, they had brought themselves down by their lavishness. Certain wags already there, dressed up as paupers, straightway began between themselves a dialogue full of sarcasms on those who squander their substance in frivolous luxuries; but presently Sant' Antonio entering, tempered their excessive bitterness with the sweetness of a milder homily, and delivering the guests from the poor-house, invited them to a more moderate repast within, on condition of economy for the future. When the most accomplished artists were on the managing committee, their spectacles were no doubt well worth looking at. In a certain representation of a dispute on the Trinity, Sant' Andrea was exhibited as commanding that heaven should be opened, all vocal with the choirs of angels! And a wonderful display it was, Vasari assures us. On another occasion, Andrea del Sarto and Sansovino assisted in designing the scenery of Tartarus and Elysium, with a manifestation of the heathen gods, each with their proper attributes, and fanciful inventions of their blissful gardens, poetically meteoric with pyrotechnics, from which, we must imagine, as from their own opening planets, or expanding petals of flowers, or coruscating bowers of rainbow-tinted meteors, these graceful deities emerged. Mona Lucrezia probably here made a fine demonstration. Did she come forth as the blooming Ceres, cared with gold?—Her haughty mien, and “the large orbs of her resplendent eyes,” are Jno's rater. With what admiration must Andrea have gazed on her. “If Hercules is thus bound by the light threads from Omphale's

distaff, and great Jove himself even by the graceless blandishments of others' wives, why not I, a weak mortal, whose consecrating gift is appreciation of beauty, by the attractions of the enchanting Lucrezia di Baccio del Fede? Why not, why not?” But there must have been momentary drawbacks amidst this enjoyment. Passing thoughts of his neglected parents cannot have been consolatory. The period, too, at which he had engaged to return to France was fast arriving, and the French king's money had slipped away for his own purposes.* Furbishing up his rusty honour, however, he resolved to throw himself at the French king's feet; but here again his wife prevailed. Nuptial endearments, honeymoon revivals, fast falling pearls from the inexhaustible treasury of the finest eyes he had ever ventured to look into, ignominiously bribed him, and he remained—remained at Florence, with a load of dishonour and self-upbraiding added to his other miseries. We all condemn him freely, because we feel—we know that we could not ourselves be thus seduced from probity. “Unyoke us from your arms, fair dame; for in this cause we would far preferably kiss the hem of Francis.” The French king, meanwhile, in high dudgeon, roundly swore that if ever that *Fils du Tailleur* fell into his hands, he would do him some harm or other. From time to time compunction revisited the painter, and he even devised means of regaining circuitously the king's favour; but, finally, his fickleness or all-engrossing poverty prevailed, and they were never carried out. And now suddenly breaks the thread of this poor life of mingled honour and dishonour. Andrea died at the age of forty-two, of fever. “No remedy was found; nor were many cares bestowed on him, his wife withdrawing herself, as much as she could, for fear of the infection. He died almost without any one being aware of it.”†

Poor Andrea del Sarto! His desertion of his parents is the worst; but apart from conduct thus wholly inexcusable, we are not hasty to condemn absolutely and unreservedly henpecked men; especially those who of feeble constitution, or temperament, are absorbed, to the stretch of their powers, in some most needful business, or trying intellectual pursuit. When fatigued—when perhaps exhausted by such cares, it is much, surely, that they should be expected to begin a new struggle with some foolish untameable woman, who can only be kept down, either by weak submissiveness, or such correction as will convert the whole neighbourhood into her allies, in the name of oppressed womanhood. If we add the insidious treachery of our hearts, which growing stronger even as our bewildered heads grow weaker, and taking the part of the beloved tormenter, is ever whispering sweet memories and fancies in her favour; if we add her look, so like that with which she gave her heart, and yet so pitcously different, candour will admit that the maintenance of matrimonial lordship is sometimes beset with exceeding difficulty, and will be slow to condemn, even so far as his gentle biographer has done, this most ill-starred painter.

* Notwithstanding the encouragement in France, the two pictures Andrea painted there, now in the Louvre, are but mannered and uninteresting. The Holy Family, in which the two children seem to be crying peevishly and unmeaningly, is feeble every way. In the other work, two well-grown boys, whom it is high time to wean, rest, with queer grimaces, intended for joy, on the bosom of a very heavy, stupid-looking woman, intended for Charity. Here is too much of that artistic display, for the inappropriate introduction of which into such subjects, M. Angelo is not slightly responsible; but let it not be thought, for a moment, that such works adequately represent Andrea del Sarto.

† [Andrea Venucci, commonly known as Andrea del Sarto, died at Florence, of the plague which visited that city in 1530, as Vasari says; but in a book printed at Venice in 1548, he is assumed to be then still alive.—Ed. A. J.]

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XLVII.—SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.



M. R. THORNBURY, in a recent Number of the *Art-Journal*, has sketched out a vivid and attractive picture of Lawrence when his atelier was thronged with the rank, fashion, and beauty, whom the "season" had collected within the metropolis; and he introduced as accessories some of those incidents which marked the life of the artist, from its dawn to its highest culminating point. We are not now about to enter the lists with our fellow-labourer by an attempt to rival him on his own ground; this would be utterly futile: our pencil, or

rather our pen, indeed essays the same subject, but our mode of treatment must necessarily be far different, in conformity with the plan of this series of biographical notices, even were we gifted with the power of writing like the author of "Lawrence in Loudon Drawing-rooms."

"England," says a modern French Art-critic, "is the country of portraiture; where then shall portrait-painting be sought for, if not in a nation so personal; and which, by its manners, its institutions, and even its religion, attaches so great importance to the individual?"

What a magnificent career was that of Lawrence! exciting at five or six years of age universal admiration—weeping with jealousy, in his ninth year, before a picture by Rubens—his father a man whose speculations in business always failed him, an innkeeper incapable even of maintaining that position,—the young artist finds himself almost at a single leap,—without the exercise of endurance or intrigue,—the favourite painter of kings, of great ministers, of lovely children, of ladies whose sweet, proud faces are characteristic of the English aristocracy; passing his life in conferring an immortality upon those whose position or beauty deserves such distinction. . . . There is nothing in this which ought to astonish, Lawrence not only possessing merit, but that particular kind requisite for success in the country which has given to him his reputation."

And when crowned heads, and armed nobles, and decorated warriors, and jewelled foreheads, sat before the easel of the fashionable painter, how few among them knew, or cared to know, that the courtly Lawrence, whose genius they invoked, was the son of a comparatively obscure government official, and subsequently, the landlord of an inn in a small country town! It was sufficient for them that he could hand down to posterity their "form and lineaments;" that he could exhibit to the people, present and to come, the image of those whose lives and actions had become part of the world's history. The excise-officer's son, though in person one of nature's aristocracy, would have had no passport to the notice of the great, if nature had not also endowed him with talents which, in their especial application, placed him on a level with rank and birth: such is the homage due, and rendered, to genius.

Lawrence was born at Bristol in 1769. Soon after his birth, his parents removed to Devizes, where his father became landlord of the White Bear, a house much frequented by the nobility and gentry visiting Bath. The elder Lawrence soon found he had a prodigy in his boy, whom he instructed to recite poetry for the amusement of his guests and the gratification of his paternal pride; so that the talents of the child were in great danger of being misdirected, and their power weakened, by the injudicious conduct of his father, who, although conscious that there was in him a manifest love of Art, accompanied with a natural gift for its exercise, offered no other encouragement to its development than permission to visit some of the picture collections in the neighbourhood; and it was while making one of these visits,—to Corsham House, the residence of Mr. Paul Methuen,—that the child, being missed by his friends, was found standing before a picture by Rubens; and, as he was led away from the spot, he murmured with a sigh, "Ah, I shall never paint like that!"

At the age of ten he painted his own portrait, which was engraved by Dean, and published in Williams's "Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Law-

rence." He must have been at that time a remarkably fine and handsome boy, and his intelligence, spirit, and talents, in addition, rendered him a general favourite with every one. His father brought him out first at Weymouth, then a fashionable watering-place; afterwards at Oxford, and subsequently at Bath. His crayon portraits were eagerly sought after; the price for them at first was a guinea, but they were soon raised to a guinea and a half: he executed them with great rapidity, in black chalk heightened with white. Young Lawrence generally received four sitters each day, giving to each person about half an hour, and continuing another half-hour on the work after the sitter had left. At the age of thirteen or fourteen a gentleman of rank offered the sum of one thousand pounds to allow of his going to study at Rome, but it was refused by the father, who said "his son's talents required no cultivation." In 1787 the elder Lawrence brought the youth to London, and introduced him to Reynolds. In September of the same year he was admitted a student of the Royal Academy: "his proficiency in drawing at that time," said Mr. Howard, the late Secretary and Academician, "was such as to leave all his competitors in the antique school far behind him. His personal attractions were as remarkable as his talent; altogether he excited a great sensation, and seemed to the admiring students as nothing less than a young Raphael suddenly dropped among them." He was very handsome, and his chestnut locks flowing on his shoulders gave him a romantic appearance." Lawrence was unquestionably born under a lucky star: he had begun oil-painting some little time ere he came to London, where he soon gained popularity as a portrait-painter, and was admitted into the best society in the metropolis, both literary and fashionable; and the King, George III., honoured him with an audience.

Lawrence had scarcely reached his twenty-second year when he was elected—it is said by especial desire of the King and Queen, supported by the influence of Reynolds—an Associate of the Academy (his first works were exhibited there in 1787); and three years afterwards, namely in 1794, an Academician: the annals of that society afford, we believe, no parallel case of early election to its honours. He had already been appointed, on the death of Reynolds in 1792, portrait-painter to the king, and also to the Dilettanti Society; so that at the comparatively youthful age of twenty-five he had achieved the highest distinctions, save one,—the Presidentship of the Academy,—which the monarch and the Art societies of the country could confer upon him. Commissions now came rapidly into his hands, among which were whole-length portraits of their

Majesties, intended as presents for the Emperor of China; but with all the patronage received, he became involved in difficulties, and was indebted to the late Mr. Angerstein for advances of money to meet his engagements. Late in life he acknowledges to a friend that—and many others have been compelled to make the same confession—he "began life wrongly," spending more money than he earned, and accumulating debts, for which he had to pay heavy interest.

In 1797 Lawrence exhibited at the Academy his "Satan," one of the few ideal works from his pencil; but, even had he possessed the genius for historical painting, which he certainly did not, it could scarcely have been expected that the *prestige* of his pencil in portraiture, and the society into which this inevitably led him, would, with one of his character and disposition, have been exchanged for the more laborious, thoughtful, and less attractive work of historical painting: it is quite true that many of his portraits—as for example, his "John Kemble, as Hamlet," now in the National Gallery—seem to be identified with history, yet they are only portraits.

Opie and Hoppner had been the great rivals of Lawrence in portraiture, and notwithstanding the patronage enjoyed by the latter, he often found them standing in his way; however, the death of Opie in 1807, and of Hoppner in 1810, left him a clear and undisputed field; and immediately after the latter had been removed from the scene of his labours, Lawrence raised his prices to one hundred guineas for heads, and four hundred guineas for full-lengths, which sums he maintained till 1820. After this year, and to the period of his death, his charges were for a head size, or three quarters, two hundred guineas; for a kit-cat, three hundred; for a half-length, four hundred; for a bishop's half-length, five hundred; for a full-length, six hundred; and, for an extra full-length, seven hundred guineas. For the portraits of Lady Gower and her child he was paid fifteen hundred guineas; and for that of "MASTER LAMBTON," one of our engraved examples, and among the most renowned works of the artist, he received six hundred guineas from Lord Durham.

The termination of the protracted continental war proved a remarkable epoch in the life of Lawrence, for the visit of the allied sovereigns to England, which followed the peace in 1814, introduces us to the most important period of his professional career. He was at that time in the full meridian of popularity, the



LADY DOVOR.

favourite painter of the court and the aristocracy, and it therefore naturally followed that he should be selected by the head of the court, the Prince Regent, to paint the portraits of his illustrious guests, and of the most distinguished statesmen and warriors who had contributed to bring the war to a conclusion. These portraits were intended by the prince for Windsor Castle; and they now hang there, in the "Waterloo Gallery," a name given to the apartment to denote its pictorial contents. Lawrence commenced his labours with the portraits of the King of Prussia, Count Platoff, the renowned Cossack leader, and the veteran Blucher; but the sudden renewal of hostilities in 1815, consequent on the escape of Napoleon from Elba, seemed likely to put a stop to the whole scheme. Again, however, peace was restored to Europe, by the battle of Waterloo, and the artist, now Sir Thomas Lawrence—he had been knighted by the Regent—resumed his work. In September, 1818, he set off for Aix-la-Chapelle, that he might take advantage of the congress of the allied sovereigns sitting there. In this town he painted the portraits of the Duc de Richelieu, the French minister; of Count Nesselrode, the Russian minister; Alexander I., Emperor of Russia; Francis II., Emperor of Austria; completed that of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, which was commenced in London, in 1814; and of Prince Hardenberg, the Prussian minister. In 1819 he proceeded to Vienna, where sat to him the Archduke Charles of Austria; Prince Schwarzenberg, field-marshal

and commander-in-chief of the combined armies of Austria and Russia, in 1814; Major-General Czernicheff, aide-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia; Prince Metternich, the Austrian minister for foreign affairs; and Count Capo d'Istria, Russian secretary of state. In the same year Lawrence went to Rome, where he painted the portraits of Pope Pius VII., and his minister Cardinal Gonsalvo. In addition to these pictures there are in the "Waterloo Gallery," from the pencil of Lawrence, portraits of the following personages, who were more or less connected with the events of the war: "GEORGE IV., IN THE ROBES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER," one of our engraved subjects; Lord Castlereagh, afterwards Marquis of Londonderry, foreign secretary of state from 1813—1823; the Duke of York, commander-in-chief; the Earl of Liverpool, prime-minister; the late Duke of Cambridge; Charles X. of France, and his son the Duc d'Angoulême; Major-General Sir G. A. Wood, who commanded the British artillery at Waterloo; the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Waterloo, and immortalised by Byron in his "Childe Harold," in that pathetic stanza, commencing—

"Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain;"

the Duke of Wellington, the foremost man among them all; Canning; Count Alten, commander of the German Auxiliary Legion in the Spanish campaign;



NATURE.

Count Munster, Hanoverian minister in England; Earl Bathurst, secretary for the colonies; General Overoff; and Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, brother of the celebrated traveller, and Prussian foreign minister.

This series of thirty-one portraits, the majority of which are full-length, constitutes in itself a gallery of works that would do honour to any artist: the commission was one which either of Lawrence's great prototypes, Titian, Velasquez, and Vandyke, would have been proud to receive; and we believe the English painter entered upon his arduous task with a due sense of what he owed to his own reputation, to the character and position of his distinguished "sitters," and to the munificent prince who had entrusted the commission to his hands. Writing, when at Vienna, to his intimate friend, the late Mr. J. J. Angerstein, he says:—"The terms on which I undertook this mission were, to be paid my usual prices for the portraits, and £1000 for travelling expenses and loss of time. My journey to Rome will be on the same. These appear to be liberal terms, and I am sure are meant as such by the prince. The first was of my own proposing, when the question was asked me; but I must still

look to the honour I have received, and the good fortune of being thus distinguished in my profession, as the chief good resulting from it, for many unavoidable circumstances make it of less pecuniary advantage." Much importance seems to have been attached to this continental mission of the representative of British art; for the government, fearing a want of due accommodation for so many pictures on a large scale, caused a wooden house, containing three large rooms, to be constructed, and shipped for Aix-la-Chapelle, but through some misadventure it did not arrive at its destination till too late for the purpose intended; but the magistrates of the city, as soon as Lawrence reached it, at once granted him the use of part of the large gallery of the Hotel de Ville, and fitted it up as a painting-room, which he confessed was the best he ever had.

It would be absurd to expect that in the peculiar circumstances under which these works were executed, and considering their variety, they would be all of uniform excellence; neither are they: a few stand out in brilliant contrast with others, though, with the exception of the portrait of Wellington,—a most

unsatisfactory production, where every Englishman would desire to see it the best,—there is not one which is not worthy of the painter. But his greatest successes are those of the venerable pope, and his minister Gonsalvo, which are esteemed the two finest pictures he ever painted, and by some authorities, the two grandest portraits of modern times. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Handbook to the Public Galleries," says of them,—“I know not any that in the combination of excellence, the noble conception, the felicitous arrangement, the truth of character, the gorgeous yet harmonious colouring, add too, in size and importance, can compare with them. Rome and the vicinity of the great works of Art seem to have inspired Lawrence. On the occasion of his visit he was lodged in the Quirinal, and treated almost with the honours of an ambassador.” Lawrence himself writes, in a letter from Rome,—“The pope being an old man, his countenance has a great deal of detail in it; and a good and cheerful nature, with a clear intellect, gives it variety of expression. He is a very fine subject; and it is probable that the picture will be one of the very best I ever painted.” Nor was he wrong: no one, we are persuaded, can look upon that glorious picture without feeling that he is contemplating a noble work of Art, the faithful, living representation of an aged, but highly intellectual and benignant countenance, which, when once seen, will scarcely be forgotten: it has never faded from our memory since we first saw it many years ago. The portrait has been admirably engraved by S. Cousins; it is one of his finest prints.

The portrait of Gonsalvo—or Consalvi, as some write the name—next claims especial attention; the head is not so grand as that of Pius VII., but more elegant, with a keen, resolute look, and a brow indicating intellectual energy and activity; his eyes, as Lawrence remarked, seem to follow you about, and you feel as if there was no getting out of their reach. The portraits of the Duc de Richelieu, of the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, and of Blucher, are among the other most remarkable works in the gallery. The letters written by the painter to many of his friends while engaged upon this series, and which are published in Williams's "Life and Correspondence of Lawrence," are full of interesting gossip about the distinguished individuals with whom he became acquainted. In one, written from Aix-la-Chapelle to his niece, he says,—“My exertions have been repaid by complete success; the family, attendants, and subjects of each sovereign unanimously declaring that the portraits I have taken are the most faithful and satisfactory resemblances of them that have ever been painted, and the general voice of all unites in common approbation—a word, I assure you, much below the impression I use it to describe.” Several of the portraits he repeated, at the request of the respective “sitters,” either for themselves or to give away.

Lawrence returned to England, laden with honours, and with many substantial marks of esteem, both as an artist and a man: diamond rings from the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, a costly dessert service of Sèvres china from the King of France, by whom he was also decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour, were among the gifts presented to him; and he was elected member of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, of the Academies of Florence, Venice, Bologna, Turin, and of the American Academy of Fine Arts: such distinctions have never before or since fallen to the lot of a British artist.

On the death of Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, a few days only before Lawrence had reached England from Italy, he was elected to fill the vacant chair, on which occasion the king conferred upon him the gold medal and chain to be worn by all future presidents. He died January 7, 1830, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near his predecessors in the Academical chair, Presidents Reynolds and West.

The late Mr. Howard, R.A., has, we think, formed a tolerably correct estimate of the genius of Lawrence, in the following observations:—“In the intellectual treatment of his portraits, he has produced a surprising variety of happy and original combinations; and has generally conveyed, with the feeling and invention of a poet, the best representation of his subjects, seizing the most interesting expression of countenance which belonged to each: in this respect he has shown, perhaps, a greater dramatic power than either of his illustrious rivals,”—alluding to Titian, Vandyke, Velasquez, and Reynolds,—“and certainly, in painting *beauty*, he yields to none. He has sometimes been censured for rather a theatrical taste in his attitudes, approaching to the meretricious, but in general they are dignified, graceful, and easy. Early in life he aimed at a depth and richness of tone more readily to be found in Titian and the best Italian colourists, than in the hues of nature in this climate; but he gradually quitted this style, and imitated closely the freshness of his models as he found them; striving to give his works the utmost brilliancy and vigour of which his materials were capable. Hence, if his pictures seldom possess the mellow sweetness of Reynolds, he often surpassed him in some of the above-mentioned qualities. In vivid and varied *chiaroscuro*, he has perhaps no rival, and may be said to have enlarged the boundaries of his art, changing by degrees the character of our annual exhibitions, and giving them at length one of acknowledged and unprecedented splendour. The extraordinary force and vivacity of effect, the gracefulness of his manipulation, and those animated expressions of the human face divine, which his powerful skill in drawing enabled him to fix so admirably on canvas, constitute his peculiar distinction and glory as an original artist, and his claim to the title of a man of genius.”

It can scarcely be doubted that if the talent of Lawrence had not been developed at so early an age, and in that peculiar department which he so rarely forsook, he would have become a greater painter than he was. Before an ordinary child can scarcely distinguish a pen from a pencil, or one colour from another, the boy Lawrence was handling the crayon, and copying, with wonderful power and fidelity, the lineaments of his elders. Never at any period of his early life did he devote himself to such a course of discipline and study as would have enabled him to rank with the greatest men of former days; and when he had reached the years of manhood, he was too constantly and successfully employed to allow of his withdrawal from such occupation for the purpose of improvement. He possessed many of those qualities which, matured by earnest, conscientious study, would have, doubtless, made him a good historical painter: he was a fine and accurate draughtsman, had a perfect knowledge of the human figure, great mental intelligence and perception of individual character, as his portraits show; an exquisite feeling of the beautiful, the grand, and the pathetic, with a rich and luxuriant taste in landscape and background,—in



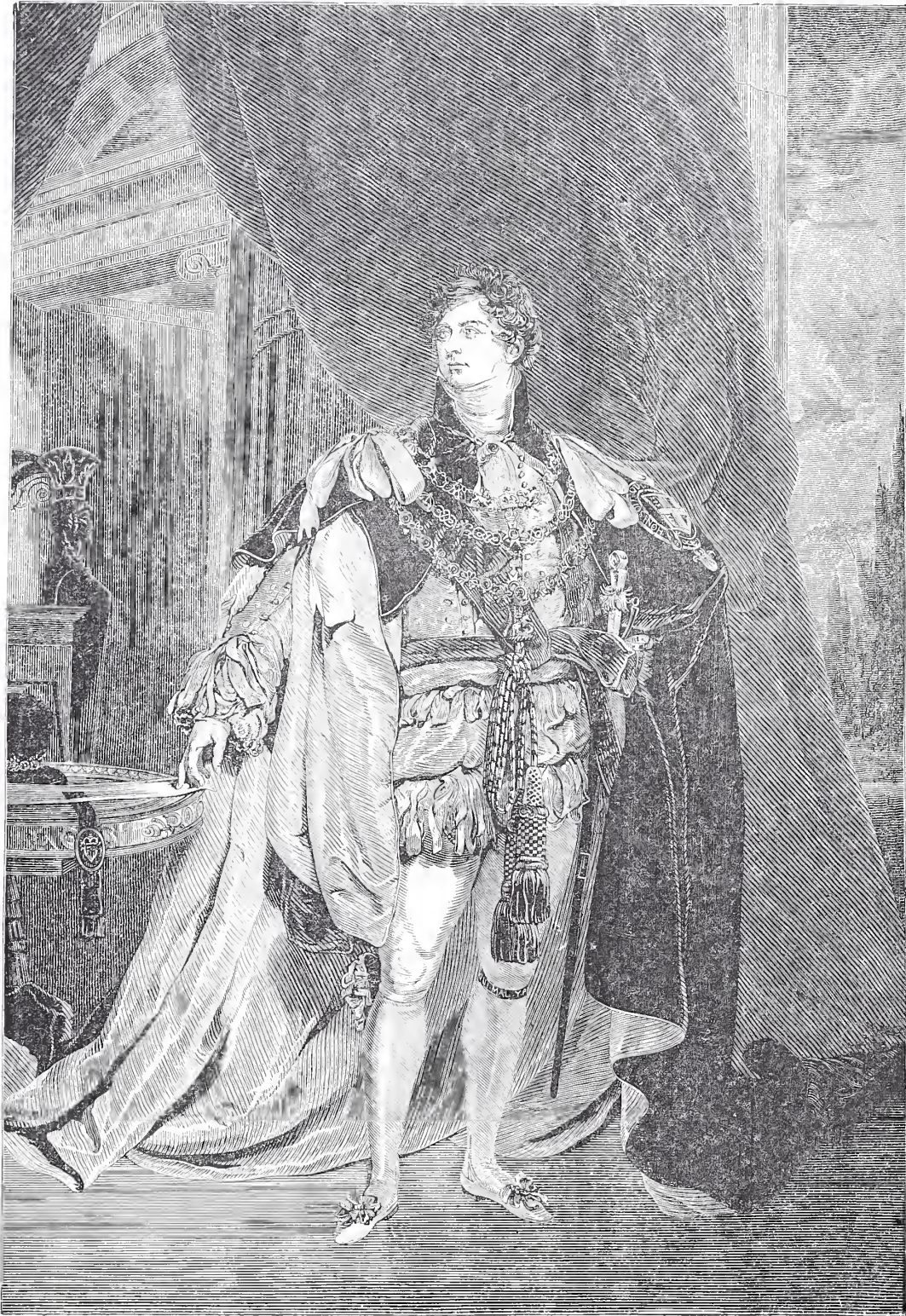
MASTER LAMBTON.

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short, he seemed deficient in no one requisite. His admiration of ancient art was evinced by his large and unrivalled collection of drawings by the old masters, and of antique casts of all kinds, accumulated at a great cost. These are *primæ facie* evidences that in Lawrence the British school would have found a good historical painter, but, perhaps, it would have lost a greater portrait-painter.

In a comparison of the works of Reynolds and Lawrence, it may be remarked

that the former, in the treatment of his heads, depended more upon the effect of the *chiar-oscuro* for the result; while the latter looked to the resemblance, and the local colour of the individual parts, for his likenesses: hence, though Lawrence's portraits are more life-like and intense, the features oftentimes seem to lack vigour and *size*. For the sake of preserving a breadth of light in the whole mask, the darks of the eyes, and the hair, look blacker than in nature, and the lips, especially of the women, look redder than life; and



GEORGE IV.

though a full red lip is a recognized sign of health and beauty, and though great intensity and individuality of character reside in the eye, yet we perceive that when these are overdone, the dignity of the art appears to be sacrificed to inferior sensations.

The engravings from his works introduced here are from pictures of established celebrity: that entitled "NATURE," representing the children of the late Mr. Calmady, is a charming composition; the portrait of "MASTER

LAMBTON," is a lovely picture, full of rich imaginative feeling; that of "LADY DOVOR," and her child, refined and graceful; and that of "GEORGE IV.," the *beau idéal* of one who in personal appearance was "every inch a king."

By a fortuitous circumstance another engraving from one of Lawrence's pictures appears in the present number; it is that of the Princess Charlotte, which forms one of the "Royal Pictures."

J. DAFFORNE.

TRAVELLING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

TRAVELLING, in the middle ages, was assisted by few, if any, conveniences, and was dangerous as well as difficult. The insecurity of the roads made it necessary for travellers to associate together for protection, as well as for company, for their journeys were slow and dull; and as they were often obliged to halt for the night where there was little or no accommodation, they had to carry a good deal of luggage. An inn was often the place

of rendezvous for travellers starting upon the same journey. It is thus that Chaucer represents himself as having taken up his quarters at the Tabard, in Southwark, preparatory to undertaking the journey to Canterbury; and at night there arrived a company of travellers bent to the same destination, who had gathered together as they came along the road:—

“ At night was come into that hostelry
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaigne,
Of sondry folk, by aventure ifalle
In felaschipe.”—*Canterbury Tales*, l. 23.

Chaucer obtains the consent of the rest to his joining their fellowship, which, as he describes it, consisted of persons most dissimilar in class and

of a tavern will be seen in our cut (Fig. 9) to the present paper.

Lydgate composed his poem of the “*Storie of Thebes*” as a continuation of Chaucer’s “*Canterbury Tales*,” and in the prologue he describes him-



Fig. 1.—THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

character. The host of the Tabard joins the party also, and it is agreed that, to enliven the journey, each, in his turn, shall tell a story on the way. They then sup at a common table, drink wine, and go to bed; and at day-break in the morning they start on their journey. They travelled evidently at a slow pace; and at Boughton-under-Blee—a village a few miles from Canterbury—a canon and his yeoman, after some hard riding, overtake them, and obtain permission to join the company. It would seem that the company had passed a night somewhere on the road,—probably at Rochester,—and we should, perhaps, have had an account of their reception and departure, had the collection of the “*Canterbury Tales*” been completed by their author; and that the canon had sent his yeoman to watch for any company of travellers who should halt at the hostelry, that he might join them, but he had

been too late to start with them, and had, therefore, ridden hard to overtake them:—

“ His yeman eek was ful of curtesye,
And seid, ‘Sires, now in the morwe tyde
Out of your ostelry I saugh you ryde,
And warned heer my lord and soverayn,
Which that to ryden with yow is ful fayn,
For his disport; he loveth daliaunce.’”
Canterbury Tales, l. 12515.

A little further on, on the road, the Pardoner is called upon to tell his tale. He replies—

“ ‘ It schal be doon,’ quod he, ‘ and that anon.
But first,’ quod he, ‘ here, at this ale-stake,
I will both drynke and byten on a cake.’”
Canterbury Tales, l. 13735.

The road-side ale-house, where drink was sold to travellers, and to the country-people of the neighbourhood, was scattered over the more populous and frequented parts of the country from an early

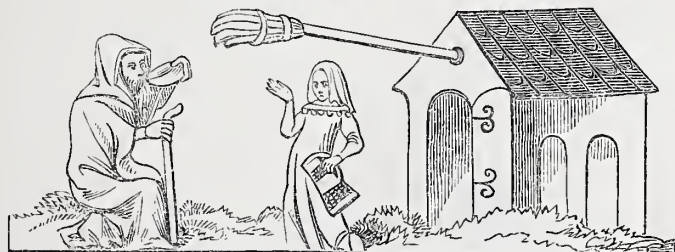


Fig. 2.—A PILGRIM AT THE ALE-STAKE.

period, and is not unfrequently alluded to in popular writers. It was indicated by a stake projecting from the house, on which some object was hung for a sign, and is sometimes represented in the illuminations of manuscripts. Our cut (Fig. 2), taken from a manuscript of the fourteenth century, in the British Museum (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.), represents one of those ale-houses, at which a pilgrim is halting to take refreshment. The keeper of the ale-house, in this instance, is a woman, the ale-wife, and the stake appears to be a besom. In another (Fig. 3), taken from a manuscript copy of the “*Moralization of Chess*,” by Jacques de Cessoles,

of the earlier part of the fifteenth century (MS. Reg. 19 C. XI.), a round sign is suspended on the stake, with a figure in the middle, which may possibly be intended to represent a bush. A garland was not unfrequently hung upon the stake; on this Chaucer, describing his “*sompnour*,” says:—

“ A garland had he set upon his heed,
As gret as it were for an ale-stake.”
Canterbury Tales, l. 668.

A bush was still more common, and gave rise to the proverb that “good wine needs no bush,” that is, it will be easily found out without any sign to direct people to it. A bush hung out as the sign



Fig. 3.—THE ROAD-SIDE INN.

self as arriving in Canterbury, while the pilgrims were there, and accidentally taking up his lodging at the same inn. He thus seeks and obtains permission to be one of the fellowship, and returns from Canterbury in their company. Our cut (Fig. 1), taken from a fine manuscript of Lydgate’s poem (MS. Reg. 18 D. II.), represents the pilgrims leaving Canterbury, and is not only a good illustration of the practice of travelling in companies, but it furnishes us with a characteristic picture of a mediæval town.

This readiness of travellers to join company with each other was not confined to any class of society, but was general among them all, and not unfrequently led to the formation of friendships and alliances between those who had previously been strangers to one another. In the interesting romance of “*Blonde of Oxford*,” composed in the thirteenth century, when Jeau of Dammartin came to seek his fortune in England, and was riding from Dover to London, attended by a faithful servant, he overtook the Earl of Oxford, who was on his way to London, with a numerous retinue of armed followers. Jean, having learnt from the earl’s followers who he was, introduced himself to him, and was finally taken into his service. Subsequently, in the same romance, Jean of Dammartin, returning to England, takes up his lodging in a handsome hotel in London, and while his man Robin puts the horses in the stable, he walks out into the street, and sees a large company who had just arrived, consisting of squires, servants, knights, clerks, priests, serving-lads (*garçons*), and men who attended the baggage horses (*soumiers*). Jean asked one of the esquires who they all were, what was their business, and where they were going; and was informed that it was the Earl of Gloucester, who had come to London about some business, and was going on the morrow to Oxford, to be married to the Lady Blonde, the object of Jean’s affections. Next morning the earl began his journey at day-break, and Jean and his servant, who were mounted ready, joined the company. There was so little unusual in this, that the intruders seem, for a while, not to have been noticed, until, at length, the earl observed Jean, and began to interrogate him: “*Friend*,” said he, “you are welcome; what is your name?”

“ Anis, bien fustes vené,
Coment fu vostre non pelé?”
Romance of Blon e, l. 2627.

Jean gave him an assumed name, said that he was a merchant, and offered to sell the earl his horse, but they could not agree about the terms. They continued conversing together during the rest of the journey. As they proceeded they encountered a shower of rain, which wet the earl, who was fashionably and thinly clothed. Jean smiled at the impatience with which he seemed to bear this mishap, and when asked to tell the cause of his mirth, said, “If I were a rich man, like you, I should always carry a house with me, so that I could go into it

when the rain came, and not get my clothes dirtied and wet." The earl and his followers set Jean down for a fool, and looked forward to be made merry by him. Soon afterwards they came to the banks of a river, into which the earl rode, without first ascertaining if it were fordable, and he was carried away by the stream, and only saved from drowning by a fisherman in a boat. The rest of the company found a ford, where they passed the river without danger. The earl's clothes had now been completely soaked in the water, and, as his baggage-horses were too far in the rear, he made one of his knights strip, and give him his dry clothes, and left him to make the best of his wet ones. "If I were as rich, and had so many men, as you," said Jean, laughing again, "I would not be exposed to misfortunes of this kind, for I would carry a bridge with me." The earl and his retinue were merry again, at what they supposed to be the folly of their travelling companion. They were now near Oxford, and Jean took his leave of the Earl of Gloucester. We learn, in the course of the story, that all that Jean meant by the house, was that the earl ought to have had at hand a good cloak and cape to cover his fine clothes in ease of rain; and that, by the bridge, he intended to intimate that he ought to have sent some of his men to ascertain the depth of the river before he went into it!

These illustrations of the manner and inconveniences of travelling apply more especially to those who could travel on horseback; but the difficulties were still greater for the numerous class of people who were obliged to travel on foot, and who could rarely make sure of reaching, at the end of each day's journey, a place where they could obtain a lodging. They, moreover, had also to carry a certain quantity of baggage. Foot-travellers seem to have had sometimes a mule or a donkey, to carry luggage, or to carry weak women and children. Every one will remember the mediæval fable of the old man and his ass, in which a father and his son have the one ass between them. In mediæval illuminations representing the flight into Egypt, Joseph is often represented as walking, while the virgin and child ride upon an ass which he is leading. The party of



Fig. 4.—TRAVELLERS ON FOOT.

foot-travellers in our cut (Fig. 4), taken from a manuscript of the beginning of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 2 B. VII.), is part of a group representing the relatives of Thomas Beckett driven into exile by King Henry II.; they are making their way to the sea-shore on foot, perhaps to show that they were not of very high condition in life.

In Chaucer, it is a matter of surprise that the "chanoun" had so little luggage that he carried only a male, or portmanteau, on his horse's crupper, and even that was doubled up (*tweyfold*) on account of its emptiness.

"A male tweyfold on his croper lay,
It semed that he caried litel array,
Al light for somer rood this worthy man."
Canterbury Tales, l. 12494.

On the contrary, in the romance of "Berte," when the heroine is left to wander in the solitary forest, the writer laments that she had "neither pack-horse laden with coffers, nor clothes folded up in males," which were the ordinary accompaniments of travellers of any consequence:—

"N'i ot sommier à coffres ne dras troussés en male."
Roman de Berte, p. 42.

A traveller, indeed, had many things to carry

with him. He took provisions with him, or was obliged, at times, to reckon on what he could kill, or obtain undressed, and hence he was obliged to carry cooking apparatus with him. He carried flint and steel to strike a light, and be able to make a fire, as he might have to bivouac in a solitary place, or in the midst of a forest. In the romance of "Garin le Loherain," when the Count Begues of Belin finds himself benighted in the forest, he prepares for passing the night comfortably, and, as a matter of course, draws out his steel (*fusil*), and lights a fire:—

"Et li queus est desous l'arbre ramé;
Prent son fusil, s'a le fu alumé,
Grant et plénier, merveilleus embrasé."
Garin le Loherain, vol. ii. p. 231.

The traveller also often carried materials for laying

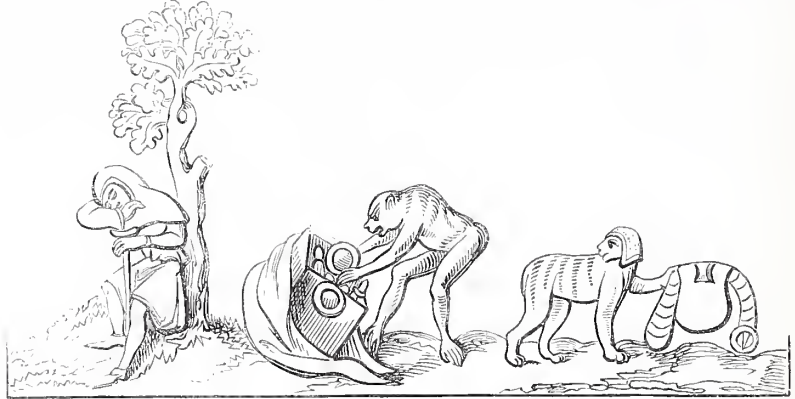


Fig. 5.—FLUNDERING A TRAVELLER.

monkeys. While one is emptying his "male," or box, the other is carrying off his girdle, with the large pouch attached to it, in which, no doubt, the traveller carried his money, and perhaps his eatables. The roads, in the middle ages, appear also to have been infested with beggars of all description, many



Fig. 6.—A CRIPPLE.

of whom were cripples, and persons mutilated in the most revolting manner, the result of feudal wantonness, and feudal vengeance. Our cut (Fig. 6), also furnished by a manuscript of the fourteenth century, represents a very deformed cripple, whose

a bed, if benighted on the road; and he had, above all, to carry sufficient money with him in specie. All these incumbrances, combined with the badness of the roads, rendered travelling slow—of which we might quote abundant examples. At the end of the twelfth century, it took Giraldus Cambrensis four days to travel from Powisland to Haughmond Abbey, near Shrewsbury. The roads, too, were infested with robbers and banditti, and travellers were only safe in their numbers, and in being sufficiently well armed to repel attacks. In the accompanying cut (Fig. 5), from a manuscript of the fourteenth century (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.), a traveller is taking his repose under a tree,—it is, perhaps, intended to be understood that he is passing the night in a wood,—while he is plundered by robbers, who are here jokingly represented in the forms of

means of locomotion are rather curious. The beggar and the cripple, too, were often only robbers in disguise, who waited their opportunity to attack single passengers, or who watched to give notice to comrades of the approach of richer convoys. The mediæval popular stories give abundant instances of robbers and others disguising themselves as beggars and cripples. Blindness, also, was common among these objects of commiseration in the middle ages; often, as in the case of mutilation of other kinds, the result of deliberate violence. The same manuscript I have so often quoted (MS. Reg. 10 E. IV.), has furnished our cut (Fig. 7), representing a blind man and his dog.

It will be easily understood, that when travelling was beset with so many inconveniences, private hospitality would be looked upon as one of the first of virtues. The early metrical story of "The Hermit," the foundation of Parnell's poem, gives us examples of the different sorts of hospitality with which travellers met. The hermit and his companion began their travels in a wild country, and at the end of their first day's journey, they were obliged to take up their lodgings with another hermit, who gave them the best welcome he could, and shared



Fig. 7.—A BLIND MAN AND DOG.

his provisions with them. The next evening they came to a city, where everybody shut his door against them, because they were poor, till at length, weary and wet with rain, they sat down on the stone steps of a great mansion; but the host was an usurer, and refused to receive into his house men who promised him so little profit. Yet at length,

to escape their importunities, he allowed them to enter the yard, and sleep under a staircase, where his maid threw them some straw to lie upon, but neither offered them refreshment, except some of the refuse of the table, nor allowed them to go to a fire to dry their clothes. The next evening they sought their lodging in a large abbey, where the

monks received them with great hospitality, and gave them plenty to eat and drink. On the fourth day they came to another town, where they went to the house of a rich and honest burgher, who received them with all the marks of hospitality. Their host washed their feet, and gave them plenty to eat and drink, and they were comfortably lodged for the night.

It would not be difficult to illustrate all the incidents of this story by anecdotes of mediæval life. The traveller who sought a lodging, without money to pay for it, even in private houses, was not always well received. In the fabliau of the Butcher of Abbeville (Barbazan, iv. 1), the butcher, returning from the market of Oisemont, is overtaken by night at the small town of Baillezél. He determined to stop for the night there, and, seeing a poor woman at her door, at the entrance of the town, he asked her where he could procure a night's lodging, and she recommended him to the priest, as the only person in the town who had wine in his cellar. The butcher accordingly repaired to the priest's house, where he found that ecclesiastic sitting on the sill of his door, and asked him to give him a lodging for the sake of charity. The priest, who thought that there was nothing to be gained from him, refused, telling him he would find plenty of people in the town who could give him a bed. As the butcher was leaving the town, irritated by his inhospitable reception, he encountered a flock of sheep, which he learnt were the property of the priest; whereupon, selecting the fattest of them, he dextrously stole it away unperceived, and, returning with it into the town, he went to the priest's door, found him just closing his house, for it was nightfall, and again asked him for lodging. The priest asked him who he was, and whence he came. He replied that he had been to the market at Oisemont, and bought a sheep; that he was overtaken by night, and sought a lodging; and that, as it was no great consideration to him, he intended to kill his sheep, and share it with his host. The temptation was too great for the greedy priest, and he now received the butcher into his house, treated him with great respect, and had a bed made for him in his hall. Now the priest had—as was common with the Catholic priesthood—a concubine and a maid-servant, and they all regaled themselves on the butcher's sheep. Before the guest left next morning, he contrived to sell the sheep's skin and wool for certain considerations severally to the concubine and to the maid, and, after his departure, their rival claims led to a quarrel, and even to a battle. While the priest, on his return from the service of matins, was labouring to appease the combatants, his shepherd entered, with the information that his best sheep had been stolen from his flock, and an examination of the skin led to the discovery of the trick which had been played upon him—a punishment, as we are told, which he well merited by his inhospitable conduct. A Latin story of the thirteenth century may be coupled with the foregoing anecdote. There was an abbot who was very miserly and inhospitable, and he took care to give all the offices in the abbey to men of his own character. This was especially the case with the monk who had the direction of the *hospitium*, or guest-house. One day came a minstrel to ask for a lodging, but he met with an unfriendly reception, was treated only with black bread and water to drink, and was shown to a hard bed of straw. Minstrels were not usually treated in this inhospitable manner, and our guest resolved to be revenged. He left the abbey next morning, and a little way on his journey he met the abbot, who was returning home from a short absence. "God bless you, good abbot!" he said, "for the noble hospitality which has been shown to me this night by your monks. The master of your guest-house treated me with the choicest wines, and placed rich dishes on the table for me in such numbers, that I would not attempt to count them; and when I came away this morning, he gave me a pair of shoes, a girdle, and a knife." The abbot hurried home in a furious rage, summoned the offending brother before a chapter, accused him of squandering away the property of the monastery, caused him to be flogged and dismissed from his office, and appointed in his place another, on whose inhospitable temper he could place entire confidence.

These cases of want of hospitality were, however, exceptions to the general rule. A stranger was

usually received with great kindness, each class of society, of course, more or less by its own class, though, under such circumstances, much less distinction of class was made than one might suppose. The aristocratic class, which included what we should now call the gentry, sought hospitality in the nearest castle; for a castle, as a matter of pride and ostentation, was, more or less, like an abbey, a place of hospitality for everybody. The visitor, however unknown and unexpected, was received by his equals or by his inferiors with respectful politeness; his host often washed him, especially his feet, and bathed him, dressed him, and furnished him with



Fig. 8.—RECEIVING A GUEST.

a temporary change of garments. Our cut (Fig. 8), taken from a manuscript of the earlier part of the fourteenth century (MS. Harl. No. 1527), represents the reception of a stranger in this manner, and might easily be illustrated by anecdotes from mediæval writers. In the "Roman de la Violette" (p. 233), when its hero, Gerard, sought a lodging at a castle, he was received with the greatest hospitality; the lord of the castle led him into the great

hall, and there disarmed him, furnished him with a rich mantle, and caused him to be bathed and washed. In the same romance (p. 237), when Gerard arrived at the little town of Mouzon, he goes to the house of a widow to ask for a night's lodging, and is received with the same welcome. His horse is taken into a stable, and carefully attended to, while the lady labours to keep him in conversation until supper is ready, after which a good bed is made for him, and they all retire to rest. The comforts, however, which could be offered to the visitor, consisted often chiefly in eating and drinking. People had few spare chambers, especially furnished ones, and, in the simplicity of mediæval manners, the guests were obliged to sleep either in the same room as the family, or, more usually, in the hall, where beds were made for them on the floor or on the benches. "Making a bed" was a phrase true in its literal sense, and the bed made consisted of a heap of straw, with a sheet or two thrown over it. The host, indeed, could often furnish no more than a room of bare walls and floor as a protection from the weather, and the guest had to rely as much upon his own resources for his personal comforts, as if he had had to pass the night in the midst of a wild wood. Moreover the guests, however numerous and though strangers to each other, were commonly obliged to sleep together indiscriminately in the same room.

In towns the hospitality of the burghers was not always given gratis, for it was a common custom, even among the richer merchants, to make a profit by receiving guests. These letters of lodgings were distinguished from the inn-keepers, or *hostelers*, by the title of *herbergeors*, or people who gave harbour to strangers, and in the larger towns they were submitted to municipal regulations. The great barons and knights were in the custom of taking up their lodgings with these *herbergeors*, rather than

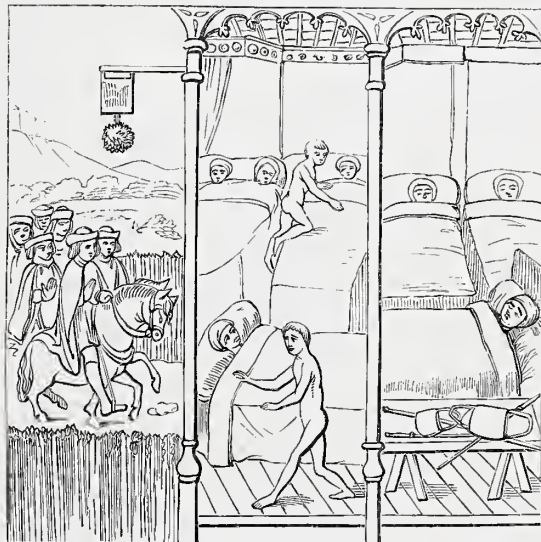


Fig. 9.—A HOSTELRY AT NIGHT.

going to the public hostels; and thus a sort of relationship was formed between particular nobles or kings and particular burghers, on the strength of which the latter adopted the arms of their habitual lodgers as their signs. These *herbergeors* practised great extortions upon their accidental guests, and they appear to have adopted various artifices to allure them to their houses. These extortions are the subject of a very curious Latin poem of the thirteenth century, entitled "*Peregrinus*" (the Traveller.)

Our cut (Fig. 9), taken from an illumination in the unique manuscript of the *Cent nouvelles Nouvelles* (fifteenth century), in the Hunterian Library at Glasgow, represents the exterior and the interior of a public hostel or inn. Without, we see the sign, and the bush suspended to it, and a company of travellers arriving; within, the bed-chambers are represented, and they illustrate not only the practice of lodging a number of persons in the same bedroom, but also that of sleeping in a state of perfect nudity. Our next cut (Fig. 10) is a picture of a mediæval tapster; it is taken from one of the carved seats, or *misereres*, in the fine parish church of Ludlow, in Shropshire.

It will, probably, be remarked, that the size of the tapster's jug is rather disproportionate to that of



Fig. 10.—A MEDIÆVAL TAPSTER.

his barrel; but mediæval artists often set perspective and relative proportions at defiance.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

G. Chambers, Painter. J. B. Allen, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. 7½ in.

GEORGE CHAMBERS, like another of our best marine-painters, Stanfield, passed the early years of his life among those scenes which both have so vividly expressed upon canvas. Chambers, a native of Whitby, in Yorkshire, was born of parents in humble circumstances, his father being a common seaman. At the age of ten he was sent to sea in a small trading sloop, in which he passed two years as a cabin-boy: subsequently he was apprenticed to the owners of a vessel which traded to the Baltic and the Mediterranean, and here were manifested his first Art-impulses, developed in decorative painting in ships, in sketching and making drawings of vessels for his messmates. Before the expiration of his term of servitude he contrived to get his indentures cancelled, and worked his way back to Whitby, determining in his own mind to become an artist: but he had no means which would enable him to attain his desires, and was therefore compelled to place himself once more in service. This time, however, it was not in a ship, but with a female who kept a painter's and glazier's shop: the lad turned the "colour" stock to good account; all his spare hours he employed in producing small pictures, for which he seems to have found a sale: during this time he received a few lessons from a Mr. Bird, a provincial drawing-master. At the end of three years he worked his way up to London by sea, and although offered good wages as a house-painter, he refused them, and started without hesitation as an artist, employing himself chiefly in painting portraits of ships. After he had been some time in the metropolis, he was introduced, through a gentleman with whom he had become acquainted, to the late Mr. Horner of the Colosseum, who engaged him to work on the large panorama he was then preparing. Chambers remained in the employment of Mr. Horner seven years, and then resumed his old labours of painting portraits of ships. Another field of occupation was, however, soon open to him, for hearing that the situation of scene-painter to the Pavilion Theatre was vacant, he applied for, and obtained, it.

Chambers's scenes were so much admired that the manager speedily saw abundant reason to double his salary. Among the occasional visitors to the theatre was the late Admiral Lord Mark Kerr, who soon manifested a great interest in the scene-painter, gave him some commissions, and procured many more from his numerous friends. But his lordship's patronage extended still further: by his interest at Court, Chambers was commanded to attend at Windsor Castle, that their majesties, King William and Queen Adelaide, might see his portfolio of drawings and sketches. In a short memoir of the life of the artist, published in his native town soon after his death, the interview of the *quondam* cabin-boy with the sailor-monarch is thus described:—"Their majesties looked over his sketches for the choice of subjects: the King fixed upon a stormy scene; but his consort, with feminine softness, expressed her dislike of it as too dismal. Our sailor-sovereign immediately spoke out in the blunt phraseology of an old commodore—"Oh, ma'am, we sailors like those boisterous scenes the best—eh, Mr. Chambers?" Accordingly, the man-of-war monarch made choice of a sea-fight, while the Queen chose a calm coast-scene at Dover; and in addition to these, Chambers painted a view of Greenwich Hospital for the Queen, and the opening of New London Bridge for the King." It is this picture of Greenwich Hospital which is here engraved; the view of Dover will appear hereafter.

It was about the year 1836 that the former was painted, and, consequently, the view differs in many material points from that which the locality now presents: all the old picturesque buildings in the foreground have been removed to make way for the "Trafalgar," of white-bait dinner notoriety; the pier, at the further end of the Hospital, and the railed-in walk, both of which are more recent additions, do not appear: we do not think, however, that the picture loses any of its attractions by the omissions. The picture is at Osborne.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTISTS.

BY THE LATE E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

No. 6.—EDWARD BIRD, R. A.

EDWARD BIRD was, at the time I had the good fortune to make his acquaintance, just at the period of middle age, and in the height of his fame as a painter of domestic life. He had then produced a number of highly successful works, and had become a member of the Royal Academy. He was living at Kingsdown, at Bristol, and was surrounded, and had the advantage of being associated with, many friends of a highly intelligent character. Bird, I believe, was born at Wolverhampton, and destined by fortune to the humble trade of tea-tray painting, which he practised for a time, both at Birmingham and Bristol. That native power with which he was born, and which there is no rational way of accounting for, but on the score of bodily conformation, did not allow him to remain in this humble condition, but he soon made his way in despite of all obstacles. Education had done but little for him; yet that peculiar luminary, placed by nature in the sphere of his mind, warmed and lighted up not only its own proper objects, but a wide circle of those that lay around it. Thus it occurred that Bird, devoid of breeding and education, appeared a man deficient in neither, nor in those qualities of mind conferred by them, and essential in the pursuits demanding them. There was, personally, a naturally thoughtful character, which was fixed, and always apparent; although a certain twinkle in the eye manifested the existence of an under current of fun, and a richness of humour peculiarly his own, and which was found in the pictures of his early style of art. In person Bird was below the middle height, and of a close set, sturdy build. His head, well covered with dark, wavy hair, was large, and well-developed; his forehead upright, rather than high; his eyes light, quiet, and reflective in expression; his nose straight and short; and his mouth and chin firm and manly: his whole figure resembled a little that of the first Napoleon, and his movement and gait were short, firm, and steady. There was nothing of flow or wavyness in his contour, but an uprightness and a look of independence, like a man who acts upon principle, and in the spirit of self-reliance; but his whole manner was quiet, self-possessed, and sedate.

In the treatment of his subject Bird was exceedingly happy. He had great power in seizing character, in furnishing illustrative incident, and the employment of episodes suitable to his object. In his execution there was also a great charm: it was in resemblance what the Italians call *tale quale*, identical with the thing—the most exact imitation possible without the least appearance of labour, or the means by which it was effected. Expression appeared the pure result of a happy process in execution and imitation, rather than the result of thoughtful and experimental labour. It was exactly the opposite of what is produced and found in the works of Mulready, who appears to reach the same end by decidedly different means: and the same remark holds good as regards those of Wilkie. Bird, therefore, effected at once what such men produce by long and reiterated efforts, and what he did has consequently the charm which belongs to off-hand and rapid execution.

There is, perhaps, no depth of thought in anything Bird has produced, but there is that truth which cannot fail to satisfy wherever it is found. It is the purely natural, unadorned, and undeteriorated. I remember well how my young eye was struck at the first sight of Bird's pictures, with a something I could not then understand. I had been an observer for the first few years of my experience, and commenced to reason upon what I saw in such pictures as fell under my notice. In Bird I saw something different from them all. In the works of various painters, containing many figures, I had noticed and examined, in the different groups, well-contrived contrasts—the tall contrasted with the short, the light with the dark, the round-formed with the oval, and so on; but I saw nothing of this sort in Bird; but something which still more distinguished one

character from another, and formed a far wider contrast without the means employed being apparent. I saw what I have since seen in that marvellous production of Raphael, the "Miracle of Balsamo,"—heads which, in aspect and attitude, scarcely differed from each other, but which, in that marvellous something, are as wide apart and as distinct as the side and the front view of the human creature. For some time this was an enigma, as it is a fact which often escapes the observation even of painters themselves. It is now clear, and is to be attributed to the practical apprehension and appropriation of that sterling truth, found as rarely in Art as in other achievements of men. Bird had this power conferred by nature, and perfected by observation and experiment. It has nothing to do with common intelligence, but is the offspring of that peculiar quality of mind created and fitted for its purpose by its parent organism and possession. When the world gets wise enough to know how and what to collect for public and professional instruction, it will seize upon the productions of Art of all times, ancient and modern, which exhibit these cardinal points in the province and prerogatives of pictorial representation. It is not a collocation of the different styles, and schools, and times, that form more than an ordinary curiosity in a collection of Art-specimens, but examples and instances in pictures of the different powers possessed by men, and made manifest in their productions. And in the nicer discrimination, which will attend a better acquaintance with Art, it will be seen that the two kinds of productions—the one from natural fitness, the other from cultivated intelligence—differ widely, and offer a problem of difficult solution as to the true estimation in which they ought to be held. In such a collection the highest kind of instruction that can be given by the applied and created thing would be offered; men engaged in the interests of Art could not fail to obtain a better notion of what is to be derived from human resources, both natural and acquired, while the man of taste would be instructed as to what to expect and esteem. Mediocrity and average talent would find their level, and the world be better able to judge of what rose above or fell below it. Such men as Bird, Etty, and a host of others might become grand teachers in the world of Art, and to the public at large, were the true principles on which their merits rest understood; without that the lesson they teach is lost.

Bird's powers of true and faithful representation form the scale of his merits, and constitute the excellence for which he is distinguished, as well as his natural *forte*; other excellences clustered round these as their nucleus, but this appears to sustain them. However, it must be added that this excellence, which distinguished his operative and executive powers, is of a very inferior kind to another, that directed his *choice of subject*. Bird was the man next Hogarth who laboured to give to Art an independent character, by thinking for himself, and in finding subjects in life instead of in books. The beautiful comedies painted by Bird, dressed in ordinary language, instead of that of Art, would have given to him a high reputation as a dramatist. But this is a truth for which the world is in no degree prepared; an ignorance of the nature, aim, and objects of Arts discourages all attempts of an appeal to taste or public sympathy with any exposition of this matter that may be put forward. Among writers who have taken the highest ground as expounders of the nature, claims, and attributes of Art, but few instances are afforded of that recommendation of Art upon which its dignity, independence, and best interests depend. Art, to be great, must be independent, and capable of acting for itself, without the aid of the poet and the historian; yet so little attention has been given to the real capabilities of Art, that ordinary taste expects no other than that Art should seek its subjects in books, in the records of history or tradition, and in the effusions of the poet. The practice of the painters has done no small injury to their art in thus having a foreign source to fly to instead of themselves, as is proved in every case in which men are similarly situated. This has cramped the subjects taken to a very narrow range, and led to repetitions, and a stagnation fatal to originality.

In the obsolete and stagnant philosophy of taste, history in painting holds the post of honour; whilst in the right-thinking good sense of the world, the



J. B. ALLEN SCULPT

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FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. VAUGHAN.

historian has never been made the rival of the poet, and the cold imitator and the copyist have never taken precedence of the inventor. Yet in Art the painter who will repeat, in forms and colours, all the incidents in "Don Quixote" or the "Vicar of Wakefield," claims as much honour as if he were the inventor of the stories themselves. It must certainly be a very barren world, and the growth of passions and feelings must have ceased to be available, in their originality at least, whilst observant men can find subjects for their thoughts, and new interests awake at every turn, and yet the artist can find nothing to paint. Thus it is that the great volume of life and nature has remained a sealed book, to the great disgrace and detriment of the Art.

For a long time Bird continued to paint subjects from common life, and, perhaps, would have continued longer, but that he found they gave him great trouble, and that, when produced, the world cared little for them. I have often heard him despairingly and disparagingly remark, "One might as well paint the story of Goody Two-shoes, as take the trouble to hunt for subjects in real life." Bird had, certainly, good reasons to complain, especially in referring to the labour and loss of time that it cost to find the models alone, without laying the plan, and making the necessary study in the mode of telling the story, and inventing incident and episode to illustrate it. When chapter and verse supply the subject, little more is to be done than to follow out the description, to omit nothing, but introduce every item provided for you, without any concern to provide anything for yourself. The merit of history-painting is often little more than to follow out what is described; whereas, in original and inventional art, the description is given, and not followed, by the painter. Wilkie, I suspect, took to historical art for the same reasons as Bird—to save himself labour and difficulty, the fag of searching for subjects, and the inconvenience of using them when found, as well as for the few pictorial advantages they offer in colour and form, and in ordinary and every-day costume. In history, a painter revels in colours and masses of any size or shape; and as for dignity, grandeur, and such like qualities, the difference is often in no more than the name. The Madonnas of Raphael are to be found, at this hour, in abundance in the common life of Rome, in that quarter of it called *Trastevere*, from which he took so many of his models; and the best which has been produced by him and all other painters of the "divine" and "angelic," is infinitely eclipsed in the genuine maternal tenderness and look of affection, with which every mother in nature and in life regards her child. Raphael, neither here nor anywhere else, could rival the Creator, either in the outward form, or in the manifestations made from within; whatever the dreamy theories of the learned connoisseurs in Art may put forth in their schemes for mending nature, and improving upon God's creation. Bird was, of course, one of the aspirants that denounced a fact so repugnant to his practice; and when the *beau idéal* was talked of, and the practice of nature-mending referred to, he at once cut the matter short by saying, "Let me first come up to nature, before I talk of mending her." It was clearly this desire of coming up to nature, that gave the soul to his efforts, and enabled him to attain so near to the desired end.

