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The Art Treasures Examiner :

a Pictorial, Critical and Historical Record of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester in 1857.

(Manchester: A. Ireland, 1857)

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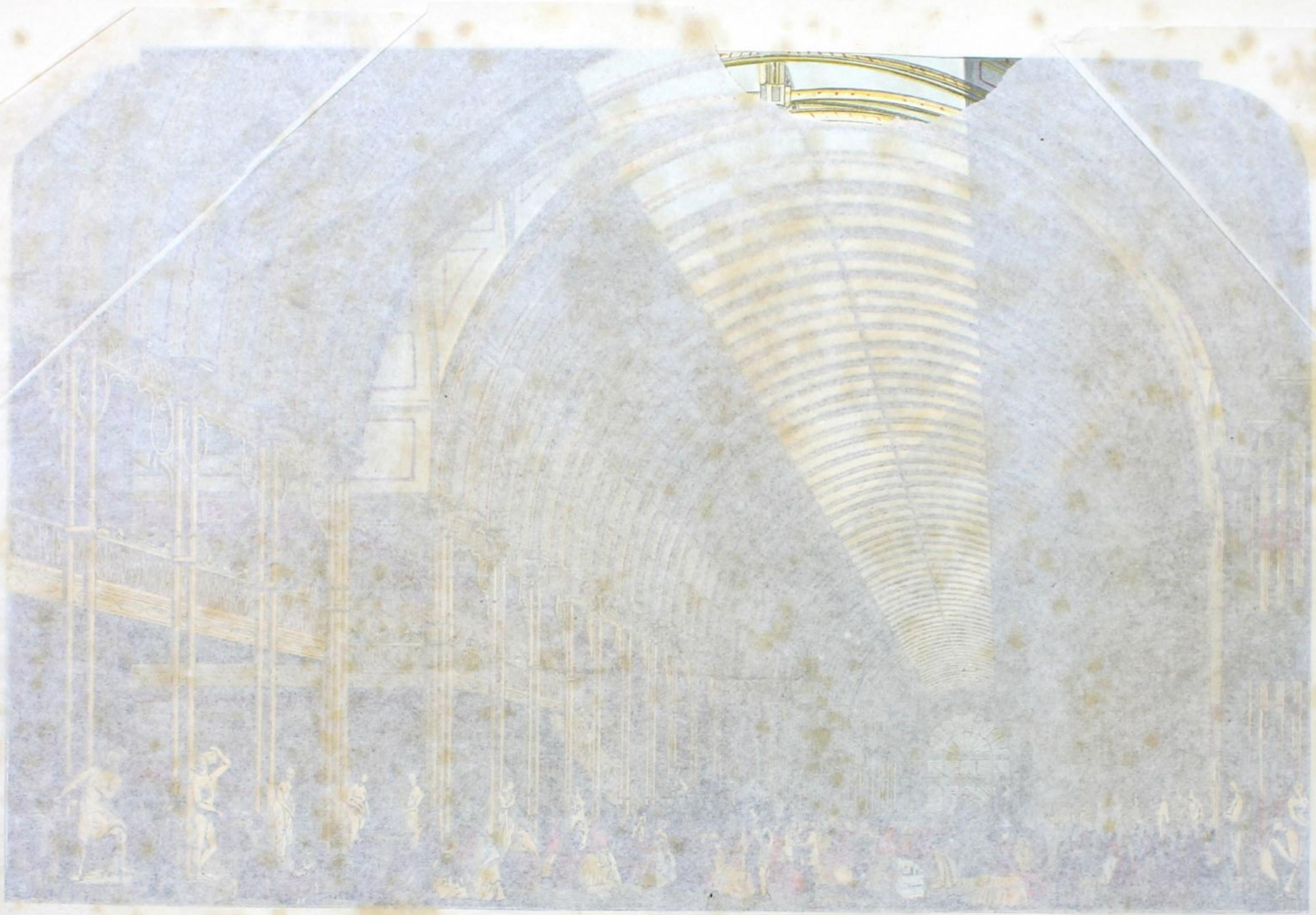
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LEIGHTON, BROTHERS, CHROMATIC PRINTERS.

EXTERIOR OF THE ART TREASURES' PALACE,

MANCHESTER, 1857.



LEIGHTON, BROTHERS, CHROMATIC PRINTERS.

INTERIOR OF THE ART-TREA

MANCHESTER.



LEIGHTON, BROTHERS, CHROMATIC PRINTERS.

INTERIOR OF THE ART TREASURES' PALACE,

MANCHESTER, 1857.

THE

ART-TREASURES EXAMINER:

A PICTORIAL, CRITICAL, AND HISTORICAL RECORD OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION, AT MANCHESTER, IN 1857.

ILLUSTRATED BY UPWARDS OF 150 ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

BY

W. J. LINTON, H. LINTON, F. J. SMYTHE, R. LANGTON, W. MORTON, T. S. JEWSBURY, M. CARBONNEAU, M. FACNION, &c., &c.

ALEXANDER IRELAND & Co., 22, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

W. H. SMITH & SON, 186, STRAND, LONDON.

Gal D. 4. 20

THE object of the Art-Treasures Exhibition was to make known to the people of England the art-wealth of their own country, and, by inducing a greater familiarity with the beautiful, to increase and extend its refining influences. The successful issue of the experiment will be seen in the following Report from the Executive Committee :—

"The executive committee avail themselves of the earliest opportunity to submit to you a preliminary report upon the financial result of the Exhibition, which closed on the 17th instant ; and in accordance with the terms of the resolution of the meeting held in the Town Hall, on the 20th day of May, 1856, which devolved upon the general body of subscribers the final disposal of the Exhibition Building, and the appropriation of any surplus which might arise from the undertaking, now seek from you such additional powers as will enable them to realise the property and close all the accounts in the shortest possible time. The Exhibition was kept open during 142 days, of which two—on the occasion of the opening, and the public visit of Her Majesty the Queen—were reserved for the holders of two-guinea season tickets, and on the remainder the public were admitted by payment at the doors.

"The total number of paying visitors reached 1,053,538. The season ticket holders of both classes availed themselves of their privileges to enjoy 282,377 visits, making the total number of visitors 1,335,915.

"Up to the public close of the Exhibition, on the 17th instant, the cash receipts, from all sources, standing to the credit of the committee may be stated at £98,500. The total expenditure up to the same period, and the further liabilities which are definitively known to the committee, such as cost of police to the end of November, insurance of all kinds, rents, &c., amount to £99,500. The still further outlay to be incurred, includes all the expenses of returning the contributions to their respective owners.

"It will be seen at once that it would be impossible at the present moment to give anything more than this approximate statement of our financial position. To meet this excess of expenditure over the cash receipts, we have the Exhibition Building and its fittings.

"Some time since the committee announced, by advertisement, that they were prepared to receive offers for the building as it stands. This advertisement has not called forth at present a single reply, and a resolution will, therefore, be submitted for your adoption, which will enable the committee to take such steps as they may consider expedient for the prompt realisation of your property.

"Without committing themselves to any promise, the committee are of opinion that the figures in this report will satisfy you that the guarantee fund will remain untouched ; and that at some future period you will be called upon to decide upon the appropriation of a surplus, in such a manner as, we trust, will commemorate the Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857.

"On behalf of the Executive Committee."

To illustrate this great undertaking has been the desire of the Publishers of the ART-TREASURES EXAMINER,—the only record of an occasion which cannot fail to become a prominent epoch in the social history of Manchester.

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THE

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TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1857.

THE

ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

THE Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857 is, all things considered, perhaps the most interesting—it is certainly the most beautiful and attractive—feature in the history of the important and wealthy city of Manchester. Her commercial greatness has been the progressive result of individual enterprise, prompted by honourable ambition of gain and industrial pre-eminence. Now she steps forward in her aggregate character to emulate the glorious example of Florence of old, under her prince-merchants the De Medici, to display to the world the richest collection of works of fine art the resources of the country afford. Such an assemblage of the fruits of genius, such a galaxy of artistic beauty, cannot but be attended by most gratifying results,—not only in its humanising and instructive influence upon the national character, but upon the future products of our local industry, which are eminently indebted, for their success and popularity, to the graces of design developed in them. We hail the event, therefore, as one of signal importance; and take pride in seeking to constitute ourselves the exponent of its various incidents.

In undertaking the task of duly recording the triumphs of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, we have, first, naturally to give some account of the circumstances in which it originated, and the means by which it has been brought (for we write on the eve of its inauguration) to splendid accomplishment.

It was in the early part of the year 1856 that several of the influential merchants and manufacturers of Manchester, strongly impressed with the happy results of the Paris Exhibition of the previous summer, as well as those of the Dublin Exhibition of 1853,—forcibly struck, above all, with the important claims and uses of the fine arts, and calling to mind the remark made by Dr. Waagen, in his valuable work, that the art-treasures in the United Kingdom were of a character, in amount and interest, to surpass those contained in the collections upon the continent, bethought them of the grand idea of bringing the *élite* of these works into view under one roof, for the edification of their fellow-men. It was under these circumstances, and at this juncture, that Mr. J. C. Deane, the commissioner of the Dublin Exhibition, who had acquired a large amount of information respecting the contents of the numerous galleries in the empire, conjointly with Mr. Peter Cunningham, issued to certain influential parties a paper, marked "private and confidential," containing suggestions to the effect that Manchester would be a suitable locality for such an exhibition of art-treasures. This paper, which has not hitherto been generally published, we now print, as the first chapter in the history of the great undertaking we have now the pleasing duty to treat of.

"SUGGESTIONS FOR AN EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER,
"IN 1857, OF THE ART-TREASURES OF GREAT
"BRITAIN.

"It may be taken as a fact (what, indeed, must be known to the readers of Dr. Waagen's valuable but imperfect volumes), that there are, in the United Kingdom, in the possession of private individuals, objects of art which exceed in interest and value those of any other country in the world.

"Art in England may be said to have derived all its encouragement from private persons. Its best treasures have past into the hands of those whose wealth has enabled them to foster and gratify their tastes. The pictures of our leading artists, the works of our best sculptors, as well as the most select of all other objects coming under the denomination of fine arts, are distributed in private houses throughout the kingdom, instead of being found, as in continental countries, in national collections accessible to the public.

"Valuable as these *treasures* are to their possessors, great liberality has always been shown in lending them for exhibitions, and more particularly to those where they would be seen by the humbler and more uneducated classes of the community. In a full belief that this liberality will be still more evinced, a scheme for an exhibition at Manchester, to be called 'The Art-Treasury of Great Britain,' is now submitted for your consideration.

"The experience of the last few years has demonstrated the advantages which have arisen from periodical gatherings of the productions of industry, and doubtless, from time to time, other exhibitions of a like kind will take place in England and in other countries. It will, however, be for the interests of manufacturers that longer intervals should occur before they again compete in these peaceful and expensive displays; and it is believed that years must necessarily elapse before an industrial collection in Great Britain akin to those of the Exhibitions of 1851, 1853, and 1855, is again brought together.

"Expedient as this course may be as regards industrial exhibitions, there appears no reason why an effort should not be made to collect in one central locality, and in a suitable building, the treasures of Art in which Great Britain abounds, and in the collection of which, for a national purpose, it is believed there would be no practical difficulty. With the exception of the *Metropolis*, Manchester, of all places in Great Britain, appears to be the most suited for an exhibition of this kind. Situated as it is in the centre of the kingdom, in the midst of a dense surrounding population, with railway facilities admirably adapted for bringing and returning visitors within one day to and from their own residences, it presents advantages of a nature highly calculated to ensure the financial success of the scheme now in contemplation.

"In proposing to bring these treasures together, it must be understood that though painting and sculpture must necessarily form a large portion of the collection, yet the scheme contemplates a still wider scope of attraction. Fine arts, in all branches, judiciously selected, would be here displayed, subject to careful classification and arrangement. An opportunity, too, would thus occur, of giving by examples a chronological history of British painting, which in itself could not fail to be attractive, and particularly in a district where individuals have done so much to encourage art. Means, too, may be taken to illustrate, in an effective and instructive manner, English life in bygone times. Thus, rooms in the proposed Exhibition may be appropriated, on the walls of which may be hung pictures of the worthies of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne, while in the same apartments may be shown (to those who live in the reign of Queen Victoria) whatever illustrates the manners and customs of those important periods of English history.

"It would be easy to point out many other appropriate objects of attraction in art which might be admitted within the building we contemplate: costume, armour, antiquities of all sorts, furniture, ancient glass, ancient china, works in the precious metals, and a thousand other objects, which will readily present themselves to any reflective mind. In a word, the Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom would be sought for, and those in whose possession they are, would be asked to lend them to the citizens of Manchester, that they may be shown to the world at Manchester in the year 1857.

"The scheme (so happily suggested by Lord Stanhope, sanctioned by parliament, and so recently approved by Her Majesty in a message to the Lords) of forming a collection of the portraits of persons eminent in British history, may be materially assisted by an exhibition like that contemplated at Manchester in 1857. A list of existing British portraits, with the names of the possessors of them, has been framed by us with great care, so that application for the loan of the most interesting portraits may be made forthwith. A gallery of Lancashire worthies will form an appropriate portion of this collection.

"If this project is to be carried out in a manner worthy of its object, it will be necessary that a fire-proof building should be constructed, capable of holding not less than 30,000 people. This building, designed with a view to its after sale at a good market price, would cost at least £25,000, including fittings,

such as glass cases; and a further outlay of £10,000 may be looked upon as a sum within which the expenses of staff, conveyance of goods, travelling expenses, printing, advertisements, &c. &c., may be included, making the total estimated expenditure £35,000. Now, if the Exhibition were to open on the 1st of May, 1857 (a matter perfectly practicable if the scheme be immediately taken up), and remain open until the 1st of October, it would take an average attendance of about 5,000 a day to bring back the £35,000, and this without any reliance from other sources of revenue, such as season tickets, catalogues, refreshment rooms, &c. At the Dublin Exhibition (the smallest in size and the least financially successful of the three Exhibitions already referred to) there were sold £18,238. 10s. in season tickets. None but those who held them were admitted on the occasion of the opening and the subsequent visit of Her Majesty, which caused the sale to be much larger than it otherwise would have been. If the Queen were present at the opening of the *Art-Treasures*, it is fair to assume that a very extensive sale would take place in Lancashire alone, and thus add considerably to the resources of the Exhibition. It is, however, to the shillings we must look mainly for success; and if one million and a half of persons visited the Dublin collection, in a city not too accessible by land or water, we may fairly hope that a much larger number would visit the Manchester Exhibition of 1857.

"Should the gentlemen now present approve of the scheme here submitted to their consideration, it would be in the first instance desirable to appoint a general committee, consisting of those noblemen and gentlemen throughout the kingdom who are honourably known as collectors of works of art, and to nominate also an executive committee, one of whose first duties would be to arrange for a deputation to lay the project before Prince Albert, and seek his Royal Highness's approval and co-operation. It would be also necessary to establish a guarantee fund, on the faith of which operations could be at once commenced, the site chosen, the design advertised for, and the contract taken. The subsequent working of the project will entirely depend on the energy of those entrusted with its management. Personal interviews with the owners of objects of art, the keeping of the project before the public, the organisation of traffic arrangements with the railways, and various other measures necessary to open and carry on the Exhibition, are all essential to its success. Let Manchester enter heartily into the scheme, and we shall have in its city, in 1857, a Treasury of Art worthy of this country, with, at its close, a handsome surplus, to be applied to such purpose in Manchester itself as the committee may deem desirable.

"PETER CUNNINGHAM,
"JOHN C. DEANE."

This paper of "suggestions," as might be expected, attracted a considerable share of attention, more particularly amongst the leading men of this city; and the result was, that it was resolved to hold a preliminary meeting, with a view of taking the foreshadowed project into consideration. The Mayor issued a circular, convening a meeting in his parlour within the Town Hall, for the 26th March, 1856, at which his worship presided. At this meeting, in the course of a general conversation as to the desirableness and feasibility of the project, some little difficulty was suggested as to whether further motion in it might possibly interfere with an exhibition of a somewhat similar character, though on a much more limited scale, which had been already decided upon in connection with the Manchester Mechanics' Institution. Precedence, however, was given to the Exhibition last described, and the result of it was such as only to encourage the promoters of the larger project to persevere with it. It appears, from a statement made by Mr. Oliver Heywood, at a conversazione given in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, after the closing of that Exhibition, that, in the course of 169 days, during which it had been open, it had been attended by above 250,000 persons, being at the rate of 1,600, on the average, daily; and that the gross income had been £8,000, and the net profits £4,400. It was, therefore, resolved to proceed with the project for the Art-Treasures Exhibition; and, as the first necessary step towards so doing, a few gentlemen undertook to apply to those whom they thought likely to become subscribers to a guarantee fund, to meet the necessary outlay. The result of this appeal, although nothing approaching to the character of a general canvas was made, was highly satisfactory; thirty-two gentlemen putting down their names for £1,000 each, and sixty for £500 each; making a total of £62,000. Meantime, Mr. Thos. Fairbairn, who had kindly undertaken the task of applying to several large contractors for estimates for such a building as would be required, received practical and satisfactory replies to his inquiries.

At this stage, the promoters considered their progress sufficiently advanced to justify them in making a communication of their design to his Royal Highness Prince Albert; and, with this view, an application was made by his worship the Mayor, through Colonel Phipps, for an interview with the prince, for the purpose of submitting the project, and soliciting royal patronage. Shortly afterwards an intimation was received that his Royal Highness would grant an interview on Wednesday the 7th of May. In pursuance of this, James Watts, Esq. (mayor), R. N. Philips, Esq., Sir John Potter, Stephen Heelis, Esq. (mayor of Salford), Mr. Thomas Bazley, Mr. Thos. Fairbairn, and Mr. Joseph Heron (town-clerk), attended at Buckingham Palace, and submitted the views of the promoters to his Royal Highness, stating that a guarantee fund, exceeding £60,000, had been already obtained; and expressing an opinion that it was only necessary to confer the same degree of patronage and support which had been so generously accorded by her gracious Majesty the Queen, and his Royal Highness, to the Exhibition at Dublin, to ensure for the Exhibition at Manchester the most complete success. His Royal Highness, in the course of the interview, observed that it was a matter of regret that previous exhibitions, while securing gratification and instruction to those who visited them, had not resulted in any permanent means of perpetuating the benefit to the inhabitants of the district where they had been held. The deputation assured his Royal Highness that they had themselves felt the force of what was implied in this remark, and that a strong hope was entertained—founded upon the belief that the Exhibition would prove financially successful—that there might result from the projected enterprise a permanent and capacious museum of art and industry, for the advantage of the citizens of Manchester and of the district. His Royal Highness expressed his willingness to aid in promoting the Exhibition, and intimated that the wishes of the deputation should be communicated to Her Majesty.

Three days afterwards, the subjoined letter was received by Mr. R. N. Philips, then high sheriff of Lancashire, and now M.P. for Bury:—

"Osborne, May 20th, 1856.

"Sir,—I have received the commands of Her Majesty the Queen, to inform you that Her Majesty willingly grants her patronage to the proposed Exhibition of the Art-Treasures of Great Britain, in Manchester. — I have the honour to be sir, your obedient, humble servant, "C. E. PHIPPS.

"The High Sheriff of Lancashire."