It must, however, not be overlooked, for truth's sake, and for the love of Art, that Bird neglected a great deal which belongs peculiarly to Art, and which Art demands of its votaries. There is not only a long and laborious difficulty, and a close course of study necessary in what the eye sees, but, perhaps, as much in the study of the mode in which objects are seen by the eye. Perhaps of the two provinces, this is the more difficult one, demanding not only close study, but natural fitness, to qualify a painter for his multifarious task. Nothing can prove more forcibly the purblind weakness and absurdity of Ruskinism, in which raw aspirants are told and tempted to study one portion of a difficult and indivisible art, to the total neglect and obstinate rejection of another. Bird, like certain of the architectural exhibitors at the Royal Academy exhibition, who provide *three* vanishing points for the lines of a square, never took the trouble to learn perspective, of which an hour's serious application would have put him in possession, but committed some notable blunders, at which he himself was ever ready to

laugh with any friend that pointed them out; in fact, he did not care for so small a matter, in comparison with greater things. He also remained deficient in colour; his love of thinking for himself stood resolutely in the way, not only of consulting with the colourists in Art, but with himself, upon the subject. I think it may be said, not that he was incapable of colour, but that he took no pains with it; all that belongs to processes, and the production of texture and transparency, Bird was indifferent to, and regarded as so much quackery; and any attempt to lead him to the consideration of them excited division, and raised his cholera. In short, Bird neglected much that belongs legitimately to the province of Art, and which, to unprofessional readers, would not be intelligible; but what he neglected, rather belongs to the body than the soul of Art.

In a paper which was read before an artistical society, I ventured to define a certain combination of intelligences, on which, I believe, the true interests of the exaltation of Art depends. This combination I named the *Mutual Faculty*. It consists in the association of the patron and the painter, and assumes that, had all the pictures which have been painted and sold by artists, since the time of Reynolds, left their places upon the easels of the painters, and the walls of the exhibition rooms, and the money paid for them had been deposited in their places, the painter having no other connection with the patron, Art would never have arisen to the grade of a liberal profession, but would have been now where it was in the time of Reynolds. In short, it is assumed that the cold connection between buyer and seller is altogether insufficient to encourage and sustain Art. I mention this because at the time I am speaking of, there existed in Bristol a society for the express association of the patron, the amateur, and the artist. The party met ostensibly to sketch, and many pictures, which afterwards made some noise in the world, originated there. It was composed of men of high standing, and of the highest qualifications in intellect, science, and acquirement; and it is unquestionable, that Bird, and others I could name, profited by this; and thus, by a means at once rare and efficient, became possessed of power they carried into Art, without conviction, or, perhaps, consciousness of the means by which they were obtained.

Poor Bird died at the age of about fifty years, and lies buried in the cloisters of Bristol Cathedral, under a stone placed *in memoriam* by his daughters: it has the following inscription engraven on it:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
EDWARD BIRD, ESQ., R. A.,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
NOV. 2, 1819,
AGED 45 YEARS.

HIS DAUGHTER CAUSED THIS STONE TO BE PLACED
AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT AND AFFECTION
FOR HER REVERED PARENT.

ENGLISH HOMES:

AS THEY ARE, AND MAY BE, IN FURNISHING
AND DECORATION.

PART III.

The general principles stated, and perhaps proved, in former articles, were, first, that the aspect, whether east, west, north, or south of an apartment, ought to determine the general tone of wall decorations; that harmony did not mean monotony, but the proper balance of colour; that the apparent size of apartments is greatly dependant on the tones of colour adopted; and, second, that there were certain fixed qualities of outline essential in things beautiful. Bearing these general principles in remembrance, another step of the home ladder may be ascended; and, having shown the defects, and what, if adopted, would be improvements in the houses of the foremen, clerks, and small tradesmen, the houses of the city men, the larger tradesmen, and merchants, next claim attention. The mansions of the merchant princes form a different class of dwellings; those more especially referred to at present are houses

rented at from £120 to £200 a-year, and are not unfrequently situated a few miles from town. As a rule, this tradesman and merchant section of the community are the great customers for the better class of French paper-hangings; and without meaning to reflect upon this section of the population wholesale, it may be affirmed, without offence and without fear of contradiction, that among them are the monied admirers of the most highly-priced monstrosities that are to be found in home-decorations. An Irishman has somewhere said, that it takes three generations to refine a man into a gentleman; and, in spite of the bull, the statement contains the stamina of a great practical truth. So it may be said, that it takes generations to refine wealth into taste; or, rather, to give the accumulators of riches that peculiar knowledge, which will enable them to surround themselves with objects of genuine merit. Nor need this be cause for wonderment, all circumstances considered. The busy tradesman or thriving mercantile has, as a rule, had nothing but deteriorating education in such matters. Not unfrequently from the country, his humble paternal home offered no means of educating his eye, except for show; and now that he is engaged in the whirl of business, and finds that he is accumulating money, it is not unnatural that he should like to see his success reflected in the only form of magnificence with which he is familiar—the subdued magnificence of barbaric pomp and show. As a rule, this class marry before they are what may be called successful; and as, with occasional exceptions, the wife has been trained under the same domestic ideas, on such points, as the husband, they more naturally agree upon house decoration than perhaps upon other matters at least equally important.

An amusing chapter might be written upon the house furnishings of such a pair; but, without going over the scenes of consultation between interested mammas and equally important spinster aunts, as to what would or would not be proper and genteel,—that is, fashionable for the time being,—these consultations usually end in a compromise of opinions; and how great the joint-stock ignorance becomes, the ill-assorted dwellings of the newly-married pair too often forcibly, though silently, proclaim. Strong incentives are not wanting to stimulate the folly. There is an opinion abroad that articles are valuable or beautiful, in proportion as they are costly; and all having goods to sell have the strongest interest in supporting the delusion. Nor does taste grow with wealth, because there are many proofs that this section of the body politic makes the breadth and brilliancy of their drawing-room border the indicator of their growing prosperity and riches. When they began house-keeping, their drawing-room paper-hanging had, probably, but a narrow border, with a few simple-coloured flowers; but the breadth of border has kept pace with the weight of purse, till the drawing-room has become appalling through excessive glare, everything palling before the profusion of Dutch metal, mis-named gold, and the carnations and greens of monster roses, the lilacs of immense irises, and the exaggerated forms and tones of other flowers. The drawing-room of a city man may be described as almost invariably papered, chiefly because in paper-hangings he can get most show for the money. He and his wife and daughters must, moreover, have everything in keeping, and the general effect may be thus described. The border of the paper-hangings has, probably, been chosen first, and solely on account of its breadth and brilliancy, as seen in a paper-stainer's pattern-book. It is, of course, French, and has, therefore, all the manipulative and harmonical beauty for which our neighbours are celebrated. As a piece of block printing, it is not only unimpeachable, but fascinating to the unconstructed, and leads the city man with his household captive. It has a stripe of intense crimson, a maroon or green on each side, an inch and a half broad, with a number of metal lines on a buff ground or grey, and a tremendous wreath of enormous flowers fill up the centre, with plain or "T" corners to match. The tints on the flowers are dazzling in their strength, and this, with plenty of gold, "relieved" by the dark stripe of flock, is a most popular border. This fixed and determined on, a filling requires to be selected for the centres of the panels,—for such a drawing-room is supposed nothing, if not panelled, and as this style costs

most, it is always declared in fashion,—and the family, having done their spiriting in the border, begin to think it time to have a little quietness in the other parts of the walls, and, accordingly, a filling is selected not too showy, but very genteel. Fillings of this character are always in stock, but as nobody in their senses ever kept stock of such borders—the French only making them for this peculiar English market, and never for themselves—the border has to be ordered from Paris. In the meantime the curtains and carpets are selected, the purchaser describing the shade of the filling as near as recollection permits, and the seller always having something that is exactly suited for the description. If the ladies have a partiality for curtains and furniture of rose colour, lemon yellow, or light blue, for crimson, drab, or “giraffe” colours, the preference is gratified, under the fullest assurance that it will “go” most admirably with the paper-hangings, as described. The carpets, including hearth-rugs, share the same fate: there are flowers in the border, and therefore there must be flowers in the carpet; there are gold lines in the border, and there must therefore be yellow lines in the carpet—imitation gold; and scrolls, being more showy than straight lines, are preferred, both scrolls and flowers being in proportion to those on the walls, which means being very much larger, both in combination and individual parts. The so-called gold on the paper-hangings must of course be repeated on the cornice and ceiling ornaments, and also on the mouldings of the doors and windows, which will probably be grained imitation maple. Everything goes on satisfactorily till these decorations are brought together, and then every individual part seems to be asking its neighbour in amazement what it is doing there. The border kills the “filling,” and reduces the room in appearance to half its actual size, both in height and area; while the carpet, when laid down, destroys without subduing the border, the deep richness of the dyes only bringing out the essential rawness of the distemper colours into more conspicuous prominence, while the curtains and furniture, instead of being a connecting link, form only a new and aggravated element in the discordant mass. The only consolation left is, that the chairs, piano, and cheffonier will hide the greater part of the border below; but what hides the border only breaks the dark stripes which “relieve” the panels on the walls, and the scrolls which constitute the most attractive portion of the carpet.

What is the practical result? What no one doubts, need not be concealed. Such drawing-rooms are chiefly wanted by judicious mammas and prudent papas, to bring out their families, and especially their daughters. The general public have no idea of how the visits of the daughter’s “friend” directs parental attention to the necessity of “doing up” the drawing-room; although, if parents did but know it, there is no way in which they inflict so much injustice on these daughters as by subjecting their fair faces to competition with masses of colours, which must make the most beautiful complexion and the finest flesh carnations look dingy, pale, or sickly. The consequence of this violation of common sense is obvious—disappointment with the drawing-room after it is done. How should it be otherwise, when the decorations violate all the purposes for which such rooms—or, indeed, any decorated rooms—are wanted? There are people, doubtless, who furnish rooms not for use, but for their friends to look at and admire, and such individuals look on their apartment as a savage does on his brass buttons or glass beads—as glittering curiosities; but the great majority of those who spend money on decorations, mean their drawing-rooms to be used as well as looked at. When in use, they surely mean the ladies and gentlemen assembled to be the principal objects of attraction; and, if so, the walls of the room should be as much a background to the living figures as the background of a picture would be to each individual portrait. Suppose the admirers of such paper-hangings and borders as are now used by many, have their own and their wives’ portraits painted,—what would they think if the artist introduced stripes of roses so intense in colour, as to withdraw attention from the face? If that would not be tolerated, is the appearance and expression of the living original less important than the aspect of the portrait, or should ladies be less

just to themselves in their drawing-rooms, than the artist is to them on canvas? Asking such questions is sufficient to excite a smile; and but for the every-day experience of thousands moving in respectable society, it would be impossible to believe that ladies would permit false and essentially vulgar decorations to detract, in this wholesale fashion, from their own more delicate beauty.

There is nothing more beautiful than flowers; but rows of roses, or stripes of irises, hollyhocks, dabbias, and sunflowers, fastened together no one knows how, and combined together no one sees why, were never meant to divide room-walls into compartments, any more than imitation brass scrolls were meant to walk upon, or have their forms broken and disturbed by tables, chairs, ottomans, and foot-stools.

The remedy for these incongruous anomalies shall be noticed, after glancing at the city man’s dining-room and library. As a rule, the best and most harmonious room in this style of house is the dining-room,—dark red walls, more or less ornamented with gold mouldings, the cornice tipped with gold, and the wood-work painted imitation oak. Of the walls nothing requires to be said, except that the choice of tone—that is, whether the walls should be brighter or deeper in colour—depends so entirely upon considerations of aspect, furniture, &c., as to render generalized specialities practically useless. But in these dining-rooms the question of the rightness or wrongness, the utility or inutility, and the æsthetic value or worthlessness of “imitations,” is everywhere encountered, and it may as well be dealt with now as afterwards. Many may never even have heard of the agitation against imitation woods and marbles for purposes of decoration, which has been carried on for years by a section of the *cognoscenti*. For a time, that agitation was of little consequence either way, because, although one here and there believed, the public, as such, knew nothing, and probably cared as little, about the matter. During Lord Derby’s recent administration, and with Lord John Manners at the Board of Works, the question of imitations became more important; and when it was officially announced throughout the government works all over the country, that “the first lord objects to all imitations,” the grounds and value of the objections acquired sufficient importance, from the position of the objector, to entitle them to full consideration. The late “first lord” gave no reasons, so that Lord John Manners may not be fully represented by, or accountable for, others who have hazarded reasons against this recent but rapidly-improving branch of decoration.

Mr. Ruskin thus discourses on the subject:—“Touching the false representation of material, the question is infinitely more simple, and the law more sweeping; all such imitations are utterly base and inadmissible. . . . Exactly as a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honour disdain false ornaments. The using of them is just as downright and inexcusable a lie. You use that which pretends to a worth which it has not; it is an imposition, a vulgarity, an impertinence, and a sin. Down with it to the ground; grind it to powder; leave its rugged place upon the wall rather; you have not paid for it; you do not want it; you have no business with it. Nobody wants ornaments in this world, but everybody wants integrity. All the fair devices that were ever fancied are not worth a lie. Leave your walls as bare as a planed board, or build them of baked mud and chopped straw, if need be, but do not rough-cast them with falsehood.” There is more in the same strain, and on the same subject, but after reading and re-reading this paroxysm of indignant virtue, it is difficult to help asking why the language is so stormy, and the logic so weak? And especially why the reasons for the condemnation are so meagre. As usual, too, Mr. Ruskin’s language may suit both sides of the question; because “the false representation of material” is as applicable to bad imitations, as the good representation of marbles with an intention to deceive. To assume the sin, is to beg the question, and ride off on a cheap and worthless cant. Imitations, as parts of decoration, may be expedient, or the reverse; but, instead of “lies,” they are specimens of Art as real and true as the imitation of onions and mussel-shells, commissioned by Mr. Ruskin from Mr. Hunt. Nor is

it easy to see how imitating the bark of a tree should be declared a good work by him who proclaims that imitating the centre wood of the same tree is a great sin. Imitation is not proof conclusive of deceit, or Mr. Ruskin’s Art dogma of “select nothing, reject nothing,” must add the crime of an immoral sham to the weakness of a delusion. Calling the imitation of marble on a shop-front, or of oak on a dining-room door, “a lie” and “a sin,” can only be accounted for by an ambition to startle, or a confusion of ideas, and the one quality which could make their utterance endurable, is sincere impartiality; but a writer who promotes and procures imitations of shells on white or coloured grounds* for himself, and denounces as sin and falsehood those who prefer shells on black grounds, in the form of “shell marble,” is not sufficient evidence of this impartial virtue. But who pretends that the imitations of woods or marbles on or in his house are real? The supposition is a mere indignant sham, used to hang up pretensions to superior conscientiousness. Did any one but Mr. Ruskin ever suppose that the Trustees of the British Museum (the illustration which he quotes) intended to deceive the public by the imitation granite used in that building? It is evident, at a glance, that it was not because it was granite, but because it was a good colour for the purpose required that it was adopted; and the sound reasons, which guided the Trustees, are those which influence nineteen-twentieths of all who adopt imitations in preference to plain colours. They are in scarcely any cases used as “lies,” with an intention to deceive; and, therefore, they are not “sins”—except in the opinion of writers who yesterday declared perfect imitations of apple-blossoms, or shells, or bark of trees, the highest style of Art, and to-day pronounce imitations of woods, marbles, &c., daring lies and damning sins!

But although there may be no moral obliquity visible to admiring minds in imitation oak doors or granite pilasters, there may be sufficient æsthetic impropriety to prevent the continuance of the practice; and if so, it would be a great public benefit, could that be shown in distinct, intelligible terms. The public are thoroughly practical, and while willing to listen to abuses or defects in anything, Art and Architecture included, it is not unreasonably expected that those who condemn all that is, should be able to point out clearly what ought to be. There have been surfeits of “fine writing,” and dreamy rhapsodies, and scathing abuse of “imitations;” but the great want still is a plain statement of what ought to be substituted, and intelligible reasons why the one should be preferred to the other. It is useless, in such a case, to heap glowing words over the abuses of imitations; everything has been abused, even the power of writing; and the public have a right to complain of this abuse especially, if it results in nothing more practical than brilliant fault-finding. The conclusion of Hood’s scorching ode to Mr. Rae is quite as applicable to the denouncer of imitations, so far as these gentlemen have yet carried their agitation; and although it is quite permissible for any to apply the objections taken to Dr. Fell, and upon the same grounds, the privilege of denunciation should be used with moderation, until reasons have been offered sufficient to leave the wayward or ignorant without excuse. No such reasons have been, or can be, offered against the use of imitations, either in internal or external decoration; while many reasons appear on the surface why, under proper restraint, the use of them should be encouraged. To talk of their being a waste of time, is only another phase of that cant which seeks to hide all uncharitableness in the smoke of sacrifice offered to vain-glorious conceit. No honest, earnest study of nature can be a waste of time; and it seems as reasonable to imitate the inside wood as the outside bark of trees; and a rock polished, so that it can be seen as it really is, looks as worthy of attention as its outside roughness. But, besides, imitations have advantages of utility and colour, which will defy all assaults upon their use; while this so-called waste of time has literally educated some of our most successful artists, and those so educated have been peculiarly remarkable for delicacy of feeling in their

* See last catalogue of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, where some imitation shells are exhibited by Hunt, as commissions from Mr. Ruskin.

higher art. Richer colour, and greater durability, and better general effects for the every-day wear and tear of hard knocks and often cleansings, can be got in imitations than in plain colours, and these substantial advantages will defy the assaults of all who object to imitations, simply because they don't like them. Mr. Ruskin objects to imitations, as in his British Museum example, because they are good: objections might be more strongly urged against imitations when they are bad; and, instead of sharing the scorn heaped upon all by turns, it can be shown, by all the principles upon which Art rests,—although, of course, to an inferior degree,—that such men as Moxton and Kershaw—the one in marbles, and the other in woods—are as truly artists in their imitations as half the picture-painters in the country, and display more genius in their work. But while there are many exceptions, of more or less celebrity, among “grainers” or imitators, the imitations too generally prevalent can be characterized as nothing else than vile defacements of better colour. And the worst among the bad may not unfrequently be found in the oak paper, which covers the walls of the well-to-do man's “library,” or the room which goes by that name in the family. If imitations are defensible elsewhere, there is no abstract reason why they should not be used on walls as well as on wood-work; and whether painted on paper, and put up, or painted on the wall, is a mere question of convenience. But there are insurmountable objections to the deformities with which such papers are loaded, in the form of ornamentation. Impossible dogs sprawling after contorted antlers through meaningless brown and ochre scrolls for corners, with heavy mouldings for borders to match, are fair representations of what are called oak decorations. The taste which produces such rubbish, costly though it be, is as deplorable as the want of thought which permits its use; for if those who prefer oak walls would only think, they would see that a simple imitation inlay pattern, although in plain black, would not only be cheaper, but more in keeping, and therefore better in effect, than all the imitation carving which the combined paper-stainers of France and Britain have produced.

JOHN STEWART.

COLOURING MATTERS,

ESPECIALLY THOSE OBTAINED FROM COAL.

ANILINE COLOURS.

THE NEW COLOUR “MAUVE,” OR PERKINS'S PURPLE.

PERHAPS there never was any colour which was so readily adopted by the leaders of fashion, and through them, by every class of society, as the so-called *mauve*. This is due to some two or three peculiarities. 1st. It is essentially a new colour, although we have long been familiar with colours which in tint approach the *mauve*,—such as lilac-blossom, peach, plum, &c.; yet no one of them possesses the peculiar hue of the new colour. 2nd. All those colours which were compounded of red and blue in any proportions were, under the best possible conditions, fugitive. Ladies could not wear in sunshine peach or blossom-coloured ribbons in their bonnets for a day without discovering that the colour had suffered by the exposure. The ingenious and the economical renewed the colour from time to time by dipping their ribbons in soda-water; but this was troublesome, and the brightness and beauty of a new trimming was fleeting. The *mauve* is singularly permanent in its most delicate tints; it bears exposure to the brightest sun. 3rd. In addition to its extreme beauty and its permanence, the aniline colours are very remarkably perfect tinctorial agents. They impregnate the fibre to which they are applied with great readiness, and give rise to very considerable intensity of tint; hence they offer great facilities to the manufacturer and the dyer. This has done much for its introduction.

The dyer has been dependant for his colouring matters on certain natural productions; that is, but very few of them have been the result of any artificial combinations of colourless bodies, as is the case with the Aniline series. Colouring matters

occur in the vegetable kingdom abundantly: we find them in the root, the wood, the bark, the leaf, the flower, and the fruit. In many cases they undergo a change in the process of manufacture, and in some the colour obtained is different from that which appears in the plant; since the colour, for example, of flowers is frequently the result of the combination of two or more distinct colours. Dr. Schunck informs us that if we treat the petals of an orange-coloured variety of the *Tropæolum majus* with boiling water, we extract a colouring matter which imparts to the water a purple colour. The petals so treated appear yellow; and if they are digested in boiling spirits of wine, a yellow colouring matter is extracted, and the leaves become white. Similar results are obtained when the petals of the brown *Calceolaria* are successively treated with boiling water and spirits of wine. Many other flowers exhibit the same conditions. Light, under some conditions, has the power of eliminating the colours of which the prevailing hue is formed. Mrs. Mary Somerville has shown us that, if we wash paper over with the juice which has been obtained by bruising the petals of the dark purple dahlia, and expose that paper to the action of the *parathermic rays*,—that is, of those rays which are associated with the heat rays in the lower portion of the prismatic spectrum,—that one set of these rays develops a blue, and another set a red colour. The vegetable kingdom is the only source from which we can obtain a pure green; all others are combinations of blue and yellow. *Chlorophylle*, or the green colouring matter of leaves, can be extracted as a pure green; and we are recently made acquainted with another vegetable green, called *Chinese green*, which has been extracted from many of the Buckthorn tribe.

Some colouring matters are derived from the animal kingdom. Although the skin and the hair of animals, the feathers of birds, and the scales of fishes, possess an almost infinite variety of colours, yet there are but a few of them with which we are acquainted; and a still smaller number which have been applied in the Arts. The cochineal insect has yielded us beautiful carmines and lakes, and the murex, amongst the mollusca, gave to the ancients the celebrated Tyrian purple. A few other colours, derived directly from the animal kingdom, might be named, but the above are the most important. It is true that the constituents of blood and bones yield us chemical agents, which, in combination, produce most intense colours,—as, for example, Prussian blue, and other cyanogen compounds,—but they are not to be regarded as natural combinations.

The mineral kingdom is rich in colour, and many of the combinations of cobalt, of copper, of manganese, of iron, &c., are employed by the dyer and the calico-printer. All the colours obtained from the inorganic world are physically and chemically different from those to which it is desired more especially to direct attention. In considering the question of the production of colour, as leading up to the preparation of those colours which have been discovered and are manufactured by Mr. Perkins, some few peculiarities may still be noticed.

In numerous instances the colouring matters exhibit, in an uncombined state, an entirely different colour from what they do when they enter into combination. The colouring matter of litmus is, when uncombined, red, but its compounds, with alkalies, are blue. The alkaline compounds of alizarine, obtained from madder, are of a rich violet colour, while the substance itself is reddish-yellow.

Dr. Schunck, to whom we are indebted, more than to any other man in this country, for the investigation of colouring matters, informs us that colouring matters, restricting this term to vegetable and animal dyes, consist either of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, or of those elements in addition to nitrogen. The exact relative proportions of these constituents, however, is known in very few cases; and in still fewer instances have the chemical formulæ of the compounds been established with any approach to certainty. This proceeds, on the one hand, from the small quantities of these substances usually present in the organs of plants and animals, and the difficulty of obtaining sufficient quantities for examination in a state of purity; and, on the other hand, from the circumstances of their possess-

ing a very complex chemical constitution and high atomic weight. Only a small number of colouring matters are capable of assuming a crystalline form; the greater number, especially the so-called, resinous ones, being perfectly amorphous. Among those which have been obtained in a crystalline form, may be mentioned alizarine, indigo blue, quercitrine, morine, luteoline, chrysophan, and rutine: it is probable, however, that when improved methods have been discovered of preparing colouring matters,—and we are now advancing rapidly in this direction,—and of separating them from the impurities with which they are found so often associated, many, which are now supposed to be amorphous, will be found to be capable of crystallizing. Very little is understood concerning the action of light on colouring matters and their compounds. It is well known that these bodies, when exposed to the rays of the sun, especially when deposited in thin layers on, or in fabrics made of, animal or vegetable materials, lose much of the intensity of their colour, and, sometimes, even disappear entirely, that is, they are converted into colourless bodies; but whether this process depends on a physical action induced by light, or whether, as is more probable, it consists in promoting the action of oxygen and moisture on them, is uncertain. The most stable colouring matters, such as indigo blue, and alizarine in its compounds, are not insensible to the action of light; others, such as carthamine, from safflower, which was used for dyeing silk, poppy, *nacarat* (a bright orange red), cherry, rose colour, and flesh colour, disappear rapidly when exposed to solar influence. Colours produced by the mixture of two colouring matters are often found to resist the action of light better than those obtained from one alone. In one case, that of the Tyrian purple, the action of light seems to be absolutely essential to the formation of the colouring matter. The leaves of plants remain colourless if the plants are grown in darkness; though in this case the formation of the green colouring matter is probably due to a physical state, induced by the luminous power of the subbeam, and not the result of any influence of the chemical rays.

The action of heat on colouring matters varies very much according to the nature of the latter, and the method of applying the heat. A moderate degree of heat often changes the hue of a colouring matter and its compounds, the original colour being restored on cooling—an effect which is probably due to physical causes. Sometimes this effect is, without doubt, owing to the loss of water. Alizarine, for instance, crystallized from alcohol, when heated to 212° F., loses its water of crystallization, its colour changing at the same time from reddish-yellow to red. At a still higher temperature most colouring matters are entirely decomposed, the products of decomposition being those usually afforded by organic matters, such as water, carbonic acid, carburetted hydrogen, empyreumatic oils, and, if the substance contains nitrogen, ammonia, or organic bases, such as *aniline*, the subject of the present paper. A few colouring matters, as, for example, alizarine, rubiacine, indigo blue, and indigo red, if carefully heated, may be volatilized without change, and yield beautiful crystallized sublimates, though a portion of the substance is sometimes decomposed, giving carbon and empyreumatic products.

Colouring matters, like most other organic substances, undergo decomposition, with more or less facility, when exposed to the action of oxygen; and the process may, indeed, be more easily traced in their case, as it is always accompanied by a change of hue. Professor Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, has some most interesting and instructive experiments upon the influence of light on colouring matters, enclosed in perfectly dry gases, which confirm the above statement. There are many other points of much interest in connection with those colouring matters which are derived from the vegetable kingdom, that is, which may be regarded as variable compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but our space will not admit of their being considered at present. We must now proceed to the examination of the new colour, which is, like those already named, derived from, although not actually existing as a colouring matter in, the vegetable world.

We are now obtaining this beautiful dye from coal tar, and it cannot but be instructive, especially to such as are not familiar with chemical combina-

tions, to present, in an intelligible form, some of the principal products which are obtained by its destructive distillation. These are gaseous, liquid, and solid. In the following list the chemical formula is given, for the purpose of showing how strangely, by an interchange of a few elements, the condition of a substance is effected. It should be noticed that H stands for hydrogen, O for oxygen, C for carbon, N for nitrogen, S for sulphur, and Cl for chlorine; the figures attached to those letters giving the relative proportions in which the combinations take place:—

GASEOUS.		Chemical formula.
Name of substance.		
Hydrogen		H
Light carburetted hydrogen		C ² H ⁴
Carbonic oxide		C O
Olefiant gas		C ⁴ H ⁴
Propylene		C ⁶ H ⁶
Butylene		C ⁸ H ⁸
Carbolic acid		C O ²
Sulphuretted hydrogen		S H
Nitrogen		N
LIQUID.		
Water		H O
Bisulphide of carbon		C S ²
Benzol		C ¹² H ⁶
Tuoluol		C ¹⁴ H ⁸
Cumol		C ¹⁸ H ¹²
Cynol		C ²⁰ H ¹⁴
Aniline		C ¹² H ⁷ N
Picoline		C ¹² H ⁷ N
Leucoline		C ¹⁸ H ⁸ N
Carbolic acid		C ¹² H ⁶ O ²
SOLID.		
Carbonate of ammonia		N H ⁴ O C O ²
Hydrosulphate of sulphide of ammonia		N H ⁴ S + H S
Sulphite of ammonia		N H ⁴ O S O ²
Chloride of ammonia		N H ⁴ Cl
Paraffine		C ⁴⁰ H ⁴²
Naphthaline		C ²⁰ H ⁸
Para-naphthaline		C ³⁰ H ¹²
Pyrene		C ³⁰ H ⁶
Chrysene		C ³⁰ H ¹⁰

There are several other hydrocarbon compounds occasionally produced, which are not named above. It may be remarked, in passing, that to the Benzol and Tuoluol series belong the artificial essential oil of almonds, and some of the fruit essences now employed in the manufacture of cheap confectionary.

Before we proceed to the examination of the aniline compounds, some short notice must be given of another product, which promises to produce a very fine dye: that is *carbolic acid*, or, as it is sometimes called, *phenole*. The less volatile portion of the fluids produced by the distillation of coal tar contains considerable quantities of this substance. It may be extracted by agitating coal oils (boiling between 300° and 400°) with an alkaline solution. The latter, separated from the undissolved portion, contains the carbolic acid, in the state of carbolate of the alkali used. On addition of a mineral acid, the phenole is liberated, and rises to the surface in the form of an oil. To obtain it dry, recourse must be had to digestion with chloride of calcium, followed by a new rectification. Carbolic acid, when very pure and dry, is quite solid and *colourless*; but when mixed with lime, and exposed to the air, it yields *rosolic acid*, giving to the lime a *rich red colour*. If a splinter of deal wood be dipped first in carbolic acid, and then in moderately strong nitric acid, it acquires a *blue colour*. We have, no doubt, here a colorific compound of value; but as yet no means have been discovered of fixing the colour.

Aniline, it will be observed, differs from carbolic acid, in containing twelve equivalents of carbon, with seven of hydrogen, and one of nitrogen; the latter containing twelve equivalents of carbon, with six of hydrogen, and two of oxygen. There are few bodies which may be prepared in a greater variety of ways than aniline; and since aniline is the basis of the fashionable colour, *mauve*, one or two of the methods must be mentioned.

It may be obtained in quantity from indigo. When indigo blue is dissolved by the aid of heat in a strong

solution of potash, and the mass, after evaporation to dryness, submitted to destructive distillation, it intumesces considerably, and aniline is liberated, which is condensed in the receiver, in the form of a brown oil, together with a little water and ammonia disengaged with it. The aniline is purified by rectification. The aniline obtained is about eighteen to twenty per cent of the indigo used. Nitro-benzole may be converted into aniline by the action of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, or, more conveniently, by the action of a basic acetate of iron.

The most abundant source of aniline is the basic oil of coal tar. This oil is agitated with hydrochloric acid, which seizes upon the basic oils. After decanting the clear liquor, which contains the hydrochlorates of these oils, it is evaporated over an open fire until it begins to disengage acrid fumes, which indicate a commencement of decomposition, and then filtered, to separate any adhering neutral compounds. The clear liquor is then decomposed with potash, or milk of lime, which liberates the bases themselves in form of a brown oil, consisting chiefly of aniline and leucol. This mixture is submitted to distillation, and the aniline is chiefly found in that portion which passes over at about 360° F. Repeated distillation and collection of the product distilling at this temperature purifies the aniline; but to complete the purification, it is well to treat the partially purified aniline once more with hydrochloric acid, to separate the bases again by an alkali, and then to rectify carefully.

When pure, aniline is a colourless liquid, of a high refractive power, and of an aromatic odour. It is slightly soluble in water, and mixes in all proportions in alcohol and ether. It dissolves phosphorus and sulphur when cold, and coagulates albumen. With a solution of bleaching powder it strikes a beautiful blue colour. Aniline combines with the acids, and forms a long series of salts: the sulphate of aniline is the most important, as being the salt employed in the production of Mr. Perkins's aniline colours. It is prepared by mixing aniline with diluted sulphuric acid, and evaporating slowly until the salt appears. It crystallizes from boiling alcohol in the form of beautiful colourless plates of a silvery lustre. The crystals redden by exposure to air, but do not undergo any change by any heat below the boiling-point.

The exquisitely beautiful dye for silks, the *mauve*, is prepared by taking equivalent proportions of sulphate of aniline and bichromate of potash, dissolving them in water, mixing, and allowing them to stand for several hours. The whole is then thrown upon a filter, and the black precipitate which has formed is washed and dried. This black substance is then digested in coal-tar naphtha, to extract a brown, resinous substance; and finally digested with alcohol, to dissolve out the colouring matter, which is left behind, on distilling off the spirit, as a coppery friable mass. This is the dyeing agent, producing all the charming varieties of purples known by the name *mauve*, which, as it appears to us somewhat inappropriately, has been given to this colour.

The particularity of these purples consists in the peculiar blending of the red and blue of which they are constituted. These hues admit of almost infinite variation; consequently, we may have many varieties of *red mauve*, and as many of *blue mauve*, and any depth of tint can be secured. The permanence of these hitherto fugitive combinations is their strongest recommendation.

By the researches of chemists,—who have been following Glauber's advice, to "examine everything which other people throw away,"—we have obtained essences resembling those of the choicest fruits and flowers, and dyes of surpassing brilliancy, which do not fade, from matters which were absolutely waste but a few years since. This will prove to every one the advantages which are derivable from studies too often regarded as abstract and valueless. Rely upon it, however, no truth can be discovered but it must, sooner or later, become of practical value to man. From coal tar we extract a dye which rivals the far-famed Tyrian purple, and we are about to produce from guano a similar colour, which, although obtained from the vast deposits formed on the waste islands off the coast of Peru, is probably the same colour which the Phœnicians obtained from mollusca inhabiting the "bright Ægean."

ROBERT HUNT.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Sir T. Lawrence, Painter. T. Garner, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 1½ in.

LAWRENCE must have painted this portrait quite early in the present century, probably about the year 1801 or 1802, at a time when the patronage of the Court gave him the highest position among contemporary portrait-painters, and one which he maintained till the day of his death. The "sitter" on this occasion was the young Princess Charlotte, only child of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., by his unhappy union with the Princess Caroline of Brunswick. The Princess Charlotte was born in 1796, and the portrait appears to have been taken at about the age of five or six. In May, 1816, she was married to Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg, the present King of Belgium, and died in November of the following year. Our memory can just go back to this event—one that threw a deep shadow of sincere sorrow over the whole British nation, whose hopes seem to have been set upon her as the successor to the crown subsequently inherited by her father. Her lofty spirit, her amiable disposition, and bright intellect, appeared to fit her to reign over a great and enlightened nation, and had already won the affections of the people, who regarded her when she entered the wedded state as, at least, the mother of a race of kings, if not destined to wear the diadem on her own brow. Providence, however, saw fit to disappoint all expectations; a few short hours sufficed to turn joy into mourning, and hope into dread certainty. Byron, in his "Childe Harold," wrote her death-dirge in some of his noblest stanzas.

"Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long, low, distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and irremediable wound;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrowned,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

"Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever; with thee fled
The present happiness and promised joy,
Which filled the imperial isles so full it seemed to cloy.

"Peasants bring forth in safety; can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those that weep not for kings, shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for One; for she had poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed!
The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

"Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made;
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes; in the dust
The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
The love of millions! how we did entrust
Futurity to her! and though it must
Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
Our children should obey her child, and blessed
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
Like stars to spheroids' eyes: 'twas but a meteor beamed."

The poet's prediction in the last stanza, like many other prophecies, has not been fulfilled; "futurity" has not "darkened above our bones;" happily for England, two years after the death of the lamented princess, another appeared among the royal family, in the person of our present most gracious Queen, whose wise and gentle exercise of her exalted position amply compensates for the loss, which, in 1817, the country deplored with so much true universal sorrow. No monarch was ever followed to the grave with deeper feelings of regret than was the Princess Charlotte, when carried to her last home. Chantrey's monument to her memory in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is one of the most touching compositions that can be conceived.

Lawrence's portrait is a very charming representation of childhood, playful in character, intelligent in expression, and exceedingly graceful as a composition, but the tone of colour is remarkably low for a picture by this painter. The youthful princess has just released, from its cage, a favourite bird, which is quietly perched on her hand, and on which she is lovingly gazing.

The picture is in the collection at Windsor Castle.



JOHN LAWRENCE, P. S. A. PINX.

J. CARNER SCULPT.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

NEW METHOD
OF TAKING UP AND REMOVING
ANCIENT TESSELATED PAVEMENTS.
BY GEORGE MAW,
MEMBER OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, ETC.

The great desideratum of preserving from destruction the examples of Roman Tessellated Pavements, that are from time to time brought to light, and the fact that the circumstances which lead to their discovery generally involve the necessity either for their removal or re-interment, induce me to think that a short description of a method I have employed for taking up and transporting pavements composed of tesserae, may be acceptable to those of your readers who are interested in the preservation of the remnants of Roman Art in this country.

Where it is possible to leave the pavement *in situ*, there can be no doubt it is a more interesting object, in association with the remains of the build-

ing of which it originally formed a part, as in the case of the beautiful pavement in Earl Bathurst's Park at Cirencester, and those more recently discovered in Apethorpe Park, the seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, in Northamptonshire, where the remains have been carefully protected from injury in the place they were discovered. But in the majority of cases, Roman remains are brought to light in building and drainage excavations, which necessitate either their immediate destruction, removal, or burial. This was the case with the pavements discovered last spring at Wroxeter, in Shropshire, and the desire to preserve them induced me to devise, and put in practice, the process of removal I am about to describe.

The entirety of the pavement or portion of pavement to be removed is preserved by cementing it all over on the upper surface of tesserae, as from the state of decay of the pavement, originally used in the formation of the pavement, the tesserae are generally loose, and easily displaced. To secure the

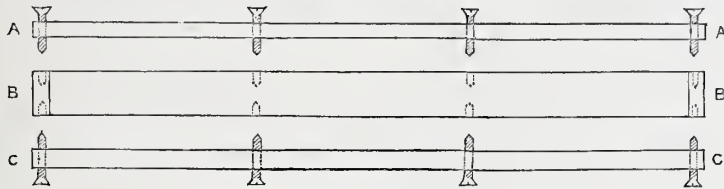


Fig. 1.

pavement in an unbroken mass, I provide a shallow rim of wood (B B, Fig. 1), of the size, or a trifle larger, than the portion of pavement to be removed; its depth, somewhat dependant on the thickness of tesserae, and condition of pavement as to equality

of surface, may be from two to three inches; and to its upper and under surface flat lids (A A and C C), capable of being screwed on and off, should be provided, forming together a shallow box of the size of pavement, with top and bottom removable. A nar-



Fig. 2.

row trench (D D, Fig. 2) is dug round the pavement, in which the wooden frame (B B, Fig. 1), the top and bottom lids having been removed, is placed,

with its upper edge a little above the surface of pavement, as in Fig. 3; the space intervening between it and the wooden rim (which, of course,

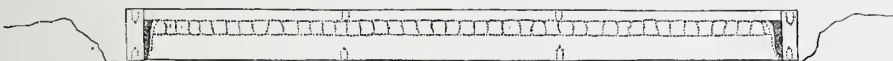


Fig. 3.

should be as small as possible) is then filled in with Portland cement (represented black in Figs. 3, 4, 5, and 6), and, when hard, the whole surface of tes-

serae floated over with plaster of Paris (represented by diagonal shading in Figs. 4 and 5) quite full to the level of the rim, upon which, while the plaster

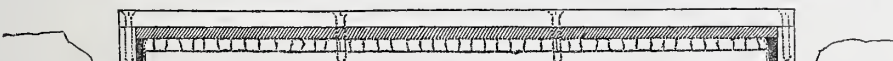


Fig. 4.

is in a semi-liquid state, the top lid A A is screwed down. The pavement (see Fig. 4) is now within an inverted box, permanently cemented to it on the four sides by its edges, and temporarily attached to the lid by its surface with plaster of Paris. It is thus perfectly protected from injury, and may be detached from the foundation by excavation with a small pick-axe, at a level with the under surface of rim, and turned over.

propped up at intervals as the excavation proceeds, lest its weight should detach it from the plaster.

If the old cement foundation (a part of which has been detached with the tesserae) is soft and decayed, as is generally the case, it can be easily removed from the back of the tesserae when the pavement is inverted, and replaced with a layer of Portland cement.

The piece of pavement can now be transported to any convenient place and refixed, or the bottom lid

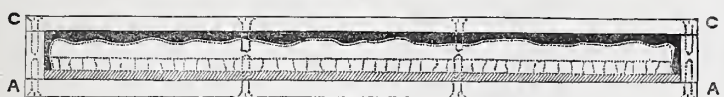


Fig. 5.

(C C, Fig. 1) screwed down and attached to the back of pavement with Portland cement (see Fig. 5, representing inverted pavement). All being now secure,

the pavement may be again turned face upwards, the temporary lid A A unscrewed and removed, the plaster of Paris picked off from face of pavement,



Fig. 6.

and the rim, which, it will be remembered, was placed a little above it, should be planed down level

with its surface, as shown in Fig. 6, or, if the pavement has been relaid, entirely removed.

No sort of difficulty occurred in removing the fragments of pavements from Wroxeter to the Shrewsbury Museum by this process, and it is believed that pavements of much larger dimensions could be taken up with equal facility, providing the strength and rigidity of the wood-work were made proportionate to their size.

The rims and lids of the boxes used at Wroxeter for pieces of pavement 3 feet by 3½ feet, were made of inch-thick deal.

Should any of your readers desire further particulars of the method of proceeding, I shall be happy to reply to any inquiries that may be addressed to me.

Broseley, Salop, 16th Sept. 1859.

ART AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE directors of the Crystal Palace have intimated to Mr. Thomas Hayes, that his services will not be any longer required by them, as superintendent of what has been somewhat humorously designated their "Fine-Art Department." What course may be adopted, when this "Department" and Mr. Hayes have ceased to be connected, has not yet been made known. Rumours have reached us, but they are sufficiently contradictory and improbable, either to be absolutely unfounded, or to contain the germ of what at present is an undeveloped fact. We trust, however, that at length the Crystal Palace will make an effort to rescue its "Fine-Art Department" from the lamentable condition of inanition, which has hitherto been its only distinguishing characteristic, unless, indeed, it has occasionally woke up to perpetrate some positive mischief. Until we find that such a resolution has been actually adopted, and is in force, we shall not expect to hear that the vacant "department" has been assigned, codicil-fashion, to the already fully occupied and very efficient (in his own "department") Clerk of the Works, or that it has been absorbed amongst the directors themselves, each of them undertaking to *do* some of the Palace Art in the manner that seems best in his own sight. Mr. Bowley is an able man in his own art, which is music; Mr. Grove is first-rate as a secretary, and though he might accomplish great things for the "Fine-Art Department," if it were under his direction, and he had time and leisure to devote to it, his duties as secretary are too important and too onerous to admit of his attempting to add to his present responsibilities. So we shall await "coming events" in this matter, hoping much from them, even although expecting but little.

And yet we ought to expect from the directors of the Crystal Palace, that Art should be able to point to them, as to her truest friends and most strenuous supporters. Their power is great—at any rate it might be great, and great it would become, if it were rightly applied. The capabilities of the Crystal Palace it would be difficult to estimate too highly; and the public still look to the Crystal Palace, notwithstanding all its short-comings, as the institution which, beyond all others, might make good and true Art popular, and popular Art good and true. That nothing should have been done for Art hitherto at Sydenham, is the strongest of all possible arguments that as much should be done for Art now and in time to come, as it may be within the power of the Crystal Palace to accomplish. We have not forgotten certain clauses in the report put forth last summer by the Council of the "Crystal Palace Art-Union," in which the strongest stress is laid upon the advantages conferred by the Palace upon popular Art and Art-manufacturers. As we happen to be familiar with the Art-antecedents of the Sydenham institution, these passages of this "report" we have held to be *prospective* in their application, and we accordingly have based upon them whatever hopes we may entertain, that Art and Art-manufactures may in future acquire from the Crystal Palace advantages at present unknown.

We have reason to believe that a good appointment has lately been made, in the person of Mr. Bousfield, to the "Exhibitors' Department" of the Crystal Palace. This gentleman has not yet been sufficiently long in office to have accomplished much; but he has won favourable opinions, and he

has also given indications of being desirous to effect every available improvement. This is something that is at once novel and encouraging. The first step towards effecting beneficial changes is to desire them. Mr. Bousfield has a wide field open before him, and he has our best wishes for his success in every legitimate effort he may make to render it available for good. Perhaps, when something has been done in the "Fine-Art Department," we may be disposed to submit a few suggestions that may be found of practical utility to both Mr. Bousfield and his "Fine-Art" colleague.

There is another "department" in the Crystal Palace which, in its operations, has conformed very closely to that of the Fine Arts; this is the "Literary Department." We presume that it has obtained its title upon the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. Since the original handbooks were prepared, when the Crystal Palace was first opened to the public, the "literary" productions of this department may be briefly described. It tried to accomplish an enlarged and improved edition of Samuel Phillips' "Shilling Guide to the Palace and Park," and the attempt proved a signal failure. Then it published a "Penny Guide,"—exactly the thing, or one of the things, that visitors to the Palace required. Unfortunately, however, the "Penny Guide" that visitors required was not, by any means, such a "Penny Guide" as this "Literary Department" placed before them. They wanted something they could buy for a penny, and which would really "guide" them. They found, indeed, that their penny would accomplish the purchase of this production; and they found also, when they had bought it, that it consisted of advertisements, ground-plans, and a series of short, dry paragraphs, execrably written, and absolutely devoid alike of information, interest, and utility. The advertisements were a nuisance, the ground-plans not one reader in a hundred could make out, and the character of the "literary" portion of the affair we have already given. As a matter of course, this "Penny Guide" has never become popular. And yet it has made a vigorous effort to attain to popularity; for it has of late been sold to visitors as a "New Penny Guide," the *newness* consisting in a fresh wrapper enclosing the old matter printed from the original stereotype-plates. And, with this ingenious device, the "Literary Department" has come to a halt. The almost innumerable subjects for brief popular papers, which the Crystal Palace suggests, and which might be sold in swarms, if they were worth having, are amongst the things which the future has to produce, if they are ever to be produced at all. We should like to "know the reason why" these things are so; and we should like to be informed upon what principle success can be looked for by the proprietors of the Crystal Palace, while these things are as they are.

We return once more to the "Fine-Art Department," that we may inquire whether there is any prospect of a thoroughly good "Handbook to the Ceramic Court" being forthcoming? Such a work would be eminently useful in itself, and could scarcely fail to be successful as a speculation. The Ceramic Court is the one spot in the Crystal Palace which exemplifies what the entire institution might have been, and ought to have been. Unhappily it stands almost alone, a solitary oasis; indeed, it is quite alone in its high character and unique excellence. Some months back, we heard that the court itself was to be re-fitted, and that its accomplished author, Mr. T. Battam, would then be empowered, by the liberality of collectors, to add considerably to its contents; but the Ceramic Court, when we last passed through it, remained *in statu quo*, and, like its neighbours, it could do no more than point to "a good time" that, it was to be hoped, might be "coming." The reputation of the Crystal Palace is endangered by any trifling with its best object. If the Ceramic Court requires fresh fittings, or new linings for its cases, or anything of that kind, let the renovations be done at once, or we shall be told that delays in such a matter are only a prelude to a suppression of the court itself, in order that its "space" may eventually be let to some speculative seller of cheap merchandize. The next thing to this would be to advertise the Crystal Palace as a circus, or a divan, or a compound establishment of some such Art-advancing description.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The collection of statues for the Louvre is augmented by the following:—"Actæon," by M. Fulconis; "Wisdom," by M. Lepère; and "Sculpture," by Emile Blavier.—Our artists are busy commemorating the various events of the war, real and allegorical; several are commanded for Versailles.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, a casual observer might have supposed himself transported to a splendid exhibition of ancient times: the tables were covered with costumes, bijoux, ornaments, &c., of immense value, that once formed the toilette of a rich Egyptian lady, who died thousands of years ago. These splendid treasures of ancient Art have been brought from Egypt by M. Mariette, the intrepid traveller entrusted by the French Government with various important missions in the East. Unfortunately, these desirable objects will only remain here a short time; they belong to the Viceroy of Egypt, who has sent them to Paris to be repaired and put in order. The Viceroy has wisely decided that it is inexpedient to allow Egypt to be despoiled, and he now undertakes researches for himself. A museum of cast iron has been ordered, on the model of the building in the *Champs Elysées*, where all the precious discoveries will be arranged and classified. We are happy to record this proof of advancing civilization in the East.—The panorama by Colonel Langlois, in the *Champs Elysées*, is finished, and will shortly be opened for public inspection: the first artists have been employed on it.—The Museum of Grenoble has been enriched with a painting by Fra Bartolomeo, through the generosity of the mayor, M. Gaillard.—The magnificent library formed by Baron Humboldt, and left by him to his *vaut-de-chambre*, has been purchased by Lord Bloomfield, ambassador at Berlin, for 40,000 thalers.—The competition works from Rome have been exhibited, with the prizes for painting, sculpture, &c. The following awards have been made:—Architecture—M. Boitte, first prize; M. Thierry and M. Pascal, second prizes. Painting—M. Ulmann, first prize; J. Lefebvre, second prize. There is nothing very remarkable in any of the productions.—A column and statue are to be erected at Compiègne, in memory of Joan of Arc.—Horace Vernet has almost finished his picture of "Napoleon I. surrounded by his Marshals;" M. Yvon has completed his designs for the pictures of the late Italian battles. M. Beauce is executing an equestrian statue of Marshal Canrobert; and M. Dumont is at work on the model of a statue of Humboldt.

FLORENCE.—Our contemporary, the *Critic*, reports that, "a number of interesting drawings and manuscripts, by Michael Angelo, have just been discovered in that house at Florence which all Italian tourists will remember in the Via Ghibellina. The house has been changing hands lately, in consequence of some law proceedings, and has now become the property of the government. A letter from Florence says:—'The government has appointed a commission to arrange all the memorials; and I have been assured by one of the members of the commission that there have been found in the family archives many drawings of Michael Angelo hitherto unknown, and writings of the highest value, both original prose and poetical composition, from his pen; letters, not only unedited, but quite unknown, from the most illustrious men of his times, addressed to the artist, and tending to throw a new light on the events of his life. Let us trust that the students of Art may rightly avail themselves of these treasures, and may finally write a complete story of Michael Angelo's life and times. The commission is already engaged in preparing the materials for a complete and correct edition of his writings.'"—We also quote the following Art-news from the same source:—"The Tuscan government, thinking it their duty to labour at the promotion of letters and arts, have decreed that six statues shall be cast in bronze: two for Florence, to be erected in the Piazza Barbano, *alias* Piazza Maria Antonia, *alias* Piazza dell'Indipendenza (a magnificent new square, destined, it would seem, to bear as many names as the Place de la Concorde in Paris), in honour of Napoleon III. and Victor Emanuel II.; two for Leghorn, one to Charles Albert, the other to Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia; one for Lucca, of Francesco Barlamacchi, a Lucchese patriot, 'first martyr of the cause of Italian independence;' one for Siena, in honour of Salustio Bandini, 'the founder of the theories on economical freedom;' finally, one for Pisa, of Leonardo Fibonacci, 'the restorer of algebraic studies in Europe:' the statues of the Emperor and of the King, in Florence, to be ornamented by bas-reliefs, illustrating the events of the late Lombard war. Besides these sculptured works four historical pictures are to be painted, the subjects of which

are to be supplied by great events in ancient and modern Italian history. The modern subjects are the voting of the *déchéance* of the Anstro-Lorraine dynasty by the Tuscan National Assembly; and the reception, by Victor Emanuel II., of the deputies of the said assembly, bearers of the vote for the annexation of Tuscany to the great and strong North Italian kingdom. Besides these, four battle pieces, celebrating the encounters of Curtatone, in 1848, Palestro, Magenta, and San Martino, and four more, *quadri di costume*, characteristic pieces representing different episodes of the late war, and six portraits of illustrious Italians, deceased within the last ten years, and well deserving of the country, as promoting by their writings the triumph of the national cause. These are—Vincenzo Gioberti, Cesare Balbo, Carlo Troya, Giovanni Berchet, Silvio Pellico, and Giuseppe Giusti. The engravers will have to execute portraits of Victor Emanuel and of the poet, Giobattista Niccolini. These two works are severally allotted to Professors Gustavo Bonaini and Filippo Levi. The engraving of all the statues and pictures above-mentioned, as well as the works themselves, will be assigned by free competition to such artists as may apply for them."

THE CATALOGUES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND THE PAINTERS AND PICTURES THEREIN CHRONICLED.*

EVERY sale of what are called "genuine effects" has its quota of pictures, whereof a great proportion are nameless productions, which find resting-places in the hack shops of speculative dealers, until added to the collections of the adventurous *dilettanti* by whom such acquisitions are made. With increasing wonder do we peruse those mysterious catalogues, with their lists of unintelligible titles and long-forgotten names. But as it was then, so it is now; there is a legion of contemporary painters, who flourish in the sunshine of especial patronage, but who will be forgotten as soon as their names disappear from the catalogues of the day. Their works become depreciated, and in order still to make a market of them, *conscientious* dealers attribute them to men of distinguished reputation. Thus thousands of mediocre pictures are continually in the market; they are hacked, re-lined, re-touched, re-cleaned—sold and re-sold—find a temporary resting-place on the walls of some incipient collector, from whose possession they return to that of the dealer, again to constitute a "gem" in the catalogue of another, who is fain, as of old, to reap wisdom as the fruit of folly.

In these days of matter-of-fact identity, it is even instructive to look back upon the quaint conceits of the portrait-painters and their sitters during the latter half of the last century. To mythology and allegory Rubens gave a temporary fashion; but the taste for the extravagance became exploded when it was determined that ordinary capacities could not deal with mythology as Rubens did. Vandyke relied upon his more refined taste, and painted his subjects as they were, making the most of what was presented to him. When Reynolds was becoming fashionable, he indulged extensively his mythological vein; but he had the *quo vivet*. He painted comparatively few subject-pictures; he was, therefore, anxious to give a pictorial character to his portraits, and could not help giving a portrait-like notion to his pictures. The titles which he gave to three-fourths of these portraits are lost and forgotten; but the persons whom they represent are, of course, still genealogically remembered, as the great grandfathers and grandmothers of extant descendants. They are, therefore, presented to us as "The Hon. Mrs. Wilkins and her daughter," or "Mrs. Hobson and her son;" and the curious spectator looks in vexatious perplexity at the properties and attributes of the ladies, without dreaming that the former group is "Ceres and Proserpine," and the latter "Venus instructing Cupid to inflame Dido with love of Æneas;" for thus may both works have been entered in the catalogue, with lengthy Latin quotations. But all the faces are yet stars, if their lustre be not yet bedimmed by those pernicious "megilphs," that Barry so much depreciated. If we are disposed to be critical about dresses, hybrid between Olympus and

* Continued from page 154.

Pall Mall, the bright faces are eloquently apologetic for such unaccountable dove-tailing. Men were excluded from delication; we turn over the pages of the catalogues in vain for an example on canvas: perhaps the most remarkable instance of the time is Dr. Johnson as Hercules—a nude statue by Bacon, in St. Paul's Cathedral; after the erection of which exception was taken, with reason conspicuous enough, to male demi-deification. Through the affectation of concealing the names of persons whose portraits were exhibited, we find continually such titles as "Portrait of a Lady of Quality," "Portrait of a Nobleman," &c., a crotchet unintelligible in these days of prose, and plain coats and waistcoats, when everybody's name, at full length, is appended in the catalogue to the number of his portrait. In 1773 Reynolds painted the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, but their names were printed without any attempt at mystification. The same year was exhibited a work, considered one of the most remarkable of Reynolds's pictures—"Count Hugolino (*sic*) and his Children in the Dungeon, as described by Dante, in the thirty-third canto of the 'Inferno.'" This picture was painted as a speculation, the subject having been suggested to him either by Burke or Goldsmith. Reynolds had then been painting more than twenty years, surrounded by all the wealth and distinction of the country, but never, during that time, had he received a commission for a "history picture." This was his first essay in a new direction, in which, from his own countrymen, he received no support whatever. He was in practice forty-six years, and it is most probable that he did not receive, during that time, ten commissions for poetical or historical compositions from Englishmen, apart from those commissioned for commercial purposes. His "Ugolino" remained on his hands a long time unsold. His "Infant Hercules," as is well known, was a commission from the Empress of Russia. Prince Potemkin commissioned "The Continnence of Scipio," also "The Snake in the Grass;" Count D'Ademar purchased "Muscipula;" Monsieur de Calonne gave the commission for "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse;" Noel Desenfans purchased the "Girl with a Cat," and the "Girl with a Bird's Nest;" and M. Chamier purchased the "Boy Praying." Thus was that genius honoured by foreigners, which was neglected by the fellow-countrymen of the painter.

"The Vestal Tuccia," "The Holy Family," and "The Gleaner," were commissioned by Macklin as speculations; and similar commissions were given by Boydell for "Robin Goodfellow," "Cardinal Beaufort," and the "Caldron Scene in 'Macbeth.'"

The history of our art of one hundred years ago abounds in evidence to show that portrait-painting alone was the artist's staff of life. The most remarkable instance of what might be termed a success in composition during the last century was exemplified in Hogarth; but he united the man of business with the artist, and but for this combination he, like others, might have wanted bread. The secret of his success was the *abandon* which he showed as the satirist of the vices of his time, and the power that his education gave him of executing his works as prints. All his essays had a breadth of expression that spoke freely and literally to the limited Art-knowledge of the time. In the saddest histories he charmed his patrons by the introduction of some ridiculous incident, and led them, in the spirit of caricature, to the most melancholy of conclusions and the gravest of morals.

Hogarth's great work is his "Marriage à la Mode," now the property of the nation, as being of the Angerstein collection; and it is most fortunate that Hogarth is represented by this work, as there is no other so well fitted to show his powers. By Hogarth himself this story is called a "comical" narrative, and so it has been termed by others in deference to him; but of mirthful element there is but little in it, and many a narrative has been called tragic that terminated with much less of tragedy than a murder, a suicide, and an execution. In most of Hogarth's compositions there is a plethora of accessory, of which every item lifts up its voice and will be heard. This is according to the intention of the artist, but in many cases the impossibly accidental combinations destroy that speciousness of reality which should never be lost sight of in every kind of Art-narrative intended to impress the mind.

"Marriage à la Mode" is not, as Hogarth would

have it, a "comic" story, but a dire tragedy, showing how three persons suffered ruin and death through a course of life which, a century ago, was mildly called "folly," but what is now properly called vice. It is a history in six chapters, of which the first is "The Marriage Contract"—the second best picture of the series. It is finished in the artist's most careful manner—a nicety which is not sustained to the end; for the latter compositions, though not less perspicuous in story, are much less studied in execution. The arrangement of the figures in "The Marriage Contract" is such as might be expected from a man who could propound a "line of beauty;" but there is little in the series to suggest that Hogarth could produce an "Analysis of Beauty." In the first picture the alternation of the standing and sitting figures produces an admirable line of heads—a feature of the composition which escapes ordinary observers, but which is, nevertheless, a settlement effected only after considerable study and numerous sketching essays. On the right sits the old earl—a martyr to the gout—pointing to his family-tree, in which his descent is traced from William the Conqueror. Although building a new house, he is reminded whence he has obtained the funds by the packet of mortgage documents held before him. The only unoccupied person in the room is the bridegroom elect, who sits on the left in full dress, and taking snuff with the air of a man of the fashions of the time. The impersonation of Lord Squander represents a man less in stature than he appears in the succeeding scenes; his back is turned on his future wife, whose entire attention is engrossed by Counsellor Silvertongue, her future paramour, and to whose addresses she is already not indifferent. Passages of the drawing are extremely faulty; the wooden limbs, for instance, of the younger nobleman have been left with the easy and dangerous self-assurance—"That'll do," to which the glaring imperfections of so many valuable pictures are attributable. Had the features and extremities been more accurately made out, these works, for their time, had been models of paramount perfection.