After this amount of substantial progress, it was deemed desirable to convene a meeting of the general council—the subscribers to the general fund. A circular was consequently issued, and a meeting was held, May 20th, in the Mayor's Parlour. His worship presided; and as this was the occasion on which it was decided to prosecute the project to its result, it may be of interest to record the names of those who composed it, viz.:—R. N. Philips, Esq., James Watts, Esq. (mayor of Manchester), Stephen Heelis, Esq. (mayor of Salford), Alderman Sir E. Armitage, Alderman E. R. Langworthy, Alderman B. Nicholls, Messrs. J. C. Harter, Henry Houldsworth, Thomas Bazley, William Fairbairn, C.E., F.R.S., Thomas Fairbairn, W. A. Fairbairn, William Entwisle, W. R. Callender, Joseph Heron, Robert Ashton, Thomas Ashton, Oliver Heywood, Joseph Bull, James Dugdale, Edward Tootal, Joseph Whitworth, Dr. Ashton, William Bradshaw, James Carlton, W. C. Jones, J. L. Kennedy, James Murray, Edmund Potter, J. E. Taylor, Charles Townend, Edward Westhead, W. R. Wood, Thomas Wrigley, James Hertz, James Reiss, Leopold Reiss, Charles Souchay, and Sigismund Stern.

Mr. Heron informed the subscribers what had taken place at the preliminary meeting held on the 26th of March; and Mr. T. Fairbairn gave the particulars of the satisfactory interview with Prince Albert, announced the extent which the guarantee fund had attained, and stated that while in London the deputation had waited upon the Earl of Ellesmere and Earl of Derby, both these noblemen giving assurances of co-operation and support. On the basis of the information afforded to the meeting, Mr. Thomas Bazley proposed a resolution, which was adopted, affirming that an Exhibition of Art-Treasures should be held in Manchester, in the summer of 1857. The inhabitants of Manchester, he remarked, had hitherto been distinguished chiefly by their attachment to trade pursuits; but the growing intelligence of the age, and the wants of the people, indicated that there should be called into existence agencies calculated to effect a general educational improvement. An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and other works of art, would have that elevating tendency. The subscribers to the guarantee fund were constituted the general council,—the Right Hon. the Earl of Ellesmere, K.G., lord-lieutenant of the county, being chosen president, and his worship the Mayor of Manchester, chairman. A number of noblemen, intimately connected with the county, were invited to become patrons; and the following seven gentlemen were elected as the executive committee:—The Mayor, Thomas Ashton, Esq., Wm. Entwisle, Esq., Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., Joseph Heron, Esq., Edmund Potter, Esq., and Sigismund J. Stern, Esq. To these gentlemen full power was delegated to make all engagements, financial or otherwise, for consummating the project, subject only to the approval, by the general council, of the site and the plan of the proposed building, the council also to have the ultimate appropriation of the edifice, and the disposal of any surplus funds which might accrue.

The next point to be determined upon was the site of the Art-Treasures Exhibition. Great interest was manifested in this question, and a variety of suggestions were made in favour of every conceivable available spot in the vicinity of Manchester,—a principle incentive of those tendering their advice being, in many cases, a not reprehensible desire to have so beautiful an object of attraction as near as possible to their own residences. It became evident, however, that, for the well-being of an exhibition of works so delicate and precious, the avoidance of a smoky atmosphere was an essential consideration; and the result of inquiries upon this head, in which the set of the prevailing winds was taken as a guide, was "nine months to three in favour of the west." This pointed to Old Trafford; and the fact that flowers flourished so well in that direction was also an important indication not to be overlooked. On the 2nd of June, the executive committee decided upon recommending to the council a level plot, in this locality (at that time occupied by the Manchester Cricket Club), adjoining the spacious gardens of the Botanical Society. The designs for the building were numerous and varied, but few of them appro-

priate. One by Messrs. C. D. Young and Co., of Edinburgh and London, who were then erecting the Art-Museum at Kensington Gore, appeared to be best adapted, on account of its extensive wall space, and general arrangement. It would cover an area of 15,200 square yards, or a little over three acres. Being of opinion that, without much increase of cost, certain desirable improvements might be made; and it being necessary to determine to what extent the façade and the exterior of the building should be decorated or relieved by any architectural designs, the committee employed Mr. E. Salomons, architect, to confer with Mr. Young upon those points, and report the result. This was satisfactorily accomplished, and a provisional contract was made with Mr. Young, to complete the building in six months, for £24,500. We shall describe the plans hereafter, as it happened in this instance, as it does in nearly all extensive works, that other modifications and extensions were adopted.

After the meeting held on the 20th May, when the resolution to hold the Exhibition was definitively arrived at, commodious offices were taken at 100, Mosley-street, for the use of the committee; Mr. C. H. Minchin being appointed their secretary. To the important office of general manager, J. C. Deane, Esq., who had officiated with so much success in a similar capacity in connection with the Dublin Exhibition, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, was nominated by general consent.

On the 23rd of June, the general council assembled at the offices in Mosley-street, when the executive committee submitted for approval the site which they had selected, and the design for the building which they considered (with their own suggested modifications) most appropriate. The reasons assigned for their choice, in the report which they presented, appeared to be very conclusive, and they were sanctioned with marked unanimity. The governors of the Bank of England had, it was stated, agreed to advance money on the credit of the guarantee fund. The cricket-ground was 17½ acres, and the holders of the lease of it from Sir Humphrey de Trafford, until 1858, agreed to surrender it for £1,000, £300 additional being paid for the pavilion erected upon it. This land, with other necessary additions, amounting to about thirty acres, Sir Humphrey de Trafford offered at £10 per acre for two years, with the option of purchasing the plot (should the proprietors of the Exhibition Building decide upon its permanency), at 2d. per square yard per annum. This offer the committee and council considered to be liberal, as it was known Sir Humphrey was receiving a higher price for land in the immediate locality. The ground having been properly drained by means of pipes, on the 13th of August the ceremony of raising the first pillar, or, in other words, adjusting the first base-plate for a pillar, took place, in presence of the subscribers and their friends, including a fair display of ladies. Mr. C. D. Young, one of the firm of contractors, handed a silver trowel to the Mayor, requesting him to present it to Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, the chairman of the executive committee. This was done, in complimentary terms, and, on receiving the trowel, Mr. Fairbairn laid the base-plate, and then made a few pertinent observations. They were assembled, he said, to commence the erection of a vast temple, devoted to the fine arts. It would not rival the Vatican in its stateliness and solidity, nor the Louvre in its gorgeous interior, but it would, in one respect, be more wonderful than either. The Vatican was the depository of the accumulated treasures of ages; the Louvre displayed the trophies of warfare, and the purchases of an imperial exchequer; but this exhibition (promoted by a limited number of persons in a provincial community) would give proof to the world of the unselfishness of Englishmen, when they are appealed to for the noble purpose of developing a great design. But its chief benefit would be to the great mass of the people, who would have an opportunity of realising some of the advantages of foreign travel, and be assisted in the appreciation of the beauties of form, by an examination of the most treasured works of art.

Thus auspiciously commenced, the work was pressed forward to completion with alacrity and success, under the superintendence of Mr. Young, who was frequently in attendance, and Mr. Dredge, a skilful engineer, who became resident in Manchester on behalf of the contractors. The brickwork was executed by Mr. William Moody; the timber supplied by Messrs. Bennett, of Manchester. A little delay was occasioned by two or three accidents,—one attended with fatal consequences; but, upon the whole, the casualties have been rather under than over the average of those unavoidably incident to all large works of the kind.

An early intimation was received that Her Majesty would have "much pleasure" in lending a number of pictures, and a list of them was forwarded, including 38 of the gems in the two collections at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace. These embrace the celebrated names of Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, Wouvermans, Vandyck, Claude Lorraine, Holbein, Dominichino, and others. Prince Albert also was graciously pleased to offer valuable contributions. On the 5th of August, a deputation from the executive committee waited upon his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (the Earl of Carlisle), at the Vice-Regal Lodge, Dublin, to solicit his support and influence with the societies and individuals in that country, in order that it might be fairly represented in the Exhibition. The noble earl assured the deputation of his willingness to forward, in Ireland, the interests of the Exhibition; and, moreover, promised contributions of pictures from his private collection at Castle Howard.

In England and Scotland, the results of the exertions of the committee and general commissioner were most encouraging. The nobility and gentry throughout the empire generously imitated the example of their sovereign and her royal consort, either by naming their principal works, in painting or sculpture, for exhibition, or opening their galleries for free selection to the agents deputed to the performance of that duty. Amongst the numerous contributors are the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Manchester, Earl de Grey, Lord Overstone, Lord Eglington Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Ripon, the Earl of Orkney, Lord Ashburton, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Ward, the Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Littleton, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Marlborough, and a host of gentry, having rare and valuable collections.

To complete our account of this great undertaking. Gradually, the staff of officers at the rooms of the executive committee was necessarily increased, gentlemen being assigned to the superintendence of such departments as they were known to be best qualified to direct. The following are the principal officers under existing arrangements: J. C. Deane, Esq., general commissioner; Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Hamilton, secretary; Mr. G. Scharf, jun., art-secretary; Mr. P. Cunningham, superintendent of the British portrait gallery, &c.; Mr. J. B. Waring, superintendent of the general museum of art; Mr. C. H. Minchin, financial secretary; Mr. G. Child, accountant. By the death of the late esteemed and lamented nobleman, the Right Honourable the Earl of Ellesmere, on the 18th of February, the office of president of the general council became vacant; and it was not until about a month afterwards that the vacancy was supplied, being accepted, at the request of the committee, by Lord Overstone. The general council, as we have said, consisted of the guarantee subscribers; and we may here add the names of the other gentlemen acting in an official capacity:—James Watts, Esq. (mayor), chairman of the council and treasurer. Executive committee: Thomas Fairbairn, Esq., chairman, the chairman of the general council (ex-officio); Thomas Ashton, Esq., William Entwisle, Esq., Joseph Heron, Esq., Edmund Potter, Esq., and Sigismund J. Stern, Esq.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT AND THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

To the Editor of the Examiner and Times.

Sir,—I am permitted to make the following announcement, and I request you to be good enough to publish it in your paper of to-morrow:—"In consideration of the importance of the occasion, and in order not to disappoint the vast numbers who must have made their arrangements, his Royal Highness Prince Albert has consented to perform the public duties allotted to him upon the 5th and 6th of May." It will be understood that with these exceptions his Royal Highness must remain in strict privacy.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS FAIRBAIRN,
Chairman of the Executive Committee.
Exhibition Building, Thursday Afternoon.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

A fine collection of coins has been received at the Art-Treasures Palace from Dr. Harrison, which, with some contributions from Stonyhurst College, will constitute a very satisfactory display of this interesting branch of archæological study. The whole of these specimens have been arranged in two long cases near to the south wall of the great hall, and immediately under the Commonwealth historical portraits. Commencing with the first case, we find a valuable collection of coins and medals of a religious character, from Stonyhurst College, exhibiting the heads of popes, cardinals, and abbots. Dr. Harrison's contributions (chiefly silver) which are placed on 26 tablets, comprise a rich variety of English coins, from the time of the Saxon heptarchy down to our own period, together with several of foreign kingdoms. Most of these coins are in a fine state of preservation.

A large collection of works in ivory has been added to the Exhibition, and will fill two or three of the large glass cases. Ivory carving was carried to a high state of perfection in Italy in the cinque-cento period,—the subjects being of all kinds, religious, mythological, and imaginative. Amongst the works now exhibited is an extremely interesting series of 56 carvings, illustrative of the life of Christ, formed into a sort of slab, which is surrounded by a handsome border. This unique and interesting group of objects was collected in the course of a long series of years—from the 14th to the 18th century—by the Dukes of Gonzago and Mantua. It now belongs to the Marquis of Hastings, by whom it is contributed to the Exhibition.

Winterhalter's portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert have been hung on either side of the large organ.

Large upright cases are being lined with black velvet, and prepared for the reception of some fine specimens of embroidery, which are already entered amongst the arrivals.

THE ART-TREASURES PALACE.

The Palace is distant about two miles from the Manchester Exchange, and may be approached by three main thoroughfares:—by the railway, which runs from the Oxford Road Station to the door of the Exhibition,—and by the broad and direct approaches of Stretford New Road and Chester Road. The visitor having reached Trafford by one of these routes, we propose to accompany him through the palace, for the purpose of describing the building and pointing out the different localities, and the various objects of artistic beauty. We have reached the toll-bar, and there alighting from our "bus" or "cab," and transforming ourselves into pedestrians, pass through without any tax, taking the flagged passage to the right, which leads to the grand entrance. As we enter upon the angular plot of ground, we notice a small lodge-like building to the left. This is the old railway station, still devoted to general traffic, whilst a new one has been erected for the accommodation of visitors to the palace. Before us we see a façade of red and white brick,—not particularly ornamental, we must admit, in point of colour—with a large semicircular arch, rising in the centre, flanked on each side by a similar, though a smaller one. The central arch presents an ornamental entablature, inscribed,—"Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom." The front of the building is the only portion in which the brickmaker has been engaged, the main body of the structure consisting of iron, wood, and glass. The whole presents an originality of design, and may be considered effective, whilst it is admirably adapted to the purposes to which it is to be devoted.

Though, from the flatness of the site, the front elevation cannot be called imposing, it is still graceful in form. The range of low buildings forming the arm of the façade to the left, comprises a number offices, including a printing office, which is found by the heads of the departments to be a valuable accessory. The arm extending to the left forms the corridor leading from the palace to the railway platform. The central semicircle indicates the contour of the arched roof which covers the great hall, and the two side semicircles do the like with respect to the smaller arched roofs over the picture galleries, which run parallel with the great avenue, or nave. The façade, as we have before intimated, composed of white bricks, relieved with a dull red, also includes glazed and ornamental fanlights, the whole, 200 feet in length, projecting slightly beyond the lateral corridors. The arm forming the corridor to the railway extends a distance of 150 feet, and the corresponding arm to the right, embracing the offices, runs to the extent of 96 feet, making a total frontage of 446 feet. It may be convenient to state, before proceeding further, that the entire building covers an area of 18,000 square yards, or three acres and 280 square yards, and that its extreme length is 704 feet. There will be several entrances to the palace, which may all be used for exit when necessary, though it is intended to have only one general outlet, except on extraordinary occasions. Four of the entrances, 3 feet 9 inches wide, are within the line of the great central arch. A door-way to the right and another to the left of these entrances will be used exclusively for the passage in and out of season ticket holders. Another entrance will be through the corridor leading from the railway, and this will be available to railway passengers, for entering or leaving. There is a further entrance by the north transept, for season ticket holders, who enter from the Botanical Gardens.

THE INTERIOR: THE GREAT HALL.

Passing through one of the main entrances, and being attentively relieved of umbrella, stick, or parasol, as the case may be, we find ourselves fairly within the great hall, looking down through a long avenue of marble sculpture, at the extremity of which we observe the organ and orchestra, encircled by an ornamental circular inscription,—

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;"

and again turning round to the entrance arch, we are there met with the well-known and appropriate line of Keats,—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

similarly inscribed upon an ornamental background. These beautiful armoires, dressoirs, and cabinets, in elaborate carved work, near the walls, tempt us aside, but we must pass on along the centre of the hall. We are moving through the before-mentioned avenue of snow-white statuary, the line being unbroken by any massive or coloured object;—the general effect of this arrangement is peculiarly striking, and prepares the mind for the further feast of beauty. Flanking the centre of the hall, near the line of double columns, stand a series of glass table and pyramidal cases, crowded with specimens of ancient and mediæval articles of vertu. The eye passes rapidly over rich groups of enamels, mosaics, terra-cotta, and costly jewellery, forming a scene gorgeous as those riches of the east which we have read of in story-books long, long years ago. Those six cases to the right (commencing from the eastern end), which appear a dazzling mass of beauty, contain the celebrated Bernal collection; and further west is arranged a portion of the magnificent collection of M. Soulages, now secured to this country by a few of our spirited and wealthy citizens. The rest of the collection has been distributed in various parts of the building. The valuable collection of Mr. Mayer is placed in the cases which form the western extremity of the north line in the Museum of Art. Effectively grouped on the same side, and about half way up the hall, is the royal collection of armoury; and opposite, on the south side, stands the Goodrich armoury; both groups having been arranged by M. Planché, Rouge Croix Herald. On the south side of the hall there is a range of cases, corresponding with those on the north, containing contributions from Windsor, Hampton Court, the Universities, Oscot and Stonyhurst Colleges, and from private individuals known to fame for their love of the beautiful. On this side will be observed a large case, glittering with gold, containing portions of the royal plate, and a costly collection of gold maces, cups, arms, shields, &c. Having passed through the General Museum of Art, we reach the transept, where we find that the ground plan of the building is that of a Latin cross, after the form of our cathedrals and churches, when built in accordance with what church builders call "orthodox designs,"—the only exception to the rule in the present instance being in the position of the cross as to the points of the compass. It is easy now to discover that the shape of the building (including the galleries and courts) is that of a parallelogram, which is three-and-a-half times as long as it is broad, the length being 656 feet,—width, 200 feet. The dimensions of the Great Hall (omitting the picture galleries, which flank it on each side) give a length of 632 feet, and a width of 104 feet; while the transept, running north and south, is 200 feet by 104 feet. A row of banded columns, on each side the hall, support the roof, the space between these and the wall being 24 feet on each side, so that the clear space along the centre of the hall, between the pillars, presents a noble avenue of 56 feet. The height of the Great Hall is 56½ feet from the floor to the crown of the arch; the ridge roof of the side aisles being 31½ feet from the floor; and the coupled columns 28½ feet in height.

It would probably be noticed, upon entering the building, that the floor is boarded, and that there are intervals of half an inch left between the boards, by which means the cleansing of the rooms, after the admission of great crowds, is greatly facilitated. As the transept is the best position from which to examine the decorations, which have been so admirably executed by Mr. Crace, and which impart such a very elegant effect to the interior, we will briefly notice them before proceeding further. The sides of the central hall are decorated with a rich maroon paper having a neat surbase, and an elegant cornice in gold and colours, with tablets, in blue, upon which are inscribed the names of the artists whose productions hang beneath. The semicircular roof is divided into panels, the divisions consisting of the iron principals, and the longitudinal ribs of timber. The compartments (picked out with a faint border line of crimson) are an aërial grey, which blends charmingly with the sky and cloud above, as seen through the glazed roof. The ribs are in bronze, with an ornamental edging of a light cream or vellum tint, and the faces are decorated alternately with Vitruvian and Grecian ornamentation. Upon the lower edges of the principals there is a very neat rosette ornament, whilst the coupled columns are in bronze, relieved with gold, and at the top of each brace, in the centre of the floral-work brackets, is the monogram, in bright gold, "A.T.E."

We must not leave the great hall without a passing glance at the historical portraits, which have been arranged by Mr. Peter Cunningham, in chronological sequence. The series commences on the south wall, about 75 feet beyond the transept, with notabilities of the Elizabethan period, followed by illustrations from the reigns of the first James and the first Charles. Soon we find ourselves face to face with Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, and the men of the Commonwealth; and then, stepping to the east end of the north wall, we approach the celebrated beauties of the court of Charles II. Here also are numerous men of note, who flourished in the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne; the literary men of the Hanoverian line finishing the series opposite Elizabeth, with a portrait of our reigning Queen Victoria, the only portrait of a living personage which has found a place in the historical collection.