The second scene, "After Marriage," shows Lord and Lady Squander at their fireside. This is generally understood to be a morning incident, but the clock marks the time twenty minutes past twelve, the wax lights are flickering in their sockets, and everybody is yawning. The time is, in truth, the "heel" of an evening which Lord and Lady Squander have spent according to their respective tastes. She has been entertaining her friends at cards, and is now taking a cup of tea. He has returned intoxicated from his nightly orgy at some pandemonium in the "Garden," or its vicinity. To each of the prints that Hogarth executed from these pictures he appended a couple of distichs of his own verse, which as to quality is much on a par with Turner's "Fallacies of Hope." Two of the lines descriptive of this subject are—

"Indifference, lassitude, and waste—
Shows revels in the nuptial taste."

And this is about the register of a man who wrote mortgage without the "i;" indeed, the infirmities of his orthography were always a joke against him. In the picture under consideration, Lord Squander looks a giant in comparison with his wife; the lower moiety of the person is much too long; and he is not the same person to whom we are introduced in the contract scene. Lady Squander, on the contrary, remains nearly the same throughout; she is *petite* in person, *petite* in manner, with features of rustic prettiness, and the expression of a heartless trifle.

These pictures were painted seven years before Reynolds returned from Italy; Hogarth, therefore, could not, have received any impulse in colour from his works;—had even Reynolds risen a cynosure in the summer-tide of Hogarth, the latter would not have condescended in aught to follow him. The observation is prompted by the delicate transparency of Lady Squander's carnations. Her face here and there is a juicy medallion; it is like a piece of fruit, more transparent than the peach which Reynolds commends to the memory of his disciples when at the easel. Of this kind of pearly, glistening transparency there was but little antecedent to Hogarth that he could have profited by. With the exception of Vandyke (and in Hogarth's

day the extent of our wealth in Vandykes was little known, and less accessible), the works of all the popular artists were dry and opaque; and any that were otherwise, to any extent, fell far short of the grey lustre of Hogarth's female heads, which seem descended from the "St. Catherine" of Veronese.

The third scene, that at the French quack doctor's, is said to be difficult of interpretation; but to those who skim a history so vicious, the question of the effect of the medicine matters but little. And it is not now interesting to know whether the centre colossal figure be Betsy Careless or Fanny Cook; for it has been disputed which of the two is represented by the figure. It is enough to observe that the figure is much too tall, and that of Lord Squander is somewhat too old. The best picture of the series is the "Countess Levée;" it is full of figures remarkable for diversity of character. Here we find Lady Squander in the hands of her *friseur*, and deeply engaged in something beyond a flirtation with Counsellor Silvertongue, who is extended on a sofa, and points to a picture or print on the screen near him. This is essentially her ladyship's reception; Lord Squander is not present, but his absence is compensated by the presence of a certain class of notorieties that before and since the days of the Squanders have been extensively lionized by people of fashion. The two figures on the left, the one singing, the other playing the flute, are both musical notabilities of the time; and the natural variety of feature throughout the composition suggests the probability that each figure bears direct personal allusion to some known character. In the centre of the picture there is a person with red hair, wearing a gipsy bonnet, but it is impossible to determine the pose of the figure; her arms are extended, and she looks as if falling forward from her seat; but this could not be the intention of the painter, who may have proposed her movement as an act of applause addressed to the flute-player and singer; but whatever Hogarth may have intended this figure to express, must now remain a secret. The composition is full of allusion to every kind of extravagance and frivolity. Lady Squander has been making large purchases of curiosities at a sale: these are displayed on the floor, together with cards of invitation, one to a "drum," another to a "drum-major," and a third to a rout; but we do not see that which invited her ladyship to that fatal masquerade which brought final ruin and death to herself, her paramour, and her husband. The next scene is that in which Lord Squander discovers his wife and Silvertongue in their retreat. The men have fought; the latter is escaping from the window, and the former is falling mortally wounded, and the watch are entering at the door. The last scene is the death of Lady Squander, who, having taken refuge at her father's, in the city, poisons herself on hearing the streets resounding with "The last dying speech and confession of Counsellor Silvertongue;" and thus terminates this eventful history.

Hogarth left behind him the reputation of a great moral teacher. Undoubtedly many of his works were conceived and executed with a view of demonstrating the hideousness of vice; and if his descriptions were coarse, they were not unsuited to a time in which nothing but the broadest form of expression was acceptable. The "Marriage à la Mode," his crowning effort, was a fashionable novel, in the most tragic passages of which he could not help mingling a dash of his ever-ready vein of the ridiculous. As, for instance, in the scene wherein Lord Squander is killed, nothing can be more absurd than the manner of Silvertongue's escape; and in that in which the death of the countess occurs, the solemnity of the narrative is vitiated not only by certain of the figures in the composition, but especially by the starved hound carrying off the pig's head from the table. In the lower ranges of expression and diversity of character he was unequalled; but when he attempted a dignified presence, that became the least happy of his caricatures: it cost him much more of effort to characterize the industrious apprentice as Lord Mayor, than to present the idle apprentice in all his phases of crime. "The Idle Apprentice" is a story of the George Barnwell school, with less of sentiment, but in striking contrast to the history of the industrious apprentice. His greatest works were considered great moral lessons, but in the present day his method of teaching is so little consonant with public feeling,

that his pictures would be regarded as having a pernicious tendency: and if Hogarth, a hundred and thirteen years ago, realized a comfortable subsistence by his labours, it is certain that in the present day he would not procure subscribers to them enough to save him from mendicancy. As he is infelicitous in his essays in personal dignity, he is equally so in his attempts at sentiment. Having dealt with a range of characteristic commencing with our simplest motives, and taking an evil divergence to the grossest disqualifications of our nature, he was free to employ action which had been inadmissible in themes purely sentimental. The scenes in "Southwark Fair," "The Rake's Progress," and "The Harlot's Progress," are such as do not appear now in the coarsest caricatures; a fact which may be accepted both as an evidence of a moral advance, and an improvement of the public taste for Art. These were accounted amongst his most earnest labours for the amelioration of mankind; but in these compositions there is always an element so grotesquely revolting, that it appears that in all his predilections the caricaturist gave place with but an indifferent grace to the moralist. Nothing can be more absurdly extravagant than that scene in the "Harlot's Progress," in which the tea-things are kicked over;—this is an *ultima ratio*, and to give full effect to the action of the woman snapping her fingers, has been a theme to which Hogarth has addressed himself with unusual zest. It was scarcely in his zeal for public instruction that he published the two prints, "Before" and "After," the unblushing breadth of which would counteract any good impulse given by any of his other works. A critical analysis, therefore, of his works disallows our concurring in the optimist opinions of his eulogists, that he was moved purely and only by a great moral principle. In their artistic essence, the six "Marriage à la Mode" pictures are enough for a reputation; had he done nothing else, these were sufficient to establish him, in this class of art, the greatest painter of his time.

To any one conversant only with Hogarth through the general tone of his works, it would never occur that he could enunciate the following sentiment:—"No living creatures are capable of moving in such truly varied and graceful directions as the human species; and it would be needless to say how much superior in beauty their forms and textures likewise are. And surely also, after what has been said relating to figure and motion, it is plain and evident that Nature has thought fit to make beauty of proportion, and beauty of movement, necessary to each other; so that the observation before made on animals will hold equally good with regard to man, *i. e.* that he who is most exquisitely well-proportioned is most capable of exquisite movements, such as ease and grace in deportment or in dancing."

This is a passage from Hogarth's "Analysis of Beauty," a treatise which, considering the nature of his subjects, one would suppose Hogarth less likely to have written than any of his contemporaries. We find in his most careful works a full and perfect knowledge of all the canons of Art; and so much is there to admire, and so little to censure in all that contributes to pictorial excellence, that, considering the condition of Art in England, we marvel in what school he acquired his knowledge.

The rate at which native genius was estimated in the days of Hogarth will be understood when it is stated that the "Marriage à la Mode" realized at auction no more than 120 guineas. The series was purchased by Mr. Lane, of Hillingdon, for that sum, with the Carlo Maratti frames, which cost the artist 4 guineas each. On Mr. Lane's death they became the property of his nephew, Colonel Cawthorne, and in 1797 they were sold to Mr. Angerstein for 1000 guineas. Thus the history of this famous series is clear and concise. The pictures are in an excellent state of preservation, but in order that they may remain so, they must, like the other valuable works of the collection, be glazed. Hogarth's method of disposing of his works was by auction at his own house. Five minutes were allowed for biddings for each picture, and in this way the six pictures of the "Harlot's Progress" were sold for £88 4s., the eight of the "Rake's Progress" for £184 16s., and in like manner for various sums were sold "Morning," "Noon," "Evening," and "Night." The spirit and originality of his productions have set all imitations at naught.

THE CHINESE BELL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

From time immemorial, in the West as well as in the East, it has been the custom to cast inscriptions upon bells of unusual size and importance. These legends, thus perpetuated in bell-metal, are generally either commemorative in some way of the circumstances under which each bell may have been founded, or they refer to the special duties which the bell may be destined to discharge; sometimes, also, inscriptions of this class are either precatory or admonitory: "*Sacris absit discordia locis*" ("In sacred places be discord unknown") says one of the fine harmonious peal at Dewsbury, which is celebrated in the legends of campanology as "England's sweetest melody." No less appropriate examples of bell-legends might be adduced, with ease, in considerable numbers. Highly curious, and very interesting also, are the characteristic legends which appear upon the large Chinese bell, the production of the once powerful Yeh, which was lately captured at Canton by our forces, and now is deposited at the Crystal Palace. After having at once glorified the ex-commissioner himself, and dealt with the over-the-water "barbarian" after the most approved Chinese fashion, these inscriptions conclude as follows:—

"The disciples of the altar of Unending Spring overlooked in company the casting of this bell.
The Hong of Lucky Prosperity had the management of the materials.
The Hong of Contented Elegance fused the metals and cast the bell."

Then, to wind up the whole, two auspicious lines:—

"Winds adjusted; Rains propitious;
Nation tranquil; People peaceful."

Now, we cannot refrain from expressing a hearty wish that the processes for producing and setting in action our west-end metropolitan bell, whatever its name may ultimately be, that is to be raised to the top of the Westminster campanile, *vice* the late Big Ben the Second, cracked and condemned, may be carried on and completed in conformity with the Dewsbury sentiment, "*absit discordia*," and also that the whole affair may be managed somewhat after the Chinese manner. The "Lucky Prosperity" of the Canton Hong of campanologists, to be sure, did not extend so far as to keep their "Great Tom-Tom" (as we presume they may have entitled him) in their own flowery land, after they had successfully cast him, and set him ringing; but this is not the point to which we refer, for we entertain no misgivings lest our bell of the parliament should take to foreign travel. Still we should be very glad to have the future management of our Westminster bell entrusted to a "Hong of Lucky Prosperity." Possibly Mr. Denison may have considered that the other "Hong," that of "Contented Elegance," was most happily represented, in time past, in his own person, and, accordingly, so far as he was concerned, the "Lucky Prosperity" may have been to him an affair of supreme indifference; while, as a matter of course, the "Unending Spring" he may have regarded as something of mere clock-making detail, that could concern nobody but Mr. Dent. With the latter sentiment we are by no means disposed to interfere; but as there is a very decided opinion prevalent with the public that in future "*absit discordia*," as applied to the Westminster clock-bell, may be read "*absit Denison*," we must insist upon the utmost attention being bestowed upon the "Lucky Prosperity," which it is so devoutly to be hoped may, at length, attend the national bell-founding. The "Hong of Contented Elegance" will find a far more suitable impersonation in the accomplished statesman now at the head of affairs, than even in the versatile "Q.C.," who has shown himself to be such a proficient in the amenities of a pleasant little newspaper correspondence, that may be said to constitute a complete system of *belles lettres*.

We should like to have the Chinese bell, as its makers would say, "adjusted" for a performance at the Crystal Palace—an experimental performance that might prove eventually instructive in our Westminster campanology. "Hand-bell ringing" has taken its place amongst the attractions of the Sydenham institution, and we cannot see why "Hong"-bell ringing should not prove equally attractive. At

all events, we throw out the hint; and we would have other practical experiments, of every description, made in abundance, so that the Westminster bell No. 3, might prove to be a real A 1—first-rate, and no mistake. There is the Russian bell—the Sebastopol trophy—that sounds as well now, with an English sentry beside it, at Aldershot, as ever it did when its sonorous voice was well-known by the echoes of Inkerman; why not have this bell examined? The Russians are famous as bell-makers, and we—have cracked two Big Bens in rapid succession! For ourselves, we are by no means certain that the bell we want should not, after all, be made of glass; and, whatever its material, we should like to be convinced that the proper shape for our bell really is conical, rather than flat—that it should resemble an inverted teacup in preference to a saucer in a similar position. These, however, are matters that, we suppose, must await the return of Mr. Hankey, and the rest of the metropolitan community, to London. So, meanwhile, we rest content to maintain, in general terms, our conviction that the nation ought to be able even now to obtain a satisfactory clock, with a satisfactory bell, in a satisfactory tower, and at Westminster, for a sum (not including the tower) somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand pounds.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

IRELAND.—The statue erected at Portrush, in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, has been inaugurated. It is said to be a truthful historic likeness, and is in the usual attire of the celebrated divine. The statue, when raised on the plinth in front of the obelisk, will stand 8 feet high, and will be visible from the different approaches to Portrush. The obelisk is 45 feet high.—The laying of the foundation-stone of the Memorial Chapel, at Portstewart, took place at the same time.—[Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned commentator on the Bible, was an eminent Wesleyan minister: his "usual attire" was a plain black coat; he wore no "clerical" garb, and was as simple in manners as in dress. He had always a singularly healthy look, and was of robust form. He was, we believe, entirely self-educated. He was a great and good man; and we rejoice to know that his admirable character and large acquirements have been acknowledged and recorded in his native country. He is one of the many of whom Ireland may be justly proud.]

YARMOUTH.—The second annual report of the committee of the School of Art in this place has been published: its contents evidence the successful working of the institution. During the past sessional year the aggregate number of pupils attending the principal school has been 161, and at the auxiliary schools about 850.

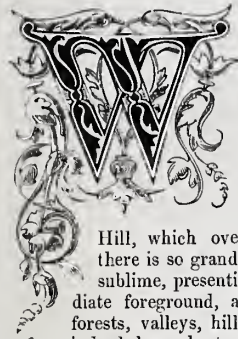
PLYMOUTH.—An exhibition of the works of the students in the Plymouth School of Art was opened on the 28th of September.

BRIGHTON.—An exhibition of drawings, &c., the production of the pupils of the Brighton School of Art, was opened to the public in September. The school has not yet been established a year, but its success hitherto is quite commensurate with the expectations of its friends and supporters; and the progress of the pupils, under the experience and assiduous attention of the master, Mr. John White, has hitherto proved quite satisfactory. Among the drawings exhibited on this occasion, the following, among a large number that showed both talent and industry, attracted very general attention:—a perspective view of the Brighton Dispensary, by J. Barnes; another of the Odd Fellows' Hall, Brighton, by G. Newton, both pupils of the artisans' class; a perspective drawing of the interior of a room at Brighton College; another of the school-room at the Mistresses' Training School; an "Interior," by R. King; a sectional view, nearly 12 feet long, of the *Great Eastern*; and several drawings from casts and models by Miss Farncombe, Smithers, and others.

MONTROSE.—Mr. Calder Marshall's memorial statue of the late Joseph Hume has been inaugurated: the likeness of the deceased is pronounced excellent by those competent to judge. The statue is 9 feet high, and stands on a pedestal nearly 12 feet in height: the right leg of the figure rests on a small pillar, bearing the arms of the town of Montrose and the name of the sculptor, and on it a mantle and a book are placed.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XI.—FROM MONMOUTH TO CHEPSTOW.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY F. W. HULME, ETC.

WE must ask the reader to quit, for a time, the scenery to which in later Numbers we have introduced him, by the wild sea-shore—and to revisit the Wye, continuing our Tour downward from Monmouth, until the fair river loses itself in the Severn just below Chepstow town.

We have described the Kymin Hill, which overlooks Monmouth, and whence there is so grand a prospect, at once beautiful and sublime, presenting charming views in the immediate foreground, and a vast extent of country,—forests, valleys, hills, and mountains,—enabling us, indeed, by a short circuit round this steep, to obtain sight of thirteen counties in England and Wales.

We resume our voyage down the river. Passing a treclad hill, called—we cannot say why—"Gibraltar," we arrive at its junction with the Monnow, which we leave to the right. Before us is Levoock's Wood; and here the little river Trothy (having just past beside the ducal mansion of Troy, where resides the excellent agent of the Duke of Beaufort) becomes a tributary to the Wye. On the summit of a wooded height we see the pretty Church of PENALT. It is charmingly situate, looking down on the rich vale it seems at once to bless and to protect. Soon we reach a very different scene, affording all the advantages of contrast; for, rising above a mass of thick foliage, is the dense column of smoke that tells the whereabouts of a manufactory. It is the village of REDBROOK. There are quays here: we note the bustle of commerce,—other life than that of the stream and the forest. The masts of many barges rise from the river: they are loading or unloading. It is a manufactory of tin—or, rather, of tin in combination with iron—that gathers a population here, and breaks, pleasantly or unpleasantly, according to the mood of the wanderer, the sameness and solitude of the banks of the Wye.

Whitebrook is next reached. Both villages derive their names from streamlets which here find their way into the river,—the one passing over stones that are slightly tinged with red, the other being pure from any taint of colour. Adjacent to this village, crowning the summit of a hill,—Pen-y-fan,—still stands that time-honoured relic of Merry England, the May-pole. And here even now assemble, on May-day and other festive occasions, the neighbouring lads and lasses to enjoy the dance and make holiday.

A mile or so farther on and we cross the Wye by its only bridge—BIGG'S-WEIR BRIDGE—between Monmouth and Chepstow. It is of iron, a single arch, and very gracefully spans the river. In an ancient mansion here—Bigg's-weir House—are preserved some fine tapestries of very quaint design. Hence there is a circuitous road that leads to the famous Castle of ST. BRIAVEL, now a ruin, but one that has a prominent place in border history. We obtain a glimpse of it from the river, whence, however, it is distant some two miles; but it is worthy a visit. The Tourist will do well to moor his boat awhile, and enjoy a refreshing walk to this fine relic of the olden time.

St. Briavel's is in Gloucestershire. The saint after whom it is named is not to be found in the Romish Calendar. He was probably a military saint, whose deeds, for good or evil, are forgotten; they have failed to reach posterity; history has no note of them; they are not even seen in "the dim twilight of tradition." But we learn from Giraldus Cambrensis that a castle was first erected here during the reign of Henry I., by Milo Fitzwalter, Earl of Hereford, "to curb the incursions of the Welsh,"—a purpose it was well calculated to answer, situate as it was in full view of a large portion of the Wye, and skirting the Forest of Dean. We borrow all that can be told of its history from a contributor to the "Archæologia Cambrensis."

"The Keep, which was square in form, was probably of Norman date, and no doubt the circuit of walls may have been of the same period. The castle may have consisted of nothing more than an outer wall, with a single bailey within, and the Keep in the highest portion of the ground so enclosed. Giraldus says that the castle was burnt when Sir Walter Clifford held it, and that Mahel, youngest son of Sir Milo Fitzwalter, the founder, lost his life on the occasion, by a stone falling from the highest tower on his head. In the thirteenth century some new buildings were added, the old ones having been repaired; for the two demi-rounders of

the gate-house, some of the buildings on the west side immediately adjoining, and that in the middle of the west front, still standing, are all of the second half of this century, though much mutilated, altered, and added to, at later periods. Judging from the actual condition



REDBROOK.

of the buildings, we should say that these now remaining must have been at least commenced during the energetic reign of Edward I."

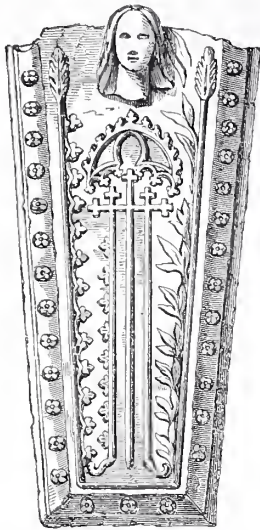
The list of Constables of St. Briavel's comprises the most prominent of the peers of various reigns, from that of King John to that of George III.



LANDOGO.

The entrance gateway, between two demi-rounders, with an oblong pile of building extending southwards, remains in tolerable preservation. On the outside of the castle is a picturesque chimney-shaft, surmounted by the horn, which was the badge of the warder of the forest. In

the interior there is a remarkable fire-place, which the eminent architect, Mr. Seddon, who is now restoring Llandaff Cathedral, has very accurately described. It is a genuine and very boldly treated early English example: "the counter-



TOMBSTONE AT ST. BRIAVEL'S.

forts at the angles are beautifully-moulded circular brackets, supported on carved corbels." One of the windows we have pictured, as well as an ancient stone in the adjacent graveyard of the church—a venerable structure, that may certainly date as far back as the protecting castle.



WINDOW AT ST. BRIAVEL'S.

There is a vague tradition that King John was some time either a guest or a prisoner within these towers; and that he wrote this couplet there:—

"St. Briavel's water and Whyral's wheat
Are the best bread and water King John ever eat."

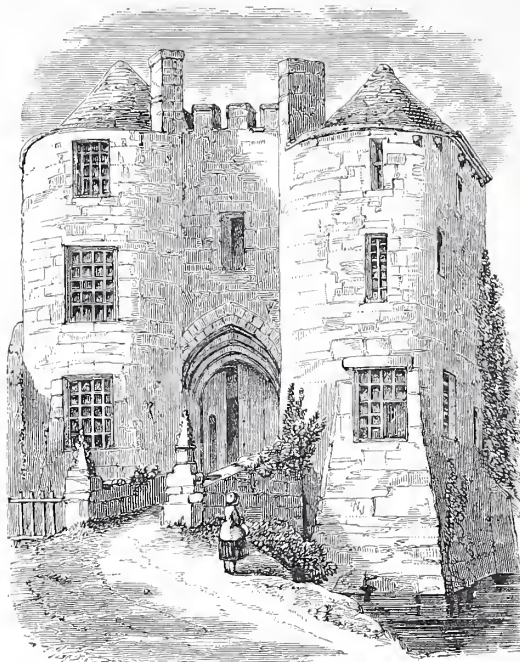
For the drawings we have engraved we are indebted to the courtesy of an esteemed correspondent—W. W. Old, Esq., of Monmouth.*

* The Rev. Lewis West, the minister of the Moravian church, at Brockweir, informs us that there is a singular and very "venerable" custom connected with St. Briavel's. In the neighbourhood there is a district of land which was originally in the possession of the crown, and which is usually called "the Hudnalls." This district was by some person, either with or without legal authority, given to the inhabitants and freeholders of St. Briavel's, for herbage for "cattle, sheep, and goats." As an equivalent to such poor who sent none of these animals to feed on the said district, a yearly "scramble" of bread and cheese was provided, by an annual tax of one penny levied upon every householder who availed himself of the privilege.

This scramble for about three centuries was made in the church, so that on the Sunday, at the feast of Whitsuntide, immediately after the invocation of divine peace on the assembly, which usually thronged together on that occasion, began the unseemly contest, as to whom was to belong the larger portion of the edibles dispensed. The clerk, standing in the front of the gallery, was the appointed chief agent in the affray, and the divisions of seats and pews became means of exercising the grotesque agility of all the old and young, the lame, the blind, and ragged boys and girls performing their part in the scene, according to their peculiar humour and adroitness. Happily, with the growth of good sense and propriety, to say nothing of the piety, of the generations succeeding, this ludicrous scramble now takes place on the outside of the church.

The village of LANDOGO is soon reached: here we find evidence of active trade; for there are boats moored at small quays on either side the river. It is to its exceeding beauty of situation that Landogo owes its fame. The church, a very old edifice, supposed to be dedicated to St. James, stands in a dell at the foot of a mountainous glen, in every crevice of which there are white cottages; each cottage having its "bit of land" laid out as a garden, where flowers and vegetables are pleasantly intermixed. Every cottager is a freeholder, and in this little nook of the Wye they number no less than seventy; having, therefore, a preponderating influence, if they act together, in determining who shall be knight of the shire—Monmouthshire. Mr. Hulme has conveyed an accurate idea of this very charming scene, with its striking combination of wood and water, hill and dale, and cheerful cottages among groups of venerable trees.

On we pass—the river becoming somewhat less contracted, and losing much of the sameness that has marked its course hitherto, and which we are again to encounter as we proceed down-



ST. BRIAVEL'S.

ward; for rock, trees, underwood, and water are its charms, row where we will on the bosom of the Wye. And soon we reach another village—BROCKWEIR, in Gloucestershire. The brook that gave it a name, and the weir attached to it, are still there. Some good cottage houses skirt the bank; but the most striking and interesting object of the village is the little church, that stands among a group of trees—its turret seen above the roofs of surrounding houses: it is a Moravian church, presided over by an excellent minister—the Rev. Lewis West. Its schools are ample for the district, and exceedingly well arranged; and the graveyard exhibits the singular and felicitous simplicity that prevails in all the habits of a primitive and tranquil band of worshippers, who seem fitly placed in this calm and beautiful locality.* The church was erected in 1832, on ground given for the purpose by his grace the Duke of Beaufort; there was, at that time, no more lawless district in the kingdom; and it was for that reason the Moravians, "the United Brethren," were induced to send there "a mission of mercy." It is impossible to visit this simple place of worship without a feeling of sober yet intense delight.



BIGG'S-WEIR BRIDGE.

"Simplicity," in its ordinary sense, will soon be obsolete—if not as a word, certainly as a fact; to greet the eye only in old songs, novels, and churchyards—such as this. "Simplicity" is still to be met with in the "God's acre" of the Quakers and the Moravians; it is very tranquillizing to find, either within the folds of our English hills, as we did the last resting-

* It is a somewhat remarkable fact that, in the days which belong to the dark ages of this locality, the piece of ground now occupied by this sacred edifice, was a perpetual scene of revelry, and its usual accompaniments, at every holiday and feast time, as well as the favourite resort on the Sabbath of the villagers at their rustic sports—fighters as well as dancers. Persons yet living remember the last bet that was laid here, to the amount of £120, by a farmer, from a distant county—for men came from far and near to this place of outlawry—upon a dying cock, whether it would raise its head once again from the turf to peck at its adversary.

place of William Penn, or here beside the wandering and beautiful Wye, the burial-ground of the departed. There is eloquent silence within its precincts; the song of the bird, or murmur of the bee, are the only sounds that mingle with the rustling leaves. The lights creep tenderly through the foliage, and chequer the soft grass. The "monuments" are few, and very plain—

"No storied urn, or animated bust:"

and the names recorded seem rather those of an old world than a new. We saw two little girls, one much older than the other, hand in hand, walking slowly from grave to grave; the elder paused, and read the inscriptions to the younger. There was something so singular in their appearance and manner, something so *un-childish*, that we asked them if they were looking for any particular grave. The younger said—

"Yes!" with so sad a tone in her voice, and so sweet an expression in her delicate face, that she riveted our attention from the moment she spoke. The elder was much handsomer, a really beautiful girl, about ten years old; she was health itself, while the younger was, even then, almost an angel. We asked whose grave they sought: and again the younger spoke—

"Mother's!"

"Mother," said the elder, "lies there, where the primrose leaves are so large, and you see the rose-tree. I saw her coffin go down myself; but little Rachel was ill, and could not leave her bed then. She will not believe but that mother has a head-stone; and she often coaxes me to come with her here, and read out to her all the painted letters. She thinks she will find mother's name on one of the head-stones. She will not believe me, when I show her the wild primroses, and the green grass. If father had been alive, mother would have had a head-stone; but father was drowned in the river, and, soon after, mother died. The doctor said she pined, but she died—"

"Come," said the younger, pulling her sister's dress, "come, we must find it to-day—come!"

"It hurts me so, that she won't believe me!" continued the elder; "and I have read her what is on every tombstone at least a hundred times; and still, every morning, her great eyes open long before mine, and I find her looking at me; and she puts her little thin arms round my neck, and whispers, 'If Rachel is good, Kesiah, will you come to the church-yard, and find mother?' She can understand everything but *that*: the doctor calls it a monomania; I am afraid—" she added, grasping her little sister's arm, as if resolved to keep her, whether God willed or not—"I am afraid, whatever it is, it will take her from me—and we are only two!"

"Come, come," said the little one; "come, and find mother!"

To the south of Brockweir, up a precipitous and well-wooded mountain, which you ascend by a winding path, you meet with "Offa's Chair," a point on the ancient embankment of "Offa's Dyke," erected, by the Saxons, as a barrier against the Britons. This relic of antiquity, originally consisting of a ditch and a mound, with a high wall, is said to have been erected about the year 758, by Offa, the successor of Ethelbald, who, having shrunk before the gigantic stature and bloody hand of his adversary, Edilthim, was, to remove the disgrace, killed on the following night by his own guards. Clandt Offa, as the Welsh style it, or the Ditch of Offa, originally extended from the mouth of the River Dee, a little above Flint Castle, to the mouth of the Wye; and if a Briton passed this barrier he became punishable with death.

From this elevated spot, the eye sweeps over the whole adjacent country, up to the beautiful falls of Clydden (which are falls, however, only in rainy weather), overlooking also the heights of Brockweir, the Villa of Coed Ithel, Nurton House, and the neighbouring villages, which seem enclosed in serpentine folds of the river, with its rich emerald banks.

On the same ridge of hill, as it diverges to the southward, and at a similar altitude, there is a peculiar and romantic eminence standing out from the surrounding wood, called "the Devil's Pulpit." The Tourist must descend the narrow pathway by which he ascended to Offa's Chair, until he gains a grassy platform, or field, known by the name of Turk's Ground; then turning to the left, he will discover another steep ascent, striking off to the right hand, by a winding path, that will ultimately introduce him to a view of charming diversity. The rock was, until successive rains and frosts had pulverized the rude ascending staircase, very much in form like a pulpit, jutting out from underneath overhanging branches of dark yew trees.

We approach the village and church of TINTERNE PARVA, beautifully situate among trees on the river's brink. It is an old place; the church has been "restored," except the porch, a venerable relic. There was an ancient building here, of which there remain a few broken walls; they indicate, probably, the site of "the villa or extra-cloister residence of the abbots of Tinterne, to which, at certain seasons, they

could retire from the exercise of their public functions, and enjoy the privileges of social life—the society and conversation of friends and strangers—without the forms and austerities of the cloister." It is now, as it was then, a calm and quiet solitude; * where nature invites to simple luxuries of hill and valley, rock and river; and forms a striking contrast to the gorgeous, yet graceful, and very beautiful ruin, at the water-gate of which we now moor our boat—the long-renowned ABBEY OF TINTERNE.

From the water, from the heights, from the road—no matter on which side approached, or from what position beheld—the abbey excites a feeling of deep and intense veneration,



BROCKWEIR.

of solemn and impressive awe. It may be less gloomy, less "monastic," than others of its order—deriving fame more from grace and beauty than from grandeur and a sense of power; but the perfect harmony of all its parts, and the simple, yet sublime, character of the whole, give it high place among the glorious bequests of far-off ages, and entitle it to that which it universally receives—the earnest homage of the mind and heart.

By the courtesy of the custodian of the abbey we were admitted within its gates when the solemnity of night was over the ruined fane. Bats were flitting through broken windows,



TINTERNE PARVA.

and every now and then a "moping owl" uttered the deep plaint that at such an hour—or at any hour—there should be intruders to molest

"Her ancient, solitary reign."

* "It would be difficult to picture to the mind's eye a scene of more enchanting repose: in such a place as this (Tintarne Parva), with such objects before him—the verdant pastures, the pendent groves, the winding river, the tranquil sky; with these before him, ambition forgets the world; sorrow looks up with more cheerful resignation; cares and disappointments lose both their weight and their sting; with so little of sordid earth, so much of the sublimity of nature, to contemplate, his thoughts become chastened, soothed, and elevated, and the heart expands under a new sense of happiness, and a feeling of brotherly kindness and benevolence towards everything that breathes." We extract this passage from "The Castles and Abbeys of England," by Dr. William Beattie—a work from which we shall freely borrow, not only letter-press, but engravings, which circumstances enable us to do. The amiable and accomplished author has written at great length concerning this beautiful ruin; consulting the best authorities, and condensing nearly all that is valuable in their histories; passing an immense amount of information through the alembic of his own generous, inquiring, and reflective mind, and communicating the knowledge he had derived from books, in combination with the reasonings of the philosopher and the feelings of the poet.

It needed no light of sun, or moon, or torch, to let us read on these ivy-mantled towers—on that "Cistercian wall"—the "confident assurance" of its long-departed inmates.

"Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall;
More promptly rises, walks with neerer heed;
More safely rests, dies happier; is freed
Earlier from cleansing fire, and gains withal
A brighter crown."

It was a time and place for holy contemplation, for calm and hallowed thought, for a heart's outpouring in silent prayer, for earnest appreciation of by-gone glories, of solemn communion with the past. It was no hard task for Faney, under such exciting, yet tranquillizing, circumstances, to see again the pale moonlight through "storied windows;" to hear the mingled music of a thousand voices rolling round sculptured pillars, ascending to the fretted roof; to follow, with the eye and ear, the tramp of sandaled monks—nay, to watch them as they passed by, their white robes gleaming in the mellowed light, solemnly pacing round and about the ruin, restored to its state of primal glory and beauty, adorned by the abundant wealth of Art it received from hundreds of princely donors and benefactors.

"In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If aught of ancestry can be believed,
Descending angels have conversed with men,
And told the secrets of the world unknown."

Having spent a night at the humble, yet pleasant, hostelry—"The Beaufort Arms"—which now, in its half a dozen rooms gives, or rather permits, hospitality to guests at Tintern—in lieu of huge chambers, in which pilgrims rested, barons feasted, and princes were "entertained"—a morning was most agreeably and profitably passed among the ruins, accompanied by the venerable custodian, who holds them in charge, and fulfils his trust faithfully. Everything is cared for that ought to be preserved; the debris is never left in unseemly places; the carpet of the nave is the purest and healthiest sward; the ivy is sufficiently free, yet kept within "decent bounds;" and there is no longer danger of those vandal thefts that robbed the church and all its appanages to mend byways and build styes. But the ruin belongs to the Duke of Beaufort; and those who have visited Raglan, Chepstow, Oystermouth, and other "properties" of his grace, will know that Tintern is with him a sacred gift, to be ever honourably treated. Nor may those who, either here or elsewhere, express a feeling of gratitude to "the Duke," forget that to his excellent agent and representative, Mr. Wyatt, they owe very much for the satisfaction they receive, and the gratification they enjoy, when visiting remains on any one of the Beaufort estates.

The Abbey of Tintern* was founded A.D. 1131, by Walter de Clare, for monks of the Cistercian order, and dedicated to St. Mary. The order of Cistercians, or Whitefriars, made its appearance in England about the year 1128. Originally the brotherhood was limited to twelve, with their abbot, "following the example of the Saviour." Their rules were exceedingly strict; they surrendered all their wealth to their order; they selected their localities in solitudes apart from cities: poverty and humility were their distinguishing characteristics. Gradually, however, they obtained immense revenues; and acquired a taste for luxuries; their stern discipline was exchanged for reckless licence; and their splendid abbeys, in which they

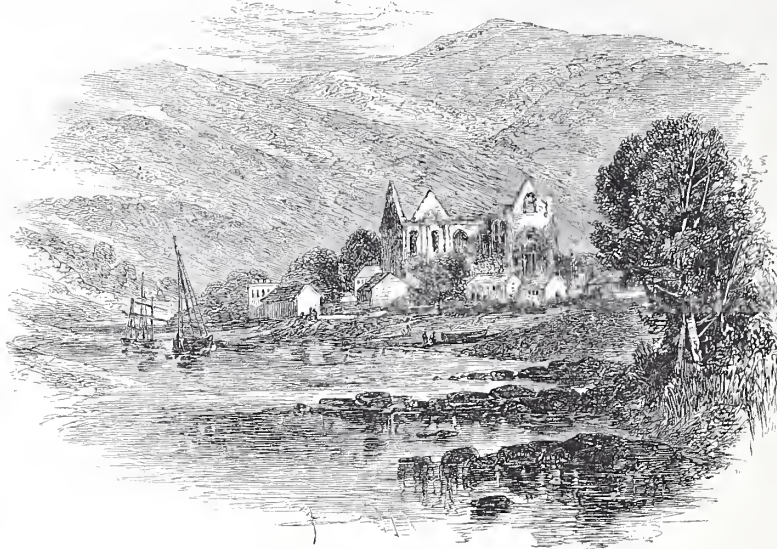


▲ CISTERCIAN MONK.

"dwelt like princes," evidence the "pride that goeth before a fall;" becoming, at last, so numerous and so powerful, that they were said to "govern all Christendom;" at least, they had preponderating influence over every government and kingdom of Europe. Thus they obtained enormous grants and large immunities from kings and barons; and undoubtedly extended learning and propagated religion—such as they believed religion to be. A natural consequence of unrestricted rights

and unrestrained power followed, and the stern, silent, abstemious, and self-mortifying Cistercians became notorious for depravity. Their abbeys in England fell at the mandate of the eighth Harry; there was neither desire nor effort to continue the good they had achieved, while arresting and removing the evil they had effected. The Earl of Worcester received "the site" of Tintern (28 Henry VIII.), and in that family it has ever since continued.*

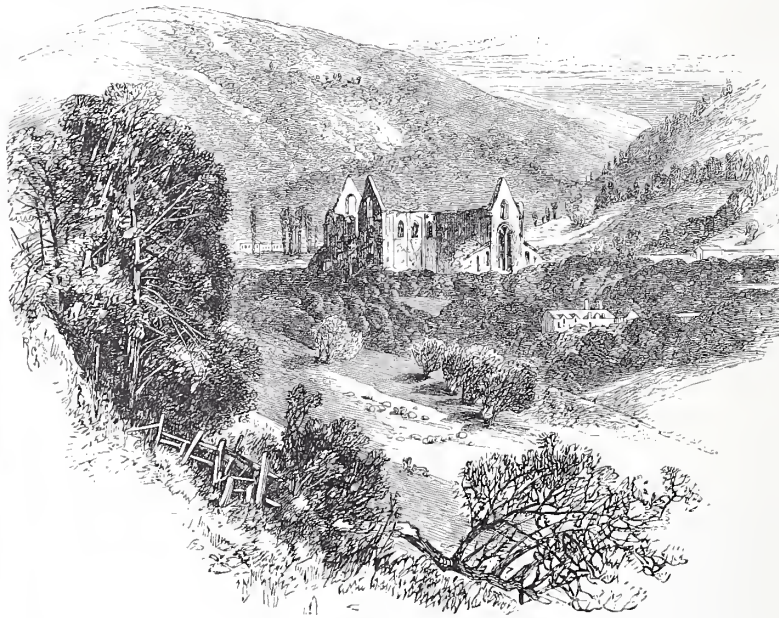
Other munificent donors continued the great work Walter de Clare had commenced. The endowments were largely augmented by Gilbert de Strongbow, lord of the neighbouring Castle



TINTERNE, FROM THE WYE.

of Striguil, and by the Earls of Pembroke, his successors. It was Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, who founded the abbey church, when, A.D. 1268, the first mass at the high altar was celebrated; and down, almost to the period of "the dissolution," its benefactors included many of the princes and peers of England.

It seems to have become a ruin rapidly: it was stripped of its lead during the wars of Charles I. and the Commonwealth; for a century afterwards, it was treated as a stone quarry;



TINTERNE, FROM THE CHEPSTOW ROAD.

and Gilpin, writing in 1782, gives a frightful picture of the state of filth and wretchedness to which the glorious pile of the Norman knights had been subjected, and the utter misery of the

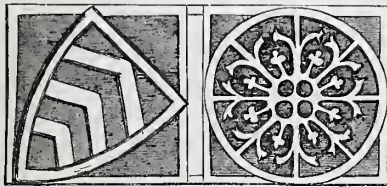
* In 1098, arose the Cistercian order. It took the name from Cîteaux (Latinized into Cistercium), the house in which it was founded, by Robert de Thierry. Stephen Harding, an Englishman, the third abbot, brought the new order into some repute; but it is to the fame of St. Bernard, who joined it in A.D. 1113, that the speedy and widespread popularity of the new order is to be attributed. The order was introduced into England, at Waverley, in Surrey, in A.D. 1128. The Cistercians professed to observe the rule of St. Benedict with rigid exactness; only that some of the hours which were devoted to the Benedictines to reading and study, the Cistercians devoted to manual labour. They affected a severe simplicity; their houses were simple, with no lofty towers, no carvings or representations of saints, except the crucifix; the furniture and ornaments of their establishments were in keeping—chasubles of fustian, candlesticks of iron, napkins of coarse cloth, the cross of wood, and only the chalice of precious metal. The amount of manual labour prevented the Cistercians from becoming a learned order, though they did produce a few men distinguished in literature. They were excellent farmers and horticulturalists; and are said, in early times, to have almost monopolised the wool trade of the kingdom. They changed the colour of the Benedictine habit, wearing a white gown and a hood over a white cassock; when they went beyond the walls of the monastery they also wore a black cloak. St. Bernard of Clairvaux is the great saint of the order. They had seventy-five monasteries and twenty-six nunneries, in England, including some of the largest and finest in the kingdom.—REV. E. CURTIS, in the *Art-Journal*.

* The name is understood to be derived from the Celtic words *din*, a fortress, and *teyrn*, a sovereign or chief; "for it appears from history, as well as tradition, that a hermitage belonging to Theodoric, or Tendrie, King of Glamorgan, originally occupied the site of the present abbey, and that the royal hermit, having resigned the throne to his son, Maurice, led an eremitical life among the rocks and trees here."

neighbouring inhabitants—a population of literal beggars ;* in the place where food and drink had been accorded of right to all who needed ; whence no man nor woman went empty away ; where the weary and the sorrowful never sought relief in vain ; where in letter, as well as in spirit, this was the motto for all to read :—

“ Pilgrim, whosoe'er thou art,
Worn with travel, faint with fear,
Halt or blind, or sick of heart,
Bread and welcome wait thee here.”

All writers are warm in praise of the exceeding beauty of the ruins of Tintern; less of the exterior, however, than of the interior. “The Abbey of Tintern,” writes Bucke, in his “Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature,” “is the most beautiful and picturesque of all our gothic monuments: there every arch infuses a solemn energy, as it were, into inanimate nature, a sublime antiquity breathes mildly in the heart; and the soul, pure and passionless, appears susceptible of that state of tranquillity, which is the perfection of every earthly wish.” We quote also a passage from Roscoe’s charming book. “Roofed only by the vault of heaven—



ENCAUSTIC TILES.

paved only with the grass of earth, Tintern is, probably, now more impressive and truly beautiful, than when ‘with storied windows richly dight,’ for nature has claimed her share in its adornment, and what painter of glass, or weaver of tapes try, may be matched with her? The singularly light and elegant eastern window, with its one tall mullion ramifying at the top, and leaving the large open spaces beneath to admit the distant landscape, is one chief feature in Tintern. The western window is peculiarly rich in adornment, and those of the two transepts of like character, though less elevated.” Thus also writes Gilpin: “When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view, the elements of air and earth its only covering and pave-



EFFIGY OF A KNIGHT.

ment, and the grand and venerable remains which terminated both perfect enough to form the perspective, yet broken enough to destroy the regularity, the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene.”

Besides the engravings that picture in our pages the Exterior of the Abbey, distant views taken by Mr. Hulme,—one “from the village, looking down stream,” the other “from the Chepstow Road,”—we give those that convey sufficiently accurate ideas of the peculiar charms and beauties of the Interior—the East Window, the West Window, and the Guest-Chamber.

* There is nothing like misery, nor much that looks like poverty, to be found now in the village and neighbourhood of Tintern. Several neat, though small, houses are let as lodgings; and besides the comfortable little inn, “The Beaufort Arms,” there are two other inns, with fair promises of “entertainment.” The accommodation they afford, however, is by no means adequate to the demand in “the season;” but that is no great evil, inasmuch as Tintern is but five miles from Chepstow, and ten miles from Monmouth—both places abounding in hotels.

Nearly sixty years have passed since Archdeacon Coxwrote, and Sir Richard Colt Hoare pictured, the beautiful details of this deeply interesting ruin; the “facts” are little altered since then. On entering from the west, “the eye passes rapidly along a range of elegant gothic pillars, and glancing under the sublime arches that supported the tower (entirely gone), fixes itself on the splendid relics of the eastern window, the grand termination of the choir. From the length of the nave, the height of the walls, the aspiring form of the pointed arches, and the size of the east window, which closes the perspective, the first impressions are those



THE WEST WINDOW, FROM THE CHANCEL.

of grandeur and sublimity. But as these emotions subside, and we descend from the contemplation of the whole to the examination of the parts, we are no less struck with the regularity of the plan, the lightness of the architecture, and the delicacy of the ornaments; we feel that elegance is its characteristic no less than grandeur, and that the whole is a combination of the beautiful and the sublime.”

The abbey is a cruciform structure, consisting of a nave, north and south aisles, transepts, and choir. Its length from east to west is 228 feet, and from north to south, at the transepts,



THE EAST WINDOW, FROM THE ENTRANCE.

150 feet. The nave and choir are 37 feet in breadth, the height of the central arch is 70 feet, of the smaller arches 30 feet, of the east window 64 feet, and of the west window 42 feet. The total area originally enclosed by the abbey walls is said to have been 34 acres. These walls may now be easily traced, and some of the dependant buildings are yet in a good state of preservation: in one of them the custodian of the abbey lives.

Judiciously placed, so as not to intrude on the eye, yet carefully preserved, are many relics of its former greatness. Among the old encaustic tiles, grouped into a corner—some of them

cleansed, but the greater part retaining the mould which time has placed over them—are several which bear the arms of the abbey donors; we copy two of these tiles: others represent flowers, animals, and "knights in full career at a tournament." The most interesting of its relics, however, is the effigy of a knight "in chain armour, a pavache shield, and crossed legs," supposed to be that of Strongbow, first Earl of Pembroke; but more probably that of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, the builder of the church—Sir S. Meyrick so considers it. It is still in a good state, and is said to have been entire not many years ago, when a drunken brute, returning from a village orgie, struck the head from the body, and mutilated the members.

One of the most beautiful, and by no means the least interesting, parts of the ruin is "the Hospitium," or Guest-Hall. It was a spacious and lofty chamber, with a vaulted stone roof, supported on pillars, of which the massive bases yet remain. "Of the style of architecture employed in this dining hall, the numerous windows, with their mullioned partitions, tall shafts, and foliated arches, face shafts, and corbel heads along the walls, from which sprang the lofty groined vault that covered and connected the whole, present a tolerably distinct picture—

"Along the roof a maze of mouldings slim,
Like veins that o'er the hand of lady wind,
Embraced in closing arms the key-stone trim,
With hieroglyphs and cyphers quaint combined,
The riddling art that charmed the Gothic mind."

Dr. Beattie has given a plan of the abbey, which we borrow from the pages of his valuable book.

And such is Tintern Abbey—a ruin eloquent of the past: a delicious combination of grace and grandeur, well expressed by the single word, HARMONY. A hundred years at least were occupied in its erection, from the commencement to the finish, and many hands must have been employed in its building and adornments; yet it would seem as if one spirit presided over and guided the whole, so perfect is it in "keeping." Anywhere it would be an object of surpassing interest; but neither Art nor language can do sufficient justice to the scenery amid which the Abbey stands. Wood and water, hill and valley, were essentials to the monks, when they founded any structure, and here they had them all in admirable perfection!

Thus on this subject writes Gilpin:—"A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found; the woods and glades intermixed, the winding of the river, the variety of the ground, the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which include the whole, make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Everything around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life, that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene to become an inhabitant of it." These words we borrow from Archdeacon Coxe:—"The picturesque appearance of the ruins is considerably heightened by their position in a valley watered by the meandering Wye, and backed by wooded eminences, which rise abruptly from the river, unite a pleasing intermixture of wildness and culture, and temper the gloom of monastic solitude with the beauties of nature." Undoubtedly the quiet enjoyment received at Tintern is largely enhanced by the landscape charms in which the ruin is enveloped; but it has many attractions apart from the scenery: it is a graceful, beautiful, and deeply interesting remain of the olden time. "On the whole," writes Grose, summing up his details concerning Tintern, "though this monastery is undoubtedly light and elegant, it wants that gloomy solemnity so essential to religious ruins; it wants those yawning vaults and dreary recesses which strike the beholder with religious awe, make him almost shudder at entering them, and call into his mind all the tales of the nursery. Here, at one cast of the eye, the whole is comprehended—nothing is left for the spectator to guess or explore; and this defect is increased by the ill-placed neatness of the poor people who show the building, and by whose absurd labour the ground is covered over by a turf as even and trim as that of a bowling-green, which gives the building more the air of an artificial ruin in a garden than that of an ancient decayed abbey." . . . "How unlike," he adds, "the beautiful description of the poet—

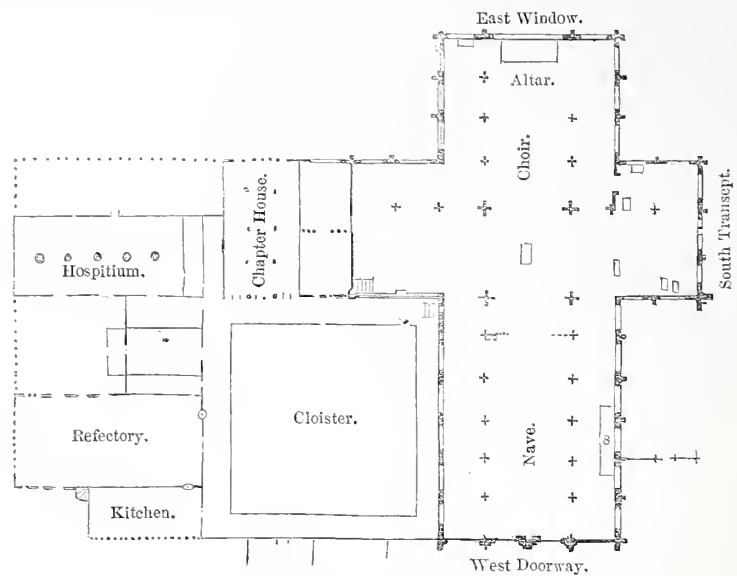
"Half-buried there lies many a broken bust,
And obelisk and urn, overthrown by time;
And many a cherub here descends in dust,
From the rent roof and portico sublime;
Where reverend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;
And ashlings, wafled from the neighbouring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads."

The venerable antiquary found elsewhere, no doubt, many scenes such as he desired, where neglect had effectually aided time: and, perhaps, where nature has been less lavish than here by the banks of the Wye, desolation may be more picturesque than order. But there will not be many to agree

with him in condemning the care that has preserved without restoring, and the neatness that refreshes the soul without disturbing the solemn and impressive thoughts here suggested:—

"How many hearts have here grown cold,
That sleep these mouldering stones among!
How many beads have here been told,
How many matins here been sung!"

And be his creed what it may, he is cold of heart and narrow of soul who feels no sentiment of gratitude towards those who raised temples such as this in which to worship the Creator, and to propagate or to nourish Christianity, in dark ages when the church, despotic as it was, stood



PLAN OF TINTERNE ABBEY.

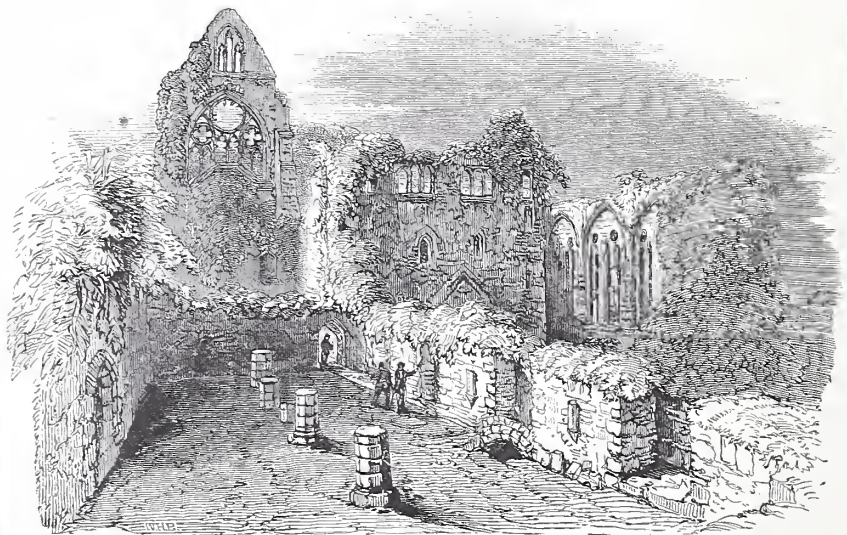
between freedom and a despotism more brutal and more destructive. In these cloisters the arts of peace were cultivated, when a Vandal aristocracy acknowledged no law but power.

What food for thought is here—what material for reflection! Who will not

"Envy them, those monks of old,"

passing a life in calm and quiet, amid scenes so surpassingly beautiful! Here they read and wrote; here the Arts were made the handmaids of religion. We may not, under the walls that shadow their dust, amid pleasant meadows, at the foot of wooded bills, by the fair river-side, all of which they had made charming and productive—we may not ponder over, or even call to mind, the errors or the vices hidden under "the white robe with a black scapular or hood!" Let them be remembered elsewhere, but forgotten here!

We may fitly conclude our visit to "faire Tintern" by quoting a passage from the eloquent



THE GUEST-CHAMBER.

historian Macaulay:—"A system which, however deformed by superstition, introduced strong moral restraints into communities previously governed only by vigour of muscle, and by audacity of spirit; a system which taught even the fiercest and mightiest ruler that he was, like his meanest bondsman, a responsible being, might have seemed to deserve a more respectful mention from philosophers and philanthropists. . . . Had not such retreats been scattered here and there, among the huts of a miserable peasantry, and the castles of a ferocious aristocracy, European society would have consisted merely of beasts of burden and beasts of prey. . . . The church has many times been compared to the ark of which we read in the book of Genesis; but never was the resemblance more perfect than during the evil time when she rode alone, amidst darkness and tempest, on the deluge beneath which all the great works of ancient power and wisdom lay entombed, bearing within her that feeble germ from which a second and more glorious civilization was to spring."

THE CORRIDOR
OF STATUARY-PORCELAIN

AT ALDERMAN COPELAND'S, NEW BOND ST.

THE pure and enduring marble which so deservedly was held in high esteem by the great sculptors of antiquity, has given its name to one of the most beautiful, and also of the most useful, substances employed by modern artists for rendering sculpture a popular art. The life-size marble or bronze is a work of an exclusive order. Its costliness renders it accessible only by the few, while its proportions forbid that it should find a consistent home under any roofs except such as are of a national, or palatine, or a patrician character; it is, accordingly, in the reproduction of great works, on a reduced scale, that sculpture can alone discover the elements of popularity. Small groups and figures, obtainable at a moderate cost, are the statues of the people. They are to the originals what fine engravings are to pictures of the highest rank; indeed, they even surpass the utmost powers of the *burin* in their faculty of graphic and impressive translation. The statuette model reproduces the statue, through the agency of another expression of the same art; whereas the engraving is a work of an art altogether distinct from the picture, although the two arts are in close and most felicitous alliance.

Until a recent period the great difficulty has been to reproduce works of sculpture in an artistic material. Skilful manipulators have long been able to reduce the scale of statues, and to produce small models, which, in form and expression, were faithful transcripts of the originals. But, when the reduced model was perfected, there existed no means for executing the desired statuettes under conditions that would impress upon every one of them the unquestionable character of works of Art. A plaster cast might be most valuable as a model, but it never could rise to be anything less ignoble than a plaster cast. A statuette in a fine Porcelain is a different thing altogether; it is a true and a beautiful work of Art in itself. It may be that the sculptor, in the first instance, executed the design which we see before us in the Statuary-Porcelain, for the express purpose of its being produced and repeated in this material; or the porcelain work may have been modelled from some sculpture in marble or bronze. In either case, every Statuary-Porcelain—or, as this material is sometimes called, "Parian"—work, is equally a work of Art: and its value as such is greatly enhanced through the circumstance that it admits of an unlimited repetition. It is like a painter's etching, in its faculty of being always original, and in its direct transmission of the thought, and feeling, and intention of the sculptor.

There is something also that is peculiarly agreeable in works of sculpture when they are on a small scale. Instead of a large group or statue being degraded by appearing of statuette size, in the great majority of instances the reduced scale imparts a peculiar charm to the composition. This most important quality in statuettes, however, implies that they should be executed in a delicate and refined material. Statuary-Porcelain is exactly such a material. Delicate and refined in the highest degree, it is eminently sculptural in its aspect and tone of colour, and, at the same time, it excites no suspicions of fragility or evanescence. Statuettes executed in the Statuary-Porcelain or Porcelain, accordingly, are always regarded with favour and admiration; and all that is needed for them to take a foremost position amongst the Art-productions of the present time is, for their numbers to be considerably increased, and the repetitions of each example to be multiplied to a great amount.

It must also be very distinctly understood, as one of the peculiar excellences of Statuary-Porcelain, that it admits of being applied to the most varied purposes of Art-manufacture no less successfully than to the production of works in the highest departments of the art of sculpture. Parian statuettes may be, and they have already been, very happily introduced into the composition of numerous objects that are made in porcelain; and, in many instances, the material is itself applicable to purposes of practical utility. In dessert-services the Statuary-Porcelain and the ordinary porcelain have been found to

work together in delightful harmony. This is one example of the manner in which the highest expressions of Art may be made to bear directly upon the useful applications of manufacture. It is impossible to estimate too highly the importance of such a union of Art with manufacture, since it is thus, and thus alone, that, through the consistent influence and the confederate action of pure Art, all manufactures gradually attain to their most exalted character. The Parian, from its high qualities as a material, empowers the sculptor to extend his range of action far beyond the utmost powers of the chisel: and it also shows him by what means his loftiest ideas may diffuse a vital impulse through the distant and diversified ramifications of Art-manufacture.

By all the most eminent ceramic manufacturers of the present era, Parian is in use for the production of statuettes and other objects, that may be classified under the common title of Statuary Porcelain. And it is not in many instances that the works thus produced prove to be unworthy of the beautiful material. Whatever the degree of success that may have attended the efforts of other establishments, Alderman Copeland has devoted so much attention to his Statuary-Porcelain, and he has produced these works in such numbers, variety, and beauty, that he may justly claim to be considered to stand at the head of this department of Art-manufacture. In his spacious and handsome group of ware-rooms, in New Bond Street, a Corridor is devoted by Alderman Copeland almost exclusively to the display of this class of his productions. Here and there the visitor may encounter some gem in porcelain-enamel, or the Parian works may appear before him in that union with porcelain, of which we have spoken, or perhaps he may pause to examine a piece of pure modern porcelain, such as might stand unrebuked beside the *chefs d'œuvre* of Sèvres.

The corridor, however, is in reality a gallery of Porcelain sculpture; and it is in that capacity that we now introduce our readers to it, in order that they may become familiar with by far the most extensive collection of works of this class, that can be seen together in any one place in London. It will be remembered, that the entire collection is the production of Alderman Copeland's ceramic establishment: and it must also be understood that many other works are either in the course of actual preparation, or their future appearance is in contemplation.

The groups, statuettes, busts, and other compositions are arranged in two long lines on either side of the corridor, some of the more important specimens being brought together to form groups. In the adjoining saloons, other specimens may also be seen, particularly those which have been designed to constitute parts of services, for the most part executed in porcelain. Of the busts which have been executed in Porcelain by Alderman Copeland, several are of the full life-size of the original marbles. Busts of her Majesty the Queen and of the Prince Consort are amongst the most successful; but the work that is still more admirable is the Parian reproduction of the well-known Greco-Roman bust in the British Museum, known as Clytie, with the hair brought down so low on the forehead, and the figure represented as if rising from a bud of the lotus. The busts of Juno and Ariadne, of full size, are of great excellence; and those of Opbelia and Miranda, by Calder Marshall, executed for the Crystal Palace Art-Union, are also very beautiful; and the reduced models of them are more beautiful still. Amongst the busts of this smaller size, is a charming one of Jenny Lind. A group of busts of Indian heroes, with Havelock at their head, will require no special notice to secure for them due regard. Other busts of Wellington and Nelson range consistently with them, and various others extend the series still further. The portrait-statuettes are not so numerous as the busts, but they are equally excellent with them: they include an admirable figure of the great Duke. The ideal statuettes and groups, as would be expected, comprehend the larger portion of these interesting works. They may be divided into three classes: of these the first class consists of fac-simile reproductions of well-known statues and groups on a greatly reduced scale; the second comprises a variety of original figure subjects, modelled expressly for the Statuary-Porcelain; and in the third class may be included miscellaneous subjects, such as

groups or figures of animals, vases, jars, jugs, and other similar objects. Every class is well represented. Many are the familiar forms that we have known before of larger proportions, as "Sabrina," "Sunshine," and "the Greek Slave." Others we have learned to know better in their statuette form, than we knew them previously; and not a few come and form their first acquaintance with us, in their capacity of statuettes in Parian. Our readers will find every variety of subject here, from "Venus at the Bath" to "Paul and Virginia," and from "the Wounded Soldier" to "the Boy with a Shell." There are most spirited dogs also, and some noble horses. The groups that have been incorporated with porcelain, for the most part consist of figures placed around a porcelain shaft, which supports a flat dish or tazza. These works are altogether successful, and both Statuary and ordinary Porcelain accomplish their proper duties, in a manner which attests the judicious discrimination, as well as the true artist feeling of the artists employed in their production. There are, also, other groups of larger figures, which are more decidedly erect in their attitudes, and upon whose heads rest light perforated vases, of the same material with the figures themselves. These *canephora* are amongst the best of their order that exist; still there adheres to their order an imperfection, arising from the object and aim of the composition, which prevents their obtaining unqualified commendation, except so far as has reference to the execution of the whole in these examples, and this is really most excellent. It is always a mistake to assign to figures the duty of columns; and it is impossible to place three figures together, having a large vase or basket supported by them upon their three heads, without prejudicially affecting the artistic character of the figures. These otherwise beautiful groups would have been exceptions to this rule, had it been possible; but it was not possible. The other figures that Alderman Copeland's artists have grouped together beneath raised dishes in his dessert-services, escape the oppression from which their sister *canephora* are suffering, since they have nothing to carry upon their heads, and, therefore, there is nothing to check the freedom of their motion, or to interfere with the animation and variety of their expression.

The art of producing sculpture in Porcelain is of comparatively recent introduction into England, and it differs essentially from the old "Bisque," over which time-honoured body it possesses great and manifest advantages. It is foreign to our purpose to enter upon any discussion concerning the priority of the invention of the Statuary-Porcelain, or Parian sculpture. We are well aware that this is a matter that is still in dispute; and, perhaps, like so many other important and valuable inventions, in dispute it may be destined to remain. The introduction of Parian at Alderman Copeland's establishment took place in 1842, at which period Mr. T. Battam was director; and it may interest our readers to be informed of an incident that took place, some twelve years ago, when the Parian was undergoing the ordeal of its experimental trial. We were at that time entering upon the duty, which we have since continued to discharge, of seeking to associate high Art with useful manufactures. With that view we made a tour into the manufacturing districts, when we visited the works of Mr. Alderman Copeland,—then "Copeland and Garrett,"—at Stoke-upon-Trent. We there witnessed the first efforts to secure popularity for the new art of Porcelain sculpture. A "new art" it undoubtedly was; but it had not then assumed the character of being a promising one. Two statuettes had been produced in it—one a graceful female bust, and the other "the Shepherd-Boy," after Wyatt; but they had not "sold." The public did not show any sign of being prepared to acknowledge the real worthiness of the novelty; and it is by no means improbable that the process would have proceeded no farther, had it not been our good fortune to urge upon Mr. Garrett (in whose department the matter was placed) the wisdom of perseverance, under the conviction that what in itself was so evidently excellent, must eventually attain to success. A meeting was, in consequence, arranged by us between several sculptors, of whom Mr. Gibson was one, and Mr. T. Battam, the artist of the works. The two honorary secretaries of the Art-Union of London were also present. After a careful examination of the new material, an

opinion was pronounced decidedly in its favour, Mr. Gibson declaring it to be "the material next best to marble that he had ever seen," and his brothers in Art agreeing with him. Mr. Gibson, at the same time, expressed a hope that some work of his might be suitable for Mr. Battam to produce in the Statuary-Porcelain. A commission from the Art-Union of Loudon followed; and thus the new art of Parian sculpture was rescued from a peril, that might have proved fatal in the first infancy of its career. The material itself is a species of porcelain body, in which soft felspar is used instead of the more siliceous Cornwall stone. The peculiar tint, that contributes so highly to the beauty of the Parian, is due to the presence of the oxide of iron in small quantities in the clay. A silicate of peroxide of iron is produced through the action of this oxide upon the silica of the clay, which is of a pale buff colour; and thus the colour of the mass is obtained. Full particulars of the processes of producing sculptures and other objects in Statuary-Porcelain have been described in detail in our pages, by Professor Hunt, of the Jermyn Street Museum.

We have invited especial attention to this subject at the present time, in consequence of the peculiar fitness of these beautiful works for those presents which so constantly pass from one friend to another at the coming Christmas season. As the best possible commentary upon our notice of Alderman Copeland's "Sculpture Corridor," we commend to our readers the "Corridor" itself. That they will find our admiration for its contents to be well-founded, we are confidently assured; and we are also disposed to believe that they will accept our proposition, to accord to these beautiful works an honourable position amongst the Art-collections of the metropolis.

FROM THE MOORS.

Painted by Park. Engraved by T. Sherratt.

By way of varying our illustrations, we insert this month, in lieu of an engraving from some sculptured work, one from a picture, the subject of which is not without interest to most of us, and which is especially applicable to the present season of the year. Englishmen appear to have an inherent taste for the sports of the field, and if not themselves actual participators in them, there are few who do not enjoy a stroll over a stubble field, or through a cover where birds are plentiful, or to be present at a "meet" among horses and hounds, or to wander by a picturesque trout-stream when the fly is on the water. In no country in the world are sportsmen, whatever their rank or condition, so numerous as in our own. At some period of the year even those most diligently occupied in the business of life find a little leisure for indulging their tastes for the hunt, the rod, or the gun: the professional man will leave his patients or his chambers, the merchant his counting-house, the tradesman his wares, the mechanic his tools of handicraft, to follow the healthful and invigorating pursuit which most suits his inclination; and there are none who more require such a complete abstraction from their daily toils, than the classes who have been emphatically, if not euphoniously, called "head-winners:" the moor, the field, and the river, are oftentimes their life-preservers.

The picture painted by Mr. Park, from which the engraving is taken, is suggestive of a fair day's sport with the gun: the lad mounted on a donkey is hearing homewards a quantity of game which has fallen beneath the ready hand and quick-sighted eye of some well-practised "shot." By the side of the animal gambols its foal, and in front is a young spaniel, whose bark has startled the remains of a once strong covey, which have taken wing across the moorland. The materials of the picture are simple enough, but they are natural, and agreeably brought forward. There is a kind of Art which pleases if it does not aid in instructing the mind, and though the latter is that which ought to be the more appreciated, the former should not be held in light esteem because one especial quality is absent; the wild flower is often quite as much an object of hearty and suggestive of pleasant thoughts as the rarest productions of the conservatory.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE collection in Parliament Street grows apace by purchases and presentations; but more, by the way, by means of the former than the latter, for the institution has given a vast putative money value to what hitherto has possessed only a traditional family interest. Perhaps no Art-collection presents so many curiosities in painting as a portrait gallery. Who that knows the *Ritratti dei Pittori* does not remember, with some gems of Art, the flaccid and colourless vacuities that have lived and had their being, accepted and unquestioned, for centuries in these famous rooms of the Palazzo Vecchio. There are certainly the portraits of men among them who, like the bad king that, according to his prehumous epitaph, never did a good thing, and therefore have no business in the good company in which we find them. If due care be exercised in the admission of portraits, and the exclusion of pseudo-celebrities rigidly enforced, every addition to the gallery must be a matter of interest. Such is, of the recent additions, the portrait of Wolsey, of which all that is known is, that it was formerly at Weston, in Warwickshire, the seat of the Sheldon family; the painter is unknown. We believe that there is but one portrait of Wolsey of undoubted originality, and that is the well-known picture by Holbein at Christchurch, Oxford. It is a profile, showing the left side of the face. The left arm hangs down, the hand grasping a scroll, while the right hand is raised as in the act of pronouncing a benediction. All the portraits that we have seen of Wolsey are profiles of the left cheek; if, therefore, they are not copies of the Christchurch picture, there must have been some blemish on the right side of the cardinal's face, which he and the painters were desirous of concealing.

Then there is a portrait of Nelson, by Heinrich Füger, painted at Vienna in 1800, and chronicled accordingly in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, 1st September of that year. Nelson was at this time in his forty-third year. It is a profile, because, a few years before, the hero lost an eye at Calvi. The picture gives us an idea of a man personally larger than Nelson. The painter, in sacrificing to colour, has given his sitter the semblance of ruddy health, whereas Nelson was in person delicate, with a careworn and anxious expression. It is, however, interesting as an original work, but of such a man there ought to be at least one more portrait.

The trustees have acquired the likeness of John Dryden,—that engraved by Edelineck,—the only one, we believe, by which he is known. The portrait of Burns, painted by Alexander Nasmyth, and retouched by Raeburn, has been presented by Mr. Dillon. The features are those recognised as of Burns, but the head and shoulders convey, like most of the engravings, an impression of a man smaller and more delicate than the poet was. One of the most recent and most remarkable pictures is a constellation of bishops—the seven famous prelates of 1688. They are small heads, on one canvas, about kitcat-size. Archbishop Saneroff is the centre-piece, and the others—William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph—Francis Turner, Bishop of Ely—Thomas Ken, of Bath and Wells—Jonathan Trelawney, of Bristol—Thomas White, of Peterborough—and John Lake, of Chichester—encircle him. The painter is unknown; but the execution is not that of a master.

The portrait of Elizabeth Carter, who translated "Epictetus," and contributed to "The Rambler," is a curious example of a style of crayon drawing, which was carried to high perfection during the latter half of the last century. It was executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence about 1788, when he was working in crayons, in imitation of the admirable productions of the famous Jack Smith, of New Street, Covent Garden, whose venison and turbot suppers were as largely extolled by his friends, as were his portraits by his patrons. That, and the unfinished, gossiping portrait of Wilherforce, mark two distinct eras in the career of a famous painter.

The portrait of John Knox, presented by the Duke of Buccleuch, is a work of a class of which we fear that there will be but few examples forthcoming. The artist is unknown; but it may be presumed that the Duke of Buccleuch has a history of the

picture. Yet another old portrait is that inscribed "Jacobus, Dei Gratia Rex Scottorum. Ætatis Suae 8, 1574." He is presented at full length, with his right hand on his hip, and holding on his left wrist a hawk with bells. The head is painted with a rare finish, supposed by Federigo Zuccherò. The body of the young king is tapered by that kind of huckram hodie, which was fashionable in the days of Elizabeth, contrasting most grotesquely with the capacious nether continuations which he still wore as James I. of England.

Another portrait, more interesting than really valuable, is that of Mary, Countess of Pembroke. The face is bright, sunny, and benevolent, fully justifying the famous epitaph that Ben Jonson wrote at her death:—

"Underneath this sable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister—Pembroke's mother
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and wise, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!"

The work is in perfect condition, showing the lady in a rich Elizabethan costume, worked out with the most patient elaboration; but the most striking feature of the picture is an inscription in the upper right-hand corner,— "Martis 12, Anno Domini 1614—No spring till now,"—which has been a subject of extensive speculation; although, perhaps, like many other things that have perplexed the wise, of slight significance. The winter of 1613-14 was a season of extreme cold; and, about the period of the finishing of the picture, the prolonged frost broke up, and it is probable that the painter commemorated the event by the inscription. This picture is from the ancient mansion of Holme Lacy, Herefordshire, the seat of the Seadamore family.

Reynolds's John Hunter, in the College of Surgeons, is in rags, like Mrs. Siddons, at Dulwich; but it is gratifying to see John Jackson's copy sound and bright in this gallery. The background appears somewhat darker than that of the original picture, and it is not so peach-like as Reynolds's sunny glaze left the original work; but it is something to possess a copy by Jackson, indeed, the best substitute that we could have.

The small portrait of David Wilkie we greet with a fervent welcome; it is honestly painted, and will be fresh five centuries hence. Who that sees this face does not recognize it in "Blind Man's Buff," "the Penny Wedding," "the Rent-Day," and, in short, some modification of it in everything that Wilkie painted?

These are among the latest additions to the collection.

OBITUARY.

ROBERT STEPHENSON, M.P., F.R.S., &c. &c.

VERY brief has been the interval that has intervened between the deaths of our two greatest and most distinguished engineers; and very remarkable is the similarity in the manner in which the deaths of them both have taken place, almost at the precise time in which the grandest achievement of each was about to be brought to its completion. Bruel sunk, exhausted by the wear of his own keen and vigorous intellect, as the Great Eastern was in the act of demonstrating that, so far as she was *his* work, her success was absolute and triumphant; and now Stephenson has followed, the energy of his mind also having worn away his physical powers, but a few short weeks before his wonderful Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, will carry a locomotive—the production of his father's and his own genius and perseverance—over the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, from Canada to the United States.

After a short, but severe illness, which, from the first, was of a character to excite the most painful apprehensions, Mr. Stephenson expired, at his residence in Gloucester Square, on October 13th. The only son of his renowned father, George Stephenson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he died childless, but the name of Stephenson has a place amongst those worthies of England, which live, and will live, in perpetual remembrance, without the ever-present memorial of sons and daughters.



SHERATT

PARK

FROM THE MOORS

POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHS
AND
REPRODUCTIONS OF WORKS OF ART.

AN establishment has been opened at the entrance to the South Kensington Museum, by order of the Committee of Council on Education, for the sale to the public of copies of whatever photographs have been, or hereafter may be, officially executed for the Department, from works of Art in British and foreign museums, and in other collections which cannot be photographed by private agency, and also of certain other objects of public interest. Photographic *negatives*, made by order of the trustees of the British Museum, and for the War and other Government Offices, will also be sold, together with *positive* impressions of the same photographs. In addition to these photographs, the Department has commenced the sale of reproductions of works of Art, consisting of objects in metal, electrotyped by Messrs. Elkington and Messrs. Frauchi, plaster and fictile, ivory casts from various works in sculpture, ivory-carvings, &c., with architectural and other decorative details and accessories. The whole of the casts of the sculptures, produced for the Trustees of the British Museum, may be obtained in like manner; and photographs are either in actual preparation, or arrangements are being made for their being produced from various royal and other collections of original drawings by Raffaele, Michael Angelo, and other great masters. The prices at which all these photographs and reproductions are sold, are so low that they are rendered accessible by all classes in the community; and thus, not only has this admirable plan opened a ready access to the study of works that hitherto have been inaccessible, but it has made that access sufficiently easy to bring these works to bear with the most complete efficiency upon popular education.

It will be understood that the "positive" impressions of photographs are not mounted by the Department. The tariff of prices for them has been fixed as follows:—A single impression (unmounted), the dimensions of which contain less than 40 square inches, *e. g.* 5 × 7 inches, or 4 × 8 inches, 5*d.*; 40 square inches, and under 60, 7½*d.*; 60, and under 80, 10*d.*; 80, and under 100, 1*s.* ½*d.*, and so on, at proportionate rates of increase. The prices of the reproductions in metals, and of the casts, are equally moderate. It must be added, that any persons desiring to obtain photographs of any of the objects of Art in the South Kensington Museum, can order "negatives" of such objects at the rate of 3*d.* per square inch. All applications are to be made to Mr. George Wallis, at the Museum, under whose direction the whole of the arrangements for the sale of the photographs, &c., have been placed. Mr. Thurston Thompson is the photographer to the Department; and Mr. Roger Fenton has produced the photographs for the trustees of the British Museum.

It is impossible to attach too high a degree of importance to the step which the Government and public authorities have thus taken, with the view to advance popular education through the agency of Art. This is precisely the measure that we have been desiring, and hoping for years that we might eventually witness. Before the sun had taken his place at the head of artistic reproducers, such a plan could have been only imperfectly realized: but now, when photographic reproductions can be readily multiplied to any extent, all of them being exact in their fidelity to the original works, there remained but the formation of a plan for obtaining the most worthy photographs, and for their public sale at low prices. After a while, without doubt, it will be our pleasing duty to notice the beneficial effects that will continually arise from the sustained action of the system, the commencement of which we now record with the strongest expression of our cordial approbation. It is sufficient for us now simply to state the facts of the case, and to refer our readers—artists, students of Art of every class, manufacturers, and the public at large—to the department of Mr. George Wallis at South Kensington.

A clear and highly satisfactory catalogue of the photographs, &c., now to be obtained, is sold at South Kensington for 2*d.* At the head of the contents are photographs of the Hampton Court "Cartoons" of Raffaele, of different sizes. Sets of

seven photographs vary in price from £1 19*s.* 7*d.* to 3*s.* 11½*d.*; and they are all of equal excellence. Any single photograph of any of the sets is obtainable, as are large studies of portions of the cartoons. Next in the catalogue follows a series of thirty three photographs from drawings by Raffaele in the Museum of the Louvre, to be succeeded in their turn by another series from drawings by Holbein in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle. A third series has been formed from the collection of life-size portraits of the Tudor family, executed from various authorities for the Prince's Chamber in the new Palace at Westminster, by Mr. Burchett, head-master of the Central School of the Department. The groups that follow comprise photographs of Limoges, enamels, ivory carvings, objects in crystal and other precious materials, and miscellaneous objects, from originals in various collections of the highest importance both in England and on the Continent, with many photographs from nature, and others from the British Museum sculptures, &c. &c. The electrotype reproductions and the casts in plaster are numerous, very judiciously selected, and they comprehend a great variety both of classes of objects and of individual examples.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE TURNER AND VERNON COLLECTIONS.—These important components of our "National Gallery" of pictures and drawings have been removed from Marlborough House, and deposited in the apartments which are to afford them a temporary resting-place at the South Kensington Museum, until their wanderings are finally brought to a close by some decided act of the legislature. The new buildings at South Kensington, before the arrival of the pictures, appeared somewhat dull and sombre: but it is probable they will prove to be well adapted to their duties when they shall have been prepared for the admission of the public. This very desirable event will probably take place about the commencement of November.

THE BIG BELL AT WESTMINSTER.—We have reason to be thankful that we are to hear this melancholy sound no more; the bell has been guilty of a second suicide, has cracked its sides,—certainly not with laughter,—and London is no longer to endure the mournful tones that seemed, at all hours, heralds of impending doom. This *strike* is, at all events, ended. But there seems to have been a frightful deal of bungling somewhere. We fervently hope it is a case beyond mending: far better to break up the bell piecemeal, and to convert the old metal into a statue of Caxton, who gave us a gift of inestimable value on a spot over which the clock-tower throws its shadow. In England there is as yet no monument to this benefactor of generation after generation. The reproach, however, is not always to endure.

MR. JOSEPH DURHAM, the sculptor, whose name is already honoured by the profession and the public, has been commissioned to execute a statue of "the first English printer," Caxton, to be placed in the great room of the Westminster Palace Hotel. The hotel is built on the site of Caxton's printing office, and it occurred to the directors of the company that the interesting fact should obtain a permanent record. While the foundations of the hotel were digging, there were hopes of finding some relic of the old building: the ancient walls were clearly traced, and a mutilated statue of the Virgin and Child—probably one of the ornaments of "the chapel"—was found; but the search, although carefully and minutely instituted, was vain to procure a morsel of the type which the first printer had used. Mr. Durham's statue, life-size, will be in plaster. The directors, not feeling justified thus to expend the money of the shareholders, have subscribed privately to meet the necessary expense. It will be a work of very high merit. Caxton is represented seated on a fine oak chair of the period, examining a proof-sheet, one foot resting on an iron chest.

THE WELLINGTON MEMORIAL.—The prolonged abiding of Marochetti's "Victory," in the garden of Apsley House, seems to be intended as a persistent chastisement of the public taste. And are we to

believe that this, after all, with the rest of the design, is to be that of the intended monument? The facts of the case, as we understand them, are, in brief, these:—Artists are invited to send in designs, in competition for a monument to the late Duke of Wellington. The day for the reception of the models arrives, as also that for the meeting of the committee of selection; and the result is, that those men, whose works were pronounced to be the most worthy, are set aside, and another, of the so-called secondary class, to whom a hundred pounds was awarded, is commissioned to proceed with his design; and, accordingly, Mr. Stevens, the thus far successful candidate, is realizing his model. But will Mr. Stevens's work be ultimately accepted? will it not in turn be set aside, and Marochetti's adopted? We are perfectly justified in asking the question, seeing the unhesitating reversal of their own decisions by the committee. The utmost that can be hoped for from committees is, that they should be "indifferent honest;" but, of late, the propositions of public Art committees have been a delusion and a snare. If, in this case, there were one or two artists, whose works were pronounced the most excellent, wherefore have the authorities commissioned an artist who took but a second place in the competition? The committee themselves thus establish this fact—that, inasmuch as they employ Mr. Stevens, whose work they adjudged to be inferior to that of Mr. Woodington or Mr. Marshall, they declare either of these artists to be better qualified for the work than Mr. Stevens, and, therefore, perfectly capable of executing the commission creditably. That which we contend for is an honest consistency. Had the commission been confided to any particular artist, in the same manner that Wyatt was elected to "do" the great Duke at Hyde Park Corner, no voice could be justly raised against the resolution. But the selection of the artist is another thing, and open to the criticism of all who choose to write or speak of it. If the committee, in open and fair assembly, vote for and elect any particular sculptor, the public cannot arraign them for their election, but they are in nowise justified in breaking faith with men whom fair professions thus induce to cast their bread upon the waters.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—The next fresco to be placed in the corridors is a work by Mr. Cope, R.A., the subject of which is "The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell." The artist is still engaged on the picture in one of the committee rooms of the House of Lords; and, as it is nearly completed, it will shortly be found in its place. It is to be hoped that the method of executing these frescoes on slate, and fixing them in their respective panels with a space behind for the circulation of air, will secure them against the fate that has befallen the works in the Poets' Hall. It is some months since we examined these frescoes, but on a more recent inspection, it is evident that injury is advancing with increased rapidity. In Herbert's work the faces of Goneril and Regan are peeling off, and in others large portions of the surfaces are extensively blistered. The natural cause of this, as we have already stated, is the dampness of the walls. There never has been perhaps a fire in the Poets' Hall, and at times the walls are streaming with moisture. So insufficient is the light in the corridors, that every composition painted on the principle of breadth of low or middle tone, will be lost. Compositions designed with their principal quantities in strong opposition, like Ward's "Argyle," are alone suited for such a light. The substitution of stained for white glass in the windows of St. Stephen's Hall, has materially reduced the lights; but nevertheless pictures there, especially on the north wall, will be much more distinct than in any of the other corridors or passages of the Houses.

SKETCHING MEETINGS.—The sketching evenings of the Langham Chambers School were resumed for the season on Friday the 14th of October. These pleasant hebdomadal *tournois à l'aimable* are continued until the end of April, when long days, green leaves, and especially the crisis of the Art year, with its excitement, bring about the usual prorogation. There have not been for many years so few candidates for this society as at present. It has been common hitherto for names to be on the lists for two years before the admission of candidates.

DULWICH GALLERY.—A correspondent, writing in reference to the paragraph we inserted last month respecting admission to this gallery, says—"Allow

me to remind you that on Thursdays and Fridays the charge to visitors is sixpence for each person." We thought no fee was expected at any time.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, so crowded with a heterogeneous group of monuments, may possibly soon be relieved by the removal of a modern mass of masonry, which forms the background to those in the north transept, and unnecessarily blocks up two arches of the building. The monuments themselves can be as well displayed against the wall, and air and light be secured where they are wanted. It is not generally known that a project was formed some few years ago to convert the garden of Westminster School into an English *Campo Santo*, where the modern monuments might be arranged against the walls beneath an arcade, which should communicate with the Houses of Parliament. The plan was scarcely mooted, and has died a natural death; but it might deserve resuscitation. The Abbey is now inconveniently overcrowded with modern monuments, which hide each other, or by juxtaposition give it the air of a tomb-cutter's show-room. We would not move one stone, the interest of which is associated with its present locality, but there could be no objection to the removal of many masses of sculpture, which would be improved by giving greater space to their exhibition, while the gain to the effect of the Abbey would be enormous.

BISHOP MONK has been commemorated in Westminster Abbey by an incised brass laid in the pavement of the northern aisle: it is an excellent artistic work, and shows how completely this antique mortuary memorial may be adapted to the uses of the present age. The costume and accessories are strictly truthful, yet they are not incongruous with the building. The Dean and Chapter, anxious to encourage this good old style of memorial, admit such brasses into the Abbey without payment of the usual fees.

THE CHIMNEYS OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER OFFICES.—An evident improvement has lately been effected by the substitution of Mr. J. Billing's "Patent Terra-Cotta Chimney Terminals," for the singularly ugly metal smoke-pipes, with their accompanying wind-guards, which for many years have disfigured the upper part of this building. We notice that the "chimney terminals" are not only more pleasant to look at than "chimney-pots," *et id genus omne*, but that they really possess the important practically useful quality of providing a successful remedy for smoky chimneys. The "terminals" made their appearance more than two years ago at Somerset House; and the fact of their introduction to the opposite office of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Lancaster Place, speaks well for their efficient and satisfactory action.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BUILDING NEWS.—In addition to the sterling character of the contents of its columns, our spirited contemporary, the *Building News*, regularly places in the hands of its subscribers a series of engravings on wood of such high excellence, that they excite surprise as well as admiration. So remarkable, indeed, are these illustrations as examples of what may be accomplished by steam-printing, that they claim from us a very decided expression of our warm commendation. They also are equally meritorious if regarded as specimens of wood-engraving. They demonstrate the ability of English engravers on wood, and they show how successfully they are able at once to illustrate a speciality in literature, and to produce really admirable works of Art. As a matter of course, the subjects of the illustrations of the *Building News* are, for the most part, architectural, and they comprise a great variety of objects, some of which are necessarily of a more artistic character than others. But whatever the subject, the engraving is invariably good. Occasionally a combination of favourable circumstances enables the artists to produce some particular engraving that takes precedence of its associates; thus, for example, the recent large two-page engraving, in Jewitt's best manner, of the interior of All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, is one of the most beautiful engravings on wood, and, at the same time, one of the very best architectural representations that we ever remember to have seen. It is an engraving fit to be framed, and we should be glad to know that it was published on fine paper expressly for that purpose. Such engravings cannot fail to improve the public taste, and we trust they will

find their way in every direction throughout the length and breadth of the land.

THE ARTISTS' COMPANY OF VOLUNTEER RIFLES.—It is proposed that "Number Two" Company of the Marylebone Rifle Corps shall consist of painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and others immediately connected with Art. The circular states that "the committee will endeavour to render membership as inexpensive as possible, under the conviction that volunteer corps should be permanent institutions, not only for interual defence in case of need, but as tending to promote the physical well-being of those who join them." Inasmuch as companies in the metropolis will be formed from the ranks of various professions, it was to be expected that the profession of Art would supply its quota to the general muster-roll, though it was scarcely to be hoped that to the painters would be conceded the honour of standing next to the leading company. In 1830, in Paris, the Art-students were among the foremost in the *mêlée*, and among them were a few Englishmen, who did good service in the popular cause. There is no class of men more interested in the maintenance of peace than painters and sculptors, and it is certain that none would more chivalrously acquit themselves in face of an enemy, should they ever be called into action. On grounds social as well as patriotic, we sincerely wish the movement an entire success. May the drill-ground constitute a field of meeting that will soothe all the jealousies that have hitherto divided the profession into so many antagonistic sections. In the case of the artists there is not only a national purpose to be answered, but a social revolution should also be kept in view. Their first rallying square should be commemorated as the first instance of their ever concurring in a common purpose, and this part of their drill should be carried, in practice, into their every-day life. In every other country, painters, sculptors, and all who live by Art, are a compact phalanx—they *enregiment* themselves, and their rallying square is unassailable. We cannot conceive any more acceptable commanding-officer for the Art-contingent than Sir Charles Eastlake. As for the company's officers, they must all be men well up in the double; and, to be really effective, all must be ready at once to resign the studio-canvas for the raw material in the field.

THE HANDEL COLLEGE.—In the extent and comprehensiveness of their fraternity and benevolence, musicians are in advance of painters. Some months since a prospectus was issued proposing the establishment of an institution, to be entitled as above; having for its object the maintenance and education of the orphans of musicians of all classes, native and naturalized. The movement has been warmly seconded, and substantially met by a gift of a site, of which one of the conditions is, that "the building shall be worthy of the charity." Mr. Owen Jones gives his services gratuitously as architect. The realization of the college is, therefore, all but assured—an urgent appeal being about to be made to the public. The families of painters are even more liable to cruel vicissitude than those of musicians. We instance the proposed "Handel College," hopeful that the body of painters may at no distant time do likewise. We should rejoice to find persons willing to act with us in forming such an institution for the orphan children of artists; and if we do find such, will gladly give our best services to the cause. We shall probably ere long have more to say on this matter.

PUBLIC MEMORIALS, AND THEIR SCAFFOLDING.—We are not very famous, as a nation, for the successful management of our public memorials. The works themselves are rarely such as to disarm, or even to conciliate, severe criticism. And, besides the questionable character of these productions—which, if any are, ought certainly to be excellent in themselves, we are very generally unfortunate in getting them into their places. We had hoped, indeed, that a better era had dawned upon the works of commemorative art, in which the nation, or certain associations of individuals, desire to do honour to living worth, or to glorious memories: and, accordingly, we have for some time been expecting the appearance of two really noble memorials in association with our gallant countrymen who fell in the Crimea; the one in front of the west end of Westminster Abbey, and the other in Waterloo Place. Spaces in both localities have long been enclosed, and scaffoldings of the most approved unsightliness

have already begun to grow old upon them—and so these memorials still continue. Now, we do not wish to urge the artists to any hurry or precipitation with the completion of their respective works; but we certainly should be glad to learn, both from Mr. G. G. Scott and Mr. John Bell, for what reasons two of the most important sites in western London should have been occupied by these unsightly poles and planks for months before there was the slightest discoverable necessity, or even pretext, for their appearance. We do hope to see, either the memorials speedily erected, or the scaffoldings speedily removed. In the one case, such prolonged delays reflect by no means favourably upon the artists; and in the other, the parochial authorities have no right to tolerate what positively amounts to public nuisances in the midst of great public thoroughfares.

THE TROPICAL ENCLOSURE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—We observe with much satisfaction that, instead of the hideous screen of bed-ticking which hitherto has shut in the tropical enclosure of the Crystal Palace during the winter season, the partition is now being partly formed of permanent panels of glass. Would it not be possible to erect a frame-work of decorative iron-work, which might contain specimens of *stained glass*, and thus form a truly splendid division between the main body of the building and the tropical enclosure?

PORTRAITS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—There are in the possession of Dr. Copland, of No. 5, Old Burlington Street, two portraits of Queen Mary, painted by Paris Bordone, in Paris; one in 1557, about the time of her marriage to the Dauphin, the other in 1560, shortly after his decease. Both portraits are small, life-sized heads; the former a three-quarter face, with the hair turned back and bound by a fillet. Over the hair is worn a lace head-dress, with a gold ornament on the forehead, and a string of pearls; and the lower part of the neck shows part of a red robe. The later portrait is a profile, with the hair worn as in the other. Both are in excellent condition, and extremely pure in colour, treated according to the taste of the time, with an entire absence of shades. One of the portraits was painted for Mary, daughter of the fifth Lord Livingston, one of the four Marys who attended Mary Stuart to France; the other for John Sempill, second son of Robert, the third Lord Sempill, one of her chamberlains. Soon after their return to Scotland, in 1561, John Sempill and Mary Livingston were married in Holyrood Palace, and to their union John Knox has alluded as that of "Mary Livingston, the lusty, to John Sempill, the dancer." Their descendant, Francis Sempill, was an adherent of James II., on the occasion of whose abdication he withdrew to the Continent. Captain William Sempill, the grandson of Francis, married Margaret Syeds, a member of a Spanish family long resident on the continent, and to him both portraits descended as the last male representative of this branch of the Sempill family. By William Sempill they were bequeathed to his niece, Janet Syeds, by whom they were again bequeathed to her niece, Martha Grace Syeds, the late wife of the present possessor. Thus the pedigree of possession of these pictures is clear and satisfactory. The features do not present that regularity of beauty which is historically ascribed to Mary. Paris Bordone was painter to Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II.

OUR READERS will probably recollect that, a few months since, we noticed a series of remarkable drawings of the most inaccessible parts of India, made by the three enterprising German travellers, the brothers Schlagentweit, one of whom fell a victim to the savage disposition of a tribe of natives. We learn that the King of Bavaria has conferred titles of nobility on the survivors, as a mark of his appreciation of the services rendered by them to the science of ethnology.

A STATUE of the distinguished American statesman, Daniel Webster, has been erected and inaugurated in the city of Boston, U.S., with much ceremony.

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS GRAVES.—We deeply regret to record the death of this estimable and accomplished gentleman. The sad intelligence was communicated to us too late to enable us to do more than record the event.

REVIEWS.

LALLA ROOKH. An Oriental Romance. By THOMAS MOORE. With Illustrations. Published by ROUTLEDGE, London.

In anticipation of the return of another new year season, the enterprising publishers of Farringdon Street have issued an illustrated edition of Moore's exquisitely graceful "Oriental Romance," which they may justly expect to become a favourite gift-book. "Lalla Rookh" itself can now need no laudatory recommendation; but the established reputation of the work does certainly demand that whatever illustrations may appear in a new edition of it, should be worthy of the text with which they are associated. And altogether worthy of the places they occupy are the beautiful woodcuts in the new "Lalla Rookh." We accept them, at once, as genuine representations of the personages and the scenes which they undertake to pass in review before us. They are as oriental as the book is, from its opening passage to its last word. They are thoroughly poetic; and they most happily fulfil their proper mission, by really illustrating, in a graphic and artistic manner, the successive incidents of the romance. The entire "getting up" of the volume is of the highest order; paper, typography, woodcuts, and the general execution of the whole, combining to produce a most gratifying ensemble.

It is worthy of particular notice that these illustrations are distinguished by an unusual uniformity in their excellence; while they vary very considerably in their style and character, and comprehend a diversity of subjects, they are (with scarcely an exception) alike in truthfulness and beauty. In woodcut illustrations, views of scenery, buildings, and archeological subjects, are generally well rendered, but the groups of figures are no less frequently inferior. This is not by any means the case with the "Lalla Rookh" figure-subjects, which range with their companions on terms of the most honourable equality. The artists have studied the author, and they have expressed his sentiments, and given impersonations of his creations; the result is that their designs are completely successful. The artists are F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., W. Harvey, G. H. Thomas, T. Macquoid, H. K. Browne, R. P. Leitch, K. Meadows, Birket Foster, E. H. Corbould, S. Palmer, H. Weir, and G. Dodgson. The engravings are all by Edmund Evans, all excellent, and they are forty-one in number.

PEN AND PENCIL. By Mrs. BALMANN. Published by APPLETON, New York.

This is a welcome gift from the other side of the Atlantic; another proof that in all the elements of book-making—paper, binding, and typography—we may only dispute the palm with our younger brethren. The volume is beautifully printed, very gracefully "got up," with evidence of much taste and skill in arrangement. As an "edited book," it is singularly well put together; this is, however, by no means its only, or its leading, recommendation: it is the production of a superior mind. Although composed upon no system,—for poems and prose sketches, on a vast variety of subjects, are intermixed, the results of much and large experience of life and character,—there is a uniformity of sentiment and feeling throughout, and a systematic advocacy of what is good, which give safe assurance that the author has thought, and read, and studied, and has now written, to a high and holy purpose—that of giving pleasure while enlarging the mind and purifying the heart.

The book is full of illustrative engravings; they may not vie with those that embellish our own Christmas gift-books; but they are of a good order, some of them possessing considerable excellence, while the initial letters and other ornamental characters exhibit taste and judgment, and do much credit to the American engravers, who have performed this part of an agreeable task. The illustrations are not only numerous, but very varied, some from ancient pictures, others of venerable buildings, such as Haddon and Holyrood; while others (and these are, to us, the most interesting) are from portraits of persons whose fame is as large in the New World as it has ever been in the old—such as Lawrence, Stothard, Lamb, and Hood.

The poems are many of them very charming; those that are constructed on some touching incident, those that breathe of the holiest and purest affections, those that commemorate some great historic event, or those that, imitating the old ballad style, sound the heroic clarion of old England. The articles, however, that possess chiefest interest for us are the "personal recollections" of the accomplished authoress, who evidently cherishes a few memories of her old home in her heart of hearts.

These are sketches of the great artists, Lawrence, Fuseli, Stothard, and others; and the authors, Tom Hood and Charles Lamb, with a singularly graphic memoir of Crofton Croker. The pleasant anecdotes told herein are original and touching; they bring the persons vividly before us—for we knew them all; the look, and manner, and habits, nay, the very speech, of these men of mark are thus made familiar to us. It is a rare and enviable faculty that which, after twenty years—nay, more, much more—recalls to memory, with marvellous fidelity and exactness, those who are now parts of the history of Art and Letters in England.

We thank Mrs. Balmanno for a most agreeable and useful book—a book that may take its place beside the best of our time, as regards either its contents or its graceful appearance. Our only regret is that the author did not extend these personal recollections; the lady and her husband, we know, mingled much among artists and men of letters—we care not to say how long ago! Most of their old friends and associates have "put on immortality," and any memory of them is a boon to the world in which they lived—and still live; for we may adopt, as well as quote, a passage from the high soul that, although born and a dweller in New York, is the poet of England, as well as of America:—

"They are not dead, they're but departed,
For the artist never dies!"

BOTANY AND RELIGION; or, Illustrations of the Works of God in the Structure, Functions, Arrangement, and General Distribution of Plants. Third Edition. By J. H. BALFOUR, A.M., M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

A book of which a third edition is demanded may be considered, so far as the author is concerned, as almost beyond the pale of criticism, for it is evident to the writer that the public has already decided upon its merits. We have a word or two, nevertheless, to say about Dr. Balfour's "Botany:" first, because we do not remember to have seen it at any former time; and, secondly, because the present edition has been much enlarged, and the number of illustrations increased.

The leading idea of this work is excellent: any attempt to combine scientific knowledge with religious truths deserves commendation, and where is there a subject that opens up a wider field for such unity of instruction than the world of botany? Astronomy may lead to higher thoughts of the Creator's power and majesty, but botany, to those who study it, reveals the wonders of his hand, the variety of his resources,—if such a term may be permitted,—his love to, and his care of, the great human family, in the manner in which he administers to its wants and its gratification. We are among those who believe that secular knowledge without scriptural may elevate a man among his fellows, but will never make him truly happy; and this has been the expressed opinion of the wisest and greatest whose names are associated with the philosophy of science.

Dr. Balfour's book is written with a view to point out the value of science as a handmaid to religion, and the two are so ingeniously and pleasantly woven together, that he must possess a dull intellect who cannot derive both gratification and instruction from the perusal of these pages. The difference between this edition and those previously published consists in the introduction of a number of new facts in regard to the structure and physiology of plants, the geographical distribution of plants is more fully set forth, and a chapter on the principles of natural classification has been added. This is certainly the book we would desire to place in the hands of all our young friends—ay, and of those of maturer years—whose tastes lead them to inquire into the wonders and beauties of the vegetable kingdom.

But we have somewhat of a grievance to complain of. Dr. Balfour pays us the compliment of requesting his readers to "look at the beautiful forms which are so exquisitely delineated from time to time in the *Art-Union*," and elsewhere he alludes to our Journal, we presume, under the same title: this, in a new edition of his book ought not to have been. It is now more than ten years since we changed our name, and surely during this time, a period to which the doctor's references more especially apply, he must have seen the *Art-Journal*. There is something in a name which one cannot always afford to lose, especially in that of a periodical publication.

GLAUCUS; OR, THE WONDERS OF THE SHORE. By CHARLES KINGSLEY, F.S.A., F.L.S. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., Cambridge.

How popular—and justly so—this little work has been, is shown by its having reached a fourth edi-

tion. We congratulate the public, and also the author: the one, on the increased appreciation of the wonders that everywhere surround us; and the other, on the recompense he finds for his labours, in the demand for that wholesome and pleasant intellectual food he has furnished so gracefully and with so much discretion. Mr. Kingsley was among the first of many to turn the thoughts of pleasure-seekers, during annual periods of recreation, into healthy and pure channels; and although mere dabblers in natural history bear much the same resemblance to its true votaries, as does the shadow to the substance, yet even their slight introduction into the vast mazes of wealth and beauty that lie beneath the silvery waters or on tangled hedgerows of our sea-side hamlets, must give a tone to their minds, such as of a surety leads to happiness. Our fathers had little time for such enjoyments; war, and its consequent hardening education, was their duty, and, therefore, pleasure. They had to fight for and retain the land that now flowers all around us, and to spill their life's blood on the ocean that selters our "choicest specimens." All may be naturalists and improve, nor lessen their accustomed recreations: the sportsman who rambles over hills, or beside banks of running streams; the angler, as he strolls lazily, waiting for a wind and a lively curl; the young man, who spends his month's holiday in smoking cigars with questionable companions, and sailing aimless cruises in Lord So-and-so's yacht; the literary man, in his life of toil and life of Art, loving the book of Nature—the only one he knows but by hearsay, and that so long ago, that he almost forgets its contents—to all such this work, so elegantly written, so poetical, and yet so practical, must be a deep delight. No hard, unpronounceable names are here to puzzle the brain, already wearied with inexplicable workings of a busy life, no cautions against impossible accidents, no glowing descriptions of the unattainable; but straightforward, clear, and "come-at-able" instruction, clothed in such delicate semblance, that one might read it for a recital of the pleasant wanderings of a poetical dreamer, who discovers unknown lands and seas, peoples and beauties, that stay not for the sunny light of day to shine on, but vanish with the night. In all the sciences—this with the rest—we disciples must take a great deal on trust; we have neither time nor, perhaps, capacity to search for ourselves. In science, as with matters of even greater and higher importance, "we walk by faith and not by sight;" but, if we keep our eyes open, we shall see enough to make us wonder and be grateful—to lead us from nature up to nature's God.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made, and loveth all."

THROUGH NORWAY WITH A KNAPSACK. By W. MATTIEN WILLIAMS. With Tinted Views, a Map, and Woodcuts. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

This is just one of those pleasant, readable books that carry their own welcome with them wherever they may find their way. From the first you are convinced that the author has given his volume exactly the right title; for he takes you with him "through Norway," from end to end, and the "knapsack" of the pedestrian tourist is unquestionably both his and your companion until you find yourself once more homeward bound, a passenger "by the railway that passes through the corn-fields and butter-yielding flats of Holstein to busy Hamburg, and then by sea to the giddy roar, and whirl, and rattle of still busier London." Several of Humbart's clever chromo-lithographs of Norwegian scenery and Norwegian skies add, after their own fashion, to the sparkling vivacity of the narrative; there is also a good, clear map, and a few graphic woodcuts occasionally appear with the text. A copious abstract of the "contents" of the volume is given, but Mr. Williams has not considered an index to be necessary; he has, however, added an "appendix" of the utmost practical utility to all who, like himself, may contemplate a journey "through Norway with a knapsack," inasmuch as it contains every item of his "expenses of travelling, board, lodging, &c., from the time of leaving Hull to the return to London—two months and eleven days;" the total amount being £25 9s. 4d.!

Mr. Williams gives a highly interesting account of the natural features of Norway, and, at the same time, he makes his readers familiar with both the character and the habits and customs of the Norwegians. Occasionally he indulges in speculations touching upon matters of Art and Literature, and here he shows that his sentiments lie in the right direction, though they are in the habit of advancing in that direction with a hazardous velocity. Thus,

not content with advocating the study of modern languages, Mr. Williams denounces their noble parent, the Latin, as "stilted and pompous," and proposes that it be consigned altogether to oblivion. But such passages as this are few in number, and they are so honestly set forth, when they do occur, that there is no danger of their doing any mischief. The book, on the whole, is a thoroughly good one, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

THE DRAWING-ROOM PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT PERSONAGES, with MEMOIRS. 1859. Published by the London Joint-Stock Newspaper Company (Limited).

This volume, the second in what we anticipate will prove a prolonged series, contains forty portraits, all of them reprinted from the plates which have appeared in connection with the "Illustrated News of the World" weekly newspaper. They form a really handsome volume, and in the most convincing manner they bear testimony to the enterprise and spirit of the proprietors of that Journal. The original portraits are all of them photographs, which have been taken by the most eminent photographers, and the engraven plates are faithful and spirited reproductions of the sun-painted pictures. The value of the engravings is very considerably enhanced by the biographical memoirs with which they are accompanied. These memoirs are clear, expressive, and agreeably written. Thus the public have access, at an almost inconceivably small cost, to a genuine Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages, which they may call their own; and, at the same time, that they may, by this means, become familiar with the personal aspect of men and women, whose names may be to them as "household words," all classes in the community may also acquire a correct knowledge of their lives, and of the circumstances that have conducted to place them in the distinguished positions they occupy. It is pleasant and satisfactory to be able to form correct conceptions of "eminent personages," to know what they are like, and wherefore they are eminent; and such knowledge is also something more than both pleasant and satisfactory, since, if rightly applied, it may enable us, in some degree at least, to realize in our own persons the memorable admonition of the poet, that the

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

This collection comprises, amongst others, portraits of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Brougham, Admiral Lord Lyons, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Lord Macaulay, Sir A. Alison, and the late Sir I. K. Brunel.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING. By H. BEECHER STOWE. Published by SAMFSON LOW, London.

We do not review this book because of any merit in the illustrations,—they are not worthy of companionship with the story,—but we may not leave unnoticed a work that cannot fail to attract universal attention—in the Old World as well as in the New. Those who expect an exciting tale, that will harrow up the feelings by the recital of wrongs inflicted and vengeance exacted, whether real or imaginary, or partly both, will be disappointed here. Somewhat there is, indeed, of that theme, in the treatment of which the writer is most "at home;" but it is calm, subdued, and rational—so at least it must be considered, even by those who take opposite views, and have protested against the truth of pictures which Mrs. Stowe has drawn with so powerful a pen. This book does not therefore appeal, as did "Uncle Tom," to the passions of mankind: it can create no enmity; it will not excite even indignation;—we may believe that it will content the most earnest, inconsiderate, or ruthless opponents of the great advocate of humanity. It is not within our province to dwell on this subject at all, and we do not mean to enter upon it; but we enjoy the pleasure of passing a few remarks on one of the most touching, beautiful, interesting, and thoroughly good books that has ever been issued from the press of any country.

The scene is laid in New England, towards the close of the past century. Most of the characters are new to us. The habits and customs, modes of thinking and acting, although those of our common ancestry, have a degree of freshness and originality absolutely charming; and we of the old country may be rightly proud of our share in that strength of character, loftiness of purpose, and pious hope and trust and faith, which form the groundwork of so many of the characters introduced into this "novel." In the whole range of fiction, poetry, or prose, there is no portrait so altogether lovely

and loveable as the "Mary" of this book: faultless yet natural—a very angel yet a very woman,—

"Not too pure nor good
For human nature's daily food."

Of the other characters, always excepting "the minister," all are more or less worldly; but here there is no more taint of earth than in the dew-drop before it descends into the petals of the flower. And surely we have seen such during our own pilgrimage: the author may have found a model she has but aimed to copy,—the delight of her sweet portrait being that there is nothing about it so inconceivably perfect that we must reject it as pure invention.

We cannot go at length into this most delicious story,—it is not needed. It will be read universally, and it will add very largely to the author's already high reputation. It may not obtain for her greater admiration, but it will undoubtedly gain for her more intense respect, exhibiting as it does the strength and delicacy of her own lofty mind; her deep love of humanity; her earnest advocacy of virtue; her profound and refined piety, and the rare intellectual power with which she is endowed to send good and holy thoughts—pure and upright sentiments—north, south, east, and west—to the uttermost parts of earth.

UNDER GOVERNMENT; An Official Key to the Civil Service of the Crown, and Guide for Candidates seeking Appointments. By J. C. PARKINSON, Accountant and Comptroller General's Department, Somerset House. Published by BELL AND DALDY, London.

We notice this little book because of its manifest utility to the public at large, rather than from any claim it has to a record in the columns of a Journal like ours. The system now adopted of throwing open to competition the Civil Service of the Government, naturally induces much inquiry as to the advantages to be obtained by admission to the respective offices, and Mr. Parkinson's "Key" affords full information on the subject, by a specification of the number of persons employed in each department, and of the *minimum* and *maximum* salaries paid to each individual. He calculates that during the last few years the number of persons *nominated* to the various branches of the Civil Service has exceeded two thousand annually, and that there are at the present time about seventeen thousand civil servants of the higher class—by which we are to understand men of education—engaged in the various public offices of the United Kingdom. If we add to these the persons employed in lower positions, such as office-keepers, messengers, postmen, dock-yard artificers, inferior revenue officers, &c., the number would be swelled to fifty thousand. The aggregate of the salaries of this army of civilians affords a tolerably clear insight into the expenditure of the "ways and means" annually voted by parliament; yet, we believe, few of the really working men are much overpaid. Mr. Parkinson speaks satisfactorily of the advantages possessed by the class to which he belongs, and there is no doubt that a government *employé* has a far easier time of it, to use an ordinary expression, than a man engaged in the turmoil and uncertainties of business, or in some of the learned professions, or we will add, in editorial duties. He will, probably, never become a wealthy man, but "his bread and his water will be *sure*," and even this is something in an age when thousands are striving in vain for a respectable living. As we said at the outset, this book is opportunely published, and will be found of very general use.

THE FORGE. Painted and Engraved by JAMES SHARPLES, Blackburn.

The records of genius frequently tell us of the singular and unsuspected way in which it is developed: like springs in the desert, it breaks out amid dreary wastes; like volcanic fire, it shines forth from the depths of darkness. In its application to Art we have met with no more remarkable instance than that which is exhibited in this engraving—one of a rather large size, and the work of a person whose daily toil is carried on in the forging-room which it represents. James Sharples is, as we hear from the best authority, simply a blacksmith in a large factory at Blackburn, who has employed his leisure hours for a long time past in painting a picture of "The Forge," and in engraving it; and, what adds to the singularity of the performance is, that the artist is entirely self-taught, and, till his work was completed and in the hands of the printer, he had never seen an engraved metal plate, though, it is presumed, he was acquainted with prints. But our readers will naturally ask, after this preface, what sort of a work is this? Our answer is, that in composition, drawing, and

perspective, we can scarcely detect an error, although it is full of subject of every kind, figures, machinery, tools, &c. &c. To a practised eye the engraving appears executed in an extraordinary style, stipple and line; but there are parts in it which our most experienced engravers would not be ashamed to acknowledge as their own, while the *tout ensemble* is very effective. It is entirely worked with the graver, as Mr. Sharples is totally unacquainted with the use of acids. Certainly this is a most unique production in every way, and is worthy of patronage, if only as the work of uneducated genius. The print has no publisher's name attached to it, but we believe it may be purchased of the printer, Mr. Wilkinson, Charrington Street, Somers Town, to whose hands the plate is entrusted.

GUIDE TO THE COAST OF KENT, SUSSEX, HANTS AND DORSET, DEVON AND CORNWALL. By MACKENZIE WALCOTT, M.A. Published by E. STANFORD, London.

All who remember Poole's burlesque "Guide to Little Pedlington," will testify to its absurdly truthful jests on the style of local guide-books, as constructed half a century ago. Topography was the lowest branch of literature; it became a difficulty to burlesque its platitudes or its ridiculous inflation; no scholar cared to lift the art out of the dirt. We are now in a very different position; it is no small proof of the general diffusion of sound topographical knowledge, that such useful little volumes as these are sought for, and are successful. They abound with the useful and curious information so valuable to a tourist. The author has the happy art of saying much in little; an art always valuable to the home reader, but doubly so to the tourist. He is not dry by reason of his compression, but is always ready with a cheerful or curious anecdote for the reader's behoof. Mr. Walcott is well known by more important works, evincing research and scholarship; and we are glad to find a pen such as his, employed in a neglected but most useful field of action.

HOW TO WORK WITH THE MICROSCOPE. By LIONEL S. BEALE, M.B., F.R.S., Professor of Physiology, &c., in King's College, &c. &c. Published by J. CHURCHILL, London.

This work contains a course of lectures delivered during the past winter session, at King's College, we presume. Professor Beale has been induced to give them greater publicity than the lecture-room offers, by an earnest desire, as he says, to assist in diffusing a love for microscopical inquiry, not less for the pleasure it affords to the student, than from a conviction of its real utility and increasing practical value in promoting advancement in the various branches of Art, Science, and Manufacture. It is not a book for the young student, but one most excellent for those who have gained some little experience in the management of that wondrous medium of investigation, the microscope. The variety and completeness of information contained in these pages will be found invaluable; it is of a decidedly practical nature, combining the results of the professor's own experience with those of others not unknown in the world of science.

THE CRUISE OF THE "PEARL" ROUND THE WORLD; WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE OPERATIONS OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN INDIA. By the Rev. E. A. WILLIAMS, M.A., Chaplain Royal Navy. Published by R. BENTLEY, London.

This enterprising and enlightened clergyman fortunately kept a journal, although while he kept it he had no view to publication. Circumstances, however, induced him to give it to the world: we rejoice that he has done so, for it contains much new and interesting matter, and is very valuable as containing the ideas and reflections of one who was a looker-on during scenes of high interest and vital importance. The author describes, sometimes very graphically, the several actions in which the Naval Brigade was engaged during the rebel war in India, and does full honour to the courage and endurance of British sailors. They have never failed their country; but here they were engaged in a style of warfare to which they were unaccustomed—entirely "unprofessional." Their services were, however, great, and have been heartily acknowledged. They have found an admirable "chronicler" in their chaplain: one who has made known their gallant bearing and heroic achievements, and to whom the public, no less than the Service, owes a debt of gratitude.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1859.



LAST year we supposed ourselves to be a year older than we actually were; it is only by the issue of this part—for December, 1859—that we complete the twenty-first annual volume of the ART-JOURNAL. We are now, therefore, of full age, and ask the congratulations of our many friends, in the belief that a long and laborious Past will be accepted as the guarantee

of an earnest and active Future.

In the year 1838, the Arts in England were in a position very different from that which they assume in 1859. Our best artists seldom disposed of their works; Hilton never had a commission; Constable rarely sold a picture; we might supply a long list of great workers who found but little fame, and less recompence, while they lived; nay, we might include in it many of those whose productions now, to use a common phrase, "bring any price," who, for weary years, were toiling, hopeless of honours and rewards!

Happily, a large class of wealthy and liberal purchasers has arisen, chiefly in prosperous Lancashire, who surround themselves with the treasures of modern Art, in lieu of the "old masters" they have banished; British art flourishes mainly under their influence; it has become a rare event to find a work of merit left on the walls of any exhibition when such exhibition has closed.

The retrospect is quite as cheering in reference to Art-industry and manufactured produce influenced by Art.

We may justly enjoy the consciousness that we have not laboured in vain to aid this progress, during the years that have passed since our task was commenced in 1838.

All these years we have been—and we remain—the only ART-JOURNAL in Europe by which the Arts are adequately represented.

Our subscribers will not require the assurance that, to retain the position we hold, we shall continue to labour earnestly, and ever anxiously.

Grateful for the past, and trusting in the future, hoping and expecting confidence, and fully aware that our efforts must be commensurate with the very different requirements of 1860 from those of 1840, we again respectfully address our subscribers—whom Time has made our friends—in the Old World and in the New.

4, LANCASTER PLACE, LONDON.

"ADDIO, FIRENZE!"

WHEN, in a former paper, we approached Florence, to record our impressions of some of its works of Art, we did not, we remember, fly thither at once on the swiftest wing of the pen, but lingered a few moments on the way, detained by its delightfulness. And now, for certain purposes supplementary and collateral to our former ones, wishing to return for a brief space to "the airy Athens of the Apennine,"—to borrow Mr. Benjamin Disraeli's cuphaneous epithet for the Tuscan capital,—we will again alight on our passage for a moment or two, though not, in the first place, to objects so agreeable; for it is but right now and then to allude a little to one's drawbacks also, lest we should be accused of painting everything *couleur de rose*, an imputation we are most sincerely anxious to avoid. It was on proceeding from Milan southwards by the diligence, that one of these heavy drawbacks—a drag in every sense of the word—commenced, since it took twenty-three hours to accomplish about ninety miles. Even the conductor, a silent, sullen, in short, a customarily unfeeling functionary, sometimes for a few moments flew into a passion at the tardiness of the postillions. Starting from his habitual doze all at once, he would open the window, and poking out his semi-military head, (which, with its angry red hue, and thick grey moustachios, would have done credit to an Austrian major in the army,) he would execrate those dilatory outriders with the harshest-sounding words of his vocabulary; and sometimes he even alighted, and, scarlet with choler, seizing a whip, hobbled and ran along up to his ancles in the mud, dealing long strokes and copious blasphemies at the horses' legs. But, alas, these moments of energy were only fitful and fleeting, vegetative islets in a sluggish pool; and the postillions—oh those imperturbable postillions!—they seemed to know him by experience to be a very harmless old fellow; for, just exhibiting profiles of the most serene and placid indifference, they continued to jog on, dancing up and down sedentarily in their saddles as mildly and leisurely as ever. They were our principal, nay, almost our only objects during the whole journey; evermore those postillions, "from morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve," quivering in their seats; their tarnished liveries more and more coated with mud, till at last they were nearly covered by it. Now a green coat, then a red one, more or less fancifully laced and garnished, and once a cock's tail plume added its vivacity to the hat; but always the same quiet and gentle bobbing up and down of their persons before us, denoting not only the exceeding slowness of their movements, but their perfect contentment—their exquisite mild comfort in it. Another delectable feature in the travelling here is the danger of being starved, since the personal necessities of *Messieurs les voyageurs* are so little considered by *Messieurs les directeurs des messageries*. The diligence stops in some dull old town but rarely and for a few moments; so that you have scarcely time to dispatch some thick muddy preparation offered as coffee, or more than consider the mysterious things in little saucers, to which you are ushered in the night, under the rude whitewashed piazzas. Half over the town perhaps they take you, blinking uncomfortably at the lantern carried before, like an owl disturbed in its darkness. And then, especially when you come to Tuscany, the general assemblage of mendicants which greets you at the several points of stoppage! They quite vied in numbers, grotesqueness of aspect, and indomitable importunity, with those of Ireland in days now almost gone by. We do

not at all suppose that they could for a moment rival in humour those dear Hibernian benefactors of ours, who, in exchange for a few half-pence, have endowed us with some of the most golden of our customary *fœtæ*—frivolous of the fancy, sparkling with a humour more delicate, fine, and luxurious than the wine with which they circulated.* But, on the other hand, these Etruscan almsmen excel those; amiable mendicants, those brilliant paupers of the emerald isle, as fine serious specimens of a thoroughly lowered humanity, such as by dint of a little attention and patience renders the birth of soft pity in an observer somewhat hard to prevent. As our favourite specimen of pauper energy, we treasure up a certain stout but legless cripple in a wheelbarrow, who, when he found himself a little too late for our diligence, commanded his attendant to hurry him with all speed towards another coach, visible on a second road which did not quite touch the one we were following. We kept him in view, waving his arms, and vociferating violently at his conductor, who jolted and jumbled him over the ditches and intervening dips of the landscape, with a wild irregularity of motion, quite wonderful in its avoidance of an overturning. Another poor brother of ours, who like a spider crawled forth on the road, his legs and arms at first being not clearly distinguishable from each other, was, let us believe, a member of society of no common import and value; an occasion, an exercise for two of our noblest feelings, not one only; a theme not simply of compassion, but courage also, since it not only needed something of charity to relieve his wants, but of nerve to look steadily at his inexplicable lineaments.