THE WEST GALLERIES.

We again cross the hall, and ascend the staircase leading to the west, organ, and transept galleries, entering by the flight of stairs on the south side, seventy-two feet east of the transept. Here we find that the decorations are in admirable keeping with the rest. The large collection of miniatures line the wall, commencing near the historical portraits before mentioned. The date of the miniatures extends from the time of Henry VIII. to the present day, and will prove extremely interesting, not only to the lover of art, but to all who are students of the past.

Further on we find Mr. De la Motte's department, consisting of a fine collection of the best photographs, and continuing our way along the galleries, we meet with a number of exquisite engravings, and other rare objects of art. The

large organ, built by Messrs. Kirtland and Jardine, is a very conspicuous object at the end of the west gallery. It is in an elaborately ornamented case, 36 feet wide, 26 feet high, and 6 feet 18 inches deep. A capacious orchestra extends from the level of the organ, which is 15 feet from the floor, to a distance of 48 feet into the hall, the seats falling gradually until they are only five feet from the promenade.

THE ORIENTAL COURT.

Descending again into the transept, and turning to the right, we find ourselves in a court which will be readily identified by its rich and ornate decorations, and the dazzling hues of the objects there displayed. The walls are coloured a sage green, with an ornamental frieze. The colours are of a rich maroon, with gold and broken lines, and the girders are bronze. The roof panels are filled with elegant moresques, the ornamentation being an agreeable combination of grey, maroon, vellum, green, black, and citron. Pendant ornaments run round the top of the walls of the court, and produce a rich and pleasing effect.

THE WATER COLOUR GALLERIES AND WEST COURTS.

We pass through the above hall into the gallery appropriated to the choice collection of water colours, which runs at the back of the organ, and extends the whole width of the palace. It is admirably adapted for its purpose. The walls are of aërial grey tint, with decorated panels, and the other decorations are in vellum, grey, citron, and maroon, with the great Greek border, which prevails, more or less, throughout the palace. The ribs of the arched roof are painted bronze, the front fillet is gilded, and there are small ornaments under each truss, the arched headings above being divided into five compartments. This gallery is 24 feet wide, and 200 feet long, and at the rear of it are two courts, 52 feet by 24 feet each, in which engravings and water-colour paintings are exhibited—the latter a collection that gives a sense of wonder and admiration, even to one who was ignorant of the potency of the water-colour pencil and the progress it is making. Passing out of this charming department at the south end, we enter the court which, originally intended for engravings, is set apart for the reception of the Hertford collection of paintings. This court corresponds in size with the Oriental Court, through which we have recently walked, and is appropriately decorated.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN GALLERIES.

We have reserved, until the last, one of the most important and interesting portions of the Exhibition—the illustrative galleries, containing the great works of the ancient and modern masters. Here the visitor may trace the gradual progress of the art, as well as the gradual development of the qualities for which particular schools have been distinguished. Let us commence with the ancient masters, as they come first in natural order. These galleries are divided into three saloons, separated by two bays, or chapels, the same division existing in the modern galleries. We enter the "ancient saloons" from the south side of the transept, and pass along them towards the east. The roofs of these galleries are treated in a similar style of colouring to that of the great hall. The side walls are covered with tea green paper, of a neat diaper pattern, which has been hung by Messrs. Wilson, Little, and Co. The heads of the arched divisions are decorated with a very pleasing design, and the names of the principal masters, to be found in each gallery, are painted on these arches. A long strip of the roof is glazed, and the light subdued by means of thin canvas, or calico, stretched on the outside. The south walls of these galleries are hung with the works of the early Italian and Spanish masters, in chronological order; and the north walls with the productions of Germany, Flanders, England, and all countries foreign to Spain and Italy. The first saloon, next the transept, contains the works of masters of the earliest period, commencing with the works of Cimabue, Giotti, &c.; then proceeding onwards, in chronological order, we reach the painters of the 17th century, at the east end of the third gallery. The modern galleries, also, are arranged in chronological order, commencing with Michael Dahl, 1656, at the eastern portion of the north division, and running westward with a crowd of beautiful and interesting subjects, including a large number of the best specimens from the studios of our living masters. The brilliancy of colouring, in this latter department, is singularly striking, and yet all seems to blend harmoniously. The central saloons are 144 feet long and 48 feet wide, while those at each end are 120 feet long, by 40 feet wide, and the three are approached by large entrances from the central hall, each of them 24 feet wide.

We have now passed through the various saloons which compose this noble palace of art, and return to the eastern entrance, where, to the left of the doorway in the interior, is a small room, 23 feet by 21 feet, known as

THE RECEPTION ROOM.

This miniature drawing room has been very elegantly fitted and decorated by Messrs. Jackson and Graham, of London, upholsterers to our gracious Queen, in the style of Francis I., each wall being divided into three panels of star pattern gold diaper paper. The pilasters and styles are ornamented with flat gold, on a pale green ground, and divided from the panels by a lilac-tinted margin. The woodwork, doors, surbase, &c., will be of white and gold. The ceiling is divided into compartments with gold cornices and a centre oval, all the enrichments being gilded. The initials "V.R," in gold, appear in each angle of the ceiling. The entrance door for state visitors is from a lobby, 8 feet wide, to the right of the main entrance; and on the west side of the room are two stair doors, one leading into the retiring rooms, and the other into the Great Hall. A tasteful ornament is placed over each door, and the centre panel of the outer or entrance door is filled with a glass mirror, under which is placed an elegant console table. The space between the two windows in the east wall is filled by a large mirror, in front of which is placed a jardinière filled with choice exotics and other rare plants. Before bidding a temporary adieu to the glorious array of art-treasures that have been so industriously and so thoughtfully gathered together for our pleasure and improvement, we must not overlook

THE REFRESHMENT ROOMS.

We will therefore return along the hall, and call upon Mr. Wm. Donald, of the Milton Club, who has charge of a very important and attractive department—he being the general caterer to the visitors, the great "committee of supply." The first-class refreshment room is at the north-west corner of the palace, a short walk through the north door of the transept, along an open colonnade, which surrounds a court leading to the Botanic Gardens, bringing us into an airy and commodious room, 96 feet long and 72 feet wide, where we are promised good refreshments on reasonable terms. The room presents the appearance of an ornamental conservatory, decorated in the Moorish character. The cornice is composed of light ornamental fretwork, in cream colour and gold. There is a frieze of rich red, partaking of the Moorish inscriptive character. This is supported by light columns, with trailing foliage clustering round them. These columns rest upon an ornamental surbase of inlaid and open fretwork, the prevailing ground being red, relieved by deep green and black, in parts. Between the columns are distant views of scenes in various quarters of the world, with foregrounds of flowers peculiar to the different countries. Thus, in the Oriental views, are to be seen the cactus and the Ethiopian lily, and in the Italian views are to be seen European flowers and shrubs. The ceiling is divided into compartments corresponding with the work below. The prevailing tints are maroon and blue upon a citron and cream-coloured ground. The pillars are in imitation of inlaid wood, and are beautifully relieved with gilding. The doors are also in imitation of inlaid wood. A portion of this room, 38 feet by 24 feet, is portioned off for retiring rooms. A few yards to the rear of this comfortable court, we find Mr. Donald's kitchen; and though the eye of the visitor will not be permitted to fall upon the mysteries of the operations there carried on, we may disclose a few facts with which we have become acquainted. When we tell our readers that there is accommodation in the kitchen for cooking provisions to supply 100,000 visitors per diem, there will be little dread of famine in these art-regions. There are three large cooking ovens, six feet high by three feet wide, all heated by gas; there are eight of Bamberee's large steam kettles, and there is a large hot-water tank, capable of circulating 700 gallons per hour. And here we will leave the hungry and thirsty souls who have so far accompanied us, satisfied that they will be well taken care of in Mr. Donald's genial atmosphere.

We now return to the principal entrance, and, passing a few yards along the corridor, we come to the second-class refreshment room,—a spacious apartment, decorated with paper of very lively colours. The design of the decorator has been to imitate a tent, the arrangement of the colours being red and blue stripes, with a relief of red cords. This refreshment room is at the south-east corner of the building, the size of the room being 132 feet by 72 feet, but 24 feet of the width has been cut off, and is devoted to retiring rooms. From this room a short corridor, having a gradual descent, leads to the railway platform, which is covered in with a corrugated metallic roof, and is sufficiently capacious to accommodate the largest number of visitors that is likely to arrive at one time.

Viewing the building as a whole grand work, it is but justice to those who have practically fulfilled the anticipations of the committee, to say, that in the contractors, Messrs. C. D. Young and Co.,—in their engineer, Mr. Dredge, and in their architect, Mr. Ed. Salomons, the active members of that committee have found men devoted to their duties, and thoroughly competent to fulfil them.

An official document, of a very satisfactory nature, has been issued by the executive committee, which will assure the public of the stability and security of the edifice, and remove any groundless apprehensions which may be entertained on the subject. We give below a copy of this document:—

ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION BUILDING.

We, the undersigned, having been requested by the executive committee of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, to survey the building, and to report as to its security, also as to the safety from injury of the works of art, having at various times carefully surveyed it; having subjected to certain tests the strength of its various parts, particularly the floors and the iron-work; and having examined the means of conveying the water from the roofs, do hereby certify, that in our opinion the building will afford perfect security, both as regards the safety of the public, and of the property of the contributors.

(Signed) WM. FAIRBAIRN.
EDWD. WALTERS.
DAVID BELLHOUSE.

Manchester, 27th April, 1857.

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"I have examined the books of the MANCHESTER EXAMINER AND TIMES for the year 1856, and find that FIVE MILLION, SIX HUNDRED AND SIXTY-TWO THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-THREE Copies have been issued from 1st of January to 31st of December inclusive, being an average for the year of EIGHTEEN THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED, AND FIFTY Copies per day.

"*January 2nd*, 1857."

(Signed) "CHARLES DUFFIELD, Accountant, 90, King-street, Manchester.

They believe they are correct in stating that the number of copies of the EXAMINER AND TIMES, published during the last year, is more than double the number issued in the same period by all the newspapers printed in Manchester and the surrounding towns within thirty miles, and that no other Newspaper in the district has yet reached a total circulation of two million copies for the year.

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THE PALACE OF ART-TREASURES.
FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

By W. Blanchard Jerrold.

The question is not whether there are 44,000 square yards of lining paper, or three-quarters of a ton of copper and zinc tacks in the building to which Manchester has invited the cultivated and intellectual men of Europe. It is for the observer to inquire whether or not the managers of the Art-Treasures Exhibition have succeeded in constructing a hall, in which the wealth of colour, and design, and form, they have to display, may be fairly studied. The object was, not to construct a great building, but to protect and arrange great works for exhibition. Therefore, we hardly care to decide whether the exterior of the building, with its arched galleries, its red and white masonry, and its low wings, is in good or bad taste. The effect, as the visitor approaches the entrance, from Trafford bar, is certainly not imposing. Yet behind these brick walls are gathered all the choicer gems upon which the princely aristocracy and the wealthy merchants of England, have, for ages past, expended no mean part of their fortune. As the presence of these gems in England attest the wealth and the culture of our race, so their appearance in Penge Park is honourable evidence of the regard their possessors have for the art-culture of the people

We are moving onwards in art, bravely. Our schools of design; our provincial exhibitions; our art-unions; the receipts at the metropolitan art galleries, are evidence of the new time that is dawning. From the scornful patron, the modern artist appeals to the liberal and grateful people. Public bodies give commissions to our sculptors; our manufacturers woo our artists to their looms. Potters seek life and grace for their clay, in our studios. The demand for art grows daily; and with it will come, in fair time the full and great supply. Need we despair before the sweet enamels of Limoges; need we tremble for the days that are gone, before the genius, even of Cellini? Men come, to do the work that the hour presents to them. It is, therefore, with no measured gladness that the keen reader of the times will pass through the varnished doors of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, to learn the lessons gathered under the thin glazed arches upon which his eyes have been fixed since he left Trafford tollbar!

The scene within is a wondrous contrast to the building's exterior. The long central gallery or nave, with its deep coloured walls; its bronzed colomns; its Greek and Vitruvian ornamentation; its cold blue panelled roof; the long line of sky tapering like a fairy wand of silver to the distant organ at the farther end; the passage formed by groups of sculpture; the glittering cases of gold and silver work and sparkling jewels; the martial armour mounted proudly upon modelled steeds; and, looking down upon all, the living faces of the great, and brave, and good of England—make up an effect on which we have better reason to pride ourselves—aye, than upon the industrial wonders of the world, the year 1851 saw in Hyde Park. For we have here, not only matchless pictures and perfect sculpture—but also the history art industry told in its choicer works. We have the great story, from the first rude elaboration of iron plates to protect warriors, to the triumph of the engravers' genius: the rude Delft vessel, and Raffaelle and Palissy wares. Here are spread the heirlooms of the twelfth century to the civilised nineteenth—the exquisite Limoges enamels, defying the skill of any living fingers. The show is a glorious one, in truth—a show with a wondrous moral in it. For about us, looking down haughtily from their frames, are men who ruled the world in times gone bye—now presented in honour of the genius that immortalised them, and which they too often despised. Henry the Eighth's broad face is simply a tribute to great Holbein. On our left we perceive the Chandos Shakspeare, with Ben Johnson's noble face above it—and Shakspear's actors, round about:—a happy idea Mr. Cunningham! And there too is the solid, honest head of Cromwell, near the loving face of Hampden. To the right—as we front the grand organ, with our back turned upon the great Sêvres vase designed in commemoration of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the story of England is taken up by Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. We find Charles's wife stiffly dressed as she came over from Portugal;—and then Buckingham, with the awfully-contrived knife that, in the hand of Felton, sent him to his grave, fixed under the frame. And now our eye runs along a list of well-remembered names. There is the comely Rochester crowning his monkey in derision of poetry. Near George the Second and his Queen, and the first George, as Cupid, by the Electress—handsome Congreve looks out from his frame, in the neighbourhood of chubby-faced Gibbons, pallid Pope, and publisher Tonson. We are in a pleasant neighbourhood, with Garrick and his wife; and splendid Mrs. Siddons, and Byron and Keats. Here we should catch the point, too, of Henry the Eighth's wonderfully worked spear, presented to his Majesty by the Pope Beyond, is the Prince's seat, splendidly surrounded with flags, and relieved by high coloured carpets. And the rich notes of the organ swell from beyond the transept, lighted by windows that should have been enriched with stained glass. But can we be severe? We peep into the side gallery on our right, where the English school makes the walls glow with eternal sunshine.

Our neighbours across the water vow that we have no art worth criticism, or at best, only a few colourists, who could never venture beyond the proportions of cabinet pictures. Yet see, passing Dahl and Wootton—Hogarth's "March to Finchley" and his "Southwark (not Bartholomew) Fair." We thank the Duke of Newcastle for this latter contribution. And here let us pause to notice the old ingratitude of the whigs. The whigs careless of the reputation of Manchester! Even so. The Duke of Devonshire has sent nothing hither, nor is the country indebted to the noble house of Sutherland To the double-gilt Marquis of Westminster we accord only the faintest thanks; since, from his rich store, he has afforded us only a few contributions. But let us pass from whig ingratitude, an old and sad complaint; and turn to the glowing canvasses of Reynolds,—to the splendid landscapes of Wilson,—to Etty, so glowing that even Rubens in the opposite gallery, must feel a passing chill,—to Maclise, masterly in drawing and rich in truthful elaboration of detail. Then Turner shines upon us, or terrifies us with a storm. Welcome be his pet black dog,—happy dog, that hast stood boldly out against sunshine so genial and so warm! We refresh ourselves under Redgrave's green leaves, only to push forward to look at Cope's "Firstborn" and Millais's "Autumn Leaves," and Holman Hunt's "Ferdinand and Isabella," where we meet wondrous eyes again! and the canvasses of Egg and Ward, and Landseer's "Farrier's Shop." The cream of many Royal Academy years is about us, and we are proud of them. Through a gracefully-draped arch on our left, we now first catch a glimpse of the gallery opposite, where the old masters challenge comparison with the artists of the present century.

As we cross the great nave, at its western extremity, we have another opportunity of noticing the chief feature of the Exhibition. The great clock at the end, above the Sêvres vase, is curious. Its hours are told by the words—Art Treasures—a notion due to Mr. J. C. Deane, the general commissioner. But here again the admirable propriety of Mr. Crace's decoration arrests our attention. The bronze girders, tipped lightly with gold; the columns capped with the monogram of the Exhibition; the Greek and the Vitruvian ornamentation; the happy folds of warm drapery breaking the line of colour at the connecting arches; with the blue panelled roof, and the long wand of sky; remind us neither of the great glass palace of 1851, nor of the Palais de L'Industrie of 1855. If we had to hint at an improvement, where all details are so happily combined, we should wish for a few tints of colour in the great windows.

To the south of the transept is the large square chamber devoted to the Marquis of Hertford's collection; and beyond is the beautifully light and elegant gallery, in which are displayed England's matchless collection of water-colours. Nor do we proceed to examine the gems of this pleasant gallery—the masterpieces of Haghe, and Turner, and Stanfield, and Cattermole—the less cheerfully, when the reflection comes across us that, in a gallery opposite, amid lively imitations of the Alhambra, Mr. Donald, contractor, from London, intends to offer 1,000 barrels of ale, 900 butts of London porter, and some thousand or two dozens of wine, to the Exhibition visitors. We go merrily forward, for we are assured by the chief, that dinners can be cooked, in the great kitchen at hand, for 100,000 persons, daily. Why, Mr. Donald has an oven where 300 fowls can be roasted in an hour!

From the rich colour of our water artists we pass to the east, through the splendid collection most handsomely contributed by the Marquis of Hertford, fine and various, from the powerful landscape of Rubens to the solid white walls and deep brown shadows of the inimitable Decamps! Past treasures at every step, the tapestry known as the Raphael tapestry (for which the master wrought his cartoons, &c.), we advance to the long side gallery parted off into compartments by Mr. Scharf, where the history of the old masters is told in a splendid series of works, all the private property of Englishmen. At every step our wonder waxes. It is a real and solid glory to us, that we can show such treasures from our houses. It has been said that the contents of the building are worth fourth millions sterling; but the truth is, that the contents cannot be represented in value by money. Name the sum at which we should all stand by, to see the Chandos Shakspeare destroyed, and a bonfire made of the living pages of our history left to us by Holbein and Vandyke!

The arrangement of the old masters by Mr. Scharf is excellent. He has put rival schools face to face; and he bids us go once more over the old ground of criticism. He has given up one wall to Italian art, and the wall opposite, to the German schools. Here are Titian and Rubens, nobly represented, with Giorgione and Bellini for gentlemen ushers;—with curious old Germans, cramped but curious. But the Byzantine school, we regret to say, cannot be said to be represented. Let us speed forward, however, and cheerfully too, seeing the glories of the palette that have decked the "ringing grooves of change." Welcome to Manchester is the great Fleming, whom

we have seen in all his glory in his native Antwerp; where he worked, and where his pâlace still stands, the chief attraction of the place. Welcome, too, these curious canvasses of the Italian Revival, from Liverpool and Oxford, collected by General Guise and Roscoe. Here the English public may fairly study caricature, and thee, O! quaint Giotto. Thrice welcome saintly Raphael! The south-west corner of this first gallery is interesting, too, with its Van Eycks, Angelico da Fiesole, &c. Early Flemish and German art show a wondrous dawn in the Adoration of the Lamb by Hubert and John Van Eyck, of which Mr. Lemmé, of London, has offered the copy in his possession. In the early German school, Prince Albert, the Duke of Newcastle, Lords Brougham and Ward, and Mr. Beresford Hope, have afforded most valuable illustrations. We note, in passing, the Orford picture by Grunewald. And then we move eastward—perplexed and dazzled, and tired by the art-wealth through which we have already wandered. Past the Umbrian school, represented by Pietro Perugino; past Botticello's works with their Greek inscriptions; past Bartolomulo's great "Riposo," for which we have to thank Lord Cowper; even past Raphael's early "Crucifixion," once in the Fesch collection—and his other works—store-houses for the art student; past (on the opposite side), Quentin Matsys and Albert Durer—to the first vestibule, sacred to the schools of Ferrara and Parma, and some Spanish palettes. We are in the second gallery, and in the presence of Rubens and Vandyke. Here we promise ourselves the delight of a long, perhaps a brown study, in which we shall include a very deliberate halt before Vandyke's Rubens; and before some exquisite touches of Jordaens. Here too (we are still advancing) are Nicolas and Gasper Poussin, Giorgione's "Judgment of Paris," Titian's great portraits, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Annibale Caracci! We are fairly tired—tired as the pilgrim in the east is tired—with the glare of the sun.

In this Art-Treasures Exhibition there is something to study at every footstep,—so that the attention is rapidly exhausted, and the visitor feels an indescribable fatigue, if he attempt to make the tour of it, in a few hours. There are days of fruitful thought to be gathered in the historical gallery of portraits alone. There are pleasant hours to be passed among the miniatures, and the photographs, and the Rembrandt etchings. Centuries of art, to twist Napoleon's words, shine down from the walls to dazzle and unnerve the student, who, with trembling footsteps, is advancing to the threshold of the temple. He stands in awe before these priests who have ministered, and, from their tombs, still minister, at the high altar. Nor shall the lads of the loom look upon the noble lessons here thrown open to them, without being impressed. If one of them turn from these walls, and stroll home, strong in a determination to achieve something; not in vain will Messrs. Deane and Peter Cunningham have laboured through the winter to the fifth of May. And we are pleased to believe that to this great gathering of British treasures, a new era shall in future times be traced, in which Art took English Industry by the hand, and gave her all she needed to command the world.

Reform in any branch of study invariably depends on some rule, which, promulgated and adopted by the schools, gradually produces a general revolution in opinion, and opens a new field to a succeeding age.—*Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.*

THE OPENING OF THE ART-TREASURES PALACE.

We had left the Exhibition late on Monday afternoon. Then pictures were lying about in all directions; ladders were against the walls; and we had to pick our way amid piles of screws and hammers, and rolls of red cloth. Mr. Egg was there with his long bunch of feathers, fondly taking every particle of dust from the masterpieces of the English school; Dr. Royle was still hovering in the midst of his oriental treasures; Mr. Peter Cunningham was carrying priceless miniatures about, taking great care of his valuable little family; and Mr. Deane was everywhere. In the refreshment rooms, the smart waiting women were counting the plate; and in the galleries Lord Overstone and Mr. Fairbairn were watching the progress of the executive. We had seen the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, and the Palais de L'Industrie, on the eve of opening, but there all was confusion; everything late. In Paris, thousands of visitors were glad to witness the inaugural ceremony from the modest eminence of packing cases. Dresses were torn with nails, or soiled with paint. But the Art-Treasures Exhibition, on the eve of the opening ceremony—although pictures were lying about and carpenters' tools were conspicuous—was in admirable order. Therefore, when we entered the building, on Tuesday morning, we were in no way surprised to see the long passages brilliant with spotless crimson cloth; chairs and benches arranged in rows about the galleries, and every picture in its place. In no part could we perceive that a vacant space had been hastily and clumsily covered from the eyes of the ten or twelve thousand persons who, before one o'clock, were gathered under the glazed roof of the nave. The brilliant dresses gave a holiday aspect to the place; while the bright faces of the delighted wearers, the hasty search for commanding positions, and the arrival from time to time of known personages, left the attention unwearied throughout the interval that elapsed before the arrival of the Prince.

The side galleries were barred off till the Exhibition had been declared open by Royal lips. That is, they were barred to general visitors; but the bars fell back, before magic red tickets, marked "Press." In these side galleries—amid the gems of the British School, and the glories of the old masters, wandered innumerable deputy-lieutenants, wearing their glaring uniforms with more or less grace, and paying attention to elaborate toilettes, supported apparently, in most cases, by *Jupons contesses;* befurred municipal authorities; awkward gentlemen, in unnecessary court dresses; officers wearing the Crimean medal; the Earl of Yarborough, in a bath chair; Baron Damier, His Majesty Soulouque's representative (black and beaming); Sir H. Smith, and vigorous observers from the London papers, taking notes in light gloves. We should not fail to notice the bright face of the *Times'* Crimean commissioner, with his glass strapped to his side. Here were grave senators—there were sagacious diplomatists,—the learned Van de Weyer looking not the least sagacious. It was a scene full of life.

The great work was accomplished, and the workers appeared radiant among their friends, to receive their congratulations. The day was clouded, but it could not dull the brilliant dresses that filled the transept galleries, giving them the appearance of great bough-pots planted before the state chair upon the daïs. The sides of the orchestra, too, were packed with ladies; while, skirting the transept were all the choicer toilettes of the day—a perfect exhibition of the modern modiste's art. Flowers gleamed in a thousand fair hands, and girdled the daintiest bonnets; only the policemen looked stern—borne down possibly with the burden of the power entrusted to them. No ordinary philosophy is required to repulse a pretty face from a side gallery. In the refreshment room, Mr. Donald's deputies were assuming a calmness which they could not have felt, in face of the invasion of the buffets, that was inevitable. The members of the orchestra might be seen stealing up the almost deserted side galleries, sacred yet for an hour to general deputy-lieutenants, aldermen, and the press. Presently Madame Clara Novello made her appearance in front of the orchestra, followed by Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, and Hallé, and was received with applause. It was evident that the Prince was on his way from Abney Park to the building. People began to press about the transept; chairs were thrust into conspicuous positions; a man, in a felt cap, stepped up the steps of the daïs, and added some gold cords to the chair of state,—perfume to the violet! Mr. Deane was seen fluttering fitfully about, giving final orders. The red coats of the military; the blue coats covered with stars and ribands of the diplomatists; and the sombre gowns of the clergy, drew around, all backed by the parti-coloured crowds of ladies.

The white wand of Mr. Charles Hallé appeared. That buzz, by which a vast concourse of people expresses its excitement, vibrated through the building. The policemen looked sterner than ever, and people popped up from their seats to catch a glimpse of the distant doors. Especially nervous was the solemn member of the force who guarded the Prince's reception chamber, with its splendid furniture; the gold inkstand upon the table; the malachite pen lying upon the jewelled dish, and the virgin book upon which the illustrious visitor's name was to be presently entered. The boom of the cannon now sounded through the building. Mr. Hallé raised his wand, and with it the ten or twelve thousand persons present. The National Anthem filled the air, and every male head was uncovered. The Prince had arrived. Here he was met by the Mayor and the following members of the corporation, in their robes of office:—Aldermen Sir Elkanah Armitage, Bancroft, Barnes, Bowker, Heywood, Mackie, Neild, Nicholls, Sir John Potter, M.P. (in a court dress), Shuttleworth, Watkins, and Willert; Councillors Williams, Gibson, Parnell, Joseph Lamb, Howard, Walker, Pratt, M'Gill, Worthington, Dyson, Newton, Hetherington, Curtis, Ellis, Mountcastle, King, Sharp, Goadsby, W. H. Lamb, Grave, Robinson, Fletcher, Ryder, M'Connell, Clark, Haworth, Crewdson, Cottrell, Rumney, Jones, Bennett, Bake, Neill, Rawson. The Mayor said he had great pleasure in presenting an address from the corporation to his Royal Highness. The Town-clerk then read the

CITY ADDRESS.

"TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT, K.G.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—

"We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of the city of Manchester, gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the visit of your Royal Highness to renew the expression of our regard for your Royal Highness, and of our admiration of the many public and private virtues by which your Royal Highness is eminently distinguished.

"We offer to your Royal Higness our most hearty congratulations on the recent safe and auspicious birth of a princess, and we fervently pray that the valuable life of Her Most Gracious Majesty, happily preserved, may be long continued to be, as heretofore, a blessing to her family and her people,

"While we refer with pride to the occasion which has induced your Royal Highness to revisit our city, we feel imperatively called upon to express our warmest gratitude to your Royal Highness for having cordially consented to honour by your presence the opening of the magnificent building in which we stand, raised by the public spirit and spontaneous liberality of our fellow-citizens for the reception of many of the priceless treasures of ancient and modern art existing in the United Kingdom.

"We rejoice in the complete success which has attended the efforts of those upon whom the responsibility of this undertaking has devolved,—a success which has exceeded the most sanguine anticipations, and which we attribute mainly to the condescending and zealous patronage graciously extended by our beloved Sovereign.

"The encouraging example afforded by Her Most Gracious Majesty and your Royal Highness in thus zealously supporting an exhibition originating in a desire to instruct and gratify the people has been emulated in the noblest spirit of liberality by the possessors of art-treasures throughout the kingdom, and the promoters have thus been enabled to congratulate themselves on the splendid realisation of their purposes, which is presented in the imposing spectacle around us.

"As representatives of the vast population by whom we are surrounded, we venture most respectfully to assure your Royal Highness that we hail, with the greatest joy and satisfaction, the intimation that it is the gracious intention of Her Majesty the Queen to honour the Exhibition with a royal visit.

"We specially rejoice in the hope of this event as affording another opportunity of evincing the deep and universal feeling of loyalty and attachment to Her Majesty's person, which prevails within and around this city, and the profound sense of gratitude which exists for the care and solicitude very graciously manifested by our beloved Queen in favour of whatever is calculated to secure and promote the improvement and happiness of Her Majesty's subjects.

"That your Royal Highness may be long spared to secure and increase the happiness of our most gracious Queen, and to be a blessing to your children, and to the nation, is our most fervent prayer.

"Given under the common seal of the corporation this twenty-ninth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven."

The address was beautifully engrossed and emblazoned on vellum, backed with rich dark velvet; the case consisting of red morocco, artistically ornamented with gold.

The Prince's reply was delivered in a low voice, but its spirit was kindly and thoughtful. It was especially happy where allusion was made to the public spirit and the honourable confidence with which possessors of art-treasures had confided their precious possessions to the executive committee.

THE PRINCE'S REPLY.

"Mr. Mayor, Aldermen, and Gentlemen,—

"I have received, with feelings of no ordinary gratification, the address which you have presented to me, expressing such kindly feelings towards myself, and professing to represent the good wishes of the vast community which is collected in and around this city.

"It will, I am sure, be most pleasing to the Queen, to receive, from the expressions contained in the address, a fresh assurance of the loyal interest taken by her people in all that concerns her happiness.

"I most willingly attend here this day to assist at a ceremony which the inhabitants of Manchester may well witness with pride, as its object is to inaugurate an Exhibition, collected by the exertion of their enterprise and public spirit, and intended, not for the amusement and gratification of the neighbourhood alone, but for the instruction and improvement of the nation at large.

"You justly allude, in terms of gratitude, to that comprehensive and liberal spirit which has adorned the walls of this building with the choicest specimens of art, from so many private galleries of the kingdom. It added much to the pleasure with which the Queen and myself had complied with the application for works of art belonging to us, when we found this example so generally followed by the possessors of treasures which are, in general, so reluctantly entrusted by their owners to the care of others.

"The Queen will, I am confident, be glad again to visit Manchester, not only to mark by her presence her approval of the object and successful execution of this great undertaking which we have this day to celebrate, but from a recollection of the enthusiastic loyalty exhibited when she had formerly an opportunity of visiting this great centre of industry."

The nave had hitherto been covered by one vast and brilliant crowd; but now policemen, and commissioners, and all kinds of people in authority, intermixed, we suspect, with many who assumed authority if they had it not,—were seen, waving ladies and gentlemen back within their proper limits; till presently a broad red line of carpet appeared, stretching from the nave to the Sêvres vase near the entrance—a grand cordon for the Prince to walk upon. The sound of the great orchestra died away, and people re-seated themselves, waiting impatiently for the re-appearance of the Prince from his reception room. They were not kept long in suspense. At half-past two, the leader of the orchestra rose once more, a cheer broke from the farther extremity of the nave, and the Prince, surrounded by a brilliant suite, could be seen advancing through the grove of people. Gracefully bowing to all around, the Royal Consort ascended the steps of the daïs, and stood near the state chair. Then the rich voice of Madame Novello, supported by a fine chorus, gave the words of the National Anthem. The Prince turned towards the orchestra, and remained evidently enjoying the fine execution of this stirring music, or bowing and smiling as he recognised some face in his neighbourhood. The last verse was finely delivered by Messrs. Sims Reeves and Weiss.

On the conclusion of the vocal performance of the National Anthem, Lord Overstone presented the Prince with the following address:—

"TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT, K.G.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—

"In the name of the general council, of the executive committee, and of all the officers connected with the preparatory arrangements of this great undertaking, I approach your Royal Highness with the expression of our deep sense of obligation for the constant interest which your Royal Highness has taken in the success of the Exhibition now about to be opened for the gratification and instruction of the public. Before, however, we enter upon the more formal proceedings of this day, we beg to tender to your Royal Highnesss our sincere condolence on the event which has brought sorrow to Her Most Gracious Majesty our Queen, to your Royal Highness, and to the members of the royal family, and which has at the same time caused deep regret to Her Majesty's subjects, who have long admired the virtues and respected the character of her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.

"In the presence of your Royal Highness amongst us under these painful circumstances, and the decision of your Royal Highness not to suspend the ceremonial of this day, we gratefully recognise a delicate consideration of the importance of the occasion, and a gracious desire not to disappoint the vast numbers who must have made arrangements, which it would have been impossible to postpone. At the same time, we respectfully appreciate and sympathise with those feelings which cause your Royal Highness to desire to remain, in all other respects, in the strictest privacy.

"OVERSTONE,
President of the General Council."

His Royal Highness returned the following reply:—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—

"You are very kind in thinking at this moment of the bereavement which has befallen the Queen and her family.

"In the Duchess of Gloucester, we have all lost, not only the last of the children of that good king who occupied the throne during sixty years, and carried this country fearlessly and successfully through the most momentous struggles of its history—and thus the last personal link with those times;—but also a lady whose virtues and qualities of the heart had commanded the respect and love of all who knew her.

"If I have thought it my duty to attend here to-day, although her mortal remains have not yet been carried to their last place of rest, my decision has been rendered easy by the conviction, that could her own opinions and wishes have been known, she would, with that sense of duty and patriotic feeling which so much distinguished her, and the generation to which she belonged, have been anxious that I should not, on her account, or from private feelings, disturb an arrangement intended for the public good."

Mr. T. Fairbairn, Chairman of the Executive, in military garb as deputy-lieutenant of the county, next advanced, and presented an address, as follows:—

"TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE ALBERT, K.G.

"May it please your Royal Higness,—

"We, the executive committee for conducting the Exhibition of Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom, appointed to our present offices at a meeting of the General Council of the Exhibition, held on the 20th day of May, 1856, humbly approach your Royal Highness on the auspicious occasion of your presiding at this inaugural ceremony, to lay before your Royal Highness a short account of the history and progress of the undertaking to the present time.

"Before alluding to our actual proceedings, we would ask permission to remark, that this great gathering of the most precious and remarkable works of art in the United Kingdom may be considered the legitimate offspring of that happy suggestion for the instruction and enjoyment of vast masses of our fellow creatures of all classes and countries, and for the good of all mankind, which, originating with your Royal Highness, had so glorious a triumph in the success of the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations in 1851. The interchange of knowledge which that magnificent undertaking, and its equally magnificent successor, the French Exhibition of 1855, effected, has already proved of the greatest value in advancing the art of design, and promoting all branches of human industry. Both those arenas of peaceful rivalry—so vivid in their contrasts to the more exciting international contests which we have since witnessed—were remarkable, as regards the English element, for two broadly-defined features; they showed to the world at large, our best customers, the peculiar excellences of many of those great staple manufactures which employ and feed the industrial population of these islands; and they showed to ourselves our own deficiencies in matters of taste and design. Whilst therefore there was a mutual gain, and there sprung up a kindlier international feeling, there originated also a desire for the acquirement on the one hand of a knowledge of the useful, and on the other an appreciation of the beautiful.

"The promoters of the present Exibition conceived it possible to carry the beneficent intentions of their predecessors in such undertakings one step further. The project of a purely fine-art Exhibition on a great scale appeared at first sight, to say the least of it, somewhat problematical as regards its financial success. But when the subject was sifted, when it was found how comprehensive were its details and application, how wonderfully rich our happy country (untrodden for many a century by any foreign invader) unquestionably is, in all that unequalled wealth and civilisation could accumulate, and how much positive and immediate good was likely to result from the bringing together of the eager and inquiring minds of our time, with the realisations of the genius of past ages and other countries,—the project assumed a proportion of importance which at once commanded attention, and cried aloud for fulfilment.

"The first suggestion of the Art-Treasures Exhibition was submitted by Mr. Deane, the general commissioner of the Exhibition, to an influential meeting of Manchester gentlemen, on the 26th March, 1856. The scheme was favourably received, and, dependent upon the success of the application for public support in the way of subscription, was voted into existence. And here we would request your Royal Highness's special attention to a remarkable feature in the history of this undertaking. Without any public appeal, without even a general local canvass, contributions to a guarantee fund amounting to not less than £74,000 were raised in this city within a period of three weeks. From this fact we would draw the inference that the promoters of all schemes professing to commend themselves by their intrinsic merits to public approval, need not and ought not to be deterred from promulgating their patriotic efforts by the lack of positive money gifts, but would rather do well to test the sterling value of their conceptions by this form of appeal for the guarantee of the whole expenditure required.

"Upon the completion of the guarantee fund, and after having obtained the patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and the marked and special encouragement of your Royal Highness, we at once invited designs for a building suited for the purposes of the Exhibition. After a careful consideration of the designs and estimates sent into us in competition, that of Messrs. C. D. Young and Company, of Edinburgh, was finally selected. The building works, notwithstanding the intervention of winter months, having been brought to a timely and satisfactory completion, the interior decorations were entrusted to Mr. Crace, of London; and we venture to hope that as regards their appropriateness for the favourable display of works of art, the committee's decision, in both respects, will meet with your Royal Highness's approval.

"We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity of conveying, through your Royal Highness, to our most gracious sovereign the expression of our profound gratitude for the cordial and most munificent patronage and support which Her Majesty has vouchsafed to our labours. Her Majesty's loyal subjects, in this part of her dominions, will recognise, in the variety, splendour, and rare excellence of Her Majesty's contributions to the Exhibition, another evidence of their sovereign's unceasing desire for the advancement of her people's true interests and welfare. We would also respectfully tender to your Royal Highness our grateful thanks for the valuable assistance and advice we have, on numerous occasions, received from your Royal Highness.