But this was in Tuscany, and we have not as yet reached Genoa. We descended thither along roads knee-deep in mud, and from the same geological cause, white when we returned with dust, which covered us as a miller is covered with flour. On approaching the city, the first close view of the Mediterranean was beautiful. The water here, in the large fulness of its being, resumed the clearest brightest colour of its infancy, even like some wise man and good Christian. It was of that lovely green-blue which had recently delighted us in some of the highest birthplaces of the element—the crevices of the Swiss glaciers, those of Rosenlauri especially. And now its broad ex-

* Here is a fancy, for instance, which may be accepted as liberal change even for sixpence—"Long life to your honour; and at the last day, may every hair of your precious and beautiful head turn to a mould candle, to light you to glory." And for severity of rebuke, founded on that indefeasible love of liberty, which is the inheritance of these poor children of the road—"Why, goody, don't you go into the workhouse? You haven't rags enough to cover you; but there you would have warm clothes, a good roof over your head, and plenty of prates and stirabout. Why don't you go into the workhouse?"—"Long life to your honour in it," was her withering and triumphant answer, as she turned away in high dudgeon at the suggestion. And for dignity, the "Queen of the Beggars," at Longford, being a little too importunate at a busy moment, I checked her, though almost involuntarily, with a touch, on which, flourishing in my face the hand thus rudely profaned, she exclaimed indignantly, with the majesty of an old sybil, "And haven't I held out that hand to dukes, and marquises, and earls, and viscounts, and barons, and devil a bit of that same have they ever said or done to me!" The accuracy with which she ran down the scale of the peerage was remarkable and edifying. But, above all, the pathos of that poor man, who, though more ragged and forlorn than any of his brethren, yet stood aloof in silent diffidence behind them. "Why, Pat, and how is it you have nothing to say?"—"Nothing to say! and haven't my hollow eyes and poor thin cheeks been saying something to you all the while; and isn't it my bare elbows through my rags, and my knees almost bowed down to the earth with distress, that have been sufficing your honour's charity?" Eloquent advocate and friend of all the mute, modest beggars I may ever meet with hereafter! Subtle, refined enchanter, who drawest from their idle depths through the eyes the finest pearls of humanity, which, even of their gracious selves buy priceless treasures for the heart, art thou not my benefactor; didst thou not give far more than thou receivedst? Not Hyperides or Cicero would have surpassed thy melancholy touches of poetical persuasiveness. They could scarcely have invented, and perhaps would have only spoilt them by their elegant adornment.

panse, on which a large felucca was turning near at hand, was gently swelling into little advancing lines (like the snow), some of which, however, became crested gradually all along with twinkling diamonds, as they rolled over, echoing and booming on the shore. The sea was honouring with a cincture of light the Genoese steeps and cliffs, which indeed looked still proud, as if Doria and Spinola had not departed from them—and well they may, even prouder, under their present sovereign, if ill-contented even with the honours of his bright and gallant sword, he adheres to his higher championship of constitutional freedom, diffusing it, like this sunny tide, wherever his power extends. A dense grove of masts and spars now came into view, rising before long ranges of lofty pale commercial *palaces*, delicately as the groves of young firs we had lately seen rising before ice ridges, torrents, or ranks of summer clouds. These lower objects represent the industry and enterprise of Genoa, the base of the wealth and dignity well signified in those ranges of buildings crowning them aloft—the palaces of the nobility, raised in an exposition open to the fresh and cool sea breezes. And farther off you descry the palatial villas, seemingly scarce less spacious and stately, high on the rocks, with gardens and colonnades, and groves no doubt of southern fruits and flowering fragrant shrubs, where Doria amused himself, in his glorious repose, with rearing quaint fountains, emblemizing the greatness and power of the sea. We were soon on the heights, threading the *Strada Nuova*, *Strada Balbi*, and *Strada Nuovissima*, where it looked like Venice raised from the bosom of the sea to the brow of an airy hill. Indeed, except the Canal Grande of the Adriatic queen, we know of nothing so stately as these most aristocratic streets of her haughty rival. As you walk along before façades of a bold and massy style, some of them painted outside with grotesques and large mythological figures, you look through lofty portals into entrance halls, also decorated with frescoes, or courts ornamented with fountains and orange-trees. Beyond these, perhaps, the eye may ascend a flight of steps to some second green and shrubby cortile; so that now and then you have a long and intricate perspective of such objects, than which under a bright Italian sunshine and sky, nothing can look more cheerful, or festive, or Paul Veroneseish. Sometimes open loggie project from each end of the palaces, in the very manner of Paul's architectural accompaniments. Indeed, nothing even in his own Venice reminds you of him so precisely, or makes you more long for a group of his stately cavaliers and bright-eyed dames to animate and complete the scene, the deficiency of which was that it, then at least, discovered no sign whatever of being worthily peopled. An individual standing under one of those magnificent old Renaissance doorways, and pointed out to us as its princely owner,—the owner likewise of one of the noblest historical names,—certainly looked no better than a stock-broker, with his hands in his pockets, at the entrance of Capel Court. Casting the eye over descending tiers of these palaces, you enjoy a noble view of the sea.

Its calm was altogether grateful to us, even a solid comfort, since it promised a smooth voyage to Leghorn, a boon not to be lightly valued, for we are, indeed, of those whose heartfelt admiration the nereides for the most part reject very ungraciously. We lament to say it, exceedingly, but we seldom venture on their green expanses, where, with charms of the fair lily's similitude and tone, they weave their chaste play in hushed abysses which their *pleased* movements never disturb, the network of golden light still wavering on over their pure cool limbs without impediment, but

straightway they rise foaming and ruffling, as if with rude displeasure, and persecute us with a long train of ignominious sufferings. And thus, alas, it was now. For although when the steamer was leaving the harbour, the dappled clouds of sunset seemed slowly parting away above Mount Calvi and the Maritime Alps, which, with a few moister and more voluminous vapours, looked even like a purple bed adorned with crimson robes and coverlets for the repose of the golden-winged Zephyrus; although the embayed waters seemed smoothing their ripples in the twilight, softening and melting their own dark cold hues quietly into the warm ones vouchsafed by the overhanging heaven, like some wayward wandering wife, growing calm, and even tender in her looks, as she sinks to sleep beneath her gracious forgiving husband's eyes; despite, we say, all these favourable symptoms, we had hardly proceeded beyond the pharos, before the winds were heard loudly piping, and the obsequious slavish waves arose and danced to them; and we had one of the roughest, most nauseous, dilatory, miserable nights at sea we ever remember. On deck we lay all night, clinging to the hard, wet-barred bench, and sinking and heaving over pitiless flying hills of brine, and under racing clouds which left but one long cold line of light above the steady range of the Carrara hills, whose forms, so slowly changing, marked the wearying slowness of our progress. A dreary dawning slowly waned over us, enlivened only by the *crooning* of some female in the cabin below, in whom the marine malady yet powerfully worked, or by the staggering—almost the spinning it was, once or twice—over the cleared deck of some shadowy, muffled mass of a man, keeping his legs with marvellous dexterity.

And even at Leghorn it was only captivity *bealmed*; for the custom-house would not let us land for hours. Nevertheless, the active youth of this great commercial place were permitted to visit us: a number of them, each with his little *portemonnaie* braced about him, and equipped as if bound on a long journey somewhere, came on board, to show themselves, and meet their friends, and "take stock" of things around them. Now a general kissing and embracement took place, without distinction of age or sex: amiably all interoscultated; and it certainly something amused our confinement to note the pleasant complacency with which these young Livornese factory clerks walked about, arm in arm, to show to advantage their spirited vivacity and courtesy, no less than their complete tourist-like outfit, which they seem to have borrowed of their visitors from different parts of the polite world, under the impression of its being the permanent mode at Paris or London, and therefore proper for them to adopt in their stationary, every-day condition at home. On the permission to land arriving, we had to tumble and crowd ourselves in a disorderly manner into the little shore boats: no cargo of poor emigrants was ever dispatched with less ceremony to some carelessly-tinkered vessel, whose parting ribs, by virtue of an economical contract, were soon to consign them to the bottom, by Madeira or the Cape of Good Hope, than were we polite visitors, with tolerably well-filled facile purses, remitted to the dogana—a miserable cramped shed, and yet the door of grand Italy, through which every visitor from this side must pass. Here another hour of crowded detention ended the second ebbing of the delightful wave of Italian travelling, on which we have lingered, simply lest those who can scarcely dispense with their comforts, conceiving a desire to tread the same footsteps (nice old ladies, for instance, prone to leave their easy-chairs in search of Pollaiuolo, De Bucci, and Orcagna), should encounter these inconvenient things

unexpectedly, and so, not without justice, seriously blame us.

Nevertheless, those were most happy weeks at Florence—happy weeks; in the morning at the Pitti Palace, or the Uffizii, revisiting master-pieces, which, notwithstanding their universal celebrity, there is so much risk of our leaving behind us in ignorance, so far as we are individually concerned, unless we bestir ourselves actively; or in churches, and obscurer corners, finding out earlier frescoes, less known, yet sometimes of a pious, artless interest, almost rivalling in attractiveness the works of the fully accomplished greatest period. And then, in addition, the general delights of the city itself, and its neighbourhood; those charming afternoon drives up the old cypress avenue to Belloguardo, and Arcetri (Galileo's Villa), or "at evening on the top of Fiesole;" for Milton's phrase cleaves ever to the place, and we often find ourselves murmuring it at the close of our Florentine reminiscences, as summing up compendiously their delightfulness! They are endeared, too, by the memory of a friend *ready made*, who there first sprang, as if full-grown and complete, out of mere casualty, and there left us, almost certainly for ever; but our intercourse with whom, animated and enriched by the beauty around us, attained a freedom and fulness of sympathy which does not often bless the society of the most accustomed associates, where there is little to arouse and quicken the imagination and the feelings. It is the very happiest potency of Nature and Art that they, in such cases, forge the most delicate, yet indissoluble, links of brotherhood between mind and mind, ever presenting some theme on which the merest strangers at once can closely and completely sympathize; educating their best powers by the inspiration, and afterwards ennobling, almost sanctifying, the recollection of those moments, by the association of serene, enchanting beauty.

There, in that holiday in a temporary paradise, no considerations of worldly interests or cares interfere, and our national coldness and shyness are often divinely smiled out of us. It may be even thought (though it is certainly a humiliating satisfaction) that it was as well we did not meet again in the precincts of prose, and ordinary dulness, and selfish convenience: for should we then have fully renewed that freedom, warmth, and kindly liberality of discourse which had been raised by the Medicean influences by the Arno? Might not possibly some trivial matters of the world have so engrossed us both, so lowered inausurably the moral and mental tone, that we should, even grievously, have disappointed one another? Arguing from what we have often seen (a better guide than our own self-expecting vanity), this is to be apprehended, certainly. And yet, my dear New England friend, even by the power of beauty in nature, which, not to speak it profaely, is something next to saying by heaven itself, I defy you, to the end of your days, however long they may be, to affirm resolutely that *I* also have not some place and dearness in the deeper and tenderer parts of *your* soul. You may become ambitious and successful: the applause floating around you, the distinction, the more solid advantages, the labour in earning these, and the pride in enjoying them, may often, from time to time, make seem but slight and visionary the lovely things we here beheld together, and our warm and friendly converse touching them: but in the end fairest memories will be sure to triumph over every less harmonious consideration; and even *I*, but nothing in myself, am ever near you with them, knit by *many* ties of Nature, and also of Art, which have so much beauty, that they cannot possibly want either tenderness or enduring strength.

Lastly, that very pleasant boarding *palace*,

where we were domesticated, composed an amiable item in our felicity; the Palazzo Clarke, let me call it, not forgetfully. Let memory still appreciate the intelligence and courtesy of him who may perhaps be termed the host, and the agreeableness of that company assembled day after day at the dinner-table; the merit of some, and the little foibles of others, which also deserve some tenderness, since they yielded nothing worse than amusement as piquant and acceptable, every whit, as the light wines and the side dishes they sat behind. There sat the opulent Glaswegian, turned for the time into a most earnest and indefatigable connoisseur, bent on enriching, with copies of Florentine *chef-d'œuvres*, the Ionic mansion he had newly built on the banks of the Clyde, and employing his time even anxiously for that purpose, though he could scarcely (we speak with a salutary fear of exaggeration) distinguish a sign-post's disgrace from a Titian. And by his side were those young ladies from New York, travelling not so much to see as to be seen; not to study Art in stone or canvas, but rather to display it in silk and lace and amplest crinoline and painted muslin, and convince us denizens of the older much rubbed half of the world, how very much of style, and elegance, and fashion, prevails in the transatlantic centre of those things. Ladies so highly-refined were these, as when they wanted a leg of a duck to ask for the "first joint," even in the languid tones of invalids. The new dress almost every meal—considering that such things must have taken up nearly half their time—betrayed perhaps some mental nudity, some scantiness, we mean, of intellectual covering; and but once, we well remember—we often think of it—had one of them entered the galleries, to come away "sick," as she said, very lackadaisically, using the word, as the Americans still do, in its original wider sense, with that superior purity on which they occasionally pride themselves, even to a point of patriotic jealousy. The wonder was that these demoiselles should have troubled themselves to come on to Italy; why, under the circumstances, wander further than Paris, or Baden-Baden at the very utmost? Nevertheless they were undoubtedly acquisitions also, light entertaining volumes of character, not inelegantly bound, and really with very charming frontispieces. And yet cultivated Boston (intellectual rival of fashionable New York), well represented, indeed ably emblemized by our immediate companion, was so much disturbed by their airs of invalid languishing elegance, that he was always turning his head away from them, and declaring they travelled abroad merely to expose to the world how much of mere pretentiousness would pass in their own country.

Meanwhile the palazzo itself was no unimportant ingredient in our enjoyments. Situated on the quay of the Arno, and formerly inhabited by the poet Alfieri, it has a delightful look out; and with its patrician staircase and vestibule adorned with statuary, and ample saloons, it retains sufficiently still the characteristics of a high-bred mansion; so that, in point of fact, you would not be much surprised at meeting Ginevra on the staircase. Here we were usually most pleasantly greeted after our Art-greedy peregrinations by our excellent quasi-host with some kindly inquiry or other. "Ah, the active ardour of your temperament has been achieving another wonderful victory over the hot weather! But have you been making good use of your time to-day? Have you found out anything new by Andrea del Sarto?"—prolonging the penultimate syllable with a raised inflection of voice, which had a very lively inspiring effect; and not only making these friendly little inquiries, but answering ours (frequently troublesome ones, we fear) with rare intelligence on almost every subject,

indicating an acquaintance with Varchi and Guingéné, no less than with everything the hand-book had carelessly left out. And how fine and delicate a tact the accomplished gentleman showed, overflowing with amusing conversation, when a scarcity of inmates made it essential to the pleasantness of the establishment in which he had some secondary interest, but else retiring quietly and modestly into himself, more pleased to listen to others. Farewell, Monsieur F.! The pleasure of remembering you is some compensation for the prospect of never meeting with you again in this sublunary sphere. It is but a slight, slight substitute; but there is perpetuity in it, believe me, 'tis ever a most genial, cordial kind of satisfaction.

And so leaving you in the salon, seriously studying Galignani, we will mount once more to our own chamber, and opening the glazed doors that lead into the balcony, admit the cool air from Fiesole, and enjoy the open prospect across the Arno of the incomparably-crowned city. It was from this point we so frequently regarded it during our after-dinner tests, in the serenest glow and tranquillity of evening, when it seems, even from the fairness of the hour, to have no inhabitants but the peaceful and refined; and the palaces look as if tenanted by lovers of the old time, calm in the joy of their successful affection. The evenings were then, most of the time, memorably beautiful. As the sun turned away from the long range of dwellings beside the Arno, every projecting line in their fronts stood out in tender gold from their delicate shades of warm grey; but after the orb of light itself had set, a mild yellow glow became universal on the buildings, long retaining that remarkable transparency and luminous power which are the charm of an Italian twilight. Some softer elysian sun seemed newly risen and shining; and the absence of strong shade everywhere gave an almost visionary air of lightness and refinement to the edifices; the feudal battlements, peering here and there somewhat more darkly, hinting mysterious romances of the Buondelmonti and the Amedei; and sacred piles, shrines of the old devotional seraphic beauty, extending and towering above more loftily. Such was the clearness, that, as commonly in this atmosphere, aerial perspective seemed annihilated. On looking up the river, the light, elegant, horizontally-springing arches of the Ponte Santa Trinita seemed blended with the old gallery of shops on the Ponte Vecchio beyond; and the little height of San Miniato, still further off, with its early Romanesque church and line of cypresses (where the old saint walked up, with his own severed head in his hand, to bury it), came amicably forward to form part of the same group, leaving small obvious space between. Meanwhile, the virgin moon, like a stray film of white cloud, would hang alone in the warm precincts of the sky above Fiesole, resembling some fair pensive nun or lady of romance, left to meditate by herself in one of the gardens of the slope beneath, amidst parterres of pinks, and roses, and the red armorial lily of fair Florence, palpably imaged by those lines of dappled clouds around.

So far is a tolerably complete general outline of our enjoyments at Florence, such as must have satisfied a stranger not favoured with social introductions; for the public life of the city was then most meagre and unattractive. The Austrian military music in the suburban park of the Cascine,—the principal resource of the day,—attended by no means numerous, chiefly by fair-complexioned English-like ladies, in English-like britchkas, in a state of indolent modish languor, was but a tame affair; and when night falls, there is no illuminated spacious gay resort, such as makes Venice

so exhilarating and delightful. The long narrow gloomy streets of Florence are, on the contrary, left in the dark; and if you should indeed venture into their black chasms, to work out some romance in your brain, with the help of the moon rolling behind the lofty battlements of some old palatial fortress, you would incur the imminent risk of being run down, not by the dagger of a Strozzi or Albizzi, but by one of those light britchkas, occupied by beautifully-dressed persons, scouring round and round the streets in the dark; for independently of visits to their friends, and to the shabby, ill-lighted cafés, they actually make a fashion of these circuitous shadowy chariotings, which, no doubt, are highly favourable to flirtations, and have their mysterious charm in many ways. However, having no introductions to these representatives of the Gherardos and Fiordispinas, it is better for us to stay at home and read Villani or Macchiavelli, or talk with Monsieur F.

And on a clear and sunny afternoon it was better, certainly better, to air one's feelings and intellects on the heights of the gardens of Boboli, than to follow in the effeminate wake of the young signori of Florence, who, though said to love horses, seemed to prefer to their manlier use, lolling behind them in a carriage, with a cigar and a lap-dog.* And yet these famous gardens of the Pitti Palace, which cover the hill behind it, a good deal disappointed us, in themselves. We found a much shabbier, worse kept specimen than we looked for of an Italian terraced garden, thick-set with walls and balustrades, and fountains all barbarous rockwork and clumsy shaggy statuary, by no means corresponding with one's ideal of Tuscan art. Neither has the palace itself—as you look down on it, with its coarse rustic architecture of heavy brown stone, and under offices too prominently displayed—beauty or dignity. The prettiest part of the garden is on the long slope, where the view is confined by Belosguardo glistening with olive thickets, and crowned with villas, convents, and tufts of cypress. Here, in the more retired places of the gardens, low ilexes on each side of the walks are trained (yet with a certain air of freedom, as if they embraced overhead of their own sweet will), so as to form long grotto-like arcades of shade, through which the sunshine falls, chequering the ground with sylvan mosaic, or displaying brilliantly some white statue at the far end, or some stray group of party-coloured loungers, appearing and disappearing—fitting across. When these give way to solitude, then fancy replaces them by a bevy of Boccacian ladies, or group of Medicean princes, scholars, and artists, whose society, it must be confessed, has not many interruptions; for the ordinary saunterers are not numerous. A nursery-maid or two, with her charge, a studious priest, an Englishman, with that incessant red book in his hand, a solitary stupid-looking lad of an Austrian soldier, wandering in vain search of an idea—how much better for him to be cultivating those downs behind Trieste!—these were the only beings you might meet with during a whole summer afternoon; the fashionables preferring vastly to rattle in elegance to the Cascine, especially whenever the band of *Sua Apostolica Maestà*, the Emperor of Austria, was playing beneath its suburban umbrage. But notwithstanding these attractions, we usually preferred the prospects of Florence from the heights of Boboli; and a certain spot there is

* Let us not seem to express ourselves with an unwarrantable superciliousness. One of the strongest arguments against restrictive and bad governments is to be found in the maxim that where men cannot have honour they will have pleasure and idleness. Now the Piedmontese and French have burst open the gates of Italian honour, we trust it is seen already that these young gentlemen are hastening forward through them.

specially endeared to us, not simply by the view, but by the civility of a man who almost invariably issued from the vines below, and presented us with grapes, shaking his head very pleasantly at the mention of payment, and receiving it with an agreeable air of smiling reluctance, which certainly did his manners infinite credit.

A grassy terrace forms your seat: a group of cypresses, old enough to have cast a shade over the brow of Beatrice Portinari, rises above you, and Florence lies at your feet. "Of all the fairest cities of the earth, none is so fair as Florence," says the poet; yet the city, from within, can scarcely be thought beautiful; its narrow plain streets have been better described as expressive of thoughtful and sober dignity. But it has at least two buildings of unsurpassed beauty, which combine with others with a most rare picturesqueness; and these, with the surrounding country, give Florence an *external* aspect which almost justifies the poet's praise. Besides, indeed, these buildings seemingly give their character to all immediately about them, so that you fancy the inferior masses of common dwellings huddled together at their feet to possess much of the same elegance and dignity. The Apennines descend to the Campagna with a mild grace, scattered with villas, and glistening in the noontide with the olive grounds, as with a silver sheen. And yonder rises Fiesole on a hill—how clearly in the evening air! We can trace every winding of the road, where delightful excursions are made amongst objects beautified tenfold by associations.

Here a certain Scotch gentleman joined me, who had joined me once or twice before. Madame and he were commencing a magnificent tour indeed, since Turkey and the East were to be visited in their turn, and then the north as far as Petersburg. His discourse of his peregrinations, however, during our three first interviews was entirely of his manner of posting, and his canny way of bargaining with the chields of *vetturini* and landlords; not a syllable did he vouchsafe about the places themselves thus visited, however interesting, however framed and built, as it were, for the very purposes of instructive and delightful conversation. He seemed travelling solely for the stimulus which mere locomotion and change of place afford, independently of change of scene, manners, and characters. Here, in short, we see one of those whom my bountiful Lady Fortune introduces to the bauquets of Nature and Art, and he attends some of them to wile away the dull and vacant time; but he has little or no appetite or digestion; and though, as I soon found, he can carry home with him such treasures of Art as our most needs eagerly covet, he has it not in his power (poor aesthetically indigent man!) to possess himself of any of their beauties, but only of their mere materials—their stone, their paint, and canvas. At length, however, a change came over the spirit of his dull, waking dream; and after a most lengthy, prosy account of all his arrangements and devices on his last route from Bologna to Florence, he varied the subject, to my great surprise, so far as to say that he purposed, whilst at Florence, collecting the best copies he could meet with of the most popular and esteemed pictures in the galleries. He should lay out about £600, he added, with an imposing quietness of manner, which spite of myself, inspired me with an inclination to turn round, and take off my hat to him: it was a warm gush of admiration I had certainly not felt before. He had noticed my interest in pictures, and taking it for granted (rather illogically) that my knowledge was commensurate, he should be very much "obleged" by my rendering him a little advice and assistance in the matter. To this I graciously consented;

and so during the next few days we visited many of the picture-dealers together. One of his foremost wishes was for a good copy of the Madonna della Sedia; and several copies we saw—there is sure to be one wherever you go of this most popular of all pictures, which is constantly engaged to the copyists at least a good round dozen deep: but they were all too utterly execrable to be recommended even to my companion. At last, however, a dealer observing that we were not very easily pleased, signified with an air of mysterious importance that he had another copy of the picture in an interior chamber, very superior, but double the price. It was, he said, with that fluent and gracious pomposity for which these personages are so remarkable, "*una bellissima cosa*, the gem of his collection, the copy from which ever so many of the other copies had been made: he did not usually show it—was not in the least anxious to sell it; but as we were evidently *signori* with serious desigus of business," &c. &c., he would depart from his ordinary practice, and proceed to exhibit it. Certainly it was a good copy—incomparably better than any of the others we had seen; and after three visits, and much cautious inspection of it, back as well as front, my companion made up his mind to purchase it. But before finally riveting the bargain, he begged that the miserable daub in the outer show-room might be put side by side with it, that the superiority in the proportion of £60 to £25 might be proved beyond possibility of question. Now, indeed, the difference was fully shown to amount to a contrast. The inferior one was wretchedly drawn, the features actually awry, and the colouring crude enough to set one's teeth on edge; whilst the other was really a pleasant picture, free from conspicuous defects, and even graced (which is the rarest thing of all in such instances) with considerable feeling. "Look," said I, with all the suavity of a connoisseur in the full flow of criticism,—when, too, he has everything his own way, and fears no contradiction,—"look on this counterfeit presentment, and on *this*. Here, you see, the painter got into a difficulty with respect to the eye, from which he was never able to recover himself; and the lip has suffered as much as mine did the other day at Mantua from the musquitoes. Now this, had you purchased the work, I should have had the greatest pleasure in admiring as a fine stroke of local truth in Italian Art; but, as matters stand, we may as well pass it over, and turn to these livid shadows, black and blue, on the cheek. Though chiefly plum colour, they are spotted and giggled up with all the hues of the rainbow. This, to be sure, resembles the manner of our new school at home, whose painting in oil so often looks like a wretched imitation of water-colour painting (as our water-works often are of oil-works); but it has no resemblance whatever to Raphael, or any other old master. On the other hand, the £60 one is a pretty face (which is always something—nay, a good deal, let the ascetics say what they will); the features have by no means fallen out with each other, nor are the shadows like a stale damson with the bloom half rubbed off. It is all good pure fair painting, not mere spotty brush-mosaic work; and what is needful to give even that any value, it is animated with no slight feeling, let me tell you."—"I see it perfectly," he said, gazing closely at the two pictures with an appearance of shrewdness, which, however, rapidly alternated with looks of uneasy doubt and vacancy; "I see it perfectly, now you tell me: but," added he, in an anxious undertone, "these chields are often at their confounded tricks, I hear; and after a thing is bought and paid for, they will substitute another thing, and send you that instead. Now all the peculiarities you have been remarking are very clear. I can see them all;

but still it must be confessed that they are all more or less matters of opinion; and therefore I would be very much obliged if you would just, without letting the signor observe you, point out some defective and certain mark in the picture I have bought, and not in the other; that I may feel perfectly satisfied he has sent me the one which is *heere*, which I have purchased, and not the one that's *yon*, which I have not."—Ah me, I fondly deemed this had been done already quite sufficiently; but no—he wanted something irrefragably, mathematically demonstrative; no difference requiring for its appreciation the least grain of ordinary discernment could be made sufficiently obvious to him for his present purpose. So, saying not a word more about the miserable drawing and colouring of the inferior aberration, I groped about in the dark places of the picture, and at length hit upon a certain item, or particular, manifest in one and not in the other—to wit, a decided moulding, or division, running dimly, yet undeniably, up the shadowy background. This was precisely what he wanted. "O what an eye you have in your head!" he exclaimed, with a warmth of admiration which was certainly highly gratifying. Whatever doubts he might have felt as to the genuineness of my connoisseurship were now completely and happily dispelled; and thus set comfortably at ease with regard to the secure identification of his purchase, he immediately paid an instalment of the price, promising the remainder in a few minutes, that is to say, on actual delivery.

A Madonna della Sedia secured, what was his next object? Obviously (but rather under the rose, so far as Madame was concerned), a copy of Titian's *décolleté* and somewhat overblown Flora, and also one of that picture by Guido, in which Cleopatra, under the thrilling courtship of the asp, makes so charming and liberal a display of sorrow and of personal loveliness. But it is a real pleasure to remember that, weaning him from two most fulsome daubs after these pictures, I prevailed on him, though with much difficulty, to buy instead a singularly beautiful copy from one of the earlier spiritually-minded painters—a result the more gratifying inasmuch as it was the work of a needy young German, who else might have had to sell it to some dealer for but a third of the money. The sultan to whom I acted as vizier on the occasion demurred. A friend of his had called these subjects "thin subjects," and he did not like thin subjects. In simple truth it was but a Madonna and Child, with little save her purity and tenderness of soul to recommend her. I fear the gentlemen, his guests, at the new Ionic villa north the Tweed, when left alone with their port and claret, will not lift up their heavy eyelids at it with the high intelligence and fulness of sentiment which certainly would have graced the two other works just named; nevertheless, it will go far to sanctify the apartment in which it is placed, whether they will or no; and it is a comfort to hope that under the eyes of more thoughtful and tender-spirited observers, this lovely work, wherever it is, may sow some seeds of pure, delicate, dove-winged fancy and feeling. At all events, that excellent young copyist, Laer, got his twenty-five napoleons without abatement. In our most active quest we had to explore many solitary staircases, and ring many unanswered bells; and sometimes we met with painters whose gravity and pomposeness formed the most perfect unconscious harmony with the imbecility and crudeness of their performances. The most exquisitely self-satisfied of these innocents of the pencil, the very weakest of them, presented us not only with the card of his studio at Rome, but with a personal introduction to his aunt, who, he gravely informed us, had made herself cele-

brated and great by her many copies of Correggio's Magdalen. Certainly, never did greatness acquiesce in itself with an air of milder and more gracious self-appreciation than in the demeanour of this venerable lady, who has seated herself in the middle of the vale of years in a very stately way. Our last search, it only remains to be added, was for copies in marble of sculpture; but now one's leisure was drawing to a close; and on my last day at Florence, there were only a few moments for him just to run with me through two or three studios, and mark with stealthy and rapid crosses in pencil those figures on which my esteemed approbation had time to alight. And so we parted, with a hope of mine that his success had not been the less for such aid as I could give him; for Mecænas, even in his humblest shape, is an object for respect and tenderness. But oh! into whose Art leading-strings did he happen to fall next; that is the question I have since sometimes asked myself, with uneasy imaginary replies.

THE GERMAN TOY MANUFACTURE.

FLEISCHMANN OF SONNEBERG.

MANY years have not elapsed since all kinds of Art-manufactures, intended for the cheaper markets, or for the use of children, were constructed with a determined ugliness, which really went out of its way to compose distortions and caricatures, as if such evils were necessary parts of an extensive trade. In this way the cottages of the poor, and the play-rooms of children, were filled with a curiously-hIDEOUS group of monstrosities, yet seriously purporting to represent something familiar to us all. The old delf images of horses and cows, with sun-flowers and daisies painted all over their bodies, were even more natural than the animals constructed in the old English potteries, which decorated the mantelpieces of our grandmothers; or, than the plaster parrots and cats which succeeded them. If adults fared thus badly, the children were supplied with toy animals whose resemblance to nature was of the remotest kind. A "Noah's Ark" was the glory of childhood—a treasure not enough to be appreciated; it was a pleasure to nupack, a delight to puzzle over. If it was never quite clear which was the dog, and which the bear, and an enigma few could solve, whether the cat was not the tiger; while dozens of other creatures were "given up" in despair, and taken on trust as representations of somethings existing somewhere. There were no Zoological Gardens then to refer to, and the picture-hooks were hut a grade better, as authorities, than the old Dutch Noah's Ark. Artists then would not condescend to do anything for children; they were consequently left to their own ignorance, made still denser by what was put before them.

The present generation of little folk have advantages they wot not of. They must grow a little older ere they can discover the strides that have been made during the last quarter of a century in that important branch of silent education—the education of the eye. Our best artists now do not disdain to draw for children's hooks; and so necessary do we deem truthfulness and ability, that "the best pencils" of the old days of Mr. Newbery, in St. Paul's Churchyard, would totally fail of gaining employment now; compare those of the great Bibliopolist of 1800, with those of his successors, Messrs. Griffith and Farran, in 1860. The first toys put into a baby's hands now, are artistically better than were those given to children of advanced years half a century ago. We owe something of this improvement to Parisian manufacturers, but by far the greater debt is due to the Germans; they not only perfected the work, but supplied it at a rate within the means of all.

The nutring industry and economy of the German people is a marked national characteristic; their patience over labour, and innate ingenuity, are hut types of the race. Who has ever travelled in the Black Forest without admiring the energetic ingenuity its native peasantry possess in the pro-

duction of wares by which they live? Our Great Exhibition had no more attractive and beautiful national group of Art-manufactures than Germany brought together; and it exhibited a wide field of action, from the fabrication of the most exquisite article for a boudoir, to the production of a child's toy.

It is not generally known how extensive the manufacture of children's toys in Germany has become, nor the full amount of care and attention that is bestowed on their construction. The best come from one district, Sonneberg, in Saxe Meiningen; and the principal manufacturer there is Adolph Fleischmann, whose works in the Great Exhibition of 1851 excited much attention. In the south-eastern district of the old Thuringian forest are numbers who live by this ingenious trade; and the hereditary Duke, fully aware of the importance of its mercantile improvement, has founded and fitted out schools for the better instruction of the workmen, gathering for their use, books, prints, and models. The workmen are generally bred to the trade; sons improve on fathers' work, and, as in other factories, it is found that some have exclusive ability in a particular branch of manufacture only—a peculiar native facility which, in so large a factory, can be exclusively devoted to its own bias. The use of papier-mâché in place of wood-carving has been the real secret of the great improvement in toys; for a good model in clay or wax being obtained, it could be reproduced in casts by the commonest workmen, women, or children. Another advantage of papier-mâché was its lightness and hollowness—the latter allowing the introduction of simple machinery for movement. The cheapness of good casting triumphed over the commonest carving, and the result has been a continued improvement in German toys, until those of the best class may fairly be considered artistic models of nature, acting as educational agents where such agents can only be introduced—that is, by means of play.

It will be of interest to look a little at the life of this district, which, comprising not more than two geographical square miles, includes Sonneberg and the adjacent small towns. About three-fifths of this space is covered by forests of fir and pine trees, the rest being well-cultivated by the inhabitants. Every toy-maker aims at the possession of a field, for the supply of potatoes, upon which his household chiefly subsists; a goat supplies the family with milk for their coffee, which they have for breakfast, dinner, and supper. In some cases a cow enriches the homestead, which is a real scene of pastoral simplicity. In this district about ten thousand workmen live, comprising plain wood-manufacturers, who make boxes of all kinds, and matches (for which there is a sufficient demand to occupy the greater part of the inhabitants of several villages); wood-turners and carvers in the employ of the papier-mâché toy and doll-makers, as well as papier-mâché casters, bellows-makers, and those who construct wooden toys.

No toy of a good description, composed of wood and papier-mâché, is produced entirely by one maker. For example, a crying doll is made by three or four different people: the doll-maker, who sells his produce to the toy-merchant, requires the assistance of a turner, for the supply of the wooden arms and legs, and a papier-mâché caster for the heads and bodies, as well as an artificer who produces the bellows which makes the doll cry; it is his business to join all these parts together, and paint and dress the little figure. Thus four persons live by this one article alone, although of the simplest kind.

It is curious to observe how cleverly some of these men, who have never had a lesson in drawing or modelling, will represent familiar animals. These models are then used to make sulphur moulds upon, which sulphurs produce the finished casts in papier-mâché. It is only the older toy-makers who thus practise their art,—for about twenty-five years ago the drawing and modelling school we have already alluded to was founded by the reigning Duke for their use; it was supported at his expense, and the charge of two-pence (English) paid for an afternoon lesson. Some of the old toy-makers, not caring to bestow even so much on their children and apprentices, it is now the rule that all manufacturers shall send, under pain of fine, their pupils to the establishment, where proper masters instruct them in modelling, and enable Sonneberg to send out figures that occasionally rival the ceramic works of Dresden or Sévres.

About two years ago a museum was added to the school by the munificence of the prince, consisting of casts from the best antique and modern statuary, and of vases, cups, and other objects, found at Herculaneum (known as the Zahn'sche Collection); as well as a valuable collection of prints, after the best native and foreign masters. A small fee, of about two shillings a year, not only gives the workman free access to this museum at all times, but the right of borrowing the prints and models it contains, for his own use at home.

It is to this judicious Prince that Sonneberg owes its continued prosperity. The whole district is a hive of industry; and one of its few holidays was made last year, when he again visited the town, and its inhabitants greeted him with one of those trade-processions, which is so curious a feature in Belgian and German industrial life, and in which they allegorically represent the wealth of their district, and rise of their trade. It was a scene of home affection between ruler and people honourable to both.

The humblest art may, by judicious culture, become thus an element of wealth and civilization. A toy is as great a fact to a child as is any truth to a philosopher. The perception of children is by no means so obtuse as their elders may, in their self-complacency, suppose; there are very few children, indeed, who will not appreciate and choose the best constructed toys shown to them; if they obtain them, they will keep them carefully. Now here are two great ends served; good taste fostered or generated, and habits the reverse of slovenly induced. A well-trained child is a pleasure to all, and the training cannot begin too early, or be carried on too carefully through the legitimate means even of its pleasures. If truth is worth teaching in one way, it is equally so in all, and a toy-horse may as well resemble a real horse, as it may some strange conventional, that a child must be untruly taught to consider as one. If parents and friends of children were fully aware what great beneficial influence good representative toys have upon the juvenile mind, they would foster correct ideas, by discarding the unfaithful rudenesses of the old toy-shop, and patronizing the correct and often beautiful figures which emanate from the new manufactories.

We have thought it well to bring this subject before our readers at a season of the year when it becomes especially interesting; for how many teus of thousands of young minds will at Christmas be influenced for good or evil by the toys they buy? It is a venerable axiom, that education cannot begin too early: those who visit "the German Fair at the Portland Bazaar," will see at once how many lessons in good Art may be taught by Mr. Fleischmann, even by the comparative "nothings" that are obtained for "pence a piece."

It would be difficult to overrate the value of these good and cheap aids to progress, whose first teachings are in the cradle; often—indeed, generally—the toys that go into the hands of girls and boys, are sufficiently pure in design and good in execution to satisfy the man of refinement—even the sculptor. For such influences, so exercised, we are grateful.

We have, in this brief article, made especial reference to the cheaper class of toys which Mr. Fleischmann produces, and sends forth in quantities almost incredible, and at prices inconceivably low; but some works he produces are of a high order, and comparatively large cost: such are the examples, in terra-cotta, of costumes of many nations and periods; figures that, although hut a few inches high, are as admirable as the largest and most perfect productions of the sculptor. They are creations of the same eye and mind that produce the small model of a cat, and the one is as finely modelled and moulded as the other. It is one great advantage arising from this manufactory—an advantage from which no part of the world is debarred—that it presents objects so true to nature that a child may safely learn to draw from any one of them; it is to this we especially direct the attention of our readers, asking from them gratitude to Mr. Fleischmann and his compeers.

The excellent Prince, who has taken this manufacturing town, and its millions of Art issues, under his special guidance and protection, has done well and wisely for his country, but none the less for the Art-cause throughout the World.

THE TOMB REVISITED.

FROM THE GROUP BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

It is a mournful pleasure with which love seeks, through the aid of the sculptor, to commemorate the worth of the dead; and yet it is the only means left to surviving friends for testifying to the world their sense of the loss sustained. We never look upon a monument reared by the hands of affection without calling to mind, and realizing the truth of, Gray's well-known lines—

"Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?"

Those who raise the memorial know well that no such result can by any possibility follow; and their only consolation, therefore, is to embody their expression of grief in a manner which will best show its fulness and intensity. And a "meditation among the tombs" in one of our noble cathedrals, or in some venerable parish church, where, not unfrequently, a few worthy examples of the sculptor's art may be met with,—ay, and in the turf-covered churchyard too, where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,"—

is neither an uninteresting nor an unprofitable way of passing an hour or two:—

"Who looks on these, and finds no food for thought,
Colder than marble is content to be;
The very figures by the sculptor wrought,
Are not more hard and passionless than he.
Call it reclusive, morbid pedantry,
Musing to stand on consecrated ground;
He claims our pity who unmoved can see
Time's fragments scattered in profusion round,
And hears his solemn knell, yet echoes not the sound."

Monumental sculpture has made great progress among us within the last century: prior to the days of Bacon and Banks, almost the only works of this character bearing evidence of Art-genius were those executed by foreigners, and even among these there is ample evidence of a vitiated taste. We are no advocates of rich and profuse floral ornaments, and decorations of almost every kind but that most appropriate to such sculptures. They should be simple and grand, exciting thoughts in unison with the subject; not "wrapped in rich dulness," but exhibiting that poetry of Art which speaks of the sublimity of death, and the hope that the sleeper may awake to a new and joyous life.

Such appears to us to be the feeling with which Mr. Foley sat down to his design for the monument of which an engraving is here introduced: it was a commission from the three daughters of the late J. Jones, Esq., of Crosswood, near Welchpool, Montgomeryshire; and it is erected in Guilsfield Church, in the vicinity of Welchpool. The ladies whose filial affection called forth this tribute of their love, are ideally represented as mourners at the tomb of their father, whose portrait is seen, as a medallion, in front of the sarcophagus. The idea is singularly felicitous, and it has been carried out in a manner worthy of the sculptor, whose genius has raised him to an enviable eminence in his profession. In engravings we have formerly given from his works, are evidences respectively of his powers to treat effectively any attribute of human nature required of him: his "Ino and Bacchus," his "Children in the Wood," his statues of Lord Hardinge, and of Hampden, are not more different in subject than they are admirable for the distinctive qualities which mark each, and which are in perfect harmony with the characters of each separate work. In "The Tomb Revisited" we find another feeling expressed, and with equal power and truth: the three figures are beautifully and lovingly grouped—the elder, it may be presumed, supporting her two younger sisters. The faces seen are not of those who sorrow without hope; they are sad, but calm and resigned. The youngest, probably, has turned her head away; this is a perfectly natural movement, and affords the sculptor an opportunity of varying his outlines and forms, of which he has not failed to avail himself to the best advantage. The draperies are admirably designed and arranged; and what strikes us as peculiarly worthy of notice, is the *repose* which characterizes the dress of the centre figure in contrast with the flowing richness of the others, offering no feature to lead away the eye from the portrait of the dead. Nothing could be more happy than this treatment.

CONTINENTAL ARCHITECTURE.*

MR. SHAW dedicates his splendid and useful volume to "The President and Members of the Royal Academy of Arts, London," in acknowledgment of the "great professional advantages which he derived from his connection with the Royal Academy as travelling student in the department of architecture," and also as an expression of gratitude for personal kindnesses received from individual members of the academic body. This is a very pleasant commencement to a large and important new work on Continental Architecture. And, as we pass on and examine the work itself, we soon arrive at the conviction that if Mr. Shaw considers himself to have been beneficially aided by the Royal Academy, the Royal Academy may feel proud of having sent forth such a "travelling student" as Mr. Shaw. His volume consists of one hundred engravings in lithography, not tinted, but printed, with admirable effect, upon a delicately tinted paper. Forty of the subjects are from edifices in France; twenty-two from those of Italy; thirty-two from Germany, and the remaining six from Belgium. The engravings themselves are preceded by a clear and explicit index, which, with a single page of prefatory introduction, completes the letter-press. The engravings, accordingly, come before us by themselves, to narrate their own history, and to illustrate the sentiments and architectural affections of their author. We readily accept such a work; its distinctive character we recognise without hesitation, and we trust that we fully appreciate its utility and worthiness.

Mr. Shaw adverts to the fact that our architects "have recently commenced to engraft on our national style many beauties and peculiarities hitherto confined to the Continent;" and he proceeds to express his hope, in which we cordially concur, that a work faithfully illustrative of foreign architecture may "find favour in the eyes of those who are anxious to see our art progressing and gaining increased vigour by an infusion of new elements."

It is not a little remarkable, while the partizans of ancient classic architecture are studiously endeavouring to demonstrate the architecture of the middle ages to be an art at best semi-barbarous, and now long obsolete, that the latest works on architecture should be almost exclusively devoted to mediæval examples. We are told that the Gothic is past and gone, if even it ever existed, as a style for English civil and domestic edifices, and yet Mr. Parker has just demonstrated the high character and the abundant resources of the civil and domestic Gothic of England. And here we have Mr. Shaw with his hundred noble lithographs, every one of them illustrating the "architecture of the Continent" from the existing remains of Gothic works—the Italian examples alone excepted, in which the Gothic element appears either in an early condition of development, or commingled, after the fashion of Italy, with Byzantine and Roman traditions. It would be well for the cause of Art amongst us, that the classic party in architecture, instead of assaulting those who love and advocate the Gothic, should follow their rivals' example in producing books like this one of Mr. Shaw's. We require progress and improvement in our architecture, as a living art—not architectural antagonism, and a conflict of architects. If the classic is the better style, and the style better adapted to our requirements, and more in harmony with our associations, let it prove its own pretensions to be based upon facts; and so also let us have, not Gothic professions, but Gothic evidence. Mr. Shaw evidently is of the same opinion, and, as he understands thoroughly in what manner architectural evidence should be given, he has submitted a case well made out, and eminently practical. And his case is a strong one in support of the Gothic. He shows us plainly, and in a style that carries conviction with it, what the Gothic once was on the continent of Europe; and he leaves us to infer, from his historical illustrations of the past achievements of the style, of what character its future developments and modifications may be expected to prove.

There is one quality in the Gothic which Mr. Shaw must have estimated very judiciously when he sent forth his work without descriptive letter-press, and this is, that the style possesses a phonetic power of the highest order, and that it consequently is able to speak for itself. We have more than once heard Gothic remains described with minute accuracy by persons at their first sight of them: such persons could read "at sight" the chisel-

* ARCHITECTURAL SKETCHES FROM THE CONTINENT. By Richard Norman Shaw, Architect. Published by Day and Son, Lithographers to the Queen, London.

written legends of the style. And Mr. Shaw's drawings are distinguished by the same independence and the same inherent faculty of articulate expression. We can understand what they have to communicate by examining and studying the lithographs, without any other aid.

We confess to being powerfully influenced, in forming an opinion of architectural drawings, by a judicious selection as well of points of view as of subjects for representation: and in both these respects Mr. Shaw's volume secures for itself a favourable prepossession. The examples exemplify well the architectures of the different countries in which they exist; and the sketches place the examples in lights, that display them to the utmost advantage. These remarks are equally applicable to the details which are repeatedly given on a large scale, and to entire edifices or extensive portions of them. The subjects also comprise secular as well as ecclesiastical architecture, and they show that the artist was no less thoughtful in dealing with the one class of edifices than with the other. The examples of secular architecture are from Angers, Beaune, Beauvais, Bourges, Le Mans, and Paris, in France; Foligno, and Florence, in Italy; Hildesheim, Erfurt, Innsbruck, and Prague, in Germany; and Antwerp and Malines, in Belgium. The ecclesiastical subjects, in addition to such as have been obtained from the same places, are from Amiens, Auxerre, Chartres, Rouen, Sees, Sens, Strasbourg, Semur, and Toul, in France; in Italy from Assisi, Lucca, Milan, Naples, Pisa, and Pistoria; from Erfurt, Freiburg, Halberstadt, Lubeck, Magdeburg, Nuremberg, Prague, and Ratisbon, in Germany; and from Bruges and Tournay, in Belgium. These names significantly indicate how enjoyable as well as advantageous an architectural tour Mr. Shaw must have made through the instrumentality of the Royal Academy. He has shown us in his work that he is a discriminating and an accurate observer, and that he takes with him to the practice of his profession a facile and an accomplished pencil; we shall hope to hear of him as an able architect, one who will take a part in the architectural struggle of the day, that may prove honourably beneficial at once to himself and to the great art which he has chosen to be his profession.

THE GLASGOW ART-UNION.

THE selection of the prizes of the Art-Union of Glasgow for distribution among the subscribers of 1859-60, has been recently exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. There were sixty-two pictures, of which really a most liberal proportion are the productions of English painters. The whole were purchased at the cost of £3155 13s., to be paid for from the prospective fund of the year's subscription. Some have been before exhibited, but the majority are recently executed works.

"Job," by John Faed, R.S.A., supports the assumption that the modern costume of the Arabs is identical with that of the immediate descendants of Ishmael and Joktan. Mr. Faed is nearer the truth than those who array their Old Testament figures in Greek draperies; but the modern Arab striped cloak is not in its associations sufficiently dignified for religious art. Job, in the vehemence of his grief, has cast himself on the ground; but, as he is presented, a sitting figure would have assisted the composition more effectually. By the same artist there is "A Bedouin Arab exchanging a young Slave for Armour," wherein the scene is on the Nile, amid the ruins of the temples of ancient Egypt. The weapon vendor is seated in his stall, having before him a display of richly-mounted arms, and holding a shield—whicb, by the way, much resembles one that Etty once possessed, and which he painted in one of his sketches. It is a brilliant and carefully-executed work.

In R. M'Innes's "Tinkers," the composition generally is kept very low in tone, with one light—the girl who presents to the tinker-major some kitchen utensil to be repaired. By the use of a microscope the admirable painting of the man's attire comes out, but the tone is so reduced that, as the work acquires age the minute elaboration will be lost. The wife is a thorough-going roadside character, perhaps too comfortably clad in comparison with her ragged children. The great merit of the picture is its *ars celandi artem*; if you seek for the finish it is there, but it does not importune the eye.



THE TOMB REVISITED

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTIST, P. FROM THE MONUMENTAL GROUP BY JOHN FORDYCE BURN

"A Girl's Head," J Sant, is a study of a head which, in character and expression, vibrates between Reynolds and Murillo. It is not finished with a glaze, on which everything is made dependant, as were Reynolds's works, and necessarily all those of his followers; but with a "float" of colour suspended in vehicle, through the body of which every trail of the brush is apparent. This is a retrograde movement: but it refers immediately to Gainsborough and Reynolds. The latter allows us only the sight of that peach which he prescribes in his lectures; but Mr. Sant professes the apricot, and allows us to taste the luscious fruit.

Of the works which we have seen elsewhere there are Ansell's "Toad-hunter," "Undine," F. Wyburd; "The Picnic," D. Pasmore, &c. "Low Tide," G. E. Hicks, shows a party being carried ashore by the waterman from the boat in which they have been sailing: a very bright picture. "Contentment," C. Baxter, is a girl seated at work with her back to the light. The delicacy of the painting of the head and neck, with all their beautifully managed tones, shows a command of means attainable only by study concentrated in a particular direction. Other striking instances of head painting are "The Letter," and "Doncellita," J. H. S. Mann, both of which are finished with a transparent surface of charming quality. In these heads the portions of reflected shade exemplify the utmost power of material. "Schevelling Sands," E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., is an old subject with this painter; but there is a freshness about his North Sea subjects much more agreeable than those he has of late culled from the waveless lagoons of Venice.

"View in Arran," G. Hering. We feel at once the assertion here of the difference between the aspect of the Scottish isles and that of the Italian lakes to which Mr. Hering has so successfully devoted himself. This is the true complexion of that "grey-eyed morn," in her mantle of rain-cloud, that, with an almost timid light, rises on the Scottish hills. "Evening in Greece," by the same artist, is another phase of nature, that of the sudden twilight fading rapidly into night. It touches the sense, inasmuch that we listen for the far-borne sounds to which twilight seems more favourable than any other time of the day or night. "The Marauding Chief," R. H. Roe. This is an eagle clutching a dying mallard in his talons, and rising to his eyrie from the lake. The eagle is well drawn and life-like, but the calm and mellow landscape is nearly the same that Mr. Roe always paints. "Jenny's first Love-Letter," J. Craig,—the work, perhaps, of a young painter,—at least, the elaborate crowding of the composition is the error of a "prentice han'." "The Bird Minder," G. Smith, is a version of the old story,—the rooks plunder the corn-field while the watcher sleeps. It is a small picture of infinite sweetness. "Cross Roads," and a "Lane at Albury, near Guildford," by V. Cole, have everywhere the fragrance and verdure of the reality. The trees are painted with a masterly power, that deals suitably with every passage of the scenery. These views have been painted on the spot. "Wild Flowers," E. J. Cobbett. These wild flowers are field poppies, where-withal two cottage girls are bedecking their hats. "A Mill Stream," N. O. Lupton, is a study of a rivulet shaded by trees, through which are peeps of a second distance. The lower part of the work is detailed with extreme nicety, but in the colouring of the foliage the opaque yellow tints are rather colour than lights. The lights of foliage are always grey, at least yellow will not represent them. "The Eddystone Lighthouse," Melby, is rather a large picture, with a near view of the lighthouse; the sea is too green. There are some other sea-subjects by E. Hayes, A.R.H.A. "Evening—Beech Head," "The Pigeon House Wall, Dublin, during a Gale of Wind," and "The Hill of Howth, from the New Slip," all very spirited productions; as are also two small landscapes by Niemann, the subjects being "Richmond, Yorkshire," and "Near Buxted, Sussex." Gilbert's "Bright Day on the Thames," is, on the contrary, studiously careful. "One more Unfortunate," C. Roit, is a subject of a class of which even a few are too many. It shows the "unfortunate" as about to cast herself into the river from the steps of Waterloo Bridge. It is enough that our sympathies are moved day after day by newspaper details; supplementary illustra-

tions on the walls of Art-exhibitions can well be spared.

Inasmuch as the difficulty is considerable of effecting a selection of works according to a determined scale, the collection is highly creditable to the authorities of the society.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

NO. 10.—A VISIT TO THE LEE MOOR PORCELAIN CLAY-BRICK AND ARCHITECTURAL WORKS.

THE visitor to the West, in his progress by the South Devon Railway, from Exeter to Plymouth, passes through a country singularly varied in its geological character, and in its physical aspects. Running down the valley of the Exe, in the first instance, over a purely alluvial stratum, he reaches the strange masses of the Red Sandstone Conglomerate, which give many picturesque groups of rocks to the coast between Star Cross and Teignmouth. Passing these, the traveller comes upon a series of picturesque undulations, often spread out into extensive valleys, which consist mainly of the Slate formations. At various points the picturesque character of the country is greatly improved by the Limestone rocks, which at first appear in detached masses, but which gradually assume a more important character, and become, indeed, around Torquay the prevailing rock, giving to that locality the peculiar beauty for which it is celebrated. It is curious and instructive to notice how the Green Sand formations, which occupy so prominent a position in some of the more eastern counties, gradually thin out, as the phrase is, and around Newton Abbot are found as isolated patches remaining on the tops of the rounded hills, which, with their woody knolls, are so much admired. From these we pass into a district which may be said to consist entirely of the older rocks. The Carboniferous Slates, the Clay Slate (known locally as *killas*), with Trap rocks forcing their iron way through them, and the Granite hills, which form the outliers of the Dartmoor range, become peculiarly prominent, furnishing frequently the most picturesque landscapes.

The valleys which form the watershed for the extensive district of Dartmoor, are amongst the most charming spots to be found in England. A volume might be written on the physical causes which have been at work to produce them, and the geological phenomena which continually present themselves to the intelligent student of nature, are well deserving of the most attentive observation. Passing, however, all these points of interest, we arrive at last at the railway station at Plympton; and, leaving the iron road, we proceed to that point of Dartmoor upon which the extensive and remarkable works we are about to describe are situated. From Plympton, by a constant ascent of six miles, we arrive at Lee Moor, an elevation of nine hundred feet above the sea-level, and consequently commanding an extensive prospect in every direction. The yet higher hills of Dartmoor, with their curious Granite tors, stretch away to the north as far as the eye can reach, and they completely enclose the moor around the eastern side. To the south and west a series of hills and valleys lie beautifully arranged, with the sea opening upon us in Plymouth Sound, and the River Tamar exhibiting little spots of light, marking the sinuous course of its channel.

We are on Dartmoor—a wild and desolate region, distinguished by its sterility, marked by rude boulders of granite, scattered in profusion over the surface, looking like the wrecks of an ancient civilization, and clearly exhibiting the wreck of an ancient world—a world on the surface of which those granite masses formed portions of more exalted mountains, over which, in all probability, rolled for ages the mighty waters sweeping from the north, which have spread similar evidences in the Drift and other formations, of the force with which the mighty current swept over.

Here, in the very centre of nature's wildest works, appear the labours of man; and those labours are marked by many striking peculiarities. The buildings which rise around you are distinguished by their substantial, and by their simple, but correct architectural character. Ascending the last hill to the moor, the visitor sees a viaduct spanning a

valley, proclaiming the presence of a railway, and a steep incline, upon which the carriages are travelling,—the descending set laden with porcelain, clay, bricks, tiles, &c., while the ascending ones are freighted with coals for the works. At the head of this incline are two round towers, connected with the mechanism employed for working it, which, with the almost cyclopean wall, forming the embankment on which they are built, give to the whole the appearance of a citadel of strength. Supposing—which, as the carriages were travelling, we might have done—we ascended by the incline instead of by the road, when we arrive at the platform, we have some idea of the extensive arrangements which have been made. First, we see the kilns for burning the bricks, tiles, mouldings, &c., with the houses in which they are manufactured; and beyond them are the drying-houses, reservoirs, canals, mills, and accessory shops, necessary to the preparation of the porcelain clay. But it is necessary, now that we have reached the circle of industry, that we describe the peculiarities distinguishing those works from the commencement.

Nature has, up to a certain point, provided the article which man requires for the elaboration of the most perfect production of the potter's art. The clay—China Clay, as it is commonly called, or *kaolin*, as the Chinese have it—is quarried from amidst the granitic masses of this region. We are not at all satisfied with any of the theories which have been put forward to account for the formation of porcelain clay. It is commonly stated to be a decomposed granite. Granite, as is well known, consisting of mica, quartz, and felspar, with sometimes schorl and hornblende. The felspar is supposed to have decomposed; and, as this forms the largest portion of the mass, the granite is disintegrated by this process. We have, therefore, the mica, quartz, and the clay, forming together a soft mass, lying but a short distance below the surface, but extending to a considerable depth. It is quite evident that this stratum is not deposited; had it been so, the particles constituting the mass would have arranged themselves in obedience to the law of gravity, towards which there is not the slightest attempt. But we do not know by what process the decomposition of the solid granite could have been effected to a depth from the surface of upwards of one hundred feet, and then, as it often does, suddenly to cease. This, however, is a question into which we cannot at present enter. Here we see a quarry of this decomposed granite, shining white in the sunshine, and at the bottom of this quarry are numerous workmen employed in filling trucks placed upon a tramway. This native material is now carried off to a house, distinguished by the powerful water-wheel, which revolves on one side of it, and here it undergoes its first process in manufacture. The trucks are lifted, and the contents discharged into a hopper, from which the clay falls into inclined troughs, through which a strong current of water passes, and the clay is separated from the large particles of quartz and mica, these being discharged over a grating, through which flows the water charged with the clay and the finer matter, the coarser portion sliding off the grating, and falling in a heap outside the building. The water contains, not only the pure clay, but the finer particles of silica, mica, schorl, or of any other matters which may be mixed with the mass. To separate these from the clay, very complete arrangements are made. Large and deep stone tanks receive the water as it comes from the mill, in these the heavier particles settle; and when each tank becomes full, the mica, &c., is discharged through openings in the bottom, into trucks placed to receive it on a railway, and this, the refuse material of the clay works, elsewhere is preserved for other uses, to be by-and-by described. The water, charged with its clay, now flows slowly and quietly through a great length of stone channel, and, during its progress nearly all the micaceous and other particles subside; the water eventually flowing into very large pits, in which the clay is allowed slowly to deposit. The water enters in a thin sheet at one end, and gradually diffuses itself over the large area. The clay, in an impalpable powder, falls down, and perfectly clear water passes away at the other end. When a thickness of about eighteen inches is obtained, the water is stopped, and evaporation promoted by a graduated artificial temperature. After a little time, the clay

is sufficiently hard to be cut out, and subjected to its final drying. The clay is cut out in squares of about eight inches, so that they form parallelograms when removed from the bed. These are then placed in heated rooms, and, being still further dried, are fit for the market.