"Without the support and co-operation of the owners of art-treasures throughout the kingdom, our undertaking would, as a matter of course, have failed. The character and excellence of the contributions by which your Royal Highness is now surrounded, and the value of the property deposited in this building by so many contributors, form the noblest testimony to the patriotic and unselfish character of our countrymen of all ranks. We believe so general an evidence of self-denial and the sacrifice of personal convenience for the public good to be without a parallel; and we sincerely feel how inadequate is the language at our command to express what is due from us to all, for the general support that has been accorded to us.

"In connexion with our proceedings we would very briefly refer to the circumstances under which one very important feature of the Exhibition, the well-known historic museum of decorative art, collected by M. Soulages, of Toulouse, has found its way to Manchester. Upon the refusal by Her Majesty's government to purchase this choice collection at prime cost, we considered we were acting in the true interest of art in volunteering, on our individual responsibilities, to purchase the collection upon the terms that had just been refused. We desired that a collection of so high an educational value to our artizans should have the benefit of the widest possible examination; and we would express a confident hope that it may yet be preserved in its entirety after the close of this Exhibition, for more general public instruction.

"We cannot close this address without expressing a hope that, in the language used by your Royal Highness in the letter you addressed to our lamented president, the late Earl of Ellesmere, a national usefulness will result from the educational direction which we have endeavoured to impart to the whole scheme.—On behalf of the executive committee,

"THOMAS FAIRBAIRN, Chairman."

The reply of the Prince was in the following terms:—

"Gentlemen of the Executive Committee,—

"I thank you most sincerely for your kind address.

"The expressions of loyalty and attachment to the Queen, which it conveys, will, I feel certain, be most gratifying to her.

"I have with pleasure accepted your invitation to preside at the innaugural ceremony of an undertaking which I have watched with the deepest interest, from its first conception; and I may now be allowed to congratulate you upon the success, which has, so far, crowned your labours.

"The building in which we are assembled, and the wonderful collection of these treasures of art, as you so justly term them, which it displays, reflect the highest credit upon you. They must strike the beholder with grateful admiration, not only of the wealth and spirit of enterprise of this country, but also of

that generous feeling of mutual confidence and good-will between the different classes of society within it, of which it affords so gratifying a proof.

"We behold a feast which the rich, and those who possess private collections, have set before those to whom fortune has denied the higher luxuries of life—bringing forth from the innermost recesses of their private dwellings, their choicest and most cherished treasures, and entrusting them to your care, in order to gratify the nation at large,—and this, too, unhesitatingly,—at your mere request, satisfied that your plans were disinterested and well matured, and that they had the good of the country for their object.

"This is a gratifying sight, and blessed is the country in which it is witnessed! But no less so is the fact which has shown itself in this, as in other instances, that the great and noble of the land look to their sovereign to head and lead them in such patriotic undertakings; and when they see that the sovereign has come forward to give her countenance and assistance to the work, that they feel it a pleasure to co-operate with her, and not to leave her without their support,—emulating thus, in works of peace, the chivalric spirit which animated their forefathers in the warlike times of old.

"You have done well not to aim at a mere accumulation of works of art and objects of general interest, but to give to your collection, by a scientific and historical arrangement, an educational character,—thus not losing the opportunity of teaching the mind as well as gratifying the senses;—and manifold are the lessons which it will present to us. If art is the purest expression of the state of mental and religious culture, and of general civilisation of any age or people,—an historical and chronological review given at one glance, cannot fail to impress us with a just appreciation of the peculiar characteristics of the different periods and countries, the works of which are here exhibited to us, and of the influence which they have exercised upon each other.

"In comparing these works with those of our own age and country, while we may well be proud of the immense development of knowledge, and power of production, which we possess, we have reason also for humility in contemplating the refinement of feeling, and intensity of thought, manifested in the works of the older schools.

"I trust that you may reap, in the approbation of the public at large, and in the remunerative concourse of the people, the immediate reward of your labours,—and that, like the Exhibition of 1851, to which you so flatteringly allude, you may thus also find the means of closing your operations without having recourse to the guarantee fund, which this district has so generously put at your disposal.

"Beyond this, however, I trust that the beneficial effects upon the progress of art and taste in our country, which we may confidently look to, may be a lasting memorial of your vast enterprise."

In reply to the addresses of Lord Overstone and Mr. Fairbairn, the allusions of the Prince to George the Third, as "that good King who occupied the throne for sixty years, and carried this country fearlessly and successfully through the most momentous struggles of its history," will hardly be relished by the British public. Yet the reply specially addressed to Mr. Fairbairn, will find a general approval. It is well for the country, where kindly words—in which the struggles of the poor are touched upon—fall upon the public ear from royal lips. The Prince rightly touched the spirit of the Exhibition, when he described it as a banquet offered by the rich to the poor,—a proof of harmony among classes. He declared that it was well that the executive of the Exhibition did not aim at a mere accumulation of works of art and objects of general interest, but gave the collection an educational character. He compared the old schools with the modern schools of art, and pointed the lesson of humility that lies in the comparison.

The choir now pealed forth, "The Heavens are telling," and then, in a clear and impressive voice, the Bishop of Manchester, attended by the Rev. Canon Stowell and the Rev. G. H. Anson, read the following

PRAYER:—

"Almighty God, in whose works we see combined all that is most grand in conception, skilful in adaptation, and beautiful in execution, who hast given to us, Thy creatures, the power in some degree to recognise and adore Thy infinite perfections, bless, we beseech Thee, this work in which we are engaged, and prosper this our undertaking to the advancement of Thy glory, and the intellectual, moral, and spiritual good of Thy servants. Enable those who shall here regard these settings forth of subjects taken from Thy Holy Word, or representations of Thy works, or other manifestations of the several gifts and powers Thou hast entrusted to man, so to select and note whatever may lead them to a fuller recognition of Thy goodness, and to eschew whatever is contrary to, or derogating from, the same; that, led by Thy Spirit into all truth, they may show forth the blessed result in increased love of Thee, in renewed purity of life and conversation. Grant that this undertaking may be made available to the exalting our national character, the chastening and elevating our taste, that, in all that is good and beautiful, acknowledging Thee, the author of all good gifts, we may the more readily obey with willingness Thy laws, and walk in Thy commandments. And, as this undertaking is intended for the good of many, so may it, too, contribute to draw them together in mutual love and kindness,—the wealthier who have provided here the means of instruction and improvement, uniting in seeking to promote the common good, the less favoured in estate joyfully receiving and thankfully participating in the opportunities and advantages accorded to them in this place. While we behold the various degrees and kinds of excellence which the imagination, learning, skill, or industry of men have at any time attained to, let us ever remember that all that is good is of Thee done, that, without Thee, nothing is strong, nothing is holy. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the praise.' (Psalm cxv. 10.)

"We acknowledge with thankfulness that Thou hast defended us from the perils of war, and pray Thee so to continue Thy mercies towards us, that all the world may know that Thou art our Saviour and Mighty Deliverer. Grant to us Thy grace, that henceforth, living a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty, and cultivating the arts of peace, we may continually offer to Thee our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for Thy mercies; and as it pleased Thee of old to fill Thy chosen servant with Thy spirit, 'in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them, and in 'carving' of timber, to work in all manner of workmanship' (Exod. xxxi.) to the declaration of Thy glory, so mayest Thou continue those Thy gifts to us, yet ever leading us to seek in spiritual understanding that more excellent knowledge, before which we shall count all things but loss. We bless Thee for our gracious Sovereign, and implore Thee to vouchsafe Thy goodness, that, in the fulness of Thy favour, she, with her royal consort, and the other members of the royal family, may be permitted to bring to good effect the good desires Thou puttest into their minds, for the well-being of those among whom they live. And finally, we would beseech thee to have mercy upon all men, and especially upon Thy holy catholic church throughout the world, that through Thy grace setting forth the knowledge of Thee, confirming the faithful, strengthening the weak, and enlightening the ignorant, it may bind all men together in peace and goodwill, love and charity, so to use together the good things which Thou bestowest on earth, as to prepare them for that eternal manifestation of Thy glory which Thou hast promised to Thy faithful servants, through Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Saviour, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost, belong 'the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty for ever and ever.' (1st Cor., xxix. 11.)—Amen."

The Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Hallé next took up the ceremony, and led a splendid performance of the Hundredth Psalm. As the last verse of the hymn died away, the masters of the ceremonies, or rather the general commissioners, who appeared to marshal everything, cleared the way, down the nave. The red path opened once more; and the Prince, followed by his brilliantly-coloured *entourage*, and the Manchester corporation, went on his tour throughout the galleries. We could catch the points the procession reached, by the cheers that waited upon its path—cheers which the orchestra could not drown. Returned presently to the transept; the Prince stood once more upon the dais near the state-chair, pleasantly talking to the Dukes of Buccleugh and Argyll.

The coup d'œil at this moment was imposing. Grouped around the Prince, himself in a field-marshal's uniform, with the deep blue riband of the garter peeping beyond his sash, rose the various official costumes of his suite; the gaudy gowns of the mayor and aldermen;—the uniforms of the Dukes Newcastle and Argyle. Selections from the Ode to St. Cecilia, filled the nave with wondrous sound; and the Prince kept time to the music.

The organ notes died away, and then the Prince, in a loud clear voice declared the Art-Treasures Exhibition open! Cheers, in response to the first of which His Royal Highness waved his hat, resounded through the building. There were hearty Lancashire cheers, too, amongst them. And the Queen was cheered, and there was a cheer for the baby.

The ceremony was at an end. The Prince retired through the galleries devoted to the ancient masters; the policemen gave up the approaches to the British school; a side door, under the transept, was opened—and hungry crowds poured towards the fairy domain of Mr. Donald. Here Bath buns disappeared with awful rapidity; military moustachios were bathed in sherry; helmets lay upon the floor near sturdy warriors who were deep in the mysteries of pork pies; pretty hands were drawn from delicate gloves to handle light pastry; the fragrance of coffee enriched the air!

The Art-Treasures Exhibition was fairly opened, and the boys in neat blouses—painfully new and crisp—were selling catalogues by hundreds.

May the sky keep blue above the Art-Treasures of England!

W. B. J.

Amongst the distinguished persons present upon the daïs, or in the principal transept seats, were the following:—The Marquis of Abercorn, groom of the stole; Viscount Torrington, gentleman of the bedchamber; General the Hon. C. Grey, private secretary; Colonel Seymour and Colonel Ponsonby, equerries; and Dr. Lyon Playfair, gentleman usher, in attendance upon His Royal Highness; the Earl of Carlisle, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, with his suite; the Duke of Argyll, the postmaster-general; Earl Granville, lord president of the council; Lord Stanley of Alderley, president of the Board of Trade; Sir Benjamin Hall, president of the Board of Works; the Hon. G. M. Dallas, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States; M. Van de Weyer, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of Belgium; Baron Damier, the Haytian ambassador; Lord Overstone, president of the general council of the Exhibition; members of the executive committee—James Watts, Esq., chairman (ex-officio), Thomas Fairbairn, chairman, Thomas Ashton, William Entwisle, Joseph Heron, Edmund Potter, and S. J. Stern;—the Duke of Newcastle; the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Marquis of Stafford, and the Marquis of Chandos; Earl Powis, the Earl of Yarborough, and the Earl of Burlington; Lord Lincoln, Lord Ward, Lord Belhaven, Lord Elcho, Lord Cavendish, M.P., Lord Broughton, and Lord Belper; the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Manchester, accompanied by the Rev. Canon Stowell and the Rev. G. H. G. Anson, his lordship's chaplains; Lieutenant-general Sir H. G. Smith, Bart., G.C.B., general in command of the northern and midland districts; Sir James Monteith, Sir Benjamin Heywood, and Sir Humphrey de Trafford; Alderman Sir John Potter, M.P., and James Aspinall Turner, Esq., M.P.; Manchester; W. N. Massey, Esq., M.P., Salford; John Cheetham, Esq., M.P., South Lancashire; R. N. Philips, Esq., M.P., Bury; James Kershaw, Esq., M.P., Stockport: Charles Hindley, Esq., M.P., Ashton-under-Lyne; J. P. Browne Westhead, Esq., M.P., York; and E. W. Watkin, Esq., M.P., Yarmouth; A. Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P., Maidstone; H. Ingram, Esq., M.P., Boston; R. D. Mangles, Esq., M.P., Guildford; S. Heelis, Esq., mayor of Salford; C. Towneley, Esq., high sheriff of Lancashire; William Atkinson, Esq., high sheriff of Cheshire; the Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Lord Provost of Glasgow, Aldermen Salomons, Copeland, and Cubitt, M.P., Andover; and Mr. Sheriff Mechi, and Mr. Sheriff Keats, of London; Mr. Ross Mangles, chairman; Sir F. Currie, deputy-chairmen, and Colonel Sykes, ex-chairman, of the East India Company; Rear-Admiral Moorsom, C.B.; the Hon. Captain Carnegie, C.B., R.N.; Professor Owen and Professor Simpson; Sir C. Eastlake, president of the Royal Academy; Mr. Lewis, president of the Society of Water-colour Painters; Mr. Warren, president of the new Water-colour Society; Messrs. T. Bazley, E. Tootal, and W. R. Wood, deputy-lieutenants of the county (in their uniforms); Messrs. W. Fairbairn, C.E., F.R.S., J. Whitworth, C.E., J. C. Harter, O. Heywood, J. F. Foster (chairman of the Salford Quarter Sessions), John Pender, and many other subscribers to the guarantee fund; Colonel Hodge, 4th Dragoons; Captain Huish; Mr. S. C. Hall, Mr. Robert Chambers (Edinburgh), &c.

"TITIAN'S DAUGHTER."



THE OLD MASTERS.

ITALIAN SCHOOL.—I. TITIAN.

By H. Ottley, Esq.

In proceeding to give biographical and critical notices of the great masters of various ages and countries, we shall find it impossible to establish any system, as to chronological order, or classification of schools, in their succession. We must take them as they come, and as the subjects appropriate for illustrating their talent present themselves. Each of these sketches, therefore, will be independent and complete in itself,—an isolated contribution to the general history of art. This enforced diffuseness, however, will be considered of the less importance, when it is known that we purpose giving a series of articles descriptive of the various schools, from the earliest time of the revival of art in Europe down to our own day,—with individual notices of the principal masters of each, and especial reference to their works comprised in the Art-Treasures Exhibition.

Titian (Tiziano Vicelli), the great master of colour, and the leading ornament of the Venetian school, was born at Cador, in Friuli, according to some authorities in 1477, but of others, including Vasari, in 1480. He early showed a taste for painting,—so much so that it soon passed into a saying, that he was born a painter. Certain it is, that at the age of ten his uncle, perceiving the bent of his genius, took him to Venice, where he placed him first under the tuition of Sebastiano Zuccati, and afterwards under that of Giovanni Bellini. This last named, whose father had received instruction in the school of Squarcione at Padua, had himself established a school, distinguished for its fine treatment of colour, but no less for its dryness and mannerism in design. Titian having quickly learned all that his master could teach him, was not long before he discovered the weakness of style to which he and his followers were tied; and, inspired by a contemplation of the works of Giorgione, in a freer and nobler style, resolved to follow his example,—study nature, and give vent to his genius under her promptings. It may be proper here to give some indication of the peculiarities of Giorgione's style, which we find to hand in the words of Vasari. Giorgione, by the way, had himself been a pupil of Bellino's, and was about the same age as Titian. Not being satisfied with the mode of proceeding in Bellini's school, "he began to give his works an unwonted softness and relief, painting them in a very beautiful manner; yet he by no means neglected to draw from the life, or to copy nature with his colours as closely as he could, and in doing the latter he shaded with colder or warmer tints as the living object might demand, but without first making a drawing, since he held that, to paint with the colours only, without any drawing on paper, was the best mode of proceeding, and most perfectly in accord with the true principles of design." "But herein he failed to perceive, that he who would give order to his compositions, and arrange his conceptions intelligibly, must first group them in different ways on the paper, to ascertain how they may all go together; for the fancy cannot fully realise her own intentions, unless these be to a certain extent submitted to the corporeal eye, which then aids her to form a correct judgment. The nude form also demands much study before it can be well understood, nor can this ever be done without drawing the same on paper. To be compelled always to have nude or draped figures before the eyes while painting, is no small restraint, but when the hand has been well practised on paper, a certain facility, both in designing and painting, is gradually obtained; practice in art supervenes, the manner and the judgment are alike perfected, and that laboured mode of execution mentioned above is no more perceived. Another advantage resulting from drawing on paper is, the store of valuable ideas which gradually fill the mind, enabling the artist to represent natural objects from his own thoughts, without being compelled to hold them constantly before him; nor does he who can draw, need labour to hide his want of design beneath the attractions of colouring, as many of the Venetian painters—Giorgione, Il Palma, Il Pordenone, and others—who never saw the treasures of art in Rome, or works of the highest perfection in any other place, have been compelled to do. Having seen the manner of Giorgione, Titian early resolved to abandon that of Gian Bellino, although well grounded therein. He now, therefore, devoted himself to this purpose, and in a short time so closely imitated Giorgione that his pictures were sometimes taken for those of that master, as will be related below. Increasing in age, judgment, and facility of hand, our young artist executed numerous works in fresco which cannot here be named individually, having been dispersed in various places; let it suffice to say, that they were such as to cause experienced men to anticipate the excellence to which he afterwards attained. At the time when Titian began to adopt the manner of Giorgione, being then not more than eighteen,* he took the portrait of a gentleman of the Barberigo family, who was his friend, and this was considered very beautiful, the colouring being true and natural, and the hair so distinctly painted that each one could be counted, as might also the stitches in a satin doublet, painted in the same work; at a word, it was so well and carefully done, that it would have been taken for a picture by Giorgione, if Titian had not written his name on the dark ground."

Of Titian's performances in his Bellino style, the picture of Christ Paying the Tribute Money, which he painted in competition with Albert Durer, and finished in the minute manner of that artist, is a fine specimen. It is in the Dresden collection. His first pictures in his improved style were one of the Angel Raphael conducting the young Tobias, and a Presentation in the Temple. On the death of Giorgione, in 1511, Titian rose rapidly in reputation; was invited to Ferrara, where he painted for the Duke Alfonso his famous picture of Bacchus and Ariadne, now in the National Gallery. His next great work was the St. Peter Martyr,—a marvellous composition, in which the very sky and landscape are made to join in, as it were, in dirge-like chorus, in the terrible tragedy enacted. (See a fine copy of it in the Art-Treasures Exhibition.) About this time he was appointed by the States of Venice to a sinecure appointment of four hundred golden crowns a-year, which was generally appropriated to an artist of distinction, on the condition of his painting the portraits of the Doges of his time for a small nominal sum. His next step to preferment was in being presented in 1530 to Charles V., who was at Bologna, for the purpose of being crowned, and who from thenceforth became his firm patron, bestowing upon him a pension of 300 golden crowns. In 1548 Titian went to Rome, where he painted the portrait of Paul III. sitting between the Cardinal Farnese and the Prince Ottavio. Here he likewise painted his celebrated Danaë, with the shower of gold, which was much admired by all the artists and connoisseurs of the day, including the mighty Michel Angelo. Vasari thus speaks of the circumstance:—"Now it chanced that Michel Angelo and Vasari, going one day to see Titian in the Belvedere, beheld a picture, which he had just then finished, of a nude figure representing Danaë, with Jupiter transformed into a shower of gold in her lap. Many of those present beginning to extol the work (as people do when the artist stands by), praised it not a little: when, all having left the place, and talking of Titian's work, Buonarroto declared that the manner and colouring of that artist pleased him greatly, but that it was a pity the Venetians did not study drawing more; 'for if this artist,' said he, 'had been aided by art and knowledge of design, as he is by nature, he would have produced works which none could surpass, more especially in imitating life, seeing that he has a fine genius, and a graceful animated manner.' And it is certainly true, that whoever has not practised design extensively, and studied the best works, ancient and modern, can never attain to the perfection of adding what may be wanting to the copy which he makes from the life, giving to it that grace and completion whereby art goes beyond the hand of nature, which very frequently produces parts that are not beautiful." From Rome Titian proceeded to Madrid, at the invitation of Charles V., arriving there the beginning of 1550; where he painted several works of importance, in reward for which wealth and honours were heaped upon him by his imperial patron. The artist was now seventy years of age;—yet his hand never tired, his ambition never rested,—he had, so it turned out, nearly thirty years of life yet before him, and he resolved to enjoy and improve every hour of the time.

To sum up, in the words of Opie, in his 4th Lecture, "From Titian we may learn what may be usefullyapplied, not only to ourselves, but to men in all situations and of all professions, as well as to painters—that *it is never too late to improve;* for, at the age of seventy, and considerably upwards, we find him still rapidly advancing in his art. He had, it is true, at an early period, acquired breadth and grandeur in respect to colour, but he was not so happy as to burst the shackles of meanness, and emancipate himself from littleness, in respect to design, character, and invention, till very late in life. All obstacles, however, at length gave way to his powers and perseverance, and his latter works are not only remarkable for the most truly historic and awful tones of colour, for a freedom and felicity of execution beyond even the great promise of his former time, but also for a picturesque boldness and sublimity of conception, and energy of action and expression, and a learned and grand style of design, second to none but Michel Angelo. Those, therefore, who have seen the majestic figure of his Abraham about to offer up Isaac, his Cain and Abel, his David adoring over the headless trunk of Goliath, and his astonishing picture of the Death of Peter the Martyr, in which there is very nearly a complete union of all the excellences of the art, will judge of the infinite importance of appropriate colour and execution to design, and be ready to cry out, with a certain critic, that 'if Titian was not the greatest painter, he certainly produced the best pictures in the world.' Nature and fortune were equally kind to Titian: he had not to complain of having fallen on evil days and evil tongues; he was not suffered to waste his sweetness on the desert air; his works, sought for with avidity even in his lifetime, made their way, without the aid of time, dust, or varnish,—

* Ticozzi remarks that this must be an error of date, since Giorgione could otherwise not have been himself more than sixteen or seventeen.

unscraped, unmended, and unsmoked,—into the halls of the opulent, the palaces of the great, and the temples of the Deity; and, what is still more extraordinary, he was himself not forbidden to accompany them; his fame as a portrait-painter procured him pressing invitations to attend every principal court in Europe, all being desirous to be delivered down to posterity, or, as it was forcibly expressed by Charles V., of being rendered immortal by the hand of Titian. He several times painted the portrait of that emperor, and once, it is said, whilst at work, having dropped a pencil, Charles stooped for it, gave it him, and, on Titian apologising with some confusion, said very courteously, '*Titian is worthy of being served by an emperor.*' Charles also conferred on him the dignities of a knight, and count palatine, and allowed him a liberal pension; at which finding his courtiers beginning to express their envy and dissatisfaction, he plainly told them, as a reason for his bounty, and to mortify their malice, that he could, at any time, make as many nobles as he pleased, but that, with all his power, he could never make a Titian. Thus honoured by the great, and his society courted by all the eminent men of his time, Titian was not more happy in his genius than in all the circumstances of his life, which, prolonged to an almost patriarchal extent, in uninterrupted health, and with little abatement of vigour, was brought at last to a period by the plague, at the end of ninety-nine years."

Fuseli, who was by no means over-impressed with the importance of colour, nor himself happy in the use of it, thus sums up the merits of the great Venetian artist. After speaking of the extent to which imitation of objects may properly be carried, and the necessity of studying their hue and texture, with a view of giving rather their general air than mere surface appearance, he thus introduces Titian, and launches out at length upon his surprising excellence, not only in this single particular, but in all other points in which considerations of colour could properly enter:—"Titian laboured first to make fac-similes of the stuffs he copied before he changed them into drapery, and gave them local value and a place. He learnt first to distinguish tint from tint, and give the skeleton of colour, before he emboldened himself to take the greatest quantity of colour in an object for the whole; to paint flesh which abounded in demi-tints entirely in demi-tints, and to deprive of all that which had but a few. It was in the school of deception he learnt the difference of diaphonous and opaque, of firm and juicy colour; that this refracts and that absorbs the light, and hence their place; those that cut and come forward, first, and those which more or less partake of the surrounding medium in various degrees of distance. It was here that he learnt the contrast of the tints, of what is called warm and cold,—and, by their balance, diffusion, echo, to poise a whole. His eye as musical, if I may be allowed the metaphor, as his ear, abstracted here, that colour acts, affects, delights, like sound; that stern and deep-toned tints rouse, determine, invigorate the eye, as warlike sound or a deep bass the ear; and that bland, rosy, grey, and vernal tints soothe, charm, and melt like a sweet melody. Such were the principles whose gradual evolution produced that coloured imitation which, far beyond the fascination of Giorgione, irresistibly entranced every eye that approached the magic of Tiziano Vecelli. To no colourist before or after him did nature unveil herself with that dignified familiarity in which she appeared to Titian. His organ, universal and equally fit for all her exhibitions, rendered her simplest to her most compound appearances with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the essence and the general principle of the substances before him, and on these established his theory of colour. He invented that breadth of local tint which no imitation has attained, and first expressed the negative nature of shade: his are the charms of glazing, and the mystery of reflexes; by which he detached, rounded, corrected, or enriched his objects. His harmony is less indebted to the force of light and shade, or the artifices of contrast, than to a due balance of colour equally remote from monotony and spots. His tongue springs out of his subject, solemn, grave, gay, minacious, or soothing; his eye tinged nature with gold without impairing her freshness: she dictated his scenery. Landscape, whether it be considered as the transcript of a spot, or the rich combination of congenial objects, or as the scene of a phenomenon, as subject and as background, dates its origin from him. He is the father of portrait painting, of resemblance with form, character with dignity, and costume with subordination."

The picture, "Titian's Daughter," of which we give an engraving, is a *replica* of a favourite subject with the artist. She is represented holding up a casket of jewels, and looking round full in the face of the spectators. This picture was formerly in the Orleans collection, when it was known by the name of "La Cassette de Titien;" it now belongs to the Earl de Grey. There is another version of this subject in the Berlin Museum, where, instead of a casket, there is fruit in a dish.

MICHEL ANGELO AND GIULIO ROMANO.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

SCENE.—GIULIO in the Hall of Constantine, steadfastly regarding Raffaelle's picture of Justice and Mercy.

To him enter LEONARDO *and* FRANCESCO.

Giulio. Now, Leonardo, what's the latest news?
Leon. Cardinal Tortoso has been chosen Pope,
And with new title fills the papal chair.
Giulio. Adrian the Sixth—the news is six hours old!
Leon. Adrian the Sixth—and further, in your ear
Let it be whisper'd, Angelo's recall'd!—
Giulio. Recall'd! That's news, and welcome.
Leon. You fear no rival—Raffaelle being dead:
Others, less liberal, perchance had thought
Bad news—and most unwelcome.
Giulio. Rival, no!—
Art hath no rival save unrivall'd Nature:
Each gifted mind is a new strength to Art;
New wealth, new capital; and weak is he
Who dreads a brother greater than himself.
He knows not Art—nor Art's exalted aim.
Fran. What is the aim of Art?
Giulio. It is to teach
Through power of beauty the eternal power!
It is to feel our own humanity
Grow with the growth of knowledge—to evolve
Out of the perishable, the imperishable!
'Tis to give feature to imagination—
Set clear the visionary forms of fancy—
Make shadows, real; and the fleeting, permanent.
'Tis from the altar of immortal Truth
To snatch the spark that can illuminate.
Fran. By this we must conceive you designate
The highest order of Inventive Art;—
Nature hath other schools and colleges,
Other degrees and honours.
Giulio. Reigns, customs, manners change, but not so Man.
The spirit of the old humanity
Invigorates the new; Man changes more
In symbol than in essence—and the thoughts
That thrill'd Apelles in long ages back
Thrill Roman breasts e'en now; and to the end
The grandeur and the majesty of Art
Shall wake grand thoughts—and Truth and Justice
Keep their primal state and regal dignity.
Fran. To follow up this subject—it would seem
Art, in its highest form, hath province here
But second to Religion: that is—to raise
And spiritualize our nature!—
Giulio. Time hath made Pictures *altars!* they've received
The homage vouchsaf'd to divinity;
It is the soul's prerogative to soar!
An impulse God implanted from the first
When he created Man: as it is Nature
In the Earth to feel the influence of Spring,
So is it nature in the soul to feel
The influence of Art!
Leon. Could all men think like you—it might be well.
Giulio. Who's the true patriot?—
He who sets *himself* above his country?
Or he who, for that country's sake, would see
Self, power, possession—everything—forgot?
And scorning death, with his last effort cry,
Make way for Rome, ye nations!—so with Art.
Leon. Give me your hand—right nobly said, Romano.
Giulio. Some write their names on sand, which the next turn
And tide of Time leaves empty, blank, and bare;
But ages may convulse this mould of earth,
And Raffaelle's fame, unblemish'd, undecay'd,
Shall stand above the storm—and smile secure!
Yet who so just, unenvious; who so kind
As noble Raffaelle?—Oft I've heard him say,
"*Thank God I breathe the air of Angelo!*"
And Angelo, whene'er he visits Rome,
Will see no spot more precious to his thought,
More touching to his heart, than the dear earth
Which wraps the form of Raffaelle.
Fran. From what strange circumstance arose the fact
That Michel—that great mark and pride of Rome,
Was forced to visit Pietra?
Giulio. Leo the Tenth, whose brief pontificate
Made a new era in the world of Art,
On his accession to the papal throne
Profess'd regard for Michel Angelo;
Love for his fame—and zeal for his success;
Desir'd his genius for his native city;
And Angelo, as if foreboding ill,
Reluctantly obeyed the Pontiff's call.
Fran. 'Tis true, but thence to Florence, order'd forth
To build, of Saint Lorenzo, the façade.
Giulio. What followed next?—'Tis known throughout the realm,
Instead of the façade—unfinish'd yet
Since the old Cosmo time—instead of *this*,
Great work and fit forGenius to perform,
He, Michel Angelo, the soul of Art,
Was straight dismiss'd to Pietra—to decide
Between the quarries of the mountains there
And the pure marble of Carrara:—thus
For eight long toilsome years he fashion'd blocks,
Constructed roads o'er marshes to the sea,
Travell'd with rafts and fascines!—
He—Rome's Great Architect and ornament,
True Painter, Poet, Sculptor, left to toil
Like common mason—a mere blank in life,
His time consum'd—his glorious talents buried
During the whole hard reign of Leo Tenth!
Leon. It mocks belief!—myriads, as yet unborn,
Will read yet doubt; and ask can this be true
Which wars 'gainst sense—
Giulio. You saw me gazing here
On Justice and on Mercy!—shadows both:
They have no living semblances on earth!
To think of eight years in such labour spent!
Leon. A loss—no Pope of Rome may e'er compute:
A loss—posterity will long deplore!
Giulio. Years, generations, empires and their crowns,
Follow each other to the end of Time:
All things of earth are reproduced by earth,
Genius hath no successor!—knows no heir!—
Angelo *dead*—what centuries could replace
The grand old spirit of that master-mind?
Angelo *living*—any puny power
May cramp and fetter:—Rome! it makes me mad
To think of Michel and Pietra Santa!
Leon. 'Tis the fate of Genius!—
Ever the stream of life is full of turns
And rough impediments; to chafe at fate
Is but to sink the deeper.
Giulio. Sad as true:
The path of fame hath many a weary foot
And aching head and disappointed heart;
Many ascend, few reach the toilsome height!
Leon. Well:—
Whate'er the Present owes the Future pays!—
Towards the Pantheon let us hasten now,
There, under its vast cupola, survey
The sepulchre of Raffaelle.
Giulio. First meet we Angelo:
Conduct him there; let Genius mourn for Genius;
A tear from Michel Angelo would soothe
That spirit, call'd too early from the world;
Too early from that sphere which he adorn'd.

[*Exeunt.*

MANCHESTER, *May 5th*, 1857.

THE PICTURE SHOP.

Let us not turn away contemptuously from "small beginnings" whilst contemplating what is great,—is it not through the gradual influences of the one that we have been led to our devotion for the other? The human intellect expands and strengthens with every order of legitimate cultivation. Fergusson communed with the stars, as he lay stretched amongst his dreamy sheep, on the highland moors; and Miller chipped his way to the "great red sandstone," and through mammoth caves, to the highest position amongst our geological annals. Many of our most noted artists have gathered youthful inspiration from the humblest means, and risen to fame upon very awkwardly manufactured wings. Their victory is that they have accomplished the journey through difficulties and dangers, through anxieties and trials, and they may look back—and we trust that many do look back—with thankfulness for that intuitive feeling which prompted them to respect "small beginnings."

We remember one of the foremost spirits amongst our modern writers of fiction declaring that, fond as he had been of reading books, up to a certain period of his life he had not the slightest anticipation of entering upon the task of writing them. Like Charles Lamb, he was fond of rambling through that never-ending labyrinth of streets, lanes, and alleys of the leviathan metropolis, previous to his having gained a knowledge of the value of regular occupation, and in the course of a listless stroll down Fleet-street one Midsummer day,—an absence of pocket-money having as yet scarce taken the form of necessity, though a shadowy and ugly-looking object loomed somewhat unpleasantly in the distance,—his "lack lustre eye" fell upon a charming drawing in a print-shop window. He had mixed with the crowd,—had no occasion to dread the abstraction of a penniless purse,—and the artistic qualities of the work before him were exciting thoughts and feelings as novel as they were startling. The web was spun, the Fates had twined it around him, he was fairly in their meshes; so he turned into his usual haunt at dinner hour, dined at the expense of a friend, sought his quiet lodging at night, sat up and scribbled until the purple streaks over the house tops gave indication of sunrise, tumbled into bed, slept soundly, though dreaming of that blessed face in Fleet-street, and woke—an author. The little picture, its simplicity of character, its harmony of colour, and a certain expression of feature, had touched chords which became music; and ever since that time new strains have been periodically poured forth, cheering many a weary heart, strengthening those who were fainting by the way, drawing forth human sympathies, developing gracious amenities, and lighting up the scenes of social life with cheerfulness, and a gay, good humour. The spirit, till then, had been enchained; it was the bright little face in Fleet-street that gave it freedom, and added to the riches of the world in so doing. It was the unpretending printseller who opened the mind of wealth till then unknown. Let us not despise "small beginnings."

Look at this group, gathered round the plate-glass windows of our neighbour. A rough carter, in coarse fustian suit, leaves his team and lurry, whilst waiting for a load, and is feasting his eyes on that noble animal to which Landseer has given something like human expression. Fustian Jacket thinks better of his patient beasts than he did an hour ago, when they came to a dead-lock in the crowded thoroughfare; and if his employer does not look close after him, there will be an extra share of corn and beans in the manger this evening. The political enthusiast recognises his favourite M.P., and wonders how folly could support any principles that were opposed to so much intellect and intelligence. In this corner of the fascinating window we find a portrait of the popular incumbent, who gathers crowds to listen to his silver tones and his persuasive illustrations. And beside him, we observe a pack of hounds, in full cry, or a steeple-chaser, going at a "slapping pace;" a "good shot," bagging game by wholesale; or a patient angler, about whose "gentle craft" our old friend Isaac Walton has talked so pleasantly. All these have their influence; they catch the eye, and win admiration. Olivia is gazing intently upon "Broken Vows," for she last week had the folly to break her own, discovering the mistake, now that he she had so long held in her train is "over the hills and far away;" and that poor widow looks, with tearful eye, upon "The Vacant Chair;" whilst the bare-footed urchin flattens his nose against the cold plate glass, and grins from ear to ear at Hunt's or Webster's humour. Even B 24, instead of enforcing his brief authority, by scattering the "nuisance of a crowd" with his magic "move on," joins the gaping lovers of the fine arts, and inwardly feels, and silently expresses a critical opinion upon the merits of "A Scene from Newgate,"—"it is the real thing and no mistake;" he has witnessed such a scene a thousand times, and "isn't that wig of Serjeant Gabbles as natural as life?"

The love for pictures, for the imitative arts, may be almost considered an instinct; we find it clinging to every branch of the human race; its purifying and ennobling influences going hand in hand with civilization. These shop windows about which we are talking are the picture galleries of the poor, and they prompt many a latent desire among the wealthy and the comfortable-minded to have galleries of their own. The nucleus of many a future collection has been formed out of a passing glance at a choice engraving. The fair ones whom we are pleased to call our better halves, and often without incongruity in so doing,—find a love for what is elegant and tasteful creeping into their heads and hearts during casual visits to these artistic sanctuaries; for association with what is beautiful rarely fails to excite to a veneration for beauty, and a love for beauty is an approach to refinement, and, perhaps, we may venture to add, that the last-named quality most frequently seeks an alliance with the true, the pure, and the good. So, if it should happen that we find occasionally a few extra bills on quarter-day for what are technically called nick-nacks, or our portfolios accumulate rather rapidly in the number of their graphic contents, or our walls become too suddenly and too extensively brightened by gilded frames and sunny pictures,—if this should happen, as happen it must, to him who has the enviable companionship of good taste as well as of "connubial blisses," we must accept the bills in good humour, and pay them—as soon as convenient.