In the *Art-Journal*, August 1st, 1850, will be found, in a paper on the chemistry of pottery, much information respecting clays; and to that article we would refer our readers who desire to know more of the physics and chemistry of clay. The clay prepared at the Lee Moor Works is amongst the finest varieties which are obtained in this country, and it is consequently employed in the manufacture of the best kinds of porcelain. The Lee Moor clay, being ready for the market, is carefully packed in the trucks on the railway, which is brought under a very ornamental shed, and is transported in a short time to Plymouth, where it is shipped for the potteries, or some other destination. It should here be stated, that large quantities of the commoner kinds of china-clay are now used in the manufacture of the best earthenware, the fine varieties being reserved for porcelain. It is not generally known that china-clay is largely used in giving body and weight to paper; and especially is it employed in the preparation of paper-hangings; besides this, calicoes are sometimes stiffened by means of this clay, its peculiar whiteness adapting it for this purpose.

We have now passed through the extensive premises which are devoted to the preparation of the porcelain clay. Every visitor to these works will be struck with the solidity of the structures around him, all of them being constructed with a very close-grained granite, and bricks which, in colour, harmonize admirably with that stone. The granite is raised and worked on the spot, the quantity of this valuable stone being here unlimited. It is, as we have stated, of a very close texture, the crystals of quartz and felspar in it being of a very uniform size; and it has a peculiar and very pleasing warm tint, which is a relief from the ordinary cold grey colour. A church-window was in process of construction: in workmanship this was of the highest character, and the purity and perfection of the stone very striking. This window is intended for the neighbouring Church of Plympton, a small town rendered memorable to all lovers of Art, from its being the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But we must pass on. In all the porcelain-clay works which we have visited, the clay only is made commercially valuable, the quartz and mica being rejected as useless material. Not so here; from the mill, in which the natural product is washed, as we have described, the refuse matter is received in trucks, and conveyed on a tramroad to the brick, tile, drain-pipe, and architectural works; and here it is utilized, in a way which completely entitles this place to be quoted as one example of the economy of manufactures.

The sand, consisting of quartz and mica, has but little coherent power; but when it is united with some alumina, and subjected to a properly conducted process of firing, nothing can be firmer than the resulting mass. In such extensive works as these, there is of necessity a large quantity of clay,—such as is found near the surface in the quarry, and such as is soiled in the processes of manufacturing the superior kaolin,—which is applicable to the purposes of preparing a brick or artificial stone. Such clay as this is received in large tanks prepared for the purpose, and as these are very long, the clay is in different degrees of fineness, accordingly as it is taken from the end at which the water enters, or from the extreme end of the pit. In fact, three qualities of common clay are thus obtained, and they are used respectively as they may be required for the production of finer or coarser materials. In the first place, fire-bricks, of a very superior quality, are manufactured. It is not necessary for us to give any description of the manufacture of a brick; suffice it to say, that the mixture of quartz, mica, and clay, being made in the proportions considered the best, they are thoroughly kneaded together, and then handed over to the brick-maker. The composition of these bricks may be stated as nearly pure silica and alumina, the small quantities of other substances which may be found in them being such as is found in the mica and clay employed. Taking them, however, as to

the main features of their composition, we have the following proportions:—

	1.	2.	3.
Silica . . .	82.86	74.71	61.68
Alumina . . .	17.18	24.78	38.34

It will be evident to every one, that since the mixture is artificially made, that any proportion can be adopted, and any material required can be introduced; consequently, whether these bricks are desired for iron furnaces, copper furnaces, chemical works, or for the gas manufactory, they can be made to suit each special requirement.

Bricks of this composition can be, and are, made of any colour, from almost pure white to red or black, as may be desired. The white bricks, which may be, from their composition, regarded as an artificial granite, are much used for building purposes; and as they are moulded by pressure into any form desired, much very pleasing ornamental work results from their employment. Numerous architectural decorations are manufactured from this waste of the china-clay works: and when the economy of production, and the elegant character of the manufacture is taken into account, we can well understand the advantages offered by its employment. It is needless here to enumerate the variety of articles manufactured, our object being chiefly to direct attention to one of the most striking examples of the value of persevering industry with which we are acquainted. The Lee Moor Works may be quoted in illustration of the German tale, of the old man who hequeathed to his sons vast treasures, which were buried somewhere in the desert country which was their visible heritage. They set to work digging the ground over to find their treasure, but their search for gold was without avail; at last, however, they discovered, from the productiveness of the soil upon which they had expended their industry, that the buried treasure was the harvest they would reap from reclaiming the waste.

So was it here. But a few years since this division of Dartmoor was a waste moorland, covered with granite boulders, and in every respect putting on the most unpromising appearance. Its present proprietor, Mr. William Phillips, discovering the value of the china clay which existed here, obtained from the Earl of Morley leases and privileges, such as would enable him, fully and fairly, to develop the buried treasure; and the result of his untiring energy has been that really, not figuratively, he has caused the desert to blossom with the rose. Hundreds of acres of land have been reclaimed. In connection with the works which have been described, about two hundred people are employed; a large number of these are furnished with houses, gardens, and small patches of ground. These cultivated spots are increasing yearly, and a perfect hive of industry has been created upon a once desolate wilderness. A railway, eight miles in length, with two self-acting inclines, and viaducts spanning the beautiful valleys, connects the works with the port of Plymouth. The granite rocks, which prevented the use of the plough, have been used in the construction of the railway and the works, and that implement has developed the old man's hidden treasure; so that the railway now carries from the moor, clay, fire-bricks, ornamental bricks and tiles, granite, and farm produce. The moor was, and is now in many parts, a peaty morass. Water was abundant, but it was of little use. This has been trained into channels, and rapidly flowing streams are now rendered useful in the works already constructed, and an enormous amount of mechanical power is still available. There are large reservoirs, and one is now in process of construction which will have an area of seventeen acres. These appliances—all of them the work of one man—proclaim a master-mind; and his own dwelling, in the midst of his labours, displays, indeed, the charm which industry exerts over nature. Within its sheltering belt of fir-trees, exists a garden which exhibits on every side indications of the most refined taste; and here, on a soil so naturally harrowed as to become proverbial for its wildness, flowers give, but do not waste, their sweetness on the desert air.

Here are schools provided for the young, and classes established for the workmen; instruction is given in many things which are useful to the working man, lectures being occasionally delivered, and music, as a source of enjoyment, is not forgotten

amongst those dwellers on Dartmoor. There are not many places in these islands, or in Europe, where nature looked less promising than on this division of Dartmoor; and certainly the inhabitants were even wilder, in their untrained habits, than the moorland on which they dwelt. One man, by the power of a well-regulated mind, has produced a vast revolution: where formerly the winds only broke the silence of nature, the healthful sound of manufacture is heard; and the semi-civilised people who dwelt in scattered huts, few and far between, have, by him, been brought together, and trained into a simple, gentle, honest, Christian people. Such an example is worthy of all honour.

ROBERT HUNT.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS CRANE.

WE are indebted to a correspondent for the following particulars of the career of Mr. Thomas Crane, a portrait-painter of considerable provincial celebrity, and not altogether unkuown and unappreciated in London.

He was born in Chester in 1808; his father was a man of education, but of means totally inadequate to afford his son the pecuniary assistance necessary for the prosecution of those studies in Art for which the boy showed a decided predilection. Through the kindness and liberality of a gentleman at Manchester, the late Edward Taylor, Esq., young Crane came up to London in 1824, and entered the schools of the Royal Academy, where he continued two years, gaining, in 1825, the medal for his drawings from the antique. Returning to Chester, he commenced his profession as a miniature-painter, and not very long after his settlement he published, in conjunction with a brother, who is also deceased, some sketches of celebrated characters in North Wales, among whom were Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, the eccentric ladies of Llangollen. Mr. Crane by his refined taste and winning manners ingratiated himself with many of the most distinguished families in Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales, and was always a welcome visitor at their mansions, where he was sometimes accustomed to pass weeks, and even months. Many of those whom he visited remained his friends till death separated them, such as the late Earl of Stanford, Lord Stanley of Alderley, the late Sir W. W. Wynne, &c. &c.

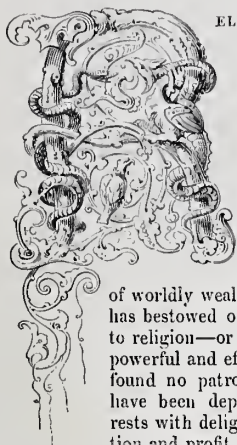
In 1832 Mr. Crane made his first appearance as an exhibitor at the Liverpool Academy, and continued to contribute to the institution for many years: in 1835 he was elected an associate, and in 1838, a full member of the Academy. In the following year he married, and came up to London, where he resided for some time, but found the metropolis prejudicial to a constitution predisposed to pulmonary disease. After trying Leamington and other places, he took up his residence in Liverpool, and in 1841 was elected treasurer of the Academy of that town. But the delicate state of his health would not permit his continuing there, and, in 1844, he removed to Torquay, the mild air of which proved so beneficial that he made the place his permanent residence for twelve years, visiting, as occasion required, Manchester, Liverpool, and Cheshire, where he procured commissions, such as could not be obtained within the limited population of Torquay and its vicinity.

His health being apparently re-established, and feeling desirous of giving to his children the benefit of a better education than that afforded by the provincial schools within his neighbourhood, Mr. Crane removed to Bayswater in 1857: but though disease had been arrested for a time, it broke forth again soon after his arrival here, and, advancing by slow steps, resulted in his death in July of the present year. He has left a widow and four children, whose only support had been his professional labours.

Mr. Crane's portraits, of females and children, both in oils and in water-colours, were his principal works: he treated these with so much elegance of treatment and so much fancy, as to render them almost ideal works, yet without compromising their identity as portraits. Among his subject-pictures the more important are—"The First Whisper of Love," "The Deserted Village," "The Cobbler," "The Old Romance," "The Bay-Window," "Masquerading;" most of these were exhibited at the Royal Academy.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART V.—ST. PETER'S.—THE PANTHEON.

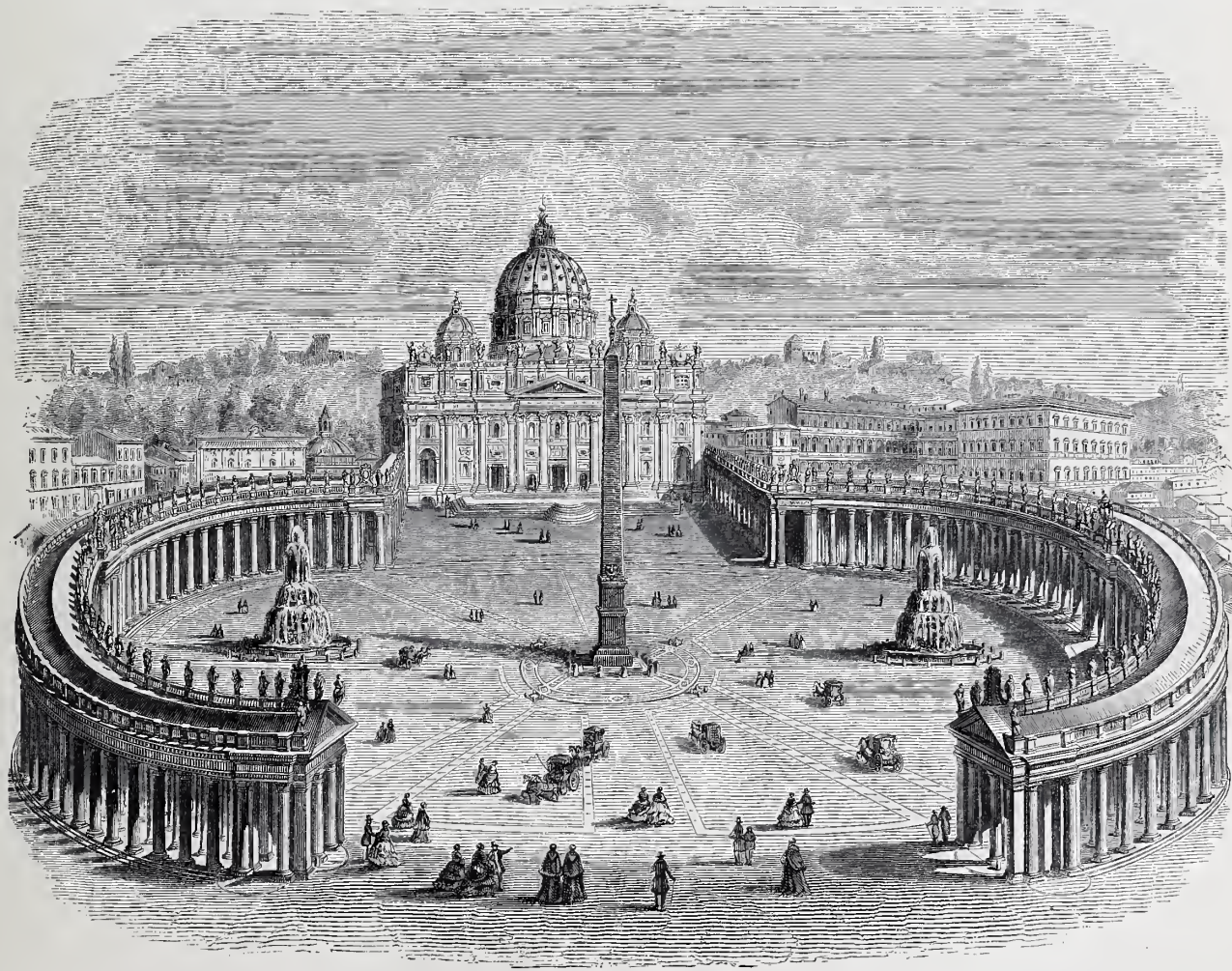


RELIGION has a just claim upon man for the exercise on her behalf of his highest intellectual powers; and Art, as one medium for the development of those powers, has, in all ages, laid on her altars the noblest productions of architecture, painting, and sculpture. The temple of the Jewish ritualist and of the heathen worshipper, the classic fane of the Greek and Roman, the pagoda of the Chinese and Buddhist, the mosque of the Mahomedan, and the church of the Christian, alike bear witness to the zeal which has animated the followers of the respective creeds to do honour to their deities, both as regards the expenditure of worldly wealth, and the offering of the best gifts that nature has bestowed on mankind. Art owes a heavy debt of gratitude to religion—or that which assumes to be such: for without her powerful and efficient aid, the artist would, in all probability, have found no patronage so varied and liberal; while the world would have been deprived of the finest works on which the eye now rests with delight, and which the mind contemplates with admiration and profit.

No sooner had the disciples of Christ expanded from the few poor fishermen of Galilee into a numerous body,—possessing, though still in a very inferior degree, wealth and influence,—than they formed themselves into communities, termed “churches,” appointed ministers and officers of various grades, and

erected edifices of worship. Rome was one of the earliest places where such a community was formed. St. Paul is said to have suffered martyrdom there; and his fellow-labourer, St. Peter, also laid down his life, two or three years afterwards, in the imperial city, for the faith he professed. St. Peter was the first bishop of Rome; he was succeeded by Linus, and after him, Clemens, or Anacletus—for chronologists have not decided which—followed. The latter, who is said to have received ordination from St. Peter himself, erected an oratory on the site where the present magnificent church stands, to commemorate the place of the apostle’s burial, and where many of the earliest Christians suffered martyrdom. It was not, however, till the time of Constantine the Great, or about the beginning of the fourth century, that any edifice worthy of being called a church was erected there; that emperor caused a splendid basilica to be built, which was consecrated by the then bishop, Sylvester I., on whom was conferred the title of Pope. Constantine enriched the edifice with sumptuous ornaments, and its ministers with ample revenues: thus commenced the rise of the papal power; while the emperor’s basilica became the precursor of the great Church of St. Peter.

The old Church of St. Peter was a large edifice, more than three hundred feet in length: it lay lower than the present building, which is of far greater extent, and is raised above it. A portion of the ancient church is now a subterranean vault under the pavement of the modern one, with chapels, altars, old monuments, and sculptures: visitors have access to it on certain days. About the year 850, Pope Leo IV. built a wall round part of the Vatican hill and plain, to protect the church against the invasions of the Turks. In 1450, more than 1100 years after its erection, the sacred edifice had become in such a ruinous condition, that Nicholas I. conceived the idea of replacing it with a new one. The Florentine architect, Bernardo Rosselini, in conjunction with Leon Battista Alberti, was engaged to prepare plans for this new temple, which, in grandeur and richness, was to surpass every other building; as well as plans for a splendid palace, villas, gardens, and fountains, for the Pope’s use



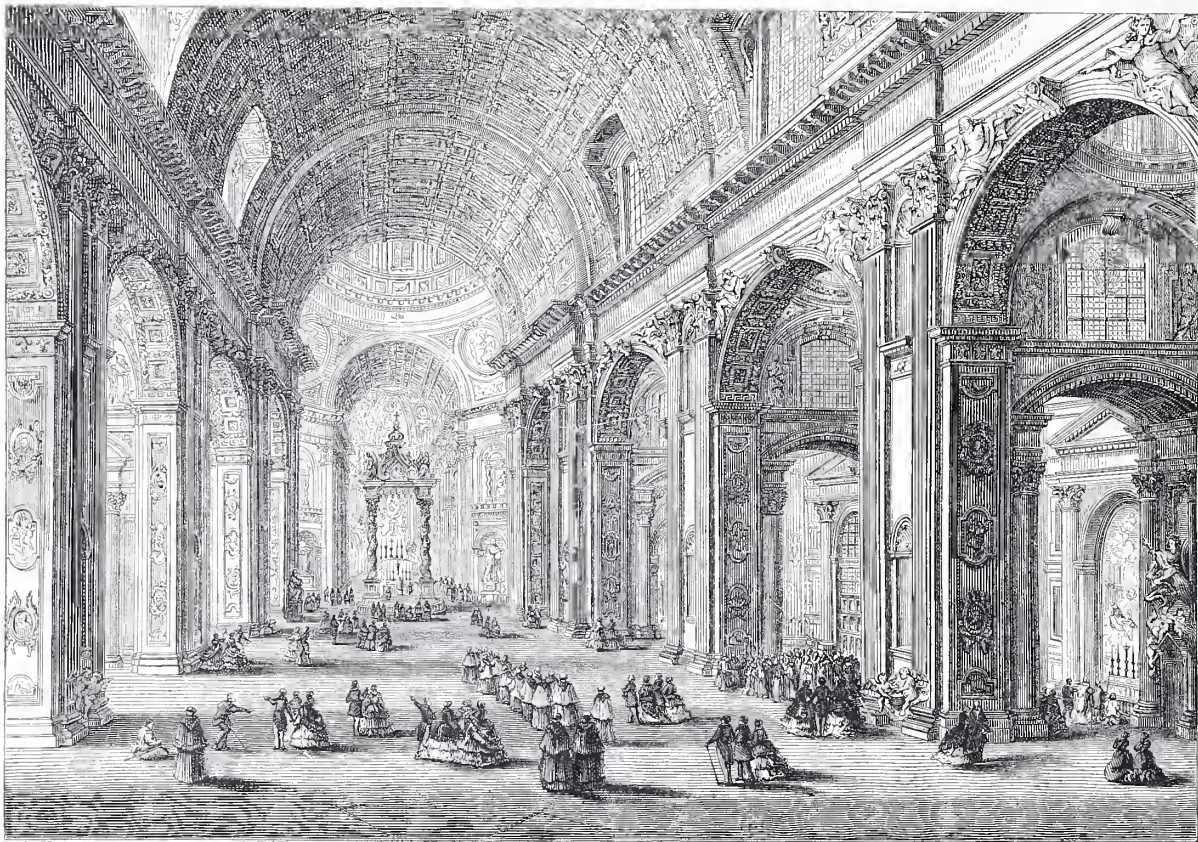
ST. PETER'S: THE EXTERIOR.

or pleasure, and in a style becoming the great head of the Christian Church: the desire of his holiness being to make this part of Rome conspicuous for its magnificence. The death of Nicholas, in 1455, however, put a stop to the whole plan, or rather diverted its course. The building of the church had been commenced, historians affirm, by Nicholas, and continued, though very slowly, by his successors, till 1503, when Julius II. occupied the papal chair. This pontiff, urged, as Vasari says, by a desire to erect a splendid mausoleum for himself, engaged Michael Angelo to furnish a design for it (see p. 190, ante): when the design was finished, it was found altogether unsuited for its

destination, the old Church of St. Peter's, and Julius determined to carry on the new edifice with expedition and energy. We confess there seems a little confusion in this statement, but it is taken from the best authorities. Julius had engaged the assistance of Bramante D'Urbino, known generally as Bramante, one of the most distinguished architects of the sixteenth century, whose name will always be associated chiefly with this noble edifice. He prepared designs, the plan of which was a Latin cross, with a portico of six columns, and a vast dome in the centre of the church, supported by four colossal pillars. In 1506 Julius laid the foundation under the pillar

against which the statue of Veronica now stands; but all that Bramante lived to see completed were the four pillars and the arches which spring from them. He died in 1514, one year after the death of his patron, the Pope. Leo X., the successor of Julius, employed Giuliano di Sangallo, a Florentine architect, to continue the work. Sangallo had taken offence at the selection of Bramante, and had retired to Florence, but he returned to Rome by desire of Leo, and proceeded with the work: his age and infirmities, however, compelled him to relinquish his duties within a very short period. Giovanni da Verroca and Raffaello next undertook the task, aided by Fra Giocondo, a Dominican friar; but little more is said to have been effected by their joint labours than to strengthen the piers raised by Bramante, which were considered too weak to support the cupola. During the pontificate of Leo these three artists died, and the next engaged was Baldassare Peruzzi, who, according to Milizia, received as architect of St. Peter's, the liberal stipend of two hundred and fifty crowns a year. Leo is said to have considered Bramante's design as too vast and costly, whereupon Baldassare altered the plan of the Latin cross to that of a Greek cross. The work, however, made little progress for several years, owing, chiefly, to the death of the Pope, in 1521. During the reigns of his successors, Adrian VI., Clement VII., and in the early portion of that of Paul III., the tribune designed by Bramante was completed. Peruzzi died in 1536. The next architect engaged was Antonio Sangallo, who determined on reverting to the original plan once more; his designs for the purpose are still preserved in the Vatican, but he died before he could carry any of them into effect. Giulio Romano is said to have been the next artist whose assist-

ance was sought, but he also died without adding much to its progress; and then Michael Angelo, at the age of seventy-two years, was called upon to contribute his aid: the letter conferring the appointment is yet in existence. He at once restored Peruzzi's plan of a Greek cross, constructed a dome of different form and curvature to that of the original design, asserting that he would raise the Pantheon of Agrippa (*vide p. 364*) in the air, enlarged the tribune and the two transepts, and strengthened the piers for the second time. In our notice of the works of Michael Angelo, a few months ago, we alluded to his labours in connection with St. Peter's, and the vexation to which he was subjected during the seventeen or eighteen years of his labours, which terminated only with his life, in 1563. Numerous other architects—all of whom adhered to his plans—carried on the work during several successive pontiffs, till the time of Paul V., who, in 1605, ascended the papal chair. The dome was completed, in 1580, by Giacomo della Porta, appointed architect by Gregory XIII.; he also, in the pontificate of Clement VIII., ornamented the inside of the cupola with mosaics, and constructed the greater portion of the present pavement of inlaid marble. The architect engaged by Paul V. was Carlo Maderno, who proceeded at once to extend the principal nave eastward, and thus again changed the form of the edifice to a Latin cross; he also erected the façade. The nave was finished in 1612; two years afterwards the façade and the portico were completed; and on the 18th of November, 1626, the renowned church, or basilica, of St. Peter's, Rome, was consecrated by Pope Urban VIII. We often hear our countrymen complain of the lengthened time Sir Charles Barry has taken in the erection of his great



INTERIOR OF ST. PETER'S: THE NAVE.

work, the Houses of Parliament, and of the cost of the building: without attempting to draw any comparison between the magnitude or the style of the two edifices, to show that the one might legitimately be expected to occupy as much time as the other, and to prove as costly, it may be remarked, that from the first foundation of St. Peter's, in 1450, to its dedication, in 1626, constitutes a period of 176 years, and that during this time no fewer than forty-three pontiffs sat in the chair of the Apostle. The expenses of erecting it were so great as eventually to cause the defection from the Romish Church of millions of her disciples: the bull for the sale of indulgences, issued by Leo X. for the purpose of raising money to carry on the work, roused, by the excesses that characterised its promulgation, the attention of Martin Luther to the abuses of the Romish establishment, and brought about the Reformation, the foundation-stone of evil and religious liberty.

By a reference to the engraving on the preceding page, it will be seen that the principal entrance to the church is by an area flanked on each side by a vast semi-circular colonnade, erected by the architect and sculptor Bernini, during the pontificate of Alexander VII., about the middle of the seventeenth century. These colonnades are supported by columns, in four rows, arranged so as to leave sufficient room between the two inner rows for the passage of carriages, two abreast; one hundred and ninety-two statues of saints are placed on the balustrades above. In the centre of the area stands the lofty Egyptian obelisk, which was taken to Rome from Heliopolis by the Emperor Caligula; and on each side of the obelisk is a splendid fountain, erected by the architect Carlo

Maderno, under the auspices of Paul V. On each side of the steps leading to the entrance is a colossal figure, St. Peter occupying one place, and St. Paul the other. The façade is generally condemned as heavy, and inappropriate to the rest of the structure; it has five open entrances leading to the magnificent vestibule, and this has five doors, through which access is gained to the body of the church. A view of the nave appears as our second illustration: it is vaulted, and eight massive piers separate it from each aisle at the side; at the foot of each of these piers is a large vase, supported by cherubs six feet in height; these vases contain the holy water.

Passing to the extremity of the nave, the visitor comes under the stupendous dome, whose size and magnificence must strike him with astonishment, if not with awe; but what he sees there is only the inner vault, between which and the outer cupola is a staircase leading to the summit. The dome is certainly the glory of St. Peter's, and all who have written about it seem to have exhausted the vocabulary of panegyric. Forsyth says, quaintly and enthusiastically, "The cupola is glorious, viewed in its design, its altitude, or even its decorations; viewed either as a whole or as a part, it enchants the eye, it satisfies the soul. The very air seems to eat up all that is harsh and colossal, and leaves us nothing but the sublime to feast on,—a sublime peculiar as the genius of the immortal architect, and comprehensible only on the spot."

The celebrated *Baldachino*, or canopy covering the high altar, stands underneath the dome, and over the spot said to be the grave of the Apostle. It is of solid bronze, taken from the Pantheon, and consists of four vast spiral columns

of the composite order, and covered with rich ornaments, many of them gilt; the height to the summit of the cross is nearly ninety feet; and upon the citharature are four colossal statues of angels, draped; this altar is only used on great ceremonial occasions, when the Pope officiates in person. The confessional is surrounded by a circular balustrade of marble, on which are placed no fewer than one hundred and twelve lamps, in single, triple, and quadruple branches of gilded bronze. These lamps are kept continually burning night and day. The canopy was cast, in 1633, from the design by Bernini.

Another object of no inconsiderable interest is the Tribune, of which an engraving is here introduced: it is profusely ornamented, from the alleged designs of Michael Angelo, and contains the famous chair of bronze, called the "Chair of St. Peter;" this incloses the identical chair in which, according to the tradition of the Romish Church, St. Peter and many of his successors officiated. The bronze covering is the work of Bernini. At the angles are figures of four of the ancient fathers of the Church, two of them, St. Augustine and St. Ambrose, of the Latin Church; the other two, St. Chrysostom and St. Athanasius, of the Greek.

To attempt to give any detailed description of, or even to enumerate, the various decorative works and objects of Art, which this great temple of the Romish faith offers to the notice of the visitor, would occupy many pages, instead of the few we can assign to them. The altars of the numerous chapels in both of the side aisles are, mostly, decorated with pictures, copied, in mosaic, from those of some of the great Italian masters, and very beautifully executed. Among the more prominent of these are:—Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome;" Raffaele's "Transfiguration;" Roncalli's "Death of Ananias and Sapphira;" "St. Peter healing the Lame Man," by Mancini; "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," by Guido; "The Incredulity of St. Thomas," by Camuccini; "The Conception," by P. Bianchi; "The Presentation of the Virgin," by Romanelli; "The Baptism of Christ," by Cario Maratti; "St. Peter Baptizing the Jailer," by Passeri; "The Baptism of the Centurion," by Procaccini; "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Domenichino; Poussin's "Martyrdom of St. Erasmus;" "Christ in the Ship with St. Peter," by Lanfranco; Guercino's "St. Petronilla;" and Guido's "St. Michael." The only oil-picture worthy of mention is Francesco Vanni's "Fall of Simon Magus."

In these chapels are also a very considerable number of statues and monuments, of which, however, there are but few that possess any pretension to the character of superior works of Art; the best, by many degrees, are those of comparatively recent date: those of an earlier time are, principally, by Bernini and his immediate followers, and are designed in the worst possible taste.

The two engravings on the next page represent respectively the exterior and interior of the PANTHEON, which ranks among the most remarkable of the ancient buildings in the city. It stands in a confined and miserable piazza, between the Corso and the Piazza Navona, and, according to an inscription on the frieze, was erected in the third consulate of Marcus Agrippa, B.C. 26.

Notwithstanding its age, and the perils of fire and flood to which it has been repeatedly subjected, the Pantheon still exists in an admirable state of preservation. Soon after its completion the building was struck by lightning; in the reign of Titus it was damaged by fire; restored by Domitian, it again suffered from a similar calamity in the reign of Trajan, and was repaired by Adrian; subsequently it was restored by Antoninus Pius, and still later by Septimius Severus and Caracalla. It was, there is no doubt, built for a temple, but from the end of the fourth century, till the year 608, it remained closed, together with all the other pagan temples in Rome; in that year the Bishop of Rome, Boniface VIII., obtained permission from the Emperor Phocas to consecrate it as a Christian church: it was dedicated to the Holy Virgin and the Martyrs, under the title of S. Maria ad Martyres. So convenient were the niches for the rites and ceremonies of the new worshippers, that very little alteration was required to adapt them to the purpose. In the middle of the seventh century Constant II. stripped off a large portion of the bronze plates which formed the roof, and in 731 Gregory III. substituted sheet-lead for them; after this, little is recorded of the Pantheon for nearly seven centuries, when, in 1400, during the disturbances of the middle ages, the lead-work was taken from the cupola and roof of the portico. But by far the most extortionate plunderer of this beautiful edifice was Urban VIII., who, in 1631, under the pretext of restoration, carried off, it is said, upwards of 4000 cwt. of metal, principally bronze, for the *Baldachino* in St. Peter's, and to cast into cannon for the Castle of St. Angelo.

The Pantheon is a noble circular edifice, of brick, surmounted by a dome of unusual flatness; its internal diameter is 142 feet, and the height, from the pavement to the summit of the dome, has the same measurement; the walls are about twenty feet in thickness; the entrance is through a portico of great architectural beauty, but antiquarians have been unable to determine accurately whether or not it is a portion of the original edifice. "Opposite the entrance," says Sir George Head, "a magnificent arched recess, corresponding to the aperture of the entrance, which, excavated from the vast thickness of the wall,

contained, in former days, a colossal statue of Jupiter, is now, under the dispensation of the Roman Catholic Church, occupied by the high altar. And seven lateral chapels, attributed to the period of Septimius Severus, three within spacious rectangular recesses, and four in the intermediate spaces contained within *adnicule*, or small projecting pediments, supported on columns, have been contrived on each side of the circumference, without alteration or infringement of the original pagan model." Above these runs a marble cornice, supporting an attic, with fourteen niches, and a second cornice; and from this rises the majestic dome, divided into square panels, which are said to have been originally covered with bronze: the only light that enters the building passes through a circular opening in the centre, about 28 feet in diameter. The portico, which, as we have intimated, is an object of universal admiration to the eye of those who are judges of architectural beauty, is 110 feet long, and 41 feet deep; it exhibits sixteen Corinthian columns of oriental granite, with



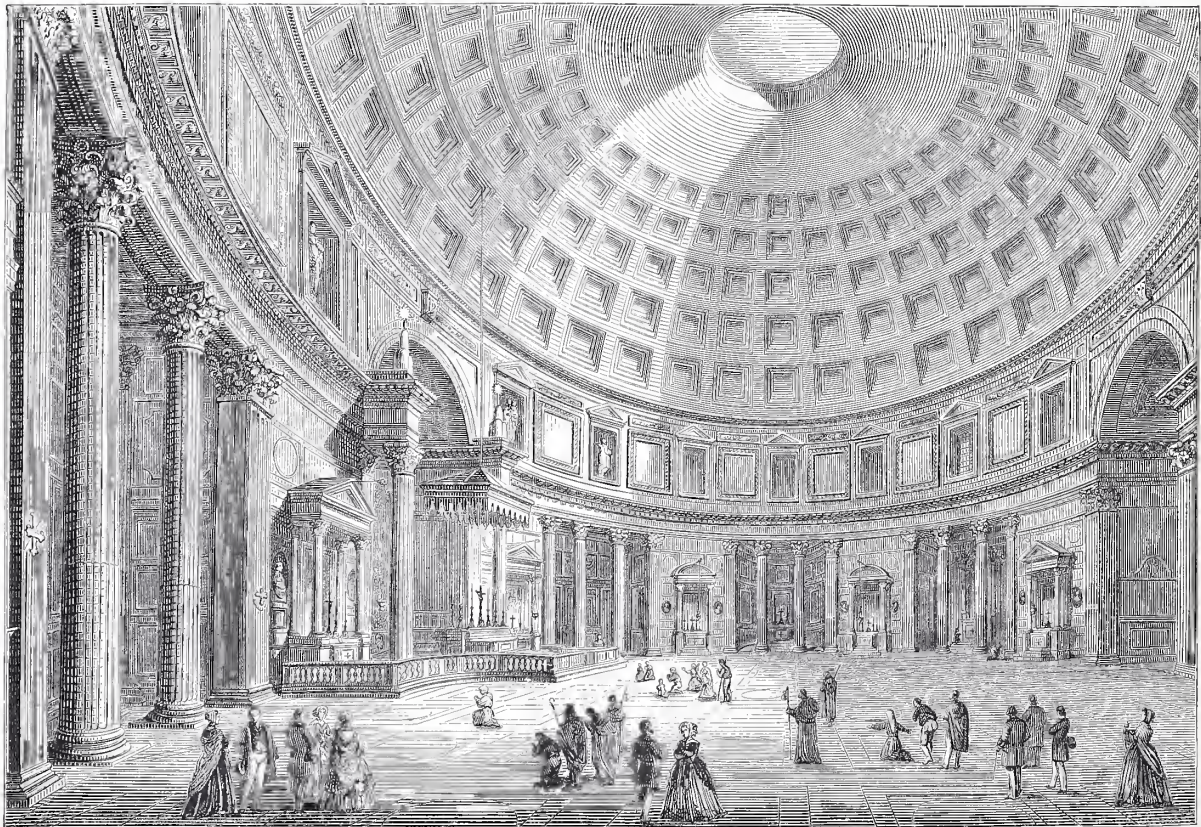
THE TRIBUNE, OR CHAIR OF ST. PETER.

bases of Greek marble; the vestibule is supported by fluted columns of marble, | corresponding with the columns. The pediment, originally covered with bronze



EXTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON.

bas-reliefs, representing the battle of the Titans, still retains the marks by which | they were fixed to the wall. The belfries above the pediment, as they appear in



INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON.

the engraving, were added by Bernini, by order of Pope Urban VIII.; they are | anything but ornaments to the edifice.

J. DAFFORNE.

THE ART-UNION OF IRELAND.

FROM some cause or other which it would be very difficult to account for, seeing that nationality is to a great extent characteristic of her people, Ireland, which has given birth to so many distinguished artists, has not proved herself, hitherto, a liberal patroness of her children. Art has not flourished there as it has in the sister countries of England and Scotland, even in proportion to her means: and artists, compelled like merchants to take their goods to the most profitable markets, have been under the necessity of seeking elsewhere for the patronage denied them at home. As with individuals, so it has been in a great measure with Art institutions; they have made but little headway, and either linger on in a state of sickly existence, or have sunk prematurely into decay. Now surely such a condition of things as this ought not to be: there is no substantial reason why it should be. In Ireland is wealth enough, and taste, and liberal patriotic feeling enough, to effect an alteration for the better, if those who have it in their power to lend assistance will but stir themselves for the purpose, and combine to raise the Art of Ireland to that position it deserves to occupy.

Towards the end of the last year, a number of Irish noblemen and gentlemen united their efforts to establish an association under the title of the "Art-Union of Ireland," the object of which was to aid in the development of native talent, and the cultivation of public taste. The committee has just put forth the first Report of the society, and invite attention to it because, primarily, "the result of the first year's experience may be fairly pointed to as successfully establishing the soundness of the principles on which the plan of the society is based." Those principles are mainly two,—the allocation of the entire subscriptions, deducting necessary expenses, to the prize fund; and the right of selection in all cases by the prizeholders. Under this system, with even the small sum available for the first year, the committee has been enabled so to apportion the prize fund as to bring the chance of success to the subscribers nearly as one to six. A reference to the prize list—published with the report—shows that the prizeholders have availed themselves of the power of adding to the amount of their several prizes to the extent of nearly twenty per cent on the sum allotted to prizes.

The total amount of subscriptions for the past year was £888 6s.; the expenses, necessarily heavy at the commencement, together with a small sum reserved for contingencies, amounted to £308 6s., leaving a balance of £580 for distribution: this sum was divided into 134 prizes, ranging from one guinea to £70. The number of pictures purchased was upwards of forty, selected from the exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and from that recently held at Belfast: in the latter case showing the advantages arising to local exhibitions by this society. The other works of Art selected by prizeholders consisted of engravings, Parian statuettes, photographs, but in no instance is the prize valued at less than one guinea.

Considering that the society has been in operation little more than seven months, the result may be regarded as a success, and there is little doubt it would have been still more promising if the subscription list could have been kept open during the exhibition of the Hibernian Academy, or at least during a portion of the time. This, however, was impracticable, because, as in the case of the London Art-Union, the committee deems it advisable to close the subscription before the opening of the Academy, in order that private purchasers may not have an advantage over a prizeholder.

How far the withholding an engraving from subscribers may operate to the prejudice of the Art-Union of Ireland, we are not prepared to say; that it will to some extent there can be little doubt, for the prospect of having something for one's money is a very powerful motive with many for subscribing. The principle adopted by this society is unquestionably a sound one, but it must naturally limit its subscription list: still we are not sure but that a larger amount of real good, in the promotion of Art, is offered by the plan than by expending large sums upon monstrous engravings which too often prove to their owners an annoyance rather than a pleasure. Of one thing we are quite certain, that such an in-

stitution as this, must be of great importance to the Irish artist, whose patrons, as we have already intimated, are few and far between, and therefore it has our heartiest wishes for its success; and we trust that many friends of Art, and of Ireland, on this side of the Channel, may be induced to lend a helping hand in promoting its interests. We see by a notice in our advertising columns, that the subscription list for the ensuing year is now open.

There is, too, now a better chance of success to the new Institution, seeing that the elder society, the "Royal Irish Art-Union," has just wound up its affairs; and, in accordance with authority placed in its hands by the subscribers, has presented to the National Gallery of Ireland the sum of £100, the balance of the cash-fund, and also an unpublished engraved plate, by Golding, of Maclise's "Peep into Futurity," to be published for the benefit of the "Gallery-fund for the purchase of works of Art." We presume that the subscribers to the Royal Irish Art-Union will be entitled to receive a print from this plate.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

MANCHESTER: THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.—If there have been better, than there have been certainly worse, exhibitions than that which the Institution this year supplies: few contributions have been sent from the many great galleries of Manchester; indeed, the only "helpers" in this way are Thomas Wrigley, Esq., John Knowles, Esq., John Pender, Esq., and James Fallows, Esq. Our attention is naturally and rightly directed to the works of artists resident in Manchester; this city is, as it ought to be, an important "school." Here, or in its immediate vicinity, are to be found the greater number of the best British pictures produced during the last quarter of a century; and here, beyond all question, British artists reap the honours of which but the gleanings are to be gathered elsewhere. We might seem greatly to exaggerate if we estimate the cost of modern paintings contained in the several collections in Lancashire as exceeding a million of pounds. We may startle our readers still more, if we express our belief that if these works were re-sold by public auction, they would bring to their various possessors considerably more than they paid for them. Both opinions are easy of proof. Collectors in Lancashire, however, can well remember the time when there was no thought of purchasing a modern picture there, although "old masters" were readily sold. A "genuine Rubens," or "a veritable Titian," manufactured in White-chapel, and splendidly "furbished" up by the dealers, found purchasers, where Constable and Hilton were rejected altogether, and Turner had but here and there a "customer:" there was little faith then in a time when paintings by living masters would be infinitely wiser investments than productions by the "illustrious dead." Occasionally, indeed, in Lancashire, there were gentlemen who foresaw this great fact; who, having a natural taste, and an instinctive love for excellence, were collectors before collecting was notoriously profitable; honour to such men! But let us rejoice also that their example has been contagious, and that it continues to spread. Let us hope also that while there is so warm a competition for the productions of artists of "established" reputations, who obtain very large prices for their works, there will be in Lancashire some "patrons" who will patronize when patronage is needed, and may be useful; who will, in a word, look out for the men who are to be the Mulreadys, the Maclises, the Websters, and the Linnells of the hereafter. When seven or eight hundred pounds are paid for a single small picture, that must be regarded as its extreme value; when a tenth of that sum is paid for a production that has only "promise," an immense benefit may be conferred on its producer, while a great and good investment has been made. The rich and liberal collectors of Manchester will, we hope, bear this important truth in mind. It will be well if such gentlemen as those we refer to would examine carefully this exhibition, with a view to ascertain where merit is, and where it may be—ought to be—assisted. We believe they have done so, for there is one work of very great ability—"Barley Harvest," by H. C. WHITE—which passed through the Royal Academy of London to return to Manchester, and find a "buyer" there. It was so hung in "the exhibition" that no one saw it, or it would not have "gone back." Now, we understand, there are a dozen competitors eager for its possession. A very graceful drawing by the same

hand is also "sold." Mr. J. V. GIBSON exhibits a charming little work, the story of which is told by the title, "The Nibble;" and Mr. J. L. BROWNE a picture that manifests great talent, called "Under a Cloud." The subject is, unhappily, not a pleasant one: it represents two runaway lovers in a steam-boat; there is a pursuit, and sympathy is with the pursuers, for the "gay Lothario" is obviously a selfish scoundrel. "Family Portraits" is a clever picture, carefully and well-studied, by Mr. R. CROZIER. Excepting several clever productions by Mr. S. BROUGH, a native of Manchester, although a member of the Scottish Academy, we have referred to the only works by Manchester artists that attract special attention. The school is, however, one of good promise, and demands the position it is about to assume.

LIVERPOOL.—The Committee of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts has awarded to Mr. S. A. HART, R.A., the prize of £100, for his picture of "The Captivity of Ecelino, Tyrant of Padua." The works which came next to this, in the opinion of the judges, were Mr. Faed's "Sunday in the Backwoods," Mr. Elmore's "Charles V. at Yuste," Mr. Herring's "Morning after St. Bartholomew," "A Norwegian Fiord," by M. Leu, and "Cupid Captured by Venus," by M. Fontana. The exhibition this year contains a large number of foreign pictures, of which several have been sold, to the value of £800. The sales of English pictures amounted, at our last received statement, some time since, to £1700.

BIRMINGHAM.—The members of the Birmingham Society of Artists held a conversation at their gallery, in New Street, on the evening of the 11th of last month. We were unable to avail ourselves of the invitation courteously forwarded to us, but have understood that the meeting, which was very fully attended, passed off most agreeably. The band of the 11th Hussars contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

SHEFFIELD.—The annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the Sheffield School of Art was held at the rooms of the institution, on the 7th of last month. Mr. Young Mitchell, the head-master, read the report, which stated that though the committee had not been able to reduce the debt in the school-building (about £2000), it had met various extra expenses, during the past year, out of the ordinary receipts, thereby showing that the regular resources of the school had not diminished. The committee has resolved to memorialize the Lords of the Privy Council to aid it in liquidating the debt. A resolution was passed at the meeting acknowledging the very efficient manner in which the masters, Messrs. Mitchell, Godfrey, Sykes, and H. D. Lomas, had performed their respective duties. Mr. Sykes has recently been appointed decorator of the new galleries at South Kensington; his post at Sheffield has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. Lionel Legge.

BELFAST.—A collection of "old masters" has found its way to Belfast; but we suspect the connoisseurs of the town are too shrewd now-a-days to pay more than they are worth for these "high-class" pictures, as they are called in the catalogue forwarded to us. Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, and Guido, Paul Veronese, Correggio, and the Poussins, Vandyke, Weenix, Canaletto, Ruysdael, Teniers, Boucher, De Héem, Watteau, and others which stand high in the vocabulary of Art, are not names to conjure guineas untold from the pockets of Irish connoisseurs, in these times. Even our modern painters, Linnell, Crome, Chalon, Nasmyth, Andrews, who figure in the catalogue, are looked at very suspiciously, and must go for what they will fetch. Nevertheless, it is well to give our friends on the other side of the Irish Channel a hint not to pay "too dearly for their penny whistles," if they will have such.

BRADFORD.—For the purpose of showing the state of progress in the Bradford School of Design, an exhibition of drawings, works of the pupils, took place on Friday the 14th ult. As one of the attractions at the Social Science Conference, this exhibition was most successful, and many of the drawings showed considerable knowledge of the principles, as well as facility in the manipulative processes of Art. As these drawings were not numbered, it is impossible to refer to those that deserved more detailed notice; and the only regret felt was, that so few specimens were shown bearing on the special requirements of textile fabrics. Otherwise, judging from these specimens, the Bradford School of Design seems to be in a healthy and flourishing condition. At the Social Conference, Mr. Stewart, of London, read a paper on "Art-decorations, a Suitable Employment for Women," with illustrations of what women could do in this way, which excited considerable attention.

FALMOUTH.—The annual meeting and exhibition of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society has just terminated. It will be within the knowledge of

most of our readers, that this society has for twenty-seven years been stimulating the inventive and artistic genius of Cornwall, by the offer of premiums and prizes for every effort of thought in nearly all the departments of human industry. There is not a similar institution in the country, and the good that has been effected by it, in Cornwall, is incalculable. The display of Art-productions at the last exhibition was in the highest degree creditable. The professional artists of local celebrity, Philph, Hodges, Hart, and others, exhibited many interesting pictures. The amateur productions, and especially those from the Cornish Schools of Design, were most praiseworthy. Nearly £100 was given in prizes on this occasion. Lectures were given by Mr. Robert Hunt, and other gentlemen; and, at the conclusion of the exhibition, the drawing of the prizes of the Art-Union of Cornwall took place. The Polytechnic Hall, decorated, as it is, with busts of eminent Cornish men, and original portraits of Carew, the historian—of Opie, the painter—of Sir Humphrey Davy, the chemist, and other geniuses of the West, and filled with a display of mechanical and artistic works, presented a most pleasing appearance. The attendance, on each day of the exhibition, was very large.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE national collection has opened after the usual recess, with the addition of five new pictures, all of the Italian schools. The most important is an altar-piece, which was painted in 1525, by Girolamo Romanino, for the high altar of the Church of St. Alessandro, at Brescia, whence, in 1785, it was removed; and, becoming the property of the Avveroldi family, was, in 1857, purchased for the National Gallery of the Counts Angiolo and Ettore Avveroldi. The size of the principal compartment is 8 feet 7 inches in height, by 3 feet 9 inches in width. The subject is the Nativity, and the immediate point is the worship of the infant Saviour by Joseph, a front figure, and the Virgin, a profile, both kneeling—the Virgin, as well in place as circumstance, being the principal. The infant lies before them on his back, and above is a choir of cherubim. It is painted on a panel formed of three upright pieces, and seems to have suffered at some time serious injuries, which are repaired, but not so skillfully as to conceal the mischief. St. Joseph is not a dignified impersonation, but the Virgin is a study of great beauty. She wears a red robe, over which is cast a blue mantle, enriched by a flower worked in gold thread. To the stable the allusion is but slight; all novelty in that direction had been exhausted, with all the essential simplicity of vulgarity, before Romanino's time. As the picture was painted after he had studied in Rome, he does justice to the discipline of the school by the elegance of taste shown in the composition. The figures are relieved by a wall, which with a too absolute upright line separates the interior composition from the outer landscape, that is violently precipitated on the eye from the want of atmosphere and gradation.

Romanino left Rome, and went to Venice to study colour; but whatever he may have done at the latter place, the characteristics of his first school are, as to its flesh-colour, those of this picture. The head of the Virgin has been most carefully painted, and the face has been finished with a broad glaze, reminding us of Giulio Romano, though not so brown. The small nude figure of the child all but proclaims itself to have been painted by another hand; at least, that which connoisseurs call the *impasto* has not been worked into so smooth a surface as the faces of Joseph and Mary, and the cherubim above are still less careful. The infant, however, is a most skilful example of colour and execution, reminding us more of Velasquez than anything we have ever seen by any other painter. On the proper right of the picture is a figure representing St. Alexander, a young man in a suit of plate armour, grasping a lance with a pennon. On the other side is St. Jerome in the desert. Both of these are full-lengths, and above them, as half-lengths, are San Filippo and S. Gaudioso. After leaving Venice, Romanino retired to his native city, where he painted numerous altar-pieces, all of great merit.

Another large picture by Moretto has been

added—also an altar-piece, celebrating rather certain saints of the Catholic Church than rendering any scriptural subject. It may be said to form two pictures, each with its own distinctive characteristics. The lower part presents an agroupment, in which figure Saints Bernardino of Sienna, Jerome, Joseph, Francis, and Nicholas of Bari. St. Bernardino occupies the centre, and holds up a golden circlet, in the centre of which are the letters I. H. S., whence emanates a glory of vibrating rays. All these figures wear monastic dresses, with the exception of one, who is attired in the ceremonial robes of a bishop. The asceticism of this part of the work contrasts forcibly with the upper section, which represents the Virgin enthroned, with St. Catherine and St. Clara one on each side. By the side of the Virgin is the Saviour, who places the ring on the finger of St. Catherine; this being the motive, the subject of that part of the picture is properly the marriage of St. Catherine. St. Clara, who kneels in prayer on the left of the Virgin, is a charming study; she wears a monastic habit, and differs from the other figures in actuality of life and presence. The purpose of the artist seems here to present a contrast between the earthly and heavenly condition of the saints.

A picture by Girolamo da Treviso is from the Northwick collection. It is a large composition, and was painted for the Bocceferri Chapel, in the Church of St. Domenico, at Bologna, whence it was removed to Imola. Some time between 1706 and 1733, it was added to the Solly collection, and afterwards became the property of Lord Northwick. The subject is the Presentation, by St. Paul, to the Virgin Mary and infant Jesus, of the donor of the picture to the church. Besides these personages, there are St. Joseph and St. James. In comparison with the works of Moretto and Romanino, this picture is harsh and dry. The painter was born at Treviso in 1508, and studied the works of Raffaele in Rome, whence he proceeded to Bologna, where he painted the history of St. Anthony of Padua, in the Church of St. Petrouio. He came eventually to England, where he was employed by Henry VIII. in the triple capacity of painter, architect, and engineer. In the last of these characters he accompanied the king to the siege of Boulogne, where he was killed by a cannon-hall.

We could scarcely hope to possess an oil picture by Masaccio; but, nevertheless, of these five, one is a Masaccio, a portrait of himself, a small life-size head, a front face with the shoulders also square to the front—a *pose* which, even in his youth, we are surprised that the inspired Masaccio should have chosen for a portrait, when we remember the ease, grace, and movement of his conceptions in the Del Carmine Church, at Florence. The face is youthful, but Masaccio's years at this time could not have been less than twenty-five: he looks pale, and the type is not that of a robust nature. He died suddenly, at the age of forty-one. The immediate cause of his death was suspected to be poison; but at this time, with no other personal description of him than this portrait, it might, with good physical reason, be presumed that such a man would scarcely tread even the "mezzo del cammina di nostra vita." The complexion, as we now see it, is extremely pale, though it may not have been left so when the portrait was finished. The features are of a type common in the south, but the grey eyes and brown hair are rather northern than in anywise Tuscan. It is probable, however, that at some time, perhaps recently, the background may have been painted inexorably black, thus throwing the hair out in a tint lighter than was intended by the painter. The earnest eyes and the straightforward *maintien* of the head challenge you at once; the hair is bushy at the sides, but not so much so as it appears in the portrait in the Hemicycle. On the head is worn a red herret, something like a fez, and the tunic, which is fastened close up to the throat, is brownish green, painted simply with raw umber—a mean garment, in comparison with the personal style of Giorgione, Raffaele, and others, who were *pittori cavalieri* in all things. But the name (To) Masaccio—careless, slovenly, even dirty Thomas—forbids us to expect anything jaunty in manner or attire. The face is prosaic, with a downright earnest and searching expression. Thus, about Tomaso Guidi—for he had a patronymic—there was nothing of the galliard or sonneteer; we believe, therefore, that

we have him here more certainly than in the Hemicycle, where we find all the celebrities of the art, like a personage in a well-known "Walk"—

— in their Sunday best,—

all in silks and velvets inconveniently new. But thousands will pass this portrait without dreaming of the interest with which it is regarded by the few. It is in the Brancacci Chapel of the Church of the Del Carmine that are seen those works by Masaccio, which revolutionized the Art of his time. It may be said that, until the maturity of the fame of Raffaele,—nearly a century,—the Brancacci Chapel was the school in which all the eminent painters of the fifteenth and of the early part of the sixteenth century studied, with Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, and Fra Bartolomeo, at their head. We quit with regret this portrait, to turn round to the exceedingly hard and dry work of Crivelli—a *Pietà*, or Entombment, in which two cherubim are represented as supporting the body—a half-length—of the Saviour, but just removed from the cross. The picture is of the fourteenth century, interesting as an example of the time, but a too faithful representation of the detail of *post mortem* emaciation.

ART-EXHIBITIONS AT CHRISTMAS.

As the competition for the gratification of those who seek relaxation during the Christmas recess is most energetic, and so comprehensive as to address itself to every shade of taste, it may be acceptable to our readers, that we enumerate and briefly describe the principal exhibitions of Art which may be visited during the holidays. From the extensive encouragement given to the public exposition of pictures, it is sufficiently clear that collections of works of Art will be visited with as much relish at Christmas as at other seasons; and, therefore, to those who may seek some relief from the usual Christmas festivities in enjoyment more refined, we address the following result of a round of visits to public and private collections.

Time was—and that not long ago—when such a thing as an exhibition of Art was never heard of during the winter. Mr. Pocock was, we believe, the first person who instituted the exhibitions of sketches that were first opened in the winter. But Mr. Pocock's plan was too liberal, and his spirited enterprise was necessarily abandoned as being attended by considerable loss. These exhibitions have been continued by Mr. Gambart, but the sketches have merged into pictures by artists of eminence, finished with the nicest skill. Of this exhibition, as containing works not before exhibited, we give an exclusive notice in another form. The collection is hung in the room known as that of the French Exhibition, No. 120, Pall Mall.

To the Galleries at Kensington, the Vernon and Turner Collections will have been added at Christmas, though, while we write, the arrangements for opening are far from complete. We look forward to seeing those works under circumstances more favourable to an appreciation of their beauties, than they have ever been seen in Marlborough House.

At the Gallery of Messrs. Leggatt and Co., 19, Change Alley, Cornhill, there is open to the public Mr. Platon's collection of contemporary British Art, among which are found many productions that have been works of mark in recent exhibitions, as also many that have been transferred hither direct from the easels of their respective authors. The catalogue numbers one hundred and fifty-three works, among which are—'Cardigan Bay,' by Creswick, R.A., and Phillip, A.R.A.; 'High Mass, Henry VIII.'s Chapel,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., and E. A. Goodall; 'Westward Ho!' H. O'Neil; 'Eye at the Fontain,' W. Etty; 'On the French Coast,' C. Stanfield, R.A.; 'I'm o'er young to marry yet,' T. Faed; 'The finished sketch of the Derby-Day,' Frith, R.A.; and others by Linnell, Danby, A.R.A., Poole, A.R.A., Frith, &c. &c.

Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' bequeathed by Mr. Bell, with other works, to the nation, although not yet added to the public collections, may now be seen at Canterbury Hall; where, also, there is a very attractive catalogue of modern pictures (the property of Mr. C. Morton), among which are

ouspicious—'Noah's Sacrifice,' D. Maclise, R.A.; 'The Sailor's Beacon,' F. Paed, exhibited this year; 'The Advent of Spring,' F. Dauby, A.R.A.; 'The Fountain of Youth,' Haussoullier; 'Children—the original sketch of the Group at the Pump for the Village Fair,' Wilkie, R.A.; 'Iachimo in the Bed-chamber of Imogen,' W. P. Frith, R.A.; 'The Cottage Door,' Linnell; 'Comedy,' and 'Tragedy,' J. Sant; and others not less interesting by F. Stone, A.R.A., P. F. Poole, A.R.A., J. E. Millais, A.R.A., T. Creswick, R.A., Couturier, O'Connor, Bright, Lance, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., &c. &c.

Mr. Wallis's collection, which will be open for a certain time, is now to be seen in the gallery of the Old Water Colour Society, in Pall Mall East. It contains many celebrated works, with which all who may have seen them in the Royal Academy, or elsewhere, will be glad to renew their acquaintance. There is Poole's best picture, 'The Plague of London,' the well-known Solomon Eagle picture, which is in excellent condition, and really more harmonious than when first exhibited; and by the same painter another scarcely less remarkable work, 'Messengers bringing bad tidings to Job,' purchased by Mr. Wallis at Lord Northwick's sale. Admirers of Callcott will be glad of an opportunity of seeing what he himself considered his best picture; it is here entitled 'A grand classical composition—Diana and her Nymphs returning from the Chase,' and in this work his design was evidently to break a lance with Claude. There are also magnificent compositions by Linnell—'Landscape, with winding road,' &c., from Lord Northwick's collection, and 'The Disobedient Prophet,' T. Danby's 'Death of Pompey,' 'The Pet Goldfinch,' by Sant; 'Twas within a mile,' &c., Alexander Johnston; 'The Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' Constable; 'Venice,' J. D. Harding; 'John Knox administering the Sacrament,' Bonner; 'Sea-Coast,' C. Stanfield. The catalogue numbers one hundred and eighty-seven pictures, all of high quality.

At Burford's Panorama, in Leicester Square, the pictures are interesting and instructive, especially that of Canton. The view is taken from an elevation chosen as the site of our military post. Hence we survey the city—if city we may call the widespread wilderness of miserable hovels, which the picture on all sides presents to the eye. We must not estimate the Chinese cities according to those splendid examples of Indian architecture that have of late been brought home to us by all kinds of description, pictorial and verbal, and of which we have, in the Panorama of the sacred city of Benares, an instance that contrasts forcibly with the architecture of China.

At the Great Glohe, in Leicester Square, that most useful geographical and topographical school, the knowledge that may be purchased for one shilling is in amount profuse, and in quality unexceptionable. The moving diorama of the Rhine comprehends in forty-four tableaux every remarkable feature from Rotterdam to St. Gothard. The diorama of Japan is a well-timed series of pictures; and not less so are the twenty-six Chinese views, which we accept as faithful, being from sketches by Lieut.-Colonel Kennedy, Colonel P. Anstruther, Lord Cochrane, Major Edwards, &c. &c. There is a lecture on the fate of the Franklin expedition; and the late war in Italy is illustrated by a diorama, with views of Florence, Genoa, Turin, Milan, and Mantua; and the late Indian campaigns are described by a new series of pictures.

Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, in Baker Street, continues to attract crowds of visitors, in consequence of the unwearied activity of the proprietors in providing novelty for the entertainment of the public. Every individual that rises to celebrity is immediately introduced among the glittering throng that fills the rooms. The splendid costumes of this exhibition, on which every care is bestowed to secure accuracy, are extremely useful as studies and authorities to the painter. The number of impersonations now amount to one hundred and sixty-four; and, besides these, there is a long list of relics,—many interesting from personal and historical association.

The Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, has, under the present spirited management, risen deservedly in public favour. The entertainments are judiciously selected, and the instruction that they convey is agreeably blended with amusement. This

establishment has always been celebrated for the beauty of its dioramas. In addition to the famous picture of Paris by night,—than which no similar illusion has ever been more popular,—there is a new series of dissolving views, with a variety of amusement that has established the reputation of the Colosseum.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

THE GALLERY OF MESSRS. ROWNEY.

SKILL and perseverance are raising this Art to an imitation of water-colour manipulation, as perfect as can be hoped for from any mechanical process. The first essays in anywise successful that we remember in chromo-lithography, were certain small landscape pieces by Mr. Rowney, especially a subject from the Italian lakes, which was produced some ten years ago. A comparison of this, or any of its contemporaries, with works of recent execution, would show the deficiency on the one side, and the advance on the other. One of the subtleties of water-colour Art is texture, and in order to produce cunning and inexplicable surfaces, painters will even sometimes so piece the paper on which they work, that one drawing shall be made on two, or perhaps more, kinds of paper, for the sake of obtaining various appropriate textures. The surface of a drawing by Cattermole is very different from that of a work by Haghe, and the surface of a drawing by John Varley or Turner, which may have been washed ten or fifteen times, is very different from both. And in this texture abide very generally the spirit and character of the work; and if this be so difficult of acquisition in the original, how much more so is it to secure a mechanical imitation of such a surface. We observe also in latter works that the mellowness, tone, harmony, and prismatic effects of a highly worked drawing are successfully imitated. To reproduce the softness and variety obtainable by floating tint on tint in water-colour, would appear by means of a printing process to be impossible; it is nevertheless accomplished, in a manner that we shall presently show. Even the beauty, breadth, and delicious maturity produced by glazes in oil-painting are imitated with extreme exactitude.

The idea that lithography was susceptible of a vast range of power struck Senefelder, the inventor of printing from the stone, and he succeeded in imitating drawings in chalks of two or three colours; but he failed in his attempts to carry chromatic printing beyond this: and ordinary lithography was carried to its utmost excellence before Mr. Rowney began those experiments which have resulted in an excellence that aspires to the reproduction of the most brilliant and harmonious pictures, as well in oil as in water-colour. A close examination of some of these works, however, tells us that chromo-lithography has yet something to achieve before the lustrous harmonies and special softness of oil-painting can always be assured. But from what has already been done, we can scarcely doubt that even the eccentricities of Turner's work will by experience become of easy execution, although the difficulty of imitating the works of this master will be in some degree understood, when we say that the last Messrs. Rowney have printed, required no less than thirty-seven stones,—that is, it was necessary to submit the paper under the stone thirty-seven times to the press before the picture was finished. The subject is one of Turner's views of Venice, now at Kensington, a small picture, showing the Ducal Palace and the line of the *riva*, with the prison, library, and other buildings.

The methods of harmonizing and subduing the tints will be understood from the succession of the stones. Cattermole's drawing of 'The Murder of Duncan by Macbeth' required only twelve stones. With a view to perfect "registering,"—that is, the accurate adjustment of the paper to the stone in successive printings,—a very exact outline of the drawing is made with such scrupulous nicety as to embrace every object, even the most trivial. The next step is the actual commencement of the picture, a preparatory base for which is a general middle tint of sepia—the impression of the first stone. The tint of the second stone is a neutral, that falls on the sepia without touching the highest lights or the

strongest darks, both of which on the stone are blanks. Of this tint in its purity nothing appears in the picture. The next stone is yellow, and although very little yellow appears in the drawing, it is nevertheless applied to a great extent on the surface. The next tint is red—the base of all the reds in the drawing, of which there is a great proportion. The next is green, of which colour positively there is none in the drawing, but the colour modifies and softens those that have preceded it. The next stone adds the brightest red touches, which of course appear but as shapeless spots on the stone, but, falling precisely on the spots prepared for them, communicate great life and spirit to the work. The next colours are the highest yellow tints, which are even less sparing than the red, and yet of which none is left unshaded. This is succeeded by a sepia stone, whereby certain markings are strengthened, and the drawing confirmed. Then comes a maroon tint, that deepens the draperies, as the curtains of the bed, and strengthens the passages of red in the bed itself; and the next is a deeper tint of the same colour, which breaks up the masses left by the last stone, and determines the forms of the lights and darks. The next stone communicates the darkest touches, as the hair of Macbeth, and gives a few other marks which on the stone look like unmeaning scratches with a pen. The last application is that of a general neutral tint, that operates like a harmonizing glaze in oil-painting; after which the picture is drawn forth finished—a spirited facsimile, with all the feeling of the original drawing. When the result is placed in the hands of an inquiring amateur, he is forcibly struck by three facts,—first, of course, the success of the imitation; secondly, the amount of labour necessary for its production, three-fourths of which is not apparent on the surface of the work; and, thirdly, that a product demanding in its treatment so much skill and exact manipulation, through a process so protracted, can be sold for one guinea.

It would appear to the uninitiated, that much of the process might be dispensed with, from the application of colours generally applied over the surface, which do not appear in the work, as the yellow and green tints, of which nothing is left to tell that the paper has been submitted to a yellow or green tinted stone. But these stones perform a particular office; they accomplish that blending, softening, and diversifying of the colours, that is effected by the brush in floating different tints on one moist surface, or traversing a dry surface with a succession of strengthening tones. And it must not be supposed that this succession of stones represents in anywise the method which the artist pursued in making his drawing. We know that Cattermole elaborates his works very carefully, with a view to the attainment of that studious decision of touch that constitutes the power of his pictures. He places all his tints at once in their places, breaking, subduing, and forcing them in his own peculiar manner, and ultimately confirming the drawing by strong touches, and forcing his clearest points with colour embodied in Chinese white. And the constancy of the paper under this prolonged trial is not the least interesting feature of the process. Whatever number of stones is used, the paper, before the superposition of the stone, is wetted each time, and when under the press yields, inasmuch that its surface is considerably extended; but, nevertheless, on each successive re-adjustment to the stone, the paper has resumed its proper dimensions, so that every minute touch falls in its proper place.

To instance the compass of this art as practised by Messrs. Rowney, it is only necessary to mention a few of the works that they have successfully reproduced in chromo-lithography, as 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' Turner; 'Mount St. Michael,' Stanfield; 'Crossing the Ford,' Mulready; 'Isola Bella,' Stanfield; 'Clifton,' J. B. Pyne; 'The Bridge of Tours,' Turner; 'Tower of the Church at Gorceaux,' Roberts; 'Youth and Age,' F. Tayler; 'Douce Castle,' J. D. Harding; 'Columbus in the Monastery,' Cattermole; 'Clunes, on the road to Chamouni,' J. D. Harding; 'The Rhine near Cologne,' T. M. Richardson; 'Lugano,' by the same artist; 'Unterssen,' J. D. Harding, &c. &c.; besides a long catalogue of other productions, all bearing prominently the characteristics of the original pictures.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

MUNICH.—Every visitor to the new Pinakotheca, at Munich, will have been irresistibly attracted by a large picture lately purchased, and placed there by King Louis, representing the "Death of Wallenstein," by Piloty. It is a work that holds you fast, and keeps you standing before it longer than you would. The murdered man is lying on the ground, his head towards the spectator, the lower part of his body being entangled in the dragged-down bed-clothes, which, it is clear, hemmed his movements in his sudden haste to meet the midnight attack. And close to him, with gaunt, rigid features, stands Seni the astrologer, looking down on him who had put such faith in the stars. There is horror on his countenance; but you see, by the convulsive grasp with which his loup, withered fingers crush his hat-brim in holding it, how deep the struggle that is at work *within*. There, alone, are those two figures: the seer and the pupil, the patron and his dependant; the once mighty leader of countless hordes, so bold and aspiring; and the astrologer aghast at the end of ambition lying, a useless thing, at his feet. *Silence reigns here*—an awful silence. The wax-light, on guttering down, has just burned into the socket, and is flickering its last. The candelabrum which holds it is formed by a figure of Fortune, on a wheel; but her back is turned to the dead man, and she seems fleeing from him. In the background the bedroom door, torn partly off its hinges, proclaims that outrage preceded the last deed of violence. But the mention of this fine work has insensibly drawn us on to dilate upon it, although it is of another by the same artist we intended to speak. This is a much larger picture—probably 13 feet to 20 feet in length, representing "Nero at the Burning of Rome." The work is in progress, and far from completion. But the power, combined with taste, which Piloty has already shown, leads us to expect that he will here produce something enhancing, in no small degree, his already great reputation. Nero and his friend are seen coming from a feast, in rich robes, and crowned with flowers; the emperor stands in the centre of the picture, gazing, with affected anger, at two Christian women, with a child, bound to a pile to be burnt—it being on the Christians he would throw the crime of setting fire to the city. A train of courtiers follows him up the steps of a temple, while one of them bends forward, and looking over, gazes on the innocent victims. The smoke in front already begins to curl upward, around the head of Nero, and creeps among the garlanded band of followers. Behind them the sky is red with the rushing flames, making their way over the buildings of Rome. To the right are groups of citizens, deferentially bowing, and pressing back to make room for the tyrant to pass.—Another Munich artist, a veteran as regards years and experience, the celebrated battle-painter, Albrecht Adam, is also engaged upon a canvas of large dimensions. His Majesty King Maximilian has commissioned him to represent that crowning moment at the battle of Zorndorf, during the Seven Years' War, where the Prussian cavalry, charging down on a Russian square, broke and dispersed it, thus deciding the fate of the day. Adam, who is still as young in heart as an ardent campaigner of eighteen, is as delighted with, as he is proud of, the commission. The size, too, gives him ample scope for displaying his generalship; it is, indeed, a fine, broad field for marshalling the combatants. When young, he followed the army to Russia; was present at the great battles; knows as well as any soldier the comforts and discomforts of the bivouac, the toils of forced marches, the horrors of the field-hospital, and the maddening enthusiasm which electrifies horse and rider when the bugle sounds the charge. The soldier's life, and the battle-field, he knows in all their minutest details; and hence his pictures to all are so intensely interesting: everywhere scattered about are shown little episodes, which bear the stamp of truth upon them. You feel they *must* be true, for they are such no one would ever think of inventing; and all we see is so *human* in character, whether it be pain, fright, enthusiasm, upstart vanity, or skulking fear. It is the very absence of the ideal in which the charm of Adam's pictures consists. It is the reality you have before you; not as fancy might see the event, but as it actually was. You can identify yourself with the actors in the exciting drama; your feelings are your feelings, and you are carried along by what you see; just as when you hear the drums beating a march, you unconsciously step onwards with the measured tread of the rest. Adam's pictures of the campaign in Italy under Radetzky verify these assertions. Soldiering in all its phases is here to be seen. And, in every instance, a feeling, that does not deceive you, says, "This is a faithful transcript from nature itself!"

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURAL MEDALS.*

NUMISMATOLOGY is a science whose depth is but little understood by the general scholar, and scarcely at all by others. The coins of the ancients were not a mere currency, as those of the moderns are: they recorded on them their religious belief, and their great public events, or represented their chief edifices; thus the student, who commences as a collector of the Greek and Roman series, finds himself possessed in them of a most valuable group of historic data, and ultimately treasures them for that alone. The mere tyro soon learns to distinguish the portraiture which is so striking upon their obverses; by its aid we know the features of the celebrated rulers of antiquity with such certainty, that the popular personal allusions of the people, as in the case of Vespasian, related by Suetonius, is at once strikingly confirmed. The acts of each emperor receive on the reverse similar illustrations, typically or positively, either shadowed forth in the poetic mythology of the people, or delineated as the event happened. We are thus enabled to illustrate Roman history by Roman coins, and in some instances they are the only records which will enable us to do this with certainty.

Loug conversant with many of the fragments of classic architecture, and well read in all that relates thereto in the works of authors who saw them in the days of their glory, Professor Donaldson was peculiarly fitted for the task he allotted himself—that of studying and elucidating their medallie representations. The value of the present work consists in its peculiar technical knowledge. It is a novelty for an architect to write on coins, and the author is peculiarly modest in stating his reasons for intrusion where no professional architect has trodden before; but he is so valuable an ally to the small army of earnest students, that we hail him the more readily, particularly as he has the good sense to adhere to his own speciality, and thus help us where we wanted help. Who but an architect could so clearly define, as he has done, many a battered conventional representation of a building, comprehend the medallie short-hand of the coin, and then give us a fair translation, as he has done in the restored elevation of the propylæum of the great Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec?

The value of the series now described, may be understood, when we say that it includes temples, altars, columns, arches, trophies, city gates, camps, harbours, public buildings of all kinds, and places constructed for popular amusements. All are desecrated on, and rendered familiar to us by the pictured representation on the coin, and the contemporary descriptions of ancient authors. It is not a little curious to find that these ancient medals, though rude sometimes in feature, preserve details of building which modern researches prove correct. Thus the medals of Nero and Trajan, which present such strangely-regulated pictures of the ports of Claudius and Trajan, at Ostia, have had all their indications verified by the researches of Monsieur Texier, on the spot where they existed, and his excavations show that buildings once stood where the medal roughly indicates their situation. Addison long since insisted on the value of coins in this peculiar walk alone: "You have here the models of ancient temples, though the temples themselves, and the gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago; these are the buildings which the Goths and Vandals could not demolish, they are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will, perhaps, last as long as the earth itself. They are, in short, so many real monuments of brass." Perhaps these eloquent words of one of our best scholars may have led the Professor to the study and compilation of this work. Thus one mind re-acts on another, and the great departed still give impulse to the living. Now that Mr. Donaldson has shown how one branch only of the study may be made of general interest and use, we wonder it has not been desecrated on before. He tells us that the subject is by no means exhausted, and as he has opened the gate, we suspect he will not be alone in the field long. His volume is a most welcome addition to the worthy series which the best scholars have devoted to numismatics. It is beautifully produced, and a clever series of enlarged coins are carefully engraved, and as conscientiously described by the author, who has never blemished his labour by dulness, or pretensionsness, but produced a book of sound and agreeable character for the scholar's use, or the gentleman's recreation.

* ARCHITECTURA NUMISMATICA; OR, Architectural Medals of Classic Antiquity Illustrated and Explained. By Professor Donaldson. Published by Day & Son, London.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE GUERRILLA COUNCIL OF WAR.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver.

THERE are few pictures by Wilkie with which the public has not in a considerable degree become familiarized by means of engravings in some form or another; but at the same time there are few—perhaps it might be said, there are no—painters whose works are less likely to weary the eye than his. Shakspeare speaks of "an appetite that grows by what it feeds on," a remark which justly applies to the paintings by this artist; for where there is no knowledge to appreciate their excellences as works of Art, the variety and interest of the subjects are always of sufficient value to afford unceasing attraction.

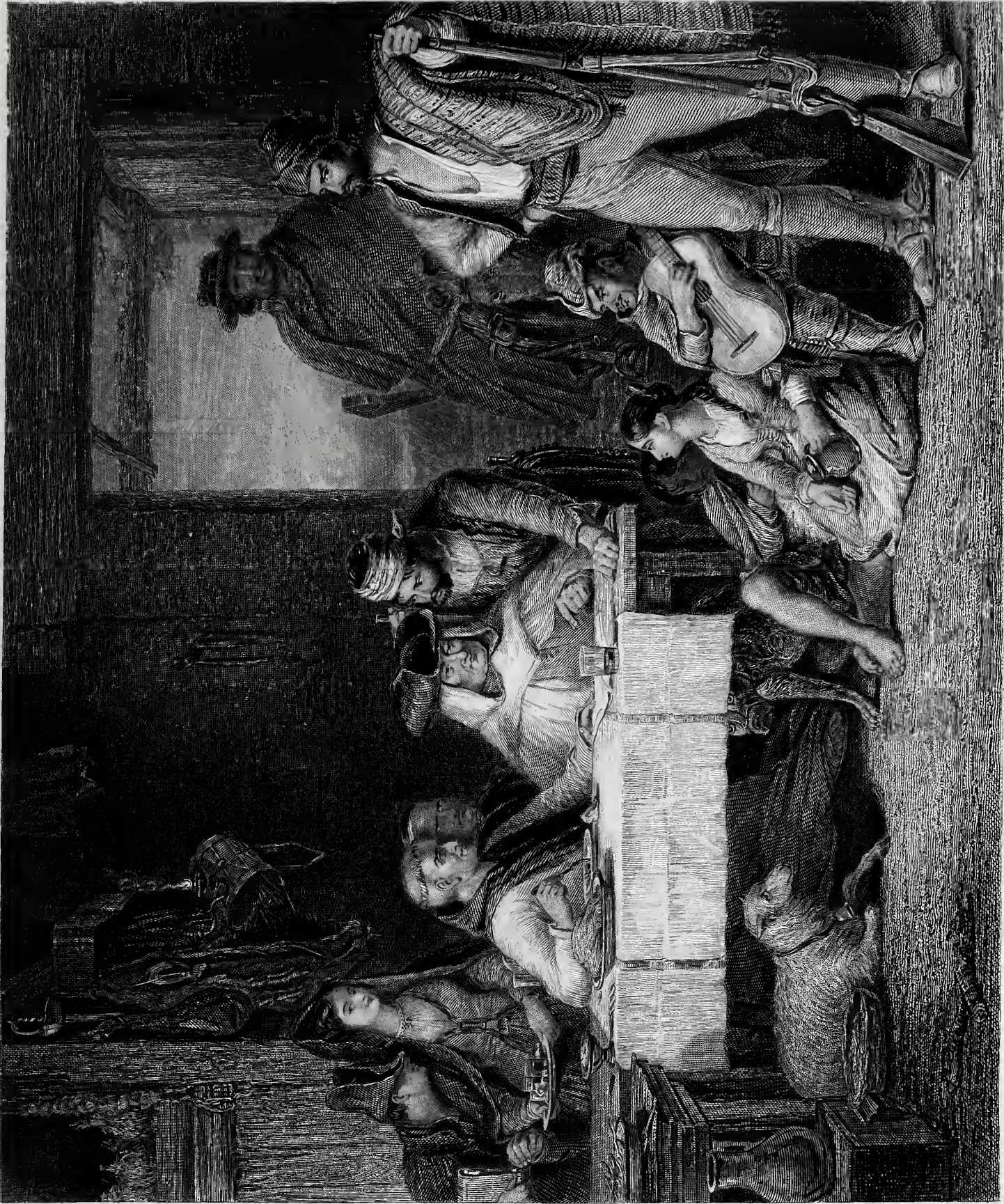
There were two great epochs in Wilkie's career; in the former of these he attained his high reputation and stood alone; none, either in this country or elsewhere, could be compared with him:—equal to Hogarth in humour, but without his vulgarity; and scarcely inferior to Teuiers in colour, grouping, and composition, while infinitely his superior in character. Wilkie's earlier works appear to combine the chief merits of both, and these won for him the esteem and admiration of his countrymen. And although in his second epoch he forsook himself, laid aside the garb in which we all knew him, and assumed a new character, our love still clung to him for "auld lang syue." Let us not be understood as implying that the change to the second epoch was altogether unworthy of a great painter; had it occurred in any other than Wilkie, not a word might have been said against it; but it was felt that the painter even of "The Defence of Saragossa" and of "The Spanish Posada" was not an equivalent for the painter of "The Rent Day," "The Blind Fiddler," "Distraint for Rent," "The Chelsea Pensioners," and others of the same class.

The year after his return from a tour through Spain and other continental countries, namely, in 1829, he exhibited three pictures, and in the year following a fourth, which he described as a series intended to represent the class of patriots in Spain which the celebrated war of independence, in 1808, called into action. These four are "The Spanish Posada," "The Defence of Saragossa," "The Guerilla's Departure," and "The Guerilla's Return to his Family;" the first of these is the picture here engraved, and which is best known by the title of "A Guerilla Council of War." Wilkie himself described it thus:—

"It represents a guerilla council of war, at which three reverend fathers—a Dominican, a monk of the Escorial, and a Jesuit—are deliberating on some expedient of national defence, with an emissary in the costume of Valencia. Behind them is the *posadera*, or landlady, serving her guests with chocolate, and the begging student of Salamanca, with his lexicon and cigar, making love to her. On the right of the picture a contrabandist of Bilbao enters, upon his mule; and in front of him is an athletic Castilian armed, and a minstrel dwarf with a Spanish guitar. On the floor are seated the goatherd and his sister, with the muzzled house-dog and pet-lamb of the family; and through the open portal in the background is a distant view of the Guadarama mountains."

It was a happy idea of Wilkie's to introduce himself before the public, on his change of style, with such a series of subjects as this; the associations connected with them in the eyes of Englishmen, and their novelty, did much at first to reconcile us all, in some degree, to his declension from his previous style: these four pictures are, perhaps, the most popular of any he painted after his sojourn on the continent. It is quite evident, if we look only at the "Guerilla Council," that he had carefully studied the characters of the Spanish people, or at least of those classes to which the persons introduced here belong: the *agroupment* is formed of individuals from different provinces of the country, but each retains his distinct individuality. As a composition the work is most effective, and the light, coming from a window not seen in the picture, falls very forcibly on the principal group.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.



J. C. ARMY AND S. C. C.

A GUERRILLA COUNCIL OF WAR

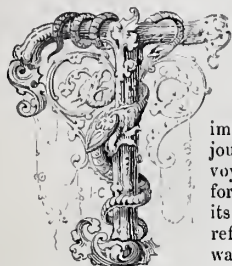
IN A SPANISH VILLAGE

D. WILKIE. PINK.

EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART XII.—CHEPSTOW.



THE Tourist may proceed from Tintern to Chepstow either by land or water, continuing to row upon the Wye, or pursuing the road that leads all the way immediately above its banks. The journey is, perhaps, preferable to the voyage; certainly it is more varied; for the river is seldom out of sight, its "winding bounds" a perpetual refreshment; here more than ever "a wanderer through the woods;" while the view often receives "enchantment" from distance, and the prospect frequently takes in a wide range of country, in which there is the very happiest combination of wild grandeur with cultivated beauty.

By water, the Tourist necessarily sees to greater advantage those singular rocks, that supply so much of the peculiar character of Wye scenery; they are at either side, and all have names: thus the guides or boatmen will point attention to Plumber's Cliff, which is surmounted by an ancient in-trenchment, and the highest point of which is the Devil's Pulpit, the Banagher Crags, the Twelve Apostles, St. Peter's Thumb, the Lover's Leap, Wyntour's Leap,* and so forth; while the surpassing charms of the demesne of Piercefield have been themes of enthusiastic laudation in all the Tour Books of the district, that have been written during the last century. The beautiful seat—Piercefield—now belongs to a new owner, a gentleman who, within a comparatively recent date, acquired it by purchase. It has had many masters since it was formed, "an earthly paradise," nearly a hundred years ago, by its then lord, Valentine Morris. Let the reader imagine a continuous "range" of walks, of more than three miles in extent, laid out with consummate skill, with breaks at convenient and judiciously planned openings among dense foliage, here and there carefully trimmed and highly cultivated, where Art has been studious, wise, and successful; while, every now and then trees, shrubs, and underwood are permitted to grow and wander at their own will,—

"The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,"

—and he will have some, though but limited, idea of the natural or trained diversity of this beautiful demesne. Let him add the grandeur derived from stupendous and picturesque rocks, and the value of the auxiliary river that runs rapidly, now here now there, continually "winding;" the dense foliage, the dark or graceful trees, the gigantic ferns, and the thousand charms of park and forest scenery, in harmonious union,—and he will be at no loss to understand the fame that Piercefield has obtained—and retained—as the fairest bit of the Wye scenery, and, consequently, among the most delicious landscape graces of England. It is, indeed, and has ever been, a paradise; and surely he, who brought so judiciously and so happily Art to the aid of Nature, was a man to be envied by his generation, and to be remembered by posterity, as one to whom Fortune had been lavish of her bounties, and whose destiny was that which tens of thousands would covet—in vain. Alas! it was not so; the story is a sad one, and supplies additional evidence of "the Vanity of Human Wishes!"†

* Wyntour's Leap is associated with one of the fiercely-contested struggles of the civil wars. "The king's friends," says Corbett, in his "Military Government of Gloucester," "attempted a second time to fortify this spot, but before the works were complete, Colonel Massie attacked and defeated them. They forced Sir John Wyntour down the cliff into the river, where a little boat lay to receive him. Many took the water, and were drowned, others by recovering the boats saved themselves." Tradition asserts that Sir John leapt his horse down the cliff; but the precipice here is so abrupt that he most probably escaped on foot.

† A memoir of Valentine Morris, Esq., was printed in 1801 by Archdeacon Cox, in his "History of Monmouthshire." He succeeded his father somewhere about the year 1752, and thus inherited Piercefield. Before that period it was unknown and unfrequented, the grounds being employed solely for agricultural purposes, or covered with inaccessible forests. These he converted, at vast expense, into the "wonder" it has ever since been. "He lived in a style of princely, rather than private, magnificence." Every chance visitor was entertained; large was his bounty to all who needed; his open hand was lavish of gifts; and to the poor he was ever a generous benefactor. But the mine was exhausted: he became embarrassed, and was driven forth from the paradise he had created, to a comparatively miserable shelter upon his depressed property in Antigua. His departure from Chepstow was an event long remembered. The carriage was surrounded by sorrowful and sympathising crowds; and as he passed the bridge that crossed the Wye, "his car was struck with the mournful peal of bells, muffled, as is usual on the loss of departed friends. Deeply affected with this mark of esteem and regret, he could no longer control his emotions, but burst into tears." He ultimately obtained the governorship of St. Vincent,

Yes! the scenery here is indeed beautiful; Piercefield is, of a truth, entitled to all the praise it receives—and that is large, free, and full; and he who writes of it to-day, cannot do better than quote the words the eloquent historian of the county applied to it half a century ago: "The Wye, which is everywhere seen from a great elevation, passes under Wynd Cliff and the Banagher Rocks, winds round the peninsula of Lancaut, under a semicircular chain of stupendous cliffs, is lost in its sinuous course, again appears in a straighter line at the foot of the Lancaut rocks, and flows under the majestic ruins of Chepstow Castle, towards the Severn. The rocks are broken into an infinite variety of fantastic shapes, and scattered at different heights and in different positions; they start abruptly from the river, swell into gentle acclivities, or hang on the summits of the walls; here they form a perpendicular rampart, there jut into enormous projections, and impend over the water. But their dizzy heights and abrupt precipices are softened by the woods, which form a no less conspicuous feature in the romantic scenery;



ST. ARVEN'S CHURCH.

they are not meagre plantations placed by Art, but a tract of forests scattered by the hand of Nature. In one place they expand into open groves of large oak, elm, and beech; in another, form a shade of timber trees, copse, and underwood, hiding all external objects, and wholly impervious to the rays of the sun; they start from the crevices of the rocks, feather their edges, crown their summits, clothe their sides, and fill the intermediate hollows with a luxuriant mass of foliage, bringing to recollection Milton's description of the border

"Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access deny'd, and overhead upgrow
Insurpassable height of loftiest shade.

A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view."



THE WYND CLIFF, FROM ST. ARVEN'S.

The reader must not, however, imagine that Piercefield is the only place of beauty that, in this vicinage, borders "Sylvan Wye:" ascend any of the heights, and the view is glorious;

and there "laboured with so much zeal and activity in promoting the cultivation of the island, that he almost made of it another Piercefield." The island, however, was taken by the French, and Morris was again a ruined man. His claims on the Government, though admitted, were never liquidated: his wrongs remained unredressed. During seven years he was a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench; "his books, and all his movables," were sold; his wife sunk under the heavy load of sorrow and privation, and became insane; and he died in poverty, of grief!

while the way is ever full of charms such as those we have been describing. Chiefest among all such heights—the fair rivals of its fair neighbour—is the far-famed Wynd Cliff. Let us mount this hill, while the cool shadows of evening are over us; for it is a labour when the sun is up, and half its beauty will be lost in the glare of mid-day. Coleridge, in his verses on this sublime scene, with its

“Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean,”

exclaims—

“It seemed like Omnipresence!—God, methought,
Had built him here a temple: the whole world
Seemed imaged in its vast circumference.”

Adjoining the road, and nearly midway between Tintern and Chepstow, the carriage stops at “the Moss House,” a rustic cottage, prettily built, in which resides the care-taker of the hill,⁵ who will accompany you if you please; but his companionship is not needed, for on its summit, where the “views” are, you will find an old soldier stationed—to direct your notice to such places as have names. You climb up a steep for a mile or more, by a narrow footway made through underwood at the foot of forest trees: every now and then a nimble squirrel leaps from branch to branch, or springs across your path, while birds of various kinds are singing from thick foliage. You may pause occasionally to obtain views of delicious bits; and to aid you, judicious openings have been made in many places. Perhaps, however, it will be well to avail yourself of none of them, but to wait until you are at the summit, and obtain at once a prospect so amazingly grand and beautiful, that words can give you no idea of it. All writers concerning this glorious district have sought, and sought in vain, to convey some impression of its charms. Roscoe writes:—“On gaining the open space”—a level flat on the summit of the hill, where a neatly-thatched shelter is provided—“one of the most extensive and beautiful views that can be imagined bursts upon the eye, or rather a vast group of views of distinct and opposite character here seem to blend and unite in one. At a depth of about eight hundred feet, the steep descent below presents in some places single projecting rocks; in others, a green bushy precipice. In the valley, the eye follows for several miles the course of the Wye, which issues from a wooded glen on the left hand, curves round a green garden-like peninsula, rising into a hill studded with beautiful clumps of trees, then forces its foaming way to the right, along a huge wall of rock, nearly as high as the point where you stand, and at length, beyond Chepstow Castle, which looks like a ruined city, empties itself into the Bristol Channel, where ocean closes the dim and misty distance. On the other side of the river, immediately in front, the peaked tops of a long ridge of hills extend nearly the whole district which the eye commands. It is thickly clothed with wood, out of which a continuous wall of rock, festooned with ivy, picturesquely rears its head. Over this ridge you again discern water, the Severn, three miles broad, thronged with white sails, on either side of which is seen blue ridges of hills full of fertility and rich cultivation. The grouping of the landscape is perfect. I know of no picture more beautiful. Inexhaustible in details, of boundless extent, and yet marked by such grand and prominent features, that confusion and monotony, the usual defects of a very wide prospect, are completely avoided.”

We have given the best of many descriptions; but the eloquent writer admits his inability to render justice to so grand, so glorious, so beautiful, and so wholesomely exciting a scene. Yet it is but one of many such attractions that border the delicious river Wye.†

We are now leaving its peculiar charms—the stream henceforth becomes dark and muddy; the tide from the Severn ascends it with great rapidity. The ancient Castle of Chepstow comes in sight. We land, if we are voyagers, at a clumsy pier, but adjacent to a picturesque bridge, and almost under the walls of the huge fortalice of the Normans.

Are we voyaging to Chepstow? many are the landscape beauties we encounter on either side of the Wye. The left bank is steep and wooded to the water's edge; the right is also frequently the same, but now and then its line of trees is broken by fertile meadows. We pass several weirs, breaks in the channel at low water, and reach the charming peninsula of Laucut, with its “wee little church” standing on a hillock a few yards from the river. Opposite are the grounds of Piercefield, and hanging over them is the Wynd Cliff. We borrow a passage from Archdeacon Coxe:—“At this place, the Wye turns abruptly round the fertile peninsula of Laucut, under the stupendous amphitheatre of Piercefield cliffs, starting

from the edge of the water, here wholly mantled with wood, there jutting in bold and fantastic projections, which appear like enormous buttresses formed by the hand of nature. At the further extremity of this peninsula, the river again turns, and stretches in a long reach, between the white and towering cliffs of Laucut and the rich acclivities of Piercefield woods. In the midst of these grand and picturesque scenes, the embattled turrets of Chepstow Castle burst upon our sight; and, as we glided under the perpendicular crag, we looked up with astonishment to the massive walls impending over the edge of the precipice, and appearing like a continuation of the rock itself. Before stretched the long and picturesque bridge, and the



CHEPSTOW CASTLE, FROM THE WYE.

view was closed by a semicircular range of red cliffs, tinted with pendent foliage, which form the left bank of the river.”

Journeying by land, the prospects are infinitely more grand, more beautiful, and more diversified, although views are obtained only of one side of the river, except occasionally, by ascending heights.

Either way, it is a charming tour of five miles between Tintern and Chepstow. The Tourist cannot miss a scene of beauty, look where he will,—from either of the surrounding hills, or even from the common road,—in any direction. It will therefore be easy to understand that there are few more happily situated towns in the kingdom than Chepstow, through which



THE KEEP: MARTEN'S TOWER.

runs the South Wales Railway, and near to which, in a low and swampy dell, the Wye joins its waters to the Severn, both making their way hence together into the Bristol Channel.

Chepstow was a walled town, and of the walls there yet remain many picturesque fragments. It is said to have been a Roman town, but upon insufficient authority; Archdeacon Coxe, “after repeated inquiries,” could never learn that any Roman antiquities had been discovered in its vicinity. The probability is that, according to Leland, “when Caerwent (one of the principal cities of the Romans, distant about seven miles) began to decay, then began Chepstow to flourish.” The Saxons undoubtedly had a settlement here; and Coxe conjectures that its name is derived from *cheapian stowe*, signifying a place of traffic. A bridge connects the town, which is in Monmouthshire, with the opposite side, in Gloucestershire; and the Wye divides the two counties.

The objects to be visited in Chepstow—always excepting the “views” to be obtained anywhere

* Each visitor is requested to pay sixpence, and no more. The hill belongs to his grace the Duke of Beaufort. The fee is designed to effect what it does effect—a barrier to prevent the intrusion of mere idlers from the town, who would disturb the tranquillity of the scene.

† Mr. Hulme made his view of the Wynd Cliff from the graveyard of St. Arven's Church; and has also given a sketch of the pretty and picturesque church, happily and tranquilly situated among so many landscape beauties.

—are the Church, the Castle, and the Western Gate. This gate is still entire, and is of much interest, although not of a date very remote; those who have time, and taste that way, may be gratified by tracing the old walls—a work of no great difficulty. To the church we conduct the reader.

The church is part of a Benedictine priory of Norman work, said to have been founded in the reign of King Stephen; it was a cell to the Abbey of Corneille, in Normandy, and dedicated to St. Mary.* “Scarcely any remains of the ancient priory can be traced, but the church was part of the chapel, and is a curious remnant of Norman architecture. The body was once the nave of a much larger structure, built in the form of a cathedral, and at the eastern extremity appears one of the lofty arches, which supported the tower. The nave is separated from the side aisles by a grand range of circular arches, reposing on massive piers, which have a venerable and solemn appearance.” The windows are ornamented Gothic, much posterior to the era of the original structure. “The entrance to the north is through a Gothic porch, which covers the original doorway, formed by a semi-circular arch, enriched with zigzag mouldings, and supported by two columns; but the entrance to the west front is a magnificent portal, in the highest state of preservation: it consists of a semi-circular arch, reposing on receding columns, and richly decorated with divisions of diagonal and diamond mouldings, peculiar to the Saxon and early Norman style.”

Since Archdeacon Coxe wrote these remarks, much has been done to the church in the way of restoration, and, generally, well done. It is, unquestionably, a venerable and very interesting edifice, with unmistakable evidence of antiquity. Of monuments there are few of note, excepting that to Henry Marten, so long a prisoner in the castle, and who was here interred. The body was buried, and the stone placed, originally in the chancel; but a bigoted vicar, objecting to the remains of a regicide lying so near the altar, ordered the removal of both, and they are now in a passage leading from the nave into the north aisle.† The stone records the day of burial,—September 9, 1680,—and contains a verse and an acrostic, said to have been written for the purpose by himself. Those who read them will incline to believe that this is an error; the sturdy and intellectual republican could never have produced a composition so utterly wretched.‡

The castle is the principal object of attraction in Chepstow; it has a fine effect from the railway, as the train passes over the bridge that crosses the Wye; but it is best seen from the opposite side: its solemn grandeur, however, and amazing strength, are fully appreciated as we pass under it, voyaging the Wye, and entering the town. It is situated on the brow of a precipice, overhanging the right bank of the Wye; the northern side is advanced close to the edge, and so constructed as to appear part of the cliff; it was, therefore, apparently unassailable from this quarter. On the other sides it was defended by massive walls, flanked with strong and lofty towers; it is said there was a moat also, but there are no traces of it; and it is not likely that it ever had that defence, the situation being so high above the Wye, and there being no tributary stream in its vicinity. In early times it was considered impregnable; it was required to be so, for it was situate in the midst of brave and merciless enemies,—the Welsh,—who were ever on the watch to destroy the Norman invader and oppressor.

The castle seems to have borne different appellations: it is said to have been called by the Britons, Castill Gwent,

* There were formerly four churches in Chepstow, three of which have been destroyed, viz., St. Ann's, St. Nicholas's, and St. Ewen's.
† The name of this clergyman was CHEST; some idea of his character may be formed from the following epigram written by his son-in-law on the vicar's death:—

“Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One CHEST within another;
The CHEST OF WOOD was very good—
Who says so of the other?”

‡ We append these lines, that the reader may judge for himself:—

HERE, SEPT. 9, 1680,
WAS BURIED

A TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN,

Who, in Berkshire, was well known
To love his country's freedom 'bove his own;
But being immured full twenty year,
Had time to write, as doth appear—

HIS EPITAPH.

Here or elsewhere (all's one to you or me)
Earth, Air, or Water, gripes my ghostly dust,
None knows how soon to be by fire set free;
Reader, if you an old try'd rule will trust,
You'll gladly do and suffer what you must.

My time was spent in serving you and you,
And death's my pay, it seems, and welcome too
To revenge destroying but itself, while I
To birds of prey leave my old cage and fly;
Examples preach to the eye—care then (mine says)
Not how you end, but how you spend your days.

or Casgwent; by the Saxons, Cheapstowe; and by the Normans, Estrighoicl, or Striguil. The structure, of which the ruins now exist, and which occupy the site of an earlier fortalice, is ascribed to a kinsman of the Conqueror, William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford,—“the chief and greatest oppressor of the English, who cherished an enormous cause by his boldness, whereby many thousands were brought to miserable ends.”

For a long period after the Conquest, the hereditary lords of the town and castle were the old Earls of Pembroke, of the house of Clare, the last of whom was the renowned Richard Strongbow, Earl of Striguil, Chepstow, and Pembroke, who died in 1176, leaving a daughter



THE ORATORY, IN THE KEEP.

Isabel, by whose marriage the estates and title passed into the family of Marshall; afterwards, by a similar union, into that of Herbert; and, subsequently, by the marriage of Elizabeth, sole daughter and heiress of William Herbert, Earl of Huntingdon, and Lord Herbert, of Raglan, Chepstow, and Gower, it descended to Sir Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester. It is now one of the numerous castles of the noble representative of an illustrious race—Henry Charles Fitzroy Somerset, Duke of Beaufort.

History records but few sieges to which this huge stronghold was subjected. The latest and greatest was that which took place in 1645, when garrisoned for the king, and assailed by the



ARCHED CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE ROCK.

troops of the Commonwealth. It had been taken and re-taken; but such was its importance, that Cromwell marched against it in person, took possession of the town, and assaulted the castle without success, though its defenders amounted to no more than one hundred and sixty men, commanded by a gallant soldier, Sir Nicholas Kemeys. Cromwell then left Colonel Ewer, with a train of artillery, seven companies of foot, and four troops of horse, to prosecute the siege. But the garrison defended themselves valiantly, until their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender, under promise of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat, which they had provided for the purpose. A soldier of the parliamentary army, however, swam

across the river, with a knife between his teeth, cut the cable of the boat, and brought it away. The castle was at length forced, and the brave commander slain, with forty of his men—some accounts say "in cold blood." The castle and park of Chepstow were confiscated, and settled by parliament on Oliver Cromwell; at the Restoration, however, they reverted to the Marquis of Worcester, and so descended to the Duke of Beaufort.

The entrance to the castle is from the town; it was defended by two circular towers, double gates, portcullises, and a port-hole. A massive door of oak, covered with iron bolts and clasps of singularly quaint workmanship, still stands intact, with a four-pound shot to serve the purpose of a knocker. This passed, we are in the great court, the walls and buildings enclosing which are richly covered with ivy. Little more than half a century ago, it was in a habitable state; but the roofs fell in, there was no presiding spirit to care for its safety, time did its wonted work, and it is now a ruin, excepting a small part—one of the towers, in which the warden resides. The court is a fine green sward, huge walnut-trees are flourishing there, and—as in all cases where the Duke of Beaufort is master—there is no danger of farther decay, except that which naturally arises, and will now rather add too, than take from, the picturesque.

The ramparts are, for the most part, in a good state, so are some of the towers; a pleasant walk may be taken from one of these to another, and charming views obtained of surrounding scenery. One of the most remarkable of the remains is that of the baronial hall; such, at least, it is generally supposed to be; but there is no certainty on the subject; its pointed arches and elaborately carved windows indicate its former dignity. A more striking object, however, is an arched chamber in the castle rock; to reach it some steps are descended, it is, therefore, lower than the foundations of the structure, and from a port-hole one looks directly down upon the Wye. Tradition states this to have been the spot on which the severest fighting took place during the assault, and that here Colonel Kemeys was killed. It is added, indeed, that the boat in which the beleaguered garrison designed to escape, was moored immediately underneath; the rope which secured it, and which the soldier cut, having been fastened to an iron ring within this chamber. In confirmation of the story an iron ring may still be seen strongly fastened to the stone floor; unless for some such purpose as that referred to, it is hard to guess what possible business it could have had there.*

The portion of the ruin, however, that attracts most attention, and is carefully examined by all visitors, is the KEEP, which contains the PRISON of Henry Marten. Southey's memorable lines, when Southey was a republican,—lured by the wild dreams of youth into an elysium from which he was awakened by the issue of its trial in France,—have been quoted by all tourists:—

"For thirty years, secluded from mankind,
Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did nature's fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendour."

Stripped of its fiction, the facts are these:—Henry Marten, one of the most active and zealous allies of Cromwell, a man of much ability, and of great energy, was "a member of the high court of justice, regularly attended the trial, was present when the sentence was pronounced, and signed the warrant of death;" he was, therefore, one of "the regicides," and one of those who had least claim to life when "the Restoration" re-established monarchy. He was tried, and found guilty; but pleading that "he came in on the proclamation" of mercy, and petulantly adding, "that he had never obeyed any proclamation before this, and hoped that he should not be hanged for taking the king's word now," he obtained pardon on condition of perpetual imprisonment.

After a brief confinement in the Tower, he was committed to Chepstow Castle, where he remained a prisoner during twenty—not "thirty"—years, and where he died suddenly, in September, 1680, at the age of seventy-eight.

His "room" in the Keep is still shown; but it may be taken as certain that the whole of the rooms in this tower were his: they were pleasant, sufficiently spacious, had fire-places, and, no doubt, all such other comforts as a man of substance could have required and acquired. A well of pure water immediately fronted the entrance,—it is there still,—

* There is a monkish legend attached to the chapel within the castle: it is said to have been erected by Longinus, a Jew,—the soldier who pierced the side of Christ, and who was condemned to visit Britain and build a Christian edifice there; this command he obeyed, selecting this pleasant spot on the Wye to do architectural penance. "Nevertheless," remarks a quaint old commentator, "he must have had a fine Gothic taste;" and certain it is that the "sanctity" thus obtained for his chapel brought many an offering into the holy hands of the priests.

and a purer draught never flowed from mountain rill. From the summit, wide and beautiful views were, and are, obtained. Even within the walls there was abundant space for exercise; but there is evidence that occasionally, at all events, he was permitted to make visits to the neighbouring gentry. Latterly, during his incarceration, he had the free companionship of his wife and daughters. In a word, Marten was rather confined than imprisoned, treated with lenity rather than severity, and received indulgence instead of oppression. There is little doubt that his remaining life—for twenty years—was far happier, more tranquil, and more comfortable, than his earlier years had been; and that, instead of shuddering as we enter the room that bears his name at Chepstow, we may envy him the fate that gave him seclusion when he pleased, a release from labour when he liked, and as much freedom as an aged man, sick of toil and turmoil, could have coveted or desired.



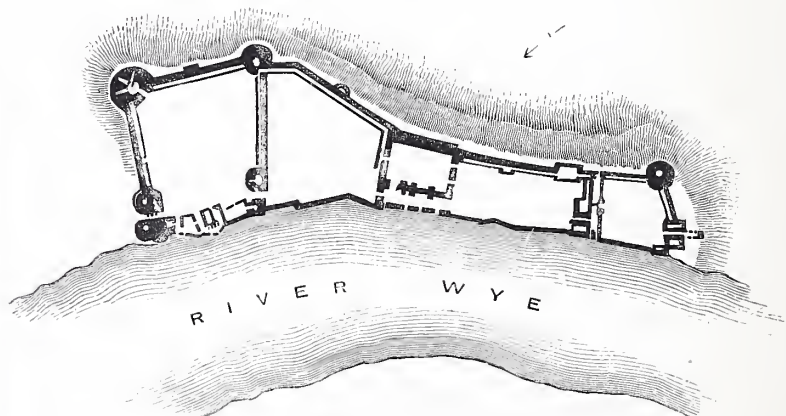
ARCHED PASSAGE.

Our engravings picture the Keep; the window denotes his "room;" the print above it is of an oratory near the roof, a lovely little chamber, commanding views of surpassing beauty.

While we thought over his career—quoting the lines of the Laureate—and looked from out those imaginary "bars" through which the sunlight of a summer's day was shining gloriously, gazed over fertile land and fair river, heard the busy hum from the near town, and listened to birds among the branches of trees blossoming in the castle yard, murmuring

"Here Marten lingered!"

we confess it was with a feeling of envy—an intense desire to exchange a life of toil for one of such intense tranquillity—a willingness to purchase, at any price short of disloyalty to God and Queen, the privilege to "pace round such a prison."



PLAN OF CHEPSTOW CASTLE.

Our Tour of the Wye, however, has drawn to a close; we may walk two miles out of Chepstow before we leave its banks, but they are miles of anti-climax: low meadows and sides of mud mark the parting of the fair river, in mournful contrast with its beauties passed. We may not, however, bid it a grateful farewell without recalling and quoting the lines of great Wordsworth:—

"Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.

How oft
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!"

THE NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:

THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF A "MANUAL OF BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGY," "CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONUMENTAL BRASSES AND SLABS," ETC., ETC.

PART VII.—THE ROYAL BANNERS OF ENGLAND.

THE ROYAL BANNER of England has always borne the arms of the reigning sovereign. When displayed in war, this banner would always be regarded as the ensign-in-chief of the entire army, and wherever it might appear, it would invariably be considered to denote that the sovereign was present in person.

After the Conquest, William I. is said to have assumed the *two golden lions* of his Norman duchy as the arms of his kingdom of England. The two lions are considered to have been borne by his successors, until the accession of Henry II., in 1154, who is supposed to have added the *one lion* of Aquitaine (in right of his queen, Alianore of Aquitaine) to his own paternal and royal ensign. Since the time of Henry II. the three golden lions upon a ground of red have certainly continued to be the *royal and national arms of England*. Accordingly, in the Roll of Caerlaverock, the scarlet banner of Edward I. is described as having "three lions, courant, of fine gold, sette on" (52).

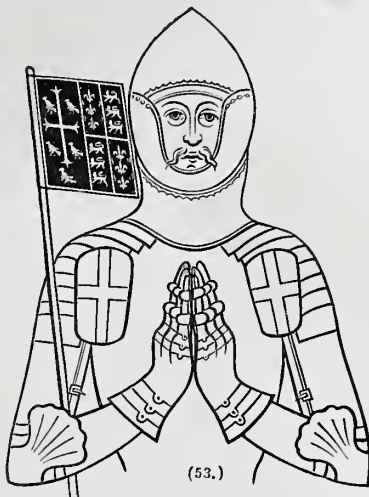


(52.)

In the year 1343, the fifteenth of Edward III., in consequence of the claim advanced by that monarch to the throne of France, the royal arms of the French kings were introduced into the English shield and banner, and *quartered* with the three lions, precedence being given in this heraldic arrangement to the fleur-de-lys, which then were *semée* over the field. Froissart supplies us with repeated examples of the royal banner of Edward III. thus emblazoned with *France and England quarterly*. It is represented in example (46).

The same banner was borne by Richard II. This prince, however, added to his armorial ensigns the arms attributed to Edward the Confessor (38), *impaling* them with the quartered shield of Edward III., and assigning to them the dexter side of his own shield. Banners of Richard II., accordingly, appear charged with these impaled as well as quartered insignia. The brass of Sir Symon de Felbrigge, K.G., I have noticed already; here I must again refer to it, as exhibiting the most valuable original example of that banner of Richard II., which I have been describing (53). The brass comprises two full-length figures, those of the knight and his lady, who had been a maid of honour to the Queen, Anne of Bohemia, with a rich canopy and various heraldic accessories. But very few examples of brasses have been observed into which banners have been introduced: there is a very singular fragment of such a brass, of the fourteenth century, at Ashford, in Kent; another, to Sir Hugh and Lady Halsham, A.D. 1441, is preserved in the church at West Grinstead, in Sussex; and at Dennington, in Suffolk, there lies, on a low tomb, a despoiled slab, which

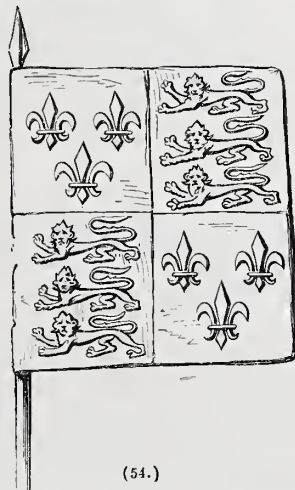
once bore a small effigy in brass, with four banners of comparatively large dimensions.



(53.)

Part of the brass to Sir Symon de Felbrigge, K.G., with the banner of Richard II.

Henry IV. bore the same banner as his grandfather, Edward III.; but before his accession, and during the lifetime of his father, Henry Bolingbroke bore on his banner the three lions of England, *differenced with a label of France*. Henry V. retained the quartered banner, reducing, however, the number of the fleurs-de-lys to three, in each of the first and fourth quarters; this same banner (54) was retained by all the succeeding sovereigns of England, until the accession of James I. Edward IV.,

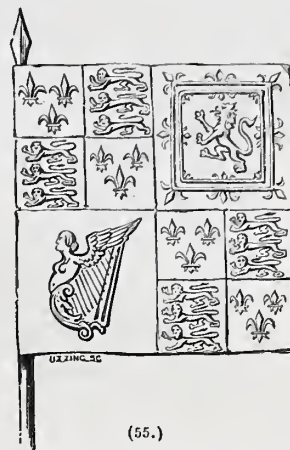


(54.)

indeed, followed the example of Richard II., and sometimes displayed a quartered banner, charged in its second and third quarters with France and England quarterly, and having the arms of the Confessor (38) in the first and fourth quarters. Queen Mary, also, after her marriage with Philip of Spain, impaled the arms of England with those of her husband.

When James I. ascended the English throne, the arms of both Scotland and Ireland were incorporated into the royal banner of Great Britain. The arrangement then adopted involved the complicated process of double quartering; thus, France and England quarterly occupied the first and fourth "grand quarters" of the new banner (55), and the composition was completed by the second and third grand quarters being severally charged with the ancient arms of Scotland and the golden harp of Ireland with its strings of silver. This same banner continued in use until the crown of these realms passed to William III., A.D. 1689, when he added his paternal arms of Nassau (56), placing them in a shield *in pretence* upon the English banner. In the year 1701 the Nassau arms were removed by Queen Anne, and the banner of the Stuarts was restored until the legislative union with Scotland, A.D. 1707. Another change in the royal banner

then took place: in the first and second quarters the three lions of England appeared *impaled* with the coat of Scotland; the three fleurs-de-lys occu-



(55.)

ried the second quarter, and the arms of Ireland remained in the third (57). Thus, for the first time since Edward III. quartered the arms of France and England, the lions and the fleurs-de-lys appeared



(56.)

under completely different conditions of heraldic arrangement.

The succession of the House of Hanover once more affected the quarterings of the royal banner



(57.)

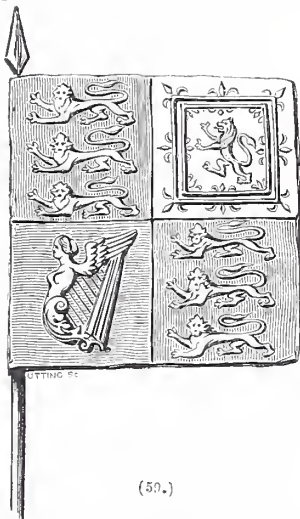
of England. By this change the arms of Hanover were placed in the fourth quarter of the composition, and the first, second, and third quarters remained unaltered, as in (57). It will be apparent that thus only half of one quarter of the royal banner of England was assigned to the lions of England. The banner thus emblazoned continued in use until January 1st, 1801, the forty-first of George III., when the quarterings first assumed the character with which we are now familiar. The fleurs-de-lys were on this occasion finally removed from the royal banner of England. The English lions occupied the first and fourth quarters of the new banner, and the arms of Scotland and Ireland appeared in the second and third quarters; over all, in the centre of the banner, were the armorial insignia of Hanover. This banner was retained by George IV. and William IV. The arms of Hanover in themselves form a somewhat complex group of devices. As will be seen from (58), this composition consists of *Brunswick* (two golden lions upon a field of red),

impaling *Lunenbury* (a blue lion rampant on a field of gold, which is also *semée* with blue hearts), and having, in the base of the group, *Sarony* (a white horse upon a red ground); over all is a small red shield, charged with the crown of Charlemagne, and above there is an imperial crown.



(58.)

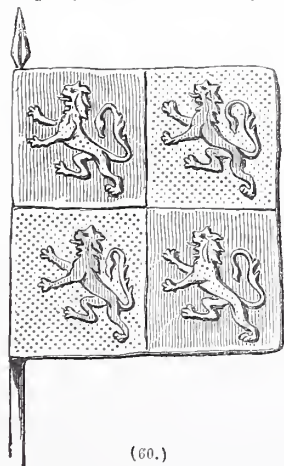
On the happy accession of Her Majesty the Queen, the arms of Hanover were removed from the royal banner of England, which accordingly assumed the aspect of (59). Long may this banner wave over our heads in peaceful happiness! I know no change which any Englishman worthy of that



(59.)

name would for a moment think of admitting in its blazonry,—unless, indeed, the lions of England should yield the fourth quarter of the banner to some new device, that might symbolize the great *colonial empire of our sovereign*.

With the royal banners of England, the banner of the Principality of WALES (60) may be very con-



(60.)

sistently associated. It is quarterly of red and gold, having in each quarter a lion rampant,—gold lions in the red quarters, and red lions in the gold quarters.

The royal banner of SCOTLAND, also, (61) now in such auspicious union with the lions of England, claims a distinct notice. It is a banner of cloth-of-gold, upon which is emblazoned a lion rampant, within a double border (called by heralds a *tressure*) enriched with fleurs-de-lys, all of them red:—thus, when he refers to the royal banner of his country, Sir Walter Scott says, that it

“Gave to view the dazzling field,
Where, in proud Scotland’s royal shield,
The ruddy lion ramp’d in gold.”

Upon her signet-ring, Mary, Queen of Scots, bore the royal arms with the supporters, helm, crest, motto, and collar; above the supporters also there appear two banners—the royal banner of Scotland (61) to the right, and to the left the banner of St. Andrew (35). Both banners are fringed; and it is remarkable that the white saltire of St. Andrew is placed upon a ground *barry*, instead of blue. This may be another instance of the substitution of the royal colours, instead of the proper heraldic tincture, in the field of a banner, as we have seen to have been done in the instance of the “St. George” of England by Henry VIII. (50); the *barry* ground of Queen Mary’s “St. Andrew,” accordingly, may have been gold and blue. The “St. Andrew,” I may add, is found to have been sometimes *green*,



(61.)

charged with a silver saltire. Mary Stuart placed the same two banners upon her great seal, that she bore on her signet-ring. Her son, our James I., introduced the same accessories into the great seal of the United Kingdom.

PART VIII.—THE STANDARD.

As the BANNER was larger than the PENNON, so the STANDARD was larger than either; and it also varied in size according to the rank of the owner. The standard was always of considerable length, but not of a great proportionate depth; it tapered towards the extremity, where it was either pointed or swallow-tailed. In England standards, except when they bore royal devices, or were displayed by royal personages, *always had the cross of St. George at the head* (or, next the staff); then came the *crest*, or most favoured *device* of the owner; to which, in its turn, there commonly succeeded the *motto*; or, instead of the motto, some other devices were in-

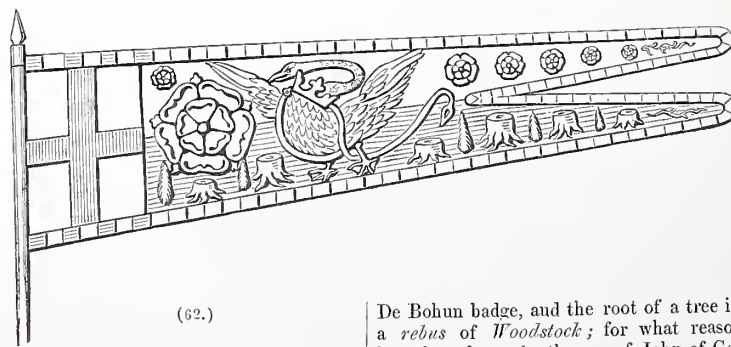
combination with other insignia; they thus are expressly distinguished from banners. These standards may be regarded as decorative accessories of mediæval armies, of tournaments, and military pageants. They might be displayed amongst the followers of a knight, who himself bore a pennon, and was not entitled to bear a banner, as well as in the ranks of princes, barons, and bannerets. Their number, however, was regulated by the numbers of the soldiers, as their size was (in some degree, at least) determined by the rank of their commander. When the ground of a standard was of two colours, the division was made longitudinally.

Standards were also displayed at sea, as well as on land; and they were evidently in high favour with those persons whose authority had any influence afloat.

The illuminator of Froissart has depicted two splendid royal standards of that magnificent prince, Edward III. One of them, next to the staff, is charged with the royal arms, France and England, quarterly; the upper part of the rest of the standard is red, and has upon it a series of lions of England, and the lower part, which is blue, is *semée de lys*. The other standard was displayed, by the side of the royal banner, by Philippa, the intrepid queen of Edward III., at the battle of Neville’s Cross, fought October 17, 1346, when she defeated David II., King of Scotland, and took him prisoner: this standard is white, and it is charged with the figure of St. George on his war-horse, thrusting down the dragon. In the illumination, the staves of both the royal banner and standard are painted of the *Plantagenet livery colours*—white and red.

In a MS. life of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick (British Museum, Cotton. MSS., Julius E. 4), written and illuminated by John Rouse, the hermit of Guy’s Cliff (no mean artist in his day), in the second half of the fourteenth century, a standard of immense size is represented more than once, and it appears in scenes both on land and at sea. This standard is charged with the cross of St. George next to the staff, or mast; next follows the well-known cognizance of the house of Warwick, the “bear and ragged staff,” and then the “ragged staff” is repeated again and again. The ship, which carries one of these standards, is an early example of the adoption of marine artillery. Her mainsail is emblazoned with the arms of the renowned baron to whom the vessel belonged; and the top-castle of the main-mast, from which this proud standard floats, is adorned with his favourite device.

A standard of Henry Bolingbroke, afterwards Henry IV. (Harleian MS., 4632), is a peculiarly characteristic example of this variety of mediæval flags (62); the ground is white and red, within a border (probably of fringe) of the same colours. Next to the St. George’s cross is a large “red rose” of Lancaster; then there is a white swan, with coronet-collar and chain of gold, the device of the De Bohuns as Earls of Essex, and adopted by Henry of Lancaster after his marriage (A. D. 1380) with Mary, the younger of the two sisters, co-beiresses of the last Humphrey de Bohun; a series of small red roses fill the rest of the upper division of the standard, and upon the lower division are two very singular devices, which are supposed to be Lancastrian—a fox’s tail, or brush, and the root of a tree. The fox’s brush is said to have been a



(62.)