But we are forgetting our friends *outside* the windows, who rarely venture beyond the threshold towards the interior of the sanctuary of art; it would be well for many of them if their money went in this direction rather than in some others we could name; there would be a large balance in favour of health and comfort and pleasant thoughts. These windows, we have yet to observe, are a sort of almanack or calendar of the seasons; the spring, summer, autumn, and winter sports and social pastimes being there duly chronicled;—they are pictorial distributers of news—expounders of the follies and vices, the noble and ignoble deeds of our time; they point out who is to have the day's hero-worship,—who is placed on the pedestal, who is pulled down,—they are moral barometers, and tell us how fickle is the breath of popularity. They teach us lessons if we will but read them aright, the value of which is even beyond that derived from the cultivation of the artistic faculty and feeling. That it is not in our own country alone such a system of study is attainable, we find cleverly recorded by a recent writer in one of our most talented and interesting periodicals:—"At the Admiralty corner of the Nevskoï I make my first cordial salutation to the fine arts in Russia. This long range of plate-glass windows appertains to an ingenious Italian, Signor Daziaro, whose handsome print-shop, with the elaborate Russian inscription on the frontage, has no doubt often pleased and puzzled you on the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris; and who has succursal fine-arts' establishments in Moscow, in Warsaw, and I believe in Odessa, as well as this one in St. Petersburg. Daziaro is the Russian Ackermann's. For the newest portrait of the Czar, for the latest lithographs of the imperial family, for the last engraving after Sir Edwin Landseer, the last paysage by Ferogio, the last caricature (not political, be it well understood, but of a Lorette or débardeur tendency) of Gavarni or Gustave de Beaumont, you must go to Daziaro's. His windows, too, display the same curious thermometer of celebrity as those of our printsellers. A great man is disgraced, and sinks into oblivion. One day he dies, and then people suddenly remember him (for about two days), as he was, before he wasn't. Presto! his portrait appears in Daziaro's window. Half-a-dozen copies of his portrait are sold during his two days' resuscitation; and then he is relegated to the portfolio again, and slumbers till his son wins a battle, or runs away with somebody else's wife, or is made a minister, or is sent to Siberia, or does something for people to remember and talk about (for about two days more), what Monsieur his father was. When, failing the son's portrait, the astute Daziaro gives the respected progenitor another airing in the print-shop window; and so on till we ripe and rot, all of us. And thereby hangs a tale. Is this only Russian? Is it not so the whole world over? There was a thermometer of this sort in a print-shop at the corner of Great and Little Queen-streets, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, which I used to pass every morning; and the fresh portraits in the window were as good as the news of the day to me. The thermometer in Daziaro's is more apparent, more significant, and more frequently consulted; for this is a country where the news of the day is scarce, where, in an intolerable quantity of waste paper, there is about a copeck's-worth of news, and where the real stirring daily intelligence is muttered in dark entries, and whispered behind hands in boudoirs, and glozed from lip to ear over tumblers of tea, and scribbled on blank leaves of pocket-books passed hastily from hand to hand, and then the blank leaves converted instantly into pipe-lights. As a general rule you can find out much easier what is most talked about by consulting Signor Daziaro's window, in preference to the Journal de St. Pétérsbourg."*

In conclusion, let us hope that many a shop-window pupil may turn towards that wondrous picture shop now open at Old Trafford. Thither let him wend his way, now that he has been hoarding for the last few months the means of admission. Thither let him carry wife and children, that they too may feel the influences which cannot fail to render home happier,—and all wiser and better.

* "A Journey due North." "Household Words, No. 344."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—"THE SHEPHERD BOY."



Sir Joshua Reynolds was very successful in single figure subjects of this kind, and the one here selected has scarcely been excelled. As usual with this accomplished artist, the landscape is an attractive feature in the composition; the whole of which is beautifully treated and most English in character.

We can imagine the painter of this charming production to have read and thoroughly appreciated the following passage from Sydney's "Arcadia," with its crowd of pastoral images:—

"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old: there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to works, and her hands kept time to her voice-music."

We have ventured to give two illustrations in this, our first number, from the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, because he may be fairly considered as standing at the head of a particular class in our English school. His portraits are remarkably fine,—rich in colour as paintings, life-like as resemblances, graceful in general character. His historical subjects are deficient in the heroic, and his imagination does not seem to have been equal to the highest poetical development; but where homely English feeling is to be illustrated there is a charming simplicity, free from the least approach to affectation. That Sir Joshua could write as well as paint, will be found by a perusal of his lectures, with which the public of his age were so delighted, that Johnson and Burke were set down as the authors by their respective admirers.

JOHN ZOFFANY.—GARRICK IN "THE FARMER'S RETURN."



JOHN ZOFFANY was born at Frankfort, about the year 1735, and died at Kew in 1810. Coming to England about the year 1770, without a friend to help him through the struggles of a London artistic life, which, in those days, even more than in our own, required aristocratic patronage to minister to success, poor Zoffany had to contend with the bitterness of disappointment and of penury. In the midst of almost overwhelming distress, he at length had the good fortune to be introduced to the Earl of Barrymore, and in painting his portrait, laid the foundation of a future reputation. Soon after this we find him patronised by George III., and elected a member of the Royal Academy. Thrown into the society of Garrick and his dramatic friends, our artist soon became noted for theatrical portraits, and it is principally through his means that we are brought face to face with the leading performers of the period. The most successful of these productions were his pictures of Garrick as "Abel Drugger," of which there is an excellent print by Dixon,—and of the same actor in the scene from the drama called "The Farmer's Return." Another clever picture was his Foote and Weston in "Dr. Last," as well as the protean Foote in "Major Sturgeon" (the "Mayor of Garratt"). It would be well for our stage annals, if we had a Zoffany at each epoch of histrionic excellence; as it is, the poor player "struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more." The ringing plaudits of the hour are welcome to his ear, they keep up the vital energy, they are the main support through all the wear and tear of his exciting vocation; but he knows that when the curtain falls at last, he has left nothing behind him as a record of his greatness but shadowy tradition. His voice is mute, his genius is but a memory which will pass with the generation whose hearts he stirred. Honour therefore to the artist who gives us the opportunity of knowing what manner of man our ancestors talked about, and crowded to see and hear. Zoffany found a friend in George III., who interested himself in gaining him an introduction to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, for Italy he had determined to visit, having discovered that he had yet much to learn; and there, at Florence, he painted his most remarkable picture of "The Florentine Gallery," which, we believe, is in the royal collection. Going to the East Indies before his return to England, he there acquired a competent fortune in the pursuit of his art, but his health failed, and with it his powers as an artist. A number of Zoffany's dramatic portraits are to be found in the Garrick Club, King-street, Covent Garden, but the one of which our woodcut is an illustration belongs to the Earl of Yarborough.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—"PUCK."



HENRY LINTON Sc.

THERE is no more beautiful conception in the whole round of poetic fancy than the shadowy story which Shakspere has woven together, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It is, indeed, a dream, full of incongruities, the real and the ideal blending in harmonious contrast—spirits of air, graceful humanity, English tradition surrounded by Grecian scenery and character. Such is in truth the "stuff that dreams are made of;" and out of it has Shakspere pictured the most charming of fancies, warm and bright in colour as the midsummer scenes of the classic south. The first voices we hear are those of happy lovers—of Theseus and Hippolyta. They are betrothed, and the drama opens on the very eve of their approaching nuptials. Many dramatists would have made such hero and heroine carry out the main action of the story; *our* poet, however, has other and more congenial influences to deal with. Theseus addresses the fair Hippolyta:—

> Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
> Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
> And then the moon, like to a silver bow
> New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
> Of our solemnities.

As the course of true love never did run smooth, so is this music drowned in the harsh notes of Egeus. But, like "heavy fathers" of the modern dramatic school, he has no influence, and Hermia swears to her Lysander (a less fortunate couple than the Duke of Athens and the Queen of the Amazons),—

> By Cupid's strongest bow;
> By his best arrow with the golden head;
> By the simplicity of Venus's doves;
> By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
> And by that fire that burned the Carthage Queen,
> When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
> By all the vows that ever men have broke,
> In number more than ever woman spoke;
> In that same place thou hast appointed me,
> To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

And so they are to meet in the wood "a league without the town," where once they had met before, in company with the dignified Helena,—

To do observance to a morn of May.

The very sound of the word May brings with it English associations—the merry jingle of bells, "ribbons rare," and the breath of flowers, and so we are pleasantly whisked away from marble palace to woody haunts and moonlit glades, such as we read of in old English ballads, and we very naturally fall into the company of Nic Bottom the weaver, and Peter Quince the carpenter, and Tom Snout the tinker, and Francis Flute the bellows mender, and Snug the joiner, and Master Robin Starveling the tailor (tailors, it seems, were of the same complexion in those old days as in the present); these were the very men we should have expected to meet in the nutting woods of Cheshire, basking in a sunny holiday by day, or trolling the burthen of a popular ditty after sunset—"Its my delight," &c. We have left Athens and its marble deities a long way off; we have joined those of whom the puritan Stubbs writes in 1585, about ten years before the production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." "Against May, Whit-Sunday, or some other time of the year," says the writer, "every parish, town, and village assembles themselves together, both men, women, and children, old and young even all indifferently; and either going altogether, or dividing themselves into companies, they go, some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch boughs, and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withal." The worthy puritan did not believe in the morality of all this, and refers the custom to evil influences, even to "Sathan, the prince of hell,"—but he continues his description, nevertheless, which is more in our way at present than his opinions. "Their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their maypole, which they bring home with great veneration—as thus: they have twenty or thirty yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nosegay of flowers tied on the tip of his horns, and these oxen draw home this maypole, which is covered all over with flowers and herbs, bound round about with strings, from the top to the bottom, and sometime painted with variable colours; with two or three hundred men, women, and children, following it with great devotion. And thus being reared up, with handkerchiefs and flags streaming on the top, they strew the ground about it, bind green boughs and arbours hard by it; and then fall they to banquet and feast, to leap and dance about it." This amusement, of course, the writer (whose estimate of social customs took colouring from his religious convictions) puts down as a "perfect pattern" of the dedication of their idols by the heathen people. Not so thought Shakspere, whose broad humanity taught him to find

Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Leaving Bottom to "roar as gently as any sucking dove," and passing along through many pleasant glades—

By grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,

we come to the fairy world; where we meet with Titania and Oberon, and hear the latter tell of the riches of his kingdom:—

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

We long to remain with the "little people," if such are the pleasant places and the pleasant pastime of their gossamer life. Even the broad humour of Nic Bottom is forgotten, and the loves and disquietudes of our Athenian friends; we can think of nothing, and dream of nothing but this land of poetry and "moonshine;" whilst there falls upon the ear one of the sweetest and quaintest of songs. We listen to fairy song—

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.

This is all very agreeable; but it seems that even fairy land, with its beds of roses, is not without its thorns; that even in dream-land we cannot swing upon a gate all day without getting a jolt; that spirits of mischief do not belong entirely to common-place, flesh and blood sort of life, but are to be found wherever their vocation has fitting opportunity for display. So enter "Puck,"—the gentle Puck, as Oberon calls him; but then Oberon, like terrestrial royalty, can speak graciously enough when he is brewing mischief, and wants a knowing agent.

My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Master Puck does remember it; and is ready to do, as other agents do,—to keep friendly with the authorities. He'll "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,"—he was the electric wire of fairy land, and created very often as much confusion.

Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Called Robin Good-fellow: are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery:
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern;
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck.

So, like his mortal brethren, it appears Puck had his weak side, he valued a little flattery, whilst, at the same time, the scapegrace did not shrink from confession.

I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her withered dew-lap pour the ale.

It is this fairy fancy, this tricksy spirit, that Sir Joshua Reynolds has desired to illustrate in the picture to be found in the North Gallery. The subject was painted for Boydell when he projected his edition of Shakspeare, with large illustrations by the ablest painters of the day, a work with which, no doubt, most of our readers will be tolerably familiar. Allan Cunningham, in his "Lives of the British Painters," estimates the figure highly; it is, he says, "a singular and a happy production,—the very image of that tricksey sprite—with a hand ready for pleasant mischief, and an eye shining with uncommitted roguery,"—whilst Waagen considers it rather that of a "child with an arch look, sitting on a mushroom, and stretching out arms and legs in wanton mirth," an opinion with which we feel inclined to agree. Certainly, after reading "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and particularly noting the language given to Puck, we can scarcely accept the illustration by Reynolds as Shaksperian in conception. It is difficult to suppose that plump, jolly little fellow addressing his master after this fashion:—

My fairy lord this must be done with haste;
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

Robin's humour—for Puck and Robin Goodfellow are one and the same—may be fairly expressed by the painter, but the poetic phase of the character is not sufficiently developed. We should feel inclined to consider the young gentleman before us as a portrait of Master Puck before he had arrived at the dignity of jacket and trowsers. There is much warmth of tone in the picture, as we find generally in the productions of Sir Joshua, and it would be recognised, at a glance, as from his studio. When we tell our readers that for this small canvas the English artist received five hundred pounds, it will be acknowledged that the fine arts were tolerably well appreciated in the reign of George III., of blessed memory; nor may modern artists despair, when it is added that Lord Fitzwilliam gave, last year, 980 guineas for the picture, at the sale of the collection of the late Mr. Rogers.

"THE ART THAT CAN IMMORTALISE."

Cousin! What image shall our friend create?
Let 't be a likeness of some human face—
The dwelling of a soul—a temple, where
Imagination, Reason, Passion, dwell
Together in delightful harmony.
I love such pictures; for they bear me back
To distant ages; they transport my mind
Across the deserts of the trackless seas.
Methinks, when I behold the panel glowing
With an honest face, I gain another friend.
Oh! it is fine—is 't not, Cousin?—to stand
Thus, face to face, with some philosopher;
To smile before a king; to stand and gaze
Upon a woman, brighter than the dawn?
Paint me a woman—Painter, do thy best,—
A woman!—Paint her like a full-blown flower—
Radiant as summer—conscious, as she sits,
That eyes are on her, feeding on her looks,
Like bees on roses! Turn her shoulder—thus;
And thus her arm; and bid her hand drop here,
As 'twere a lily bending. Let her smile;
For smiles are beautiful on every face:
And bind her forehead with her natural hair:
And bid her lean—thus—gently as she sits;
And for her eyes—look, look! by all the stars,
Ere I have said—'tis done.
O peerless art!
Quick spirit, who thy radiant work dost finish
With such delay (no more) as airy thought
Takes to complete her will. What glittering dreams,
What sunset, summer hues, what witching power
Belongs to thee, bright art! Canst thou bring back
The far-off friend—redeem for us the dead,—
From utter darkness and oblivion's curse—
And shall we fail to do thee homage?—Peace!
Let us bow grateful for all good—not least
For that which fills our souls with pleasant thoughts,
Which makes life ever young and beautiful,
And saves, from out the dark, decaying grave,
The face we loved to look on. Hail to Art!

The Love of the Beautiful.—There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts, as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—*A. W. von Schlegel.*

THE STORY OF ROSA BONHEUR.

BY W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

Before the name of Rosa Bonheur had become a household word in England,—long before "The Horse Fair" found its way across the channel—we turned from the Vernets and Delaroches of the Luxembourg Gallery, to contemplate a fine picture, entitled "The Ploughed Field!" There was wondrous sunshine upon those solid, stalwart oxen; the turned clay was moist and glistening; and there was no monotony even in the corn-ridges of the ploughed land. And then, how exquisite was that touch of art, where the feathery head of a dandelion, on the very edge of the outer ridge, was being carried, plume by plume, into the air! No more masterly hand ever threw a solid, simple foreground together. The catalogue presently told us that this powerful performance was that of a woman—of one Rosa Bonheur.

The story of Rosa Bonheur is full of dramatic interest,—to be earnestly read, even seated before that sweet picture of hers, in the north transept gallery of our Art-Treasures Exhibition. We draw the curtain up before a robust child, bounding hither and thither—a truant often from school—amid the scanty rural beauties of the Bois de Boulogne. Now there is a group of loungers before her. She is tracing wild designs upon the treacherous sand, with the first piece of stick at hand. From babyhood she has been accustomed to see her father, pencil in hand. She draws as naturally as the birds sing, and as cherry-blossoms answer the warmth of the spring sun. Raymond Bonheur, her father, hoped once to be a great artist; but he was poor, and he had children. And so the brave man put aside his dreams of glory in the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, to earn bread for the nest, in the humble capacity of drawing-master. On the other hand, his wife taught music. Courage brought sunlight to their fortunes at length, and once more Raymond Bonheur became ambitious. Hereupon, Death stalked into his household, and placed his icy fingers upon Madame Raymond. The dear voice spoke its last word; the dear eyes closed upon beloved children. Four poor children pressed about the knees of an agonised father. His dreams were clouded for ever, and with a saddened spirit he returned to the schoolroom. Bordeaux was deserted for Paris. And here Rosa, with her brothers Auguste and Isidore, and her sister Juliette, lived through her infancy, beloved and cared for by one of those household heroines whose stories die with them.

Rosa was an habitual truant from her school, and filled her copy-books with rude drawings instead of perfect pothooks. The bird had wings, and would try them. Even when a mere baby, when, according to M. Eugene de Mirecourt, Rosa was called, by the Spanish poet Moratin, his "round ball," her sketches were everywhere. But fate frowned at these baby-efforts. Raymond Bonheur had to fight his way in Paris, step by step. Every point was occupied, every road encumbered with rivals. At last he succeeded in placing his two sons in an academy, where his lessons were considered an equivalent for their board and instruction. But the fate of poor Rosa was intolerable. She was apprenticed to a dressmaker. We are assured that the father was not to blame for selecting this humble occupation. Rosa would not learn. Her vagabond spirit rebelled against the dry forms of elementary knowledge; it rebelled as violently against the dreary monotony of the needle. And her father, tender to her tears, took her kindly from this last torture. The good man's next plan was to put his intractable daughter to school, on the same terms as those by which he was feeding and educating his sons; but he had hardly realised this design, and congratulated himself upon the comfort he had achieved for his children, when Rosa's mistress had cause to complain of the turbulence and audacity of her new pupil. The drawing-master's daughter had caricatured the professors and teachers, and played a variety of practical jokes. Still, if she was stupid in the grammar class, she remained supreme in that over which her father presided, to the discomfort of her rich schoolfellows. Nor were these schoolfellows slow to avenge themselves, by disdainful allusions to the poor condition of their successful rival. Rosa felt this indignity keenly, and her sadness urged her father to take her home.

From this time forward Rosa Bonheur was an artist. She worked at the beloved art day and night. Now she modelled plastic clay, and now the pencil told her thoughts in bold broad lines. If she had been an idle writer, she became, in return, a passionate and persevering art-student. Every morning she was early on her way to the Louvre, where she planted her easel before a great master, and drank in all his beauties. No observer ever drew her eyes from the grateful work in hand. From the Louvre, she passed presently to the tuition of her father; and to his tender care, his thoughtful lessons—and his alone—the world owes the accomplished artist it now possesses in Rosa Bonheur! The Bonheurs were destined to be artists—one and all. It was in their blood; their playthings were palettes and brushes. Rosa's brothers, Auguste and Isidore, and her little sister Julia, learned to hold no mean pencils, as the reader may himself see, by turning, to the left of the great artist's picture, to a charming "Landscape and Cattle," by Auguste Bonheur,—erroneously marked in the first edition of the catalogue No. 77 (Hertford Gallery). Raymond Bonheur lived on, only to complete the education of his children. He was their only master; and he was a severe master, where severity was kindness, for he was determined that Rosa should offer her works to the public only after long and severe study. During four years she studied the old masters attentively; and then, seeing with the clear eyes of genius where her power lay, she bravely took up her pencil and sketch-book, and sallied forth to study nature in the suburbs of Paris. Neither drenching rains nor muddy roads turned her from her purpose. Upon the inconstancy of weather in Paris she is said to have revenged herself by inventing, on the sixth floor of the Rue Rumfort, where she lived, a little garden along the *terrasse*. Here, too, she kept a Beauvais sheep, and during two years studied his proportions unweariedly. As a reward for his patient sittings to Rosa, Auguste would lead him forth in the evening to take a walk beyond the *barrèires*. But the poor Beauvais sheep became a stale model. The vigorous genius of Mademoiselle Bonheur craved for new subjects; and she went forth to the celebrated slaughter-house near the Barrière du Roule—the execution ground of the Bœuf-gras—that she might see animal life under favourable circumstances. There are dainty ladies who will throw up the whitest of hands, in token of their horror. A woman calmly sketching in a slaughter-house! Aye—conventional laws are powerless in these instances. Timid women—as they stand, strong in their emotions, over the mortal agonies of men—must cast the limits assigned to their sex aside, when dowered with a rare mission like that of Rosa Bonheur. Amid slaughter-men and drovers—regardless of their brutal words and vulgar curiosity—the young girl stood, buried in her work.