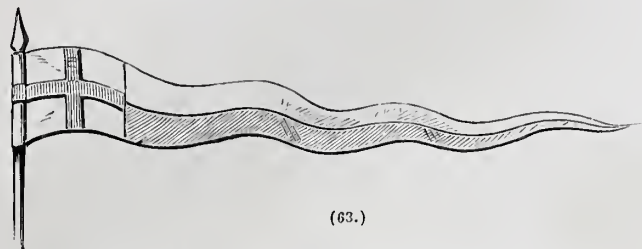
De Bohun badge, and the root of a tree is certainly a *rebus* of *Woodstock*; for what reason it may have been borne by the son of John of Gaunt is not by any means easy to determine.

Besides his royal banner, several standards of Henry VIII. are displayed in the picture repre-

duced and repeated along the length of the standard. It is to be observed, that standards never bore the coat-of-arms alone, and very rarely in com-

senting the embarkation of that monarch for France, to which I have already referred. These standards are composed of the Tudor colours, white and

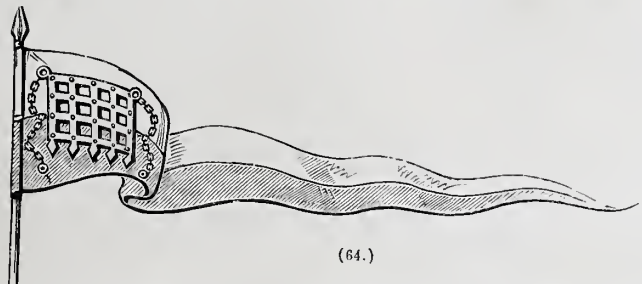
kind, are represented. The "Bataile of Spurs, anno 1513," forms the subject of a third picture of this series; I have introduced from it a short



(63.)

green. A boat, under the stern of the king's ship, carries four standards, two near each end, and all of them with the cross of St. George (63). Three

swallow-tailed standard of St. George, which is carried side by side with a flag composed of cloth of gold (66), and another standard of similar form,

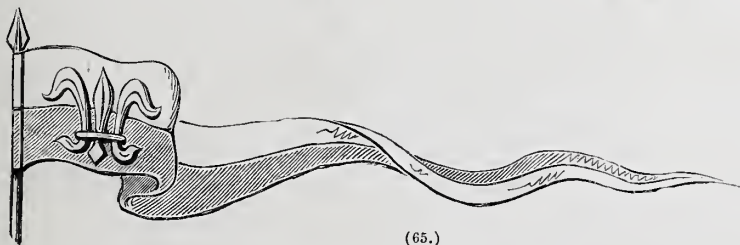


(64.)

other varieties of the Tudor standard are carried in other boats that are in immediate attendance upon the royal ship: they are white and green through-

which reverses the colours of the "St. George," the cross being white upon a red ground (67).

A drawing, preserved in the Herald's College,

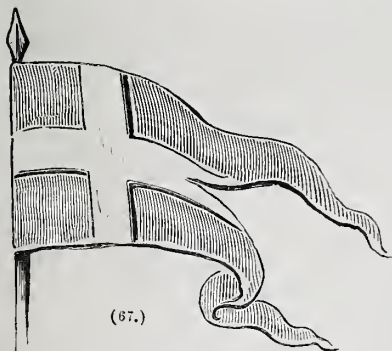


(65.)

out their length, and quite plain, with the exception that near the staff they are severally charged with a portcullis (64), a rose, and a fleur-de-lis (65).

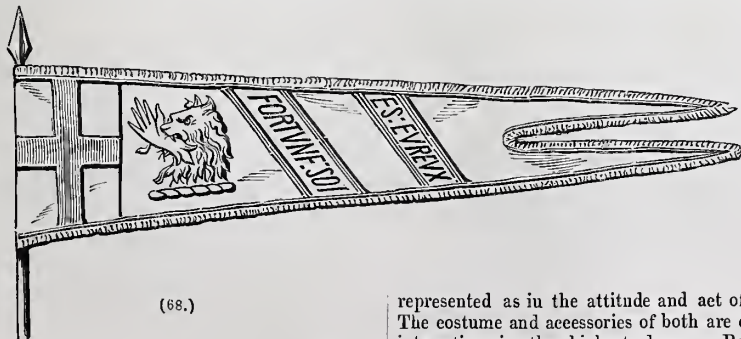
has supplied me with another characteristic example of a standard, which was granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Henry Long, of Draycot, in commemoration of a gallant charge made by him at the battle of Therouenne, in Picardy. The body of this standard is blue, with the cross of St. George at the head; the crest is a white lion's head, holding in its mouth a bloodstained and rent gauntlet; the motto and fringe are of gold (68).

It will be sufficient for me to refer to one other standard as a specimen of its class of flags. Besides those that I have mentioned, there were two other historical pictures of singular interest in the collection at Hampton Court, which were sent, by command of the Queen, to the Manchester "Art-Treasures Exhibition," and from thence they have journeyed still further northward to the Royal Palace of Holyrood, where it is Her Majesty's pleasure that they should remain. They are full-length portraits, by Jan de Mabuse, of James IV., of Scotland,—the gay and gallant James, who fell at Flodden,—and his queen, Margaret Tudor, sister of our eighth Henry. Both royal personages are



(67.)

In the companion picture, of which the subject is the meeting of the two youthful sovereigns at the

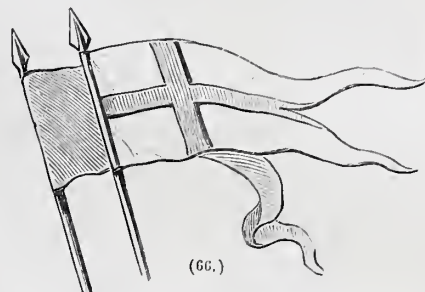


(68.)

actual "Field of the Cloth of Gold," it is remarkable that no banners, standards, or flags of any

represented as in the attitude and act of devotion. The costume and accessories of both are curious and interesting in the highest degree. Behind them appear figures of the patron saints of Scotland and England—the figure of St. Andrew behind the

Stuart prince, while behind the English princess who had been espoused by Scotland's king, in complete armour, stands St. George; he holds a mighty lance, from which there waves a no less mighty standard. Next to the shaft of his weapon this standard bears the red cross of the saintly warrior; and beyond, upon its ample fringed folds of white and green (for the good saint has condescended to adopt the Tudor colours), in golden characters of antique form is written the precatory ejaculation, *IIIIV: MARIA.*



(66.)

The standards of the middle ages may be considered to have been superseded by the ensigns of modern times.

PART IX.—THE FIRST UNION-JACK.

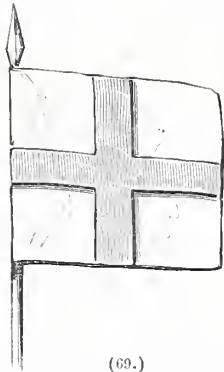
It has been already stated that the banners of several sainted personages famous in English story were borne in mediæval times in the armies of England, with the red-cross banner of St. George, and with the royal banner charged with the arms of the sovereign. In process of time, the other saintly ensigns ceased to be used, and the banners of St. George and of the sovereign were displayed together without any other attendant flag. The banner bearing the royal arms of the reigning sovereign was always distinguished from the red-cross banner of St. George in this very remarkable respect—that it was invariably held to be the *special personal cognizance of the sovereign*; while the St. George was regarded as the *national flag of the country*—the symbol of our island nationality. This distinction still obtains. What we now call the "Royal Standard" (59), but which in reality is and ought to be called the "Royal Banner," bears the royal arms of Her Majesty, VICTORIA, the Queen. It is Her Majesty's own ensign, and it is displayed wherever the Queen is present in person. It is also the present custom to hoist the royal banner in honour of the presence of any member of the royal family: but, in strict propriety, on such occasions the royal ensign ought to be *differenced*, to denote with precision the royal personage present, and to preserve a becoming distinction between the sovereign and every other individual whatsoever. The armorial insignia emblazoned upon Her Majesty's royal banner are also the arms of England, as well as of the Queen of England. But the distinctive banner of England is still the red cross of St. George. England, however, now has no distinct nationality apart from the fair realms of Scotland and Ireland. The THREE now form the ONE imperial realm of GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. And, when we now speak of "England" (unless we specially signify that the term is used with a distinctive and exceptional signification), we imply the *United British Empire*. The *national banner or ensign* is, accordingly, the banner or ensign of the *union*, and we call it the *union flag*, or *union-jack*. And this, with the royal banner, and with certain other flags, for the most part compounds or modifications of the royal banner and of the union-jack, we now designate the "national flags of England."

About three years after King James I. had ascended the throne of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland, and so had become the first sovereign of Great Britain, the banner of St. Andrew of Scotland (70) was *united* with that of St. George (69) by virtue of a royal ordinance, which was set forth in the words following:—

"Whereas some difference hath arisen between our subjects of South and North Britain, travelling by seas, about the bearing of their flags; for the avoiding of all such contentions hereafter, we have, with the advice of our Council, ordered that from henceforth all our subjects of this Isle and Kingdom

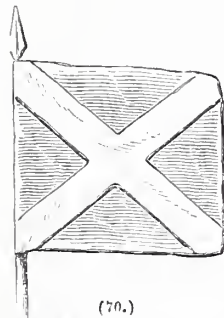
of Great Britain, and the members thereof, shall bear in their main-mast the red cross, commonly called the St. George's cross, and the white cross, commonly called St. Andrew's cross, *joined together*, according to a form made by our heralds, and sent by us to our Admiral, to be published to our said subjects: and, in their fore-top, our subjects of South Britain shall wear the red cross only, as they were wont; and our subjects of North Britain in their fore-top the white cross only, as they were accustomed. Wherefore, we will and command all our subjects to be conformable and obedient to this our order, that from henceforth they do not use or bear their flags in any other sort, as they will answer the contrary at their peril. Given, &c. &c., 12th of April, 4th of James I., A.D. 1606."

The ancient rivalry would thus be no longer displayed in conflicting struggles to obtain a precedence and pre-eminence for the two banners of St. George and St. Andrew, but the *two in union* would float from the main of every British ship, while at the



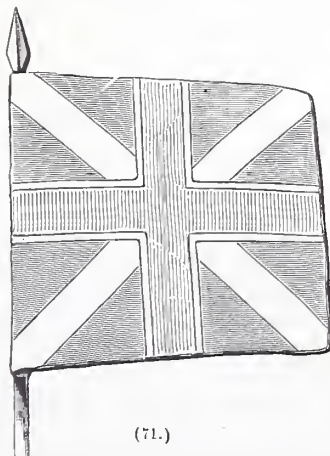
(69.)

fore each vessel would carry, as in time past, one of the distinctive ensigns of the two realms of the United Kingdom. The "Union-Jack," accordingly, under its first aspect, was a combination of the two



(70.)

crosses of St. George (69) and St. Andrew (70), in the manner shown at (71). This flag is constantly introduced into the pictures of Vandervelde, Heywood, and other marine painters, who flourished after

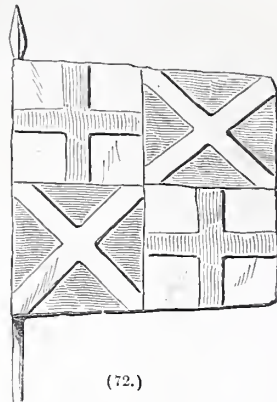


(71.)

the ordinance of James I. It may be seen in many pictures at Hampton Court and Greenwich Hospital. By a royal proclamation, dated July 28, 1707, pursuant to the authority which was vested in the

crown by the "Act of Union," this flag was declared to be the "*ensigns armorial of the United Kingdom of Great Britain.*"

The true heraldic principle for arranging the two banners in combination (*heraldicé*, "marshalling them"), would have led to the *quartering* the two



(72.)

crosses, as in (72), precisely in the same manner that the lilies of France were quartered with the lions of England, in the royal banners (46, 54, 55), and as the armorial insignia of the three realms of England, Scotland, and Ireland are at the present time quartered in the royal banner (59) of Her Majesty the Queen. The heralds of King James, however, entered upon their task without any intention of being guided or influenced by heraldic precedent. They made a new flag, and they made it after a new fashion, the laws and traditions of heraldry notwithstanding. Instead of quartering the two crosses, therefore, they *engrafted* one cross upon the other. The result was a thoroughly united flag, and one that was at once intelligible and expressive. The imperfection of this flag consisted in the red cross of St. George having only a narrow border of white, instead of its own white field. The narrow white border (called by the heralds a "fimbriation"), while apparently introduced in order to intervene between the red cross and the blue ground of the new flag, in reality produced a direct violation of the heraldic law that "metal should not rest upon metal." The new flag may be considered to have been constructed after the following manner:—first, upon the blue field or ground of St. Andrew, the white saltire of the Scottish saint was placed; then, over this, the white fimbriation; and finally, over all, the red cross of St. George. Such was the "first union-jack," and such the mode of its construction. Perhaps a quartered flag, like (72), might have been more correct as an heraldic composition; but there are memories and associations inseparable from the flag of King James (71), which forbid us for an instant to entertain a desire to substitute for it any other ensign.

The term "union-jack" is one which is partly of obvious signification, and in part somewhat perplexing. The "union" between England and Scotland, to which the flag owed its origin, evidently supplied the first half of the compound title borne by the flag itself. But the expression "jack" involves some difficulty. Several solutions of this difficulty have been submitted, but, with a single exception only, they are by far too subtle to be considered satisfactory. A learned and judicious antiquary has recorded it as his opinion, that the flag of the union received the title of "union-jack" from the circumstance of the union between England and Scotland having taken place in the reign of King James, by whose command the new flag was introduced. The name of the king in French, "*Jaques*," would have been certainly used in heraldic documents: the union flag of King "Jaques" would very naturally be called, after the name of its royal author, *Jaques' union*, or *UNION Jaques*, and so, by a simple process, we arrive at *UNION-JACK*. This suggestion of the late Sir Harris Nicholas may be accepted, I think, without any hesitation.

The term "jack" having once been recognised as the title of a flag, it is easy enough to trace its application to *several* flags. Thus, the old white flag with the red cross is now called the "St. George's jack;" and English seamen are in the habit of designating the national ensigns of other countries as the "jacks" of France, Russia, &c.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

CHILDHOOD.

Greuze, Painter. A. J. Annedouche, Engraver.
Size of the Picture 1 ft. 6½ in. by 1 ft. 4 in.

WERE we asked to point out a notable example of the baneful influence exercised upon the genius of an artist by the social state of the people to whom he belonged, and among whom he laboured, we should unhesitatingly mention the name of Jean Baptiste Greuze, who was born at Tournus, in France, in 1726, and died at Paris in 1805—a period in the history of the country signally characterized by its moral corruptions. Had he chanced to have been born in Italy when sacred and legendary art found almost unlimited patronage, he might have rivalled Guido or Carlo Dolce in their representations of female saints and martyrs; in the long calendar of the Roman Church Greuze would have found a wide field for his glowing and luxuriant colouring, and his vivid imagination; provided, that is, he kept these qualities in proper subjection to ecclesiastical canons and the consciences of orthodox churchmen.

Greuze lived the greater part of his life in Paris; and all who have read French history know what Paris was during the last century: the licentiousness of the French Court during the reigns of Louis XV. and his successors, was an example the subjects of these monarchs were not slow to follow, and it yielded only to the still more brutal and degrading freedom of the revolutionists and republicans. Greuze had almost outlived his years of labour before the red flag of the latter was unfurled; but the influence of the former is too manifest in the pictures to which allusion has been made, to be doubted. Art, instead of being the handmaid of "things lovely and of good report," becomes here the aider and abettor of that which tends to debase human nature.

It must not, however, be inferred from these remarks that Greuze's works are invariably of such a character; many of his *genre* pictures are unexceptional in subject and expression: the most important of these are,—"*A Father reading the Bible to his Family*," "*The Paralytic Father*," "*The Unnatural Father*," "*The Good Mother*," "*The Village Bride*," "*The Broken Pitcher*," "*The Little Girl and her Dog*," "*The Blind Man cheated*," "*L'Enfant au Capucin*," "*Le Gateau des Rois*," "*La Dame de Charité*," "*La Boune Education*," "*La Paix du Menage*," "*La Prière à l'Amour*," "*Le Fils Puni*," "*La Fille Honteuse*," &c. &c.—all of which have been engraved, and by the best engravers of France. There are six of his best pictures in the Louvre: namely, "*The Broken Pitcher*," a pair entitled respectively, "*The Departure*," and "*The Return*" (of the Prodigal), "*The Village Bride*," and two portraits, one being of himself. "*The Village Bride*" was purchased for the Louvre collection at the cost of £665; the Marquis de Menars, to whom it previously belonged, paid £360 for it. Greuze was never a member of the French Academy; he was for a long time on the list of Associates, but being placed in the class of *genre* painters when elected to the higher grade, he considered it an indignity, and retired altogether from the Academy.

The pictures of this artist are by no means numerous in this country; but copies of the heads of female and children painted by him are frequently to be met with, and are sought after as presumed original works. Original pictures in his best style fetch a high price here when offered for sale: the Marquis of Hertford, for example, gave five or six years ago, at a sale by Messrs. Christie and Manson, as much as £600—we are not quite sure that it was not £800—for a life-size head and bust of a young female: and yet Greuze cannot rank as a great painter, even of those subjects in which he most excelled: his delineations of character are clever, though exaggerated, a fault in which French artists, generally, are too apt to indulge. Only one historical picture by him is known to exist, "*Severus reprimanding his son Caracalla*."

The picture engraved here is a good specimen of his pencil; the head is well modelled, the expression animated yet child-like, and it is painted with great care and freedom. It is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.



CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition, held at 120, Pall Mall, although but yet young, has already, in its youth, risen into popularity. As a collection of professed sketches, it was at once interesting, as showing crude ideas, out of which magnificent works of Art have grown. But we predicted, after the first season, that it would not remain an exhibition of sketches, and now it comes forth with a catalogue of works as scrupulously elaborated as if in emulation of ultra-Pre-Raffaellism. From the beginning, the pictures sent hither have been small, and, by a general understanding, they continue small; and many of them are worked into gems by skill and felicity of manipulation. We never look for religious Art as a feature in any of our exhibitions; and yet, in truth, there is more of this than of legitimate history; and less here than anywhere do we expect either, seeing that it is a magazine of essays as brilliant as may be consistent with brevity. To these good works are of course appended good names: we have, therefore, Maclise, Stanfield, Ward, Roberts, Poole, Phillip, Millais, W. H. Hunt, &c. Maclise's subject is 'Lear and Cordelia,' and the particular passage may be that in the third scene of the fifth act, wherein Lear says—

"Have I caught thee?"

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven," &c., as holding his daughter to his bosom. The picture is not so highly worked as are Maclise's productions generally, and thus the lines are less absolute; it seems to have been quickly finished, but is nevertheless a masterly composition.

In Phillip's picture (No. 126), 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' we again salute the Spanish girl whose acquaintance we have already made: she is *piquante*, and pronounces from her eyes the Spanish motto, "Love is all in all," that stands appended to the title. 'A Girl standing at a Well,' and 'A Girl going to the Spring' (Nos. 127 and 128), are contributed by P. F. Poole—small studies, the figures standing out, and sparkling with that effulgence that is eminently a property of the compositions of the painter. 'A Pastoral,' by C. Rossiter, presents a group of children in a sunny field, with a sprinkling of sheep, somewhere about Hampstead: one of them, the Tityrus of the party, plays a tin whistle. They are crisp in execution, and effective in colour. No. 136, 'Dancing Lesson,' and the two following numbers, by F. Smallfield, show their author at once to be an accomplished painter, exercising the still safer part of a yet earnest student. By Rebecca Solomon there are two works, entitled, 'Reading for Pluck,' and 'Reading for Honours,' in the latter of which we see a gownsman, who conducts his reading upon the principle that the proper study of mankind is woman: both are spirited pictures.

'Boswell's Introduction to the Literary Club' (No. 45), Eyre Crowe, is a careful work, but the effect of the whole is embarrassed by the necessity of preserving fully-lighted portraits of the persons introduced. The resemblances are not happy: at least, the heads of Goldsmith and of Johnson are not those that we are accustomed to hail across Wardour Street; nor is that of Reynolds like the portrait in the doctor's gown, before which we always stand uncovered.

'The Anxious Look-out' (No. 58), Thomas Faed, is a fisherman's wife, standing with her ready creel on the sea-shore. The sky is dark and lowering, so as to give point to the title. The figure is as palpable a presence as anything Mr. Faed has ever done. 'The Little Cardinal' (No. 62), is a small portrait of a child, wearing a red cape, and enthroned in a stately chair—a study of commanding power; and (No. 63) 'The May Garland,' a little girl with a plaited coronal of flowers, is similarly qualified: both are by W. Gale. 'Waiting for the Return of the Herring Boats,' a water-colour drawing by Miss Margaret Gillies, presents a study that may be recognised as after a Newhaven fish-girl. When Miss Gillies condescends to subject-matter of this class, the nature is as true, as that high sentiment, which she usually paints, is penetrating. 'The School-girl's Hymn,' by W. H. Hunt (No. 97), sustains the line of practice that Mr. Hunt has hitherto professed: although the subject is commonplace, its success is remote. The lines quoted are

lightsome and cheerful, but this feeling does not appear in the study. 'Meditation,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., is a small female head, all but in profile, with a complexion uniformly red—a rule of colour much affected by the school to which Mr. Millais belongs, although unexcused by fact. A *lusus naturæ* may supply a *lusus artis*—a curious but not a beautiful picture. By Simeon Solomon, 'David playing before Saul' (No. 146), is a careful composition. Mrs. E. M. Ward contributes (No. 158) 'Bed-time,' a work that we have already spoken of, last season; and 'Morning,' and 'Home Thoughts' (Nos. 156 and 157), E. M. Ward, R.A., appeared in the Royal Academy last season. 'Il Giuoco de Passatella—Osteria Romana in Trastevere,' by Brandon, a dark composition, showing a company of gambling Trasteverini, is a work of some classic taste—an artist's rather than an amateur's picture. 'Una Madrilona' (No. 27), P. H. Calderon, is a study of a girl's head, natural and forcible. 'Cordelia' (No. 98), Alexander Johnston, is a half-length figure in a light blue robe. She is represented as turning aside from the wrath of her father, immediately after her disinheritance:—

"What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent."

It is a conception of much sweetness. The light is managed with admirable effect. 'A Turkish Lady,' and 'A Portrait,' by J. H. S. Mann, are highly successful in that luminous, life-like warmth that distinguishes all the works of this artist. 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh hut in vain' (No. 120), H. S. Marks, is remarkable for beautiful quality.

There are by C. Stanfield, R.A., two pictures, small, but unusually full of felicitous allusion: they are Nos. 146 and 147, 'The Goodwin Sands,' and 'The Land's End,' the former an especially melancholy tale of a forsaken wreck on a patch of the traitorous Goodwin. 'Richmond, Yorkshire,' George Stanfield, has more local reality than we have ever seen in any view of the place. Roberts's two pictures, 'The Remains of the Temple of Pallas and Minerva, at Rome' (No. 129), and 'Remains of the Temple of Mars Ultor, at Rome' (No. 30), are both small pictures, treated with so resolute a denial as to light and colour, that they already look old pictures, and as grave as any Poussin. G. E. Hering contributes a pretty triad of small pictures in one frame, entitled 'Mountain, Lake, and Waterfall,' three short chapters of Italian romance. There are many other works that merit description, but we can only give a few of the names of the artists, as E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., E. Hayes, A.R.H.A., F. W. Hulme, F. W. Keyl, A. J. Lewis, J. W. Oakes, Henry Wallis, W. C. Thomas, H. C. Whaite, J. T. Willmore, A. W. Williams, &c. &c.

Under the same roof, but on an upper floor, there is a "Collection of one hundred drawings from Pictures in the Private Collections of the Queen," made by permission of her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort. According to the express command of the Queen, all the drawings are in water-colour, in some instances by the authors of the original pictures, in others they have been touched upon by the artists; and in each case the permission was limited to one copy, the whole having been made for publication in the "Royal Gallery of Art" and "The Art-Journal." Among these copies are certainly examples of water-colour art, which, as copies, will perhaps never be equalled, because a similar opportunity for making them may not again arise. Many of these copies have been painted at Osborne, selected from the collections of modern Art; and numerous gems have been gathered from the collections at Buckingham Palace, where are distributed the Dutch and Flemish collections, pre-eminent in the estimation of George IV.; and those at Windsor, of various schools and times. A few of the most memorable of the productions of our own schools are—'The Wolf and the Lamb,' Mulready; 'Ischia,' Stanfield; 'The Marmozettes,' Sir E. Landseer; 'Midas,' Maclise; and 'Gil Blas,' by the same; 'The Opening of London Bridge,' Stanfield; 'Entrance of George IV. into Holyrood,' Wilkie; 'The Fountain at Madrid,' Roberts; 'The Seraglio,' Danby; and others by the best painters of all times, among whom we find Quentin Matsys, Vandyke, Rubens, Guido, Claude, Cuypp, Vandervelde, &c.; and of these masters the works that have been engraved are among the best.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ASYLUM FOR THE ORPHANS OF ARTISTS.—Mr. S. C. Hall has issued the following circular, addressed to artists, patrons of Art, those who love Art, and those who—benevolent in all things, and beneficent in many—readily accord aid, where it can achieve good, and lessen suffering. Mr. Hall's object is to ascertain to what extent assistance in promoting this project may be hoped for. If he receive replies—approving, and tendering support—sufficient to justify procedure, he will endeavour, by God's help and blessing, to form and establish such an Institution as that referred to. If his application be not adequately responded to, he will leave the work to be performed by some more happy advocate and more fortunate labourer. It will, for the present, suffice to say, that the proposed Institution is for the orphans (loss of the father constituting an orphan) of Painters, Sculptors, Architects, and Engravers; and that it will be a guiding principle of the Institution to hear in mind, they are the children of gentlemen, to be lodged, hoarded, clothed, and educated, and launched on the voyage of life.

4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE,
October 25th.

May I presume to ask you to consider this project.

While nearly all professions and occupations have instituted Asylums, in which the orphans of their members may be sustained, instructed, and prepared for the battle of life, the Profession that especially requires such aid has no Institution of the kind.

Artists are very rarely in a position to make provision for the future of their children, when death deprives them of a guide and protector: so many sad cases of destitution have come under my notice, that I earnestly desire to see another added to the many benevolent Institutions of the Metropolis, and respectfully ask your assistance to found an Asylum for the orphan children of Artists.

If the result of this preliminary application be such as to justify further proceedings, I will devote time and energies to accomplish the object; and, by God's help and blessing, we may thus establish one of the most valuable—as it is, undoubtedly, one of the most needed—Institutions of the Kingdom.

If you will do me the honour to reply to this letter, you will greatly encourage me to take the steps that are requisite, and permit me again to communicate with you.

Your faithful servant,

S. C. HALL.

SIR,—If an asylum for the Orphans of Artists be formed to my satisfaction, under circumstances of which I approve, and under such auspices as I believe will ensure its success, I am willing to present the sum of £ to such institution, or to contribute annually the sum of £ to its support.

To S. C. HALL, Esq., F.S.A.,
Art-Journal Office,
4, Lancaster Place, London.

It will thus be seen, that all Mr. Hall requires is a *pledge of assistance* in the event of arrangements being satisfactory, a competent committee formed, with reasonable assurance of a successful issue. It will be for those who read this statement, to give, or to withhold, such encouragement as may induce the labour that is necessary for the establishment of AN ASYLUM FOR THE ORPHANS OF ARTISTS. When the experiment has been fully tried, the readers of the *Art-Journal* may look for a report of the result.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The two associate-members elected to fill the vacancies created by the deaths of Mr. Leslie and Sir Robert Smirke, are Messrs. John Phillip and Sydney Smirke. The latter, an architect of no inconsiderable eminence, owes his election, no doubt, chiefly to his name: for we believe there is now, as there ought to be, a general indisposition to recruit the ranks of the Academy from a body that has a power to confer honours quite as valuable as those which "the forty" bestow. No one will question the right of Mr. Phillip to the distinction he has obtained. As an artist he holds a foremost place: in all other respects—as a gentleman, and a man of industry and of high integrity—he is an acquisition to the Academy. He is, however, though by no means a young man, one of the youngest of the associates: there are others—not many—who with equal claims, have waited longer for preferment. Surely, that system cannot be other than evil which keeps such men as Mr. Phillip knocking at the door for entrance until his head is bald or his hair is grey, and then admits him in preference to those who have been knocking yet longer. The Royal Academy will very soon have to elect another Academician and four "Associates;" for, almost at the very hour, on the evening of November 16th, when they were proceeding with the business of electing the new members, the oldest on

the list of academicians, the venerable James Ward, passed away from the scene of his long labours; and, on the 18th, Mr. F. Stone, A.R.A., died. We must postpone till next month any further notice of the deceased painters. The list of candidates for the Associateship is not encouraging.*

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—From a statement which has recently appeared in the *Times*, it would appear that our national collection is to be enriched by the acquisition of two fine pictures by Ruysdael, from the gallery of Count Stolberg, a Hanoverian nobleman, which has lately been disposed of by auction. The sale attracted many competitors, among whom were Dr. Waagen, the director of the Berlin Museum, Sir C. Eastlake, and others. There was an animated contest for the two works in question—pictures of high repute—and they were eventually knocked down to Sir Charles, or an agent of his, for the sums of £1180, and £1060, respectively. The collection included 365 pictures: among them was a Correggio, which sold for £750, a large landscape by Ruysdael (not one of those already referred to), for £600, and a small work by Raffaele, “of miniature-like character,” as it is described, which was bought in by Count Stolberg, for about £1500.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—Mr. Sang has completed the decoration of the Exchange in a taste similar to that of the former embellishments, but on the side walls not so redundantly. The design is made to coincide with the large and small arches which rise immediately under the ceiling, in harmony with which the walls are divided into large and small panels. The large panels are painted buff, and in the centres are groups of fruit and flowers. The small panels are blue, surmounted at the arch by a bearded mask. The roof of the covered space is coffered, on the divisions of which are classic running ornaments, and the panels, variously coloured, are enriched with florid designs, bearing at intervals the royal arms, those of the Prince of Wales, and certain of the city authorities, especially of the Drapers' Company, and of Sir Thomas Gresham, whose monogram appears everywhere in the compositions. The painting is free and sketchy, and, on the whole, satisfactory. The former designs were principally Renaissance, from the Vatican; the present have a like origin, but are not so exclusively Raffaellesque.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Not the least valuable of the present arrangements at the South Kensington Museum are those which provide for the free Public Exhibition of Collections of Work of Art, and other objects of interest and importance, that are lent for that purpose by their proprietors. The museum is exactly the place thus to form a connecting link between collectors and the public. By these means collectors have the satisfaction of extending the usefulness of their cabinets and galleries, and causing gratification, far more widely than they could otherwise accomplish; and the public are enabled to enjoy advantages which, without the facilities afforded by the museum, it would have been very difficult, if not impossible, to bring within their reach. At the present time the University of Oxford still keeps at South Kensington its extensive and most precious collection of original drawings by Raffaele and Michael Angelo. With the Oxford drawings Mr. J. C. Robinson has associated a series of additional works, of the same class, by the same great masters, of the highest interest. In an adjoining saloon there now are placed eight large cases, filled with a splendid collection of the choicest majolica, and with various works of the utmost beauty, in ivory, glass, crystal, the precious metals, and bronze, the property of Mr. A. Barker. Near at hand are other cases filled with the various acquisitions of choice works of oriental art and art-manufacture, which Lord Elgin was enabled to secure during his recent diplomatic mission to China and Japan. These

collections ought to be seen and studied carefully by all who are practically interested in the advance of Art-manufactures amongst ourselves; and they also will be found particularly instructive to every student of the history of the Eastern races of our species. In one case is a group, unrivalled we believe in England, of the delicate egg-shell porcelain of Japan, with its characteristic figure-painting, its rich gilding, and glowing colours. So thin and film-like are some of the pieces that they are almost transparent, and seem too fragile to endure a touch. Textile fabrics of the most gorgeous richness occupy other cases. Cabinets, arms, screens, carvings, weapons, personal ornaments, imitations of European objects, such as clocks and spectacles, and a cut glass tumbler, with many other productions, are grouped in a still larger case. The skill, precision, and effectiveness with which every object has been executed, and the evident aim at manufacturing perfection which characterises them all, cannot fail to convey an important lesson. We never remember to have seen before either such admirable carvings in jade and steatite, or lacquered objects of such high order as works of Art. Another case from Japan claims particular attention, from the circumstance that its contents consist entirely of illustrated Japanese books. Of the literature of these remarkable productions we are constrained to be silent: but the beauty of the writing, and the artistic and evidently appropriate character of the illustrations, can be read, and understood, and appreciated without a knowledge of a single character in the alphabet of Japan. We hope to learn that these illustrated books will be photographed, together with the various objects of Art-manufacture which surround them. The arrangements for exhibiting the English pictures are now completed: the rooms will be opened to the public ere our Journal is in the hands of our subscribers.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The works that were left this season for copying were “Contemplation,” Reynolds; the charming “Miss Linley,” Gainsborough; “Portrait of a Lady,” and “Portrait of a Gentleman,” F. Hals; “A Girl Feeding Pigs,” Gainsborough; “Virgin and Child,” Vandyke; “Mrs. Gainsborough,” and “Miss Gainsborough,” Gainsborough; “A Lady,” Romney; “Landscape,” Poussin; “An Old Man,” Rembrandt; “River View,” Van Goyen; “Lord Sackville,” “Mr. and Mrs. Hallett,” and “Family Group,” Gainsborough; “Landscape,” De Koning; “Landscape,” Poussin; “Abraham's Sacrifice,” Spagnoletto; “Angel releasing St. Peter from Prison,” Hilton: a selection presenting a variety whence to choose. The favourites, however, were Reynolds's “Contemplation,” and some of Gainsborough's portraits. To artists the Rembrandt is a tempting study, but the peculiar texture and the rare ugliness of the head are very difficult to imitate. The copies were numerous, and some very successful.

BUST OF STEPHENSON.—We find the honoured name of “Wedgwood” affixed to a bust of one of the most famous men of our epoch; we rejoice at so auspicious an event; we have—alas! how often—exclaimed, “Ichabod!” when examining the grand achievements of pottery that sixty or seventy years ago delighted and instructed mind and eye. We may hope for a restoration. This bust is issued by “Wedgwood and Sons.” Though genius is not hereditary, there may be of the “Sons” one who will uphold the hereditary renown to which he may lay just and indisputable claim. This bust is a right good example of its class: of capital “material,” carefully manipulated and well modelled. It is reduced (though not of a small size) from the bust by E. W. Wyon, and is certainly the best likeness of the great engineer.

THE STATUE OF GOLDSMITH, proposed to be erected in Dublin, is to be executed by an Irishman as famous in Art as the great poet is in Letters—J. H. Foley, who will thus honour his eminent countryman in the Irish capital, and within view of the college in which his early education was obtained. We are, therefore, secure of another fine statue—we need no other assurance than the name of the sculptor. The brief circular states that “it only remains to supply the necessary funds, and the Committee appeal with confidence to the liberality of all patriotic Irishmen, and other admirers of the genius of Goldsmith, for their support in this endeavour, too long delayed, to pay a well-merited honour to the memory of their illustrious countryman.” The

list of subscribers is at present far too limited to justify immediate steps for the execution of the work. No doubt, however, the list will be rapidly augmented.

ART-EMPLOYMENT FOR FEMALES.—Whatever presents a probable and suitable addition to the few employments open to educated females is entitled to be welcomed; any branch connected with Art is especially interesting to us, as well as to the readers of this Journal. It is, therefore, with more than ordinary satisfaction that we have seen some specimens of decorations in the Arabesque style, produced by young ladies educated at the Government Schools of Design, executed under the directions of Mr. John Stewart, and which promises to open up a wide field for this class of females. The specimens we have seen are painted on paper in oil-colours, thus having all the convenience of paper-hangings, with all the advantages and variety of oil-painting and hand-decorations. Under such guidance and control as Mr. Stewart's, there can be no doubt that females educated at these schools of design may to a very large extent be employed in such work, because it supplies a want, long felt to exist, of some intermediate style of decoration between paper-hangings and Art, at a price within the reach of an important and numerous section of the community, who were not prepared to incur the cost of Art, and who had become tired of paper-hangings. Mr. Stewart's scheme of employing females, if well worked, is adapted to supply this want; and we are glad to learn that there is every prospect of its receiving sufficient practical encouragement.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS.—A series of admirable stereoscopic views has been submitted to us by Mr. W. Woodward, a practical chemist at Nottingham. These copies from nature are remarkably good; they consist chiefly of venerable ruins and picturesque passages among the lakes and hills of the North—the tourist, with his auxiliary, having taken a run into Scotland as far as Kelso, Melrose, and Abbotsford. His professional knowledge has obviously given him much advantage; he seems also to have been aided considerably by artistic skill—at least, in so far as relates to selection and arrangement of points of views. The series is, therefore, an acquisition of value, and may be recommended to those who are making selections.

ENGINE-TURNING.—Messrs. Ellis Brothers, of Exeter, who have acquired large provincial celebrity as silversmiths, and whose works obtained marked distinction in 1851, have registered some “improvements” in the application of engine-turning to the ordinary work of plated forks, spoons, &c., which give to the object a greatly better effect when introduced judiciously. They inform us that little additional cost is incurred by the process.

Mr. JOHN BETTRIDGE, OF BIRMINGHAM, is, we are glad to learn, continuing the business of manufacturer of papier-mâché and japanned works generally, in the establishment that has been justly “famous” for more than half a century, as the firm of “Jennens and Bettridge.” It is within our knowledge that to the judgment and educated taste of Mr. John Bettridge, the manufactory has been mainly indebted for its high repute: he is, moreover, much esteemed and respected. The issues of the new firm will, therefore, we are assured, be commensurate with modern advancements in the important art. In no branch of Art-manufacture has progress been more indubitable, nor is there any which affords so many facilities for excellence. It is, therefore, exceedingly satisfactory to know that the largest and most productive establishment of the kind in Europe is in “good hands;” and while we cordially wish success to Mr. John Bettridge, we shall do our utmost to promote it.

THE HUNTER MEMORIAL.—The committee appointed to direct the execution of the statue of John Hunter, have selected a limited number of sculptors (principally of the Academy), to send in designs. The committee prescribe as the base of the design they would prefer, Reynolds's portrait, which is now in rags, and would have been lost in character but for John Jackson's copy in the National Portrait Gallery. The difficulty of rendering the sitting figure a faithful semblance of the portrait will be insurmountable, as the “twist” of the figure cannot be given in sculpture, so as to afford any thoughtful relief to the pose.

* The list has been printed in the *Athenæum*, from which we reprint it:—

Painters.—Messrs. R. Ansdell, M. Claxton, A. Corbould, J. Cross, J. Danby, W. C. T. Dobson, W. B. Ford, H. Graves, G. E. Hering, G. E. Hicks, A. Johnston, W. D. Kennedy, G. Lance, H. Le Jeune, D. Macnee, J. Meadows, G. W. Mote, R. Norbury, J. W. Oakes, H. O'Neil, H. W. Phillips, H. H. Pickersgill, S. Pearce, A. Schoefft, A. Solomon, J. Stewart, W. C. Thomas, G. H. Thomas, P. M. Villamil, H. T. Wells, and H. B. Willis. **Sculptors.**—Messrs. G. G. Adams, T. Earle, W. Theed, J. Thomas, T. Thornycroft, and W. F. Woodington. **Architect.**—Mr. E. Falkener. **Engravers.**—Messrs. H. Lemon, J. Stephenson, J. H. Watt, and R. Wallis.

REVIEWS.

THE ART OF ILLUMINATING, AS PRACTISED IN EUROPE FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES. By W. R. TYMMS. With an Essay, and Instructions as to its Practice, by M. DIOBY WYATT. Published by DAY & SON, London.

The high favour with which the mediæval art of illuminating is now regarded by many persons, has very naturally called forth an additional series of examples and authorities, to range with the works upon the same subject by Noel Humphreys, Westwood, and Shaw. The new publication is at once an example of the skill and versatility with which Messrs. Day are able to apply the resources of chromo-lithography, and a most valuable addition to the peculiar class of illustrated literature to which it belongs. In the parts that have at present been issued, examples only of letters, borders, and various decorative accessories, have been introduced; of these each monthly part contains eight pages, exquisitely printed, on tinted grounds, in gold and colours. The century to which the several examples are to be assigned is set forth at the foot of each page, and the concluding part is to contain a general essay upon the illuminator's art, coupled with instructions as to its practice, by Mr. Digby Wyatt.

The six parts that lie before us contain examples ranging from the sixth to the sixteenth century, both inclusive; and they are remarkable no less for their variety than for their characteristic and expressive style. The alphabets that have been given, have been judiciously selected; the large and richly illuminated single letters are admirable specimens of both their period and their class; and whatever borders and ornaments have been introduced are equally meritorious. But few examples have at present been introduced of the medallions and miniatures which constitute such important features in the early illuminations. It is to be hoped that the work, when completed, will contain a carefully prepared index, that will refer every example to the authority from which it has been derived, and also will classify chronologically the whole series of examples.

The beauty, precision, and uniformity of character which distinguish the writing in mediæval MSS., cannot fail to attract attention and to excite admiration. The plain and yet nobly simple forms of the Roman letters, and the rich dignity of the Lombardic, were thoroughly appreciated by the calligraphers of the middle ages. They appear to have delighted in modifying the contour of the letters; and, by varying both their size and their enrichments, they evidently felt that they had at their command inexhaustible materials for the successful practice of their art. In now reviving this early art, its admirers may rest content with following the authority of the original examples. Illuminating is still a mediæval art, if it still exists as an art. As a matter of course, it may be applied at the present time to present objects and uses, but still it must treat such objects and uses after a mediæval manner. The illuminator of to-day need not think of any fresh development of the art of illuminating: what he has to do is to secure such a publication as this by Mr. Tymms, and to work in its spirit and in accordance with its teaching. The application of the art rests with the illuminator, but its principles and its practice also have long ago been determined for him. It is indeed true that the old system may be in some degree applied to the production of a strictly modern and fresh style of decorative writing. This, however, can scarcely be called "illuminating," or, if it is, it is a style of illuminating altogether distinct from the early art which Mr. Tymms is so successfully illustrating, and which we feel assured will be no less happily described and taught by Mr. Digby Wyatt. This art of illuminating is one in which the student must seek his models of excellence from the past, because in times past the art itself attained to its highest attainable perfection. His encouragement consists in the intrinsic excellence of the early models themselves: and Mr. Tymms comes opportunely to his aid with beautiful fac-simile specimens of many of the most excellent of their number.

THE TURNER GALLERY. With Descriptions by R. W. WORNUM. Part IV. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The opening plate of this number is "The Death of Nelson," engraved by J. B. Allen. A nautical man would probably see much to find fault with in the build and "rig" of Turner's men-of-war, and in the positions in which the artist places them; but the din and confusion of battle are here: the

rent sails, the dismantled hulls, the smoke, and heat, and excitement of a great naval action. The scene is depicted by a poet-painter, and not by an artist whose vocation is marine-portraiture. The second engraving, by E. Challis, is, "The Arch of Titus, Rome;" one of Turner's Italian "dreams," a gorgeous representation of architectural debris, fascinating to look upon, and such as none but Turner could imagine. The last subject is, "The Opening of the Walhalla," engraved by C. Cousen; here, too, nature is made subservient to the painter's imagination; he clothes her in a garb of his own fancy, and it is one of dazzling splendour: the rolling Danube never saw such a gathering on its banks, and even Ludwig I. would never recognise his country and his subjects in this beautiful composition—a leaf culled from a poet's page. It is charmingly engraved—indeed, throughout the series hitherto, the engravers seem to have exerted themselves to the utmost to do justice to the works of the great painter, as well as to render the publication—what it bids fair to be—one of the most enviable which enterprise and capital can produce.

THE CAMPAIGN IN INDIA, 1857—58. From Drawings made during the eventful period of the great Mutiny, by GEORGE FRANCKLIN ATKINSON, Captain Bengal Engineers. Illustrating the Military Operations before Delhi and its Neighbourhood. With Descriptive Letterpress. Dedicated by permission to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

"CURRY AND RICE" ON FORTY PLATES; OR, THE INGREDIENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE AT "OUR STATION" IN INDIA. By GEORGE FRANCKLIN ATKINSON, Captain Bengal Engineers, &c. Second Edition. Published by DAY & SON, London.

Like the famous shield with its opposite sides, one of them golden and the other of silver, so has human life two distinct aspects, both of which need to be seen by the same observer before he can form a just estimate of either. It is the contrast and the connection between the two phases of life that constitute a true picture of what any particular condition and circumstance of life may really be; and, singularly enough, it commonly happens that the perplexing points which present themselves to the observer, as he gazes upon one side of the picture before him, are explained in the simplest and most satisfactory manner by what the other side has to show of scenes and incidents and characters of an exactly opposite description.

Never were two works in stronger contrast than the two clever, graphic, and beautifully executed productions of Captain Atkinson, with their admirable lithographs. It is easy to recognise in both the mind and the hand of the same Captain Atkinson, as a single glance suffices to establish an identity of origin for every drawing. And yet, how different is the impression produced by each set of drawings, and each series of brief descriptive sketches! Here is "Social Life" in India; there, in the same India, the "Great Rebellion" and the "military operations before Delhi" rise into view. The country is the same in both instances,—the people are the same; but we should know them only in part, unless we could couple together these two fearfully distinct chapters in their history. The "Curry and Rice"—the "Social Life," has very naturally attained to a "second edition;" and, consequently, we may no less naturally assume that a "first edition" some short time ago preceded it. But the "Campaign in India" is altogether new, and a really magnificent new book we may pronounce it to be. No doubt or question exists for a single moment about the groups in either work, and the pen of the gallant captain carries conviction with it, no less promptly and no less conclusively than does his pencil. These two books, taken together, tell the story of the English in India. The social life explains the war life, and in the war life we discern upon what the social life is built up. And these pictures of English war life in India have a terrible and yet a glorious grandeur about them, that makes one shudder and feel proud at the same moment. There the direst of evils are displayed side by side with the most magnificent of patriotic heroisms. The one fact that such a man as "Hodson, of Hodson's Horse," appeared on the scene in India, "during the eventful period of the Great Mutiny," in itself proclaims England to be invincible. The engravings which represent that modern Paladin, when once seen, will not readily be forgotten: it is Hodson himself whom we see in them. And in the whole collection of twenty-six plates, there is not one which is wanting in the power to produce a deep and a lasting impression.

The work is in large folio; and in every detail of its production it bears testimony to the most careful

as well as the most skilful preparation. The lithographs, executed in the tinted manner, form a collection of historical pictures of equal interest and excellence. The "Plates" on which the "Curry and Rice" are served, are much smaller in size than those in what we must designate the "companion volume," and in their character they are more sketchy and somewhat more fanciful also than the military scenes and incidents: they possess their own appropriate merits, however, as this "second edition" significantly testifies. We congratulate Messrs. Day on the production of both works; and we at the same time rejoice to know that, when English officers make drawings such as these, they can find in England both artists able and ready to reproduce them in lithography in this manner, and fellow-countrymen who can appreciate works that are, in every respect, so signally honourable to all who have taken a part in placing them before the public.

URE'S DICTIONARY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, AND MINES. Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S., F.S.S. Illustrated with nearly Two Thousand Engravings on Wood. Part I. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Dr. Ure's dictionary has long been a text-book with the classes whom it most concerns; and in such a country as ours these classes form no inconsiderable item in our population. It has already passed through several editions, in order to keep pace with the advances of scientific discovery, and its applications; but since the last edition made its appearance, those discoveries have been so numerous, rapid, and varied, that the proprietors of the copyright have deemed it necessary to have the entire work carefully revised, and enlarged to a considerable extent, to meet the progress of the age. The duty of editing was entrusted to Mr. Robert Hunt, a gentleman well-fitted for the task, as the readers of the *Art-Journal* must be fully aware; and he has called in, to co-operate with him, a large number of the most competent authorities on the respective subjects, to enable him to supply information from the most reliable sources. Very many of the articles have been entirely re-written; indeed, more than two-thirds of the work, as now published, is original matter. "To such an extent," says the publishers' prospectus, "has this, and the process of re-arrangement for facility of reference, been carried, that the present may be fairly regarded as an original production, based on, and fully maintaining, the plan of the previous work." A dictionary that has already gained so high a place in the estimation of those connected with, or interested in, the great scientific and industrial communities, must certainly, in its extended and revised form, find still higher favour.

POEMS OF JAMES MONTGOMERY. Selected and Edited by ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT. Illustrated with One Hundred Designs by JOHN GILBERT, J. WOLF, BIRKET FOSTER, &c. Engraved by the Brothers DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

If James Montgomery was not a great poet, he was, at least, a very sweet one, whose verses are worthy of being embalmed in such a shrine as this elegant volume. It contains the whole, or nearly so, of his best lyrics—the "Pelican Island," slightly abridged, and his longer poems, the "West Indies," "Greenland," and the "World before the Flood," with some passages omitted. But why has the editor left out the "Climbing-Boy's Soliloquies?"—certainly one of the most powerful poems of the author, dramatically written, and presenting many pictorial features. The illustrations in this volume are quite equal to any to which for a long time past we have seen the names of the respective artists attached; and the subjects have been engraved with a delicacy and taste for which the names of Messrs. Dalziel are a warranty. This will prove a right welcome gift-book for Christmas or the New Year.

THE MOST EXCELLENT HISTORIE OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Published by S. LOW & Co., London.

This is somewhat of a novelty in the way of a Christmas book. Spenser, Milton, and Cowper, Scott, Southey, Thomson, and Byron, and a host of minor poets, have all gone through the process of illustration; and at length we have one of the immortal Shakspeare's dramas submitted to a like ordeal. The idea is good, and we hope the "Merchant of Venice" is the precursor of many others from the same source. The artists who have been engaged to illustrate the volume are those whose pencils have long been employed upon similar

work: Messrs. Birket Foster, G. H. Thomas, and H. Brandling; the engravers are Messrs. W. Thomas, H. Harral, and W. Palmer. Mr. Harry Rogers has contributed several elegant emblematical devices and ornaments, which are engraved by Mr. E. Evans. The version of the play is not quite intact, the editor considering it to be his duty, as the book is intended for a "gift-book for families, to omit a few lines, which, in the present age, might be thought objectionable;" the pruning has not been injudiciously effected, and might, probably, have been carried a little farther without injury to the reputation of the great dramatist: Bowdler used his knife a little more freely than was perhaps quite necessary. It is the licence of speech and thought in which Shakspeare indulged, and which was considered tolerant in his time, that so often keeps his glorious writings a sealed book to the young. The "Merchant of Venice" never appeared in a more inviting garb than this.

THE STRUGGLES OF A VILLAGE LAD. Published by WILLIAM TWEEDIE, London.

"The Struggles of a Village Lad" is a simple tale, very charmingly told—with an eye, perhaps, a little too evidently turned to "fact," but, it may be, all the more valuable on that account. It is written in perfect harmony, and frequently in illustration, of those principles of "teetotalism," which we can never advocate too warmly. We recommend the tale to fathers of families, and directors of public schools, knowing it cannot fail to interest and instruct.

NURSERY POETRY. By Mrs. MOTHERLY. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

"Nursery poetry" is a very difficult sort of poetry to write; you must catch your little readers' attention, and keep it—not by reason, so much as by ideas within their comprehension; and while you do not weary them, draw them onwards, so that the facts of the poem may be established in each growing mind. Mrs. Motherly writes as if she loved her task, and her teaching; the poems can be easily committed to memory; and the illustrations are simple and appropriate. The type is, as it should be, large and distinct, and the book clearly printed, and firmly bound.

BEACH RAMBLES. By J. G. FRANCIS. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This book is a perfect cabinet of knowledge, and young and old pebble and crystal hunters cannot fail to profit by its contents. It is, indeed, a handbook for the sea-beach; and the coloured illustrations, by our friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. COLEMAN, obviate many difficulties, which had not the publisher availed himself of his valuable services, might have been stumbling-blocks to the tyro. Mr. Francis' style is singularly clear, and he really gives all the information necessary to the collector.

THE BOOKS OF THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE SOWLE. Edited by KATHRINE J. CUST. Published by PICKERING, Piccadilly.

A quaint moral volume, from the press of William Caxton, in 1483, is now reproduced for modern criticism; it may be said that its age relieves it from that ordeal, but inasmuch as few ever read, or saw the original, it comes with a certain novelty to us. The utility of reprinting such a book at all may be questioned, and it may be another added to the many instances of "reburying the dead," which Horace Walpole affirmed was the chief employ of literary antiquaries. But the work before us has more claim than usual on the attention of modern scholars, inasmuch as the pilgrim imagined by Guillaume de Guileville in the fourteenth century, is the prototype of that of immortal John Bunyan in the seventeenth. It is instructive to note the difference of thought and feeling in the two eras; the somewhat wordy mysticism of the mediæval, and the bold, practical, manly common sense of the puritan, writer. Sooth to say, Guileville is somewhat tedious, and the volume will chiefly be used as a curious reference-book by those who desire to look upon the weak foreshadowings of "great creatures."

THE
JUVENILE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS
OF THE SEASON.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.*

It has been so frequently our duty to state what we considered juvenile literature ought to be, that we may limit ourselves this year to brief notices of the several volumes that have been placed before us for notice, as the Christmas and New Year draw nigh to us. Our young friends will have no cause to complain; there is an abundance for both boys and girls: pretty books, in pretty bindings; some mingling a little teaching with a great deal of mirth; others, a little mirth with a great deal of teaching; while others are apparently without thought to either teaching or mirth—telling a tale after the old fashion of "once upon a time," straight on and straight through. First, we render homage to a pretty illuminated volume, called

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—This is a very charming gift-book, we might, with due reverence, almost call it "texts from Shakespeare;" every sentence is a gem; we are well pleased to possess the casket. The "illuminations" would have looked better on a larger page, but they do credit to the taste and skill of Mr. Stanesby, though occasionally the printing is a little "smudged"—this, however, may be the case only with our copy.

HAND SHADOWS is a second series of what has been very amusing and popular in a former volume. It is a common observation that a second series is never so good as a first; there is no rule without an exception, and this is one. Some of the "shadows," however, will be difficult to produce.

FUNNY FABLES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.—We rejoice to find the graceful and tender pen of "Tom Hood's" daughter employed for the benefit of other "little people" besides her own. Never did a more brilliant, more amusing, or a better, and healthier, volume issue from "the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard,"—even during the palmy days of renowned "Harris," the wonder of the world in young eyes. The "fables" contain the happiest mingling of fun, fancy, humour, and instruction, we have met with for many a long day; the book is clearly printed, and the illustrations make us regret they are so few in number. Whatever attractions other volumes may put forth, neither the subjects or their treatment, in Mrs. Broderip's book, can be excelled. This accomplished lady will be—to quote the advertisement of the soothing syrup—"a real blessing to mothers," if she but go deeper into the mine of the ore of which she has supplied so valuable a specimen.

BLIND MAN'S HOLIDAY is another book for very young readers. It is written by the author of "Through the Shadows," and will be welcomed in every nursery where it finds a place. The illustrations are equal to Mr. Absolon's usual book-plates, and they are always good.

THE GIRL'S OWN TOY-MAKER is one of those suggestive little books that become perfect treasures to industrious children, and teach those who are not industrious to think, and even act, for themselves. To blend employment with amusement, or rather to learn that there is no amusement without employment, is one of the arts of education; and while juveniles, guided by the engravings and directions, imagine they are constructing toys, they

* Shakespeare's Household Words.

Hand Shadows. By Henry Bursill.

Funny Fables for Little Folks. By Frances Freeling Broderip. With Illustrations by her Brother, Thomas Hood, the younger.

Blind Man's Holiday. By the author of "Through the Shadows." With Illustrations by John Absolon.

The Girl's Own Toy-maker. By Mr. and Miss Alice Landells.

Tuppy. By the author of "The Triumphs of Steam." With Illustrations by Harrison Weir.

The Nine Lives of a Cat. With Illustrations by Mr. Charles Bennett.

Will Weatherhelm. By Mr. Kingstou. With Illustrations by G. H. Thomas.

The White Elephant of Ava. By William Dalton, author of "The War Tiger." With Illustrations by Harrison Weir.

Frank and Andrea. By Alfred Elwes. With Illustrations by Mr. Robert Dudley.

are really acquiring industry, thought, constructiveness, and order: learning to make the most of everything, and pleased with their new-found power. We congratulate Mr. and Miss Alice Landells on this valuable toy-book, and assure our readers that there can hardly be a more useful present to the nursery.

TUPPY is by the author of "The Triumphs of Steam," and comes with the credit of Harrison Weir's illustrations. Certainly Messrs. Griffith & Co. "turn out" their books admirably; and, we must say, that "the autobiography of Tuppy," a singularly intelligent donkey, is worthy of the distinction conferred on him by Mr. Harrison Weir.

THE NINE LIVES OF A CAT is a very pretty brochure for the nursery; the illustrations, by Mr. Charles Bennett, are exceedingly clever. The author tells us that the rendering of the adage has been popular in the author's own family, and we do not wonder at it. There is much of the genuine comicality of "Tom Hood" in the designs—and this, of a truth, is the highest praise we can render the book.

We are by no means certain that we have, child-like, kept the best morsels for the last, but we know we have kept the largest. The three volumes now before us belong more to youthhood than to childhood, and, indeed, we ourselves have derived much pleasure from them. They are "got up" with the usual care that Messrs. Griffith and Farran bestow on their publications, and first in our esteem is

WILL WEATHERHELM, by our old favourite, Mr. Kingston, the very Dibdin of prose. Who, big or little, having once read, has ever forgotten, "Peter the Whaler?" Mr. Kingston has a real love for salt water; the smell of tar is to him as delicious as the

"Breath of the sweet South."

He does not believe in danger, and extricates his heroes from the perils of the deep better than any "life-boat." He loves his theme, and is, consequently, beloved, not only by every boy who dreams of dirks and blue jackets, but by all who appreciate the vigour with which he grasps his subject, and the carefulness with which he works it out. Will Weatherhelm is exactly one of those wilful little lads who become too strong for female management, and will go to sea—where story-tellers very properly always send wild, aggravating boys. He goes through more than the usual quantity of sea-life trial, shipwreck, and pirates, and storms, and false accusations; and repeats long yarns, spun by old sailors, until our breath stops, and our hearts beat double time. Will deserved punishment for his wildness, and he received it; but we do not wish to spoil a story by anticipation, we have said enough to recommend it to a large class of readers. The clever illustrations are by G. H. Thomas.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT OF AVA.—The author of "The War Tiger," and other popular tales, of the same class, well knows how to deal with hunting adventures: he gets up misunderstandings with buffaloes, and escapes from serpents, and fights with tigers, and enters wonderful caves, and hunts the rhinoceros, and he hunt hares; "he goes well ahead," and we follow in meek admiration of his daring. The illustrations are by Harrison Weir, but in our copy the illustrated page is shorter than the printed page, which mars the effect of the engravings; this may have been the mistake of the binder in this particular volume, but it ought not to have occurred.

FRANK AND ANDREA is another "big boy" book, which cannot fail to interest young England. The author adds additional value to this story by the information that the perils, privations, and adventures recounted did actually befall travellers in the interior of Sardinia, before the year 1832. The increasing importance which recent events have given to the house of Savoy, must ere long extend to the island whence that house draws its regal title; and there is more useful information in this "pretty book" connected with Sardinia, than can be found in the pages of many a history. This ought to be a recommendation; whether its utility will increase its popularity is another question. Mr. Elwes is never "dry" or "prosy," and the story abounds in incident. Mr. Robert Dudley has illustrated "Frank and Andrea" with some good and characteristic sketches.

FINIS.

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