At length the fruit was ripe. In 1841 Madlle. Bonheur exhibited two pictures—"Studies of Goats, Sheep, and Rabbits." In 1842 the young artist was more ambitious, and connoisseurs halted before the "Horse for Sale," and two more pictures from her easel. In 1844, in addition to some cabinet pictures, Rosa Bonheur exhibited a bull modelled in clay; but it was in 1845 that she exhibited no less than twelve pictures, and found herself sharing the honours of exhibitors' space with her brother Auguste, and her good father. In 1847, Isidore's name was added to the list of the Bonheur family in the salon; and a few years later, the little Juliette made herself known. But Auguste, and Isidore, and Juliette, must recognise, together with their father, the superiority of Rosa. Reputation burst upon her—reputation, and its golden rewards. Her picture, the "*Bœufs de Cantal*," which passed into English hands, obtained for her a first-class medal in 1848; and Horace Vernet offered her, in the name of the government, a Sèvres vase. Her joy knew no bounds; and her father saw the dreams of long years ago becoming realities. In 1849 appeared the wonderful "Ploughed Field" *(Labourage Nivernais)*, to which we have already alluded. It was a commission from the government!

The critics were soon busy with the new artist's reputation. Her pictures, placed among the so-called classical school of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, were curiously simple. Professors' rules were here and there violated, perhaps; but there was nature upon the canvas, sweetly, and boldly, and carefully interpreted. Here was something fresh—not from the Quartier St. Germains, but the fields. It had been gathered, after years of patient study, by a woman, strong in the consciousness of her own power, who, equipped in male attire, had tramped through the picturesque departments of France. We all admired the wondrous "Horse Fair." Well, before this picture was produced, the artist, dressed in a blouse, went twice weekly to study in a horse fair. Anecdotes are told of the ludicrous positions in which this male attire has placed her; but she appears to have always extricated herself from them with consummate tact. Her kindly nature, and her strong common sense, have protected her. And, now,—

Well, now Mademoiselle Bonheur lives in a beautiful cottage in the Rue d'Assas, Paris. The chief attraction of this home, to her, is that it has a garden—that here she can keep a little farm-yard. Poor Raymond Bonheur is dead The cholera carried him from his children in 1849. Honour to the memory of the generous father, who immolated his genius to glorify his children. Isidore is, gossips say, to be a distinguished sculptor. Little Juliette is unmarried, and is at the head of a drawing-school in the Rue Dupuytren, where Rosa gives advice twice weekly. In the house where this school is held dwell the Bonheur family, all fired by the love of one art, if unequally endowed with the faculty to realise.

There is a good lesson in this short story of Rosa Bonheur's life. Greatly gifted, the courageous woman has still won her fame by her perseverance, and her capacity for continuous labour. The pale morning light brings her early to her easel; and here she will sit hour after hour, while her faithful companion—Mademoiselle Micas—reads to her. The setting of the sun alone has power to take the pencil from her hands. Let a friend drop in, she will beg to be excused from

idleness. She can paint and chat at the same time. Nor has the wealth which this industry has produced been grudgingly held. It has been scattered generously abroad, to soften the misfortunes of brother artists. The noble girl, who is said to have carried her Exhibition medals to the *Mont-de-Pieté*, when money failed her, that she might afford help to a friend, has not suffered success to sear the simple kindness of her heart. She remains at once an honour to France as an artist, and an honour to her sex as an example of pure womanhood. Neither the blouse, the top-boots, nor the closely-cropped hair have hardened the gentle spirit of the wearer. We are assured, by M. de Mirecourt, that Madlle. Bonheur would pass for a young man easily, in any society, when equipped for her suburban rambles; but let us assure any gentle reader under whose eyes this rough sketch may fall, that, on the other hand, Mademoiselle Bonheur remains true to her sex, in the purity of her life and the kindness of her heart. She disdains to wear lace and jewellery; but, then, has she time to dress? Could she paint a horse fair at her ease, *en crinoline!*

THE OLD MASTERS.

Their works seem endless as their reputation; to be many as they are complete; to multiply with the desire of the mind to see more and more of them; as if there were a living power in the breath of fame, and in the very names of the great heirs of glory "there were propagation too." It is something to have a collection of this sort to count upon once a year; to have one last, lingering, look yet to come. Pictures are scattered like stray gifts through the world: and while they remain, earth has yet a little gilding left, not quite rubbed off, dishonoured, and defaced.—*Hazlitt.*

THE PICTURE GALLERY AND ITS INFLUENCES.

A fine gallery of pictures is a sort of illustration of Berkeley's theory of matter and spirit. It is like a palace of thought—another universe, built of air, of shadows, of colours. Everything seems palpable to feeling as to sight; substances turn to shadows by the arch-chemic touch; shadows harden into substances; "the eye is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest." The material is in some sense embodied in the immaterial, or at least we see all things in a sort of intellectual mirror. The world of art is an enchanting deception. We discover distance in a glazed surface; a province is contained in a foot of canvas; a thin evanescent tint gives the form and pressure of rocks and trees; an inert shape has life and motion in it. Time stands still, and the dead reappear by means of this so potent art! What hues (those of nature mellowed by time) breathe around, as we enter! What forms are there woven into the memory! What looks, which only the answering looks of the spectator can express! What intellectual stores have been yearly poured forth from the shrine of ancient art! The works are various, but the names the same; heaps of Rembrandts frowning from their darkened walls—Rubens's glad gorgeous groups—Titian's more rich and rare—Claude always exquisite, sometimes beyond compare—Guido's endless cloying sweetness—the learning of Poussin and the Carracci—and Raphael's princely magnificence, crowning all. We read certain letters and syllables in the catalogue, and at the well-known magic sound a miracle of skill and beauty starts to view. Pictures are a set of chosen images, a stream of pleasant thoughts passing through the mind. It is a luxury to have the walls of our rooms hung round with them, and no less so to have such a gallery in the mind,—to con over the relics of ancient art bound up "within the book and volume of the brain, unmixed (if it were possible) with baser matter." A life passed among pictures, in the study and the love of art, is a happy, noiseless dream; or rather it is to dream and to be awake at the same time, for it has all "the sober certainty of waking bliss," with the romantic voluptuousness of a visionary and abstracted being. They are the bright consummate essences of things, and he who knows of these delights, "to taste and interpose them oft, is not unwise!" *Hazlitt.*

DECORATIVE ART.

Amongst the most charming and interesting applications of the arts of design, are those where they are brought to bear upon articles of everyday use. Ornament and usefulness being thus brought into association, the public taste is elevated by the habitual consideration of the beautiful, in form, colour, and arrangement of material, and instinctively pays the more willing homage to the great sources of inspiration from which their treatment emanates. It is remarkable that, in the most splendid days of high art, ornamental art—that is, art applied to various manufactures, as in plate, glass, armour, tapestry, &c., and also to the decoration of walls, the carving of ivory, wood, &c.—was in its noblest stage of development, and in its action and influence reciprocated upon the purely fine art. To Maso Finiguera, a goldsmith who flourished in the latter part of the 15th century, we owe the invention of copperplate engraving. Raphael himself condescended to paint walls with arabesque ornaments, which became a school of house decoration ever after. And shortly after Raphael flourished Benvenuti Cellini, who was unapproached in goldsmith's and Damascene work. The same principles of beauty and taste guided both; the application only was different. Amongst other great artists of this kind were, in ornamental armour, &c., Paolo Azzimino, of Venice; Filippo Negroli, Antonio Biancardi, Bernardo Civo; the Piccinini, and Romero, of Milan: in goldsmith's and Damascene work, Paulo Rizzo, of Venice; and Carlo Sovico, and Caradosso, of Milan.

In hailing with satisfaction the magnificent and curious display of articles of vertù in the several departments of ornamental art, which grace the cases in the grand central avenue of the Art-Treasures Palace, and which have been so munificently contributed by Her Majesty and various noblemen and gentlemen and public institutions, we feel bound to guard the art-student against a wrong appreciation of the purposes with which he should contemplate them. He should look upon them as marvels of mature fancy and formative excellence, admirably adapted to delight in the several capacities for which they were designed; but he should recollect that many of those purposes are now obsolete, many of the allegorical allusions applied in them out of date and out of character with the people amongst whom he lives at the present day; and therefore, whilst he admires, he should above all things studiously avoid imitating them. Copyism in art is the destruction of art, sapping the springs of invention, in which the first excellence of the artist consists. Let the art-student set about the contemplation of these art-treasures, with the conviction that they are not to be copied—that they are original,—unique, and that if he would produce anything to stand in rivalry with them, he also must be creative, original, unique in his designs. Let him trace the genius of Raphael and Cellini in their productions; let him study their mode of working, the principles of beauty and poetic fancy which prompted their conceptions, and guided their hand in the execution of their *chef-d'œuvres;* and then, applying the same principles to his own case, according to the materials at hand, and the objects sought to be attained, he will succeed in his hopes, and realise the brightest dream of artistic ambition. But again we say to the art-student—admire, study the beautiful objects which you see collected here, investigate, probe to the bottom the secret of the beauty realised in them—but do not copy!

A pair of carved ivory salts, the property of George Field, Esq., of Tonbridge Wells. The first of these is supported by three cupids, the foot of one resting upon a quiver of arrows, the hand of the second upon a shield, whilst, at the foot of the third, stands a peacock in the pride of his plumage.



The other one, an illustration of which we also give, is similarly supported by the love messengers and satyrs; and at the foot of which are a ram, a swan, and dolphins. These specimens are twice the size of the engravings, and are supposed to be of the eighteenth century workmanship.



These two beautiful specimens of carving are in a case of ivories near the Goodrich collection, but as there is a change taking place in the position of some portion of the cases, we are not able to point out with certainty the number or letter of the case in which they may be in future found.

Y.

THE LYNN CUP.



The celebrated piece of work, of which we give an illustration, will be found in Case B, containing enamels, and the second on the left-hand side as the visitor passes along the hall from the eastern entrance. This cup is of silver gilt, embossed and enamelled, and, together with the cover, weighs 73 ounces. The accompanying engraving will convey a better idea of its general form, than any description which we can give. The enamelled compartments are enriched with figures habited in rich costumes, apparently engaged in the ancient sport of hawking.

Tradition says that this cup was given to the corporation of Lynn, by King John. After a careful examination, the evidence appears to be against the truth of the tradition, as the whole design suggests the work of a later and more refined era. The costume of the female figures displays the graceful elegance of dresses of the time of Edward III., and the ornaments, part of which are decidedly of an architectural character, belong to the decorated period. The ball and point on the top of the lid are evidently additions of the time of King James, and the leaf ornament round the rim of the lid, appears to be the well-known Tudor flower, of the time of Henry VII.

Again it may be urged on the other side, that the tradition is an old one, and can be traced back to the time of Edward VI., as appears by the following extract from the corporation records:—

"1548. Feast of St. Bartholomew.
Plate delivered to ye Mayor.

A Cup called *King John's Cup* with a cover enamell'd *wt.* ...	oz. 40*
A Gilt cup with a cover	25
A doz. spoons with acorns.....	16
A Cup with a pelican in ye bottom	12

Tho. Moss hath received a harness of cloth of Gold and a Dragon to be kept to ye use of ye Comons.

"1595. May 7. King John's Cup and a Plate of ye Towns, to be sent to London, that ye Ld Treasurer may see it."

The art of working in metals was carried to great perfection at a very early period in this country. A large cup of gold, made by a goldsmith named Baldwin, by order of the Abbot of St. Alban's, is described by Matthew Paris as being adorned with flowers and foliages of the most exquisite workmanship. Native artisans were always to be found to execute the vessels required in the services of the church, and the costly and curious ornaments with which the shrines and altars were adorned.

This cup, which holds a full pint, was usually filled with sack at civic festivals, when all present drank from it with certain ceremonies, to the health of the king or queen.

May we not imagine what merry hours it has ministered to,—what jovial hearts it has warmed into social companionship,—what voices it has tuned to music. Not to the baronial hall alone, and its riotous festivities, was this ornamental vessel confined; it had place among the denizens of the religious houses, who practised "good living" in more than one sense of the term.

The wassail cup at feasts is of considerable antiquity; and a grace cup is frequently spoken of as being kept in the refectory of monasteries, out of which the monks after grace every day, drank round the table. On the occasion of marriages, we find that our ancestors did not forget their "cups," even in the church. "By the Sarum Missal," says Brande, "it is directed that the sops immersed in the wine, as well as the liquor itself, and the cup that contained it, should be blessed by the priest. The beverage was to be drunk by the bride and bridegroom and the rest of the company."

The practice of giving toasts, we are told, originated in the reign of Charles II. "It happened," says the *Tatler*, "that on a public day a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquor, who has ever since been called a toast." Brande, in giving this quotation, adds the well-known smart saying of a Mr. Brown, who, on having it observed to him that he had given a certain young lady a long while for a toast, answered, "Yes; but I have not been able to *toast her Brown yet.*"

* The weight, as here given, differs very much from the present weight.

PICTURE TALK.—POINTS OF CRITICISM.

By H. Ottley.

How to look at a picture,—what to look for, and what to admire in a picture;—these are matters of importance to the public, now that a collection of pictures has been brought together for their enjoyment and instruction, such as never was seen before,—such, perhaps, as never will be seen again under one roof. There are various opinions as to the capacity of the public for art-study and art-criticism,—opinions wide as the poles asunder. On the one hand, we find an exclusive class of artists who insist that no one has a right to judge of art but themselves,—that the public, who buy pictures, and are expected to admire pictures, are to do so without pretending to understand anything about them, or presuming to hold an opinion on the subject, save what may be vouchsafed to them by the artist-class itself. This is surely wrong, surely absurd. Art is a language by which ideas are communicated; and the very first notion of a language is, that it should be intelligible to those to whom it is addressed. Suppose the same illiberal pretensions were set up by other intellectual labourers,—by the poet and musician, for instance,—where would be the world-wide fame and improving influence of Shakspeare and Mozart, if none but coiners of rhyme, and composers of music, could judge of their glorious productions? On the other hand, there is a numerous body of adventurous spirits,—free-thinkers in their way,—who hold too lightly the qualifications necessary for judging of Art, and appropriating and converting to use the ideas of the artist. "I don't pretend to know anything about Art," these exclaim,—"but I know what pleases me, and that's enough." Unfortunately that is *not* "enough;" the man who knows nothing about Art, cannot enjoy it; he may fancy he is pleased with some palpable presentment of individual objects, which assimilate with his vague notions of things, or some of the rude thoughts in his uncultivated mind; but Art, in its nobler purposes and grandest achievements, is a sealed book to him, and he goes away from the contemplation of what "pleases" him, as wise as he came; and that is, surely, *not* wise "enough." It is a misfortune resulting from the exclusiveness of the artist-class, and their contempt for public opinion, that so little has been done to remove this too general ignorance, and to cultivate a good understanding and sympathy between them and those for whom they work, and from whose patronage they expect their reward;—that Art has necessarily had to minister to a barbarous, uncultivated taste, and has, consequently, had to devote itself to the humblest and most common-place themes, expressed often in a vulgar, meretricious style. In the best days of Art, in Greece and Italy, its spirit breathed alike in artist and spectator, though the gifts necessary for its practice were confined to a few. Hence the glorious achievements of Art in those days. In our own the only hope for Art is in the general education of the public,—ay, of the millions, in its humanizing mysteries.

As an humble aid to this Art culture, let us now have a little "picture-talk," touching the purposes and scope of Art, and the language applicable to the subject.

In looking at a picture, the first thing we have to consider is the subject intended to be represented,—the idea which the painter intended to realize and convey to the beholder. We must enter, in some sort, into the mind of the painter before we can pretend to judge of his work; and, to do this, we must consider the circumstances under which he painted, and the ruling genius of the age in which he lived. Looking round the glorious Art Treasures Exhibition, we find an endless variety of subjects, an endless variety of styles of painting. Yet—speaking, of course, only of the good of each class—we find that the artist was always impressed, at the outset of his work, with an idea which he wished to convey to us, and that he fulfilled his purpose by the happiest application of the resources of Art known to him. It is by thus judging of the intention and the skill of the artist, combined, that we are enabled to enjoy, in turn, every object in the magnificent banquet now placed before us, from the rudest specimens under the first dawn of Art, to the most highly finished productions of later schools.

Of the various Schools of Art—Italian, early and late, Flemish, Dutch, German, Spanish, French, English—we shall treat at length in their proper place; one remark, however, we may make here, that painting (so it was also with music) had its earliest uses in purely devotional purposes—the decoration of the walls of churches, and the leaves of the missal, with the sublime mysteries of religion, and the miracles of saints engrossing the best efforts of the artist, to the exclusion of all other themes. In course of time, towards the end of the 15th century, concurrently with the cultivation of classical literature, the treatment of mythological subjects, &c., began to divide the attention of the artist; afterwards, the natural charms of landscape, and the obvious attractions of portraiture; and then a mixed and miscellaneous style, called *genre*, in which landscape, domestic incidents, furniture, animals, still life, and every variety of objects came in for treatment. Yet in this treatment—whatever the subject—certain artistic qualifications were involved, more or less, according to the occasion, the nature of which we will now proceed to consider.

And first—of the subject, and the *invention* displayed in its treatment. Upon this important point let us quote a few words from Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Invention in painting," he says, "does not imply invention of the subject, for that is commonly supplied by the poet or historian. With respect to the choice, no subject can be proper that is not generally interesting. It ought to be either some eminent instance of heroic action or heroic suffering. There must be something either in the action or the object, in which men are universally concerned, and which promptly strikes upon the public sympathy." Reynolds, in this passage, would appear to refer only to what are called "historical" pictures; that is, representations of grand incidents in religious or profane history, or in poetry; but much of it, and all which follows, applies to all paintings. "As it is required," he goes on to say, "that the subject selected should be a general one, it is no less necessary that it should be kept unembarrassed with whatever may serve to divide the attention of the spectator. Whenever a story is related, every man forms a picture in his own mind of the action and expression of the persons employed. The power of representing this mental picture on canvas is what we call invention in a painter. And, as in the conception of this ideal picture the mind does not enter into the minute peculiarities of the dress, furniture, or scene of action; so, when the painter comes to represent it, he contrives those little necessary concomitant circumstances in such a manner that they shall strike the spectator no more than they did himself in his first conception of the story." With all deference to so high an authority, this, in our opinion, is to be taken with some modification. Nothing can be more offensive than the obtrusion, in undue prominence, of the details of furniture, dress, &c., in an historical picture. But, at the same time, they should be completely, and truthfully, represented in every part. The English historical painters of the 18th century—it has been well remarked—were too loose and sketchy in these particulars; which implies disrespect for the spectator, if not for Art itself. It is not enough to give no more of them than would strike the mind of the artist "in his first conception of his story." The contemplation of a picture is not a momentary process; and the spectator, after an appreciative study of the grand leading conception, finds relief, and a new field for admiration, in the judicious treatment of details and accessories by which it is completed and surrounded.

To resume under this head,—it is a fatal error in the selection of a subject, or in its treatment, or both, when it does not fully tell all that passes in the artist's mind when painting it, without any necessity for further explanation. Numberless instances of this error occur every year at our exhibitions in London and elsewhere, where the spectator is called upon to read a long descriptive account in the catalogue, as a preparation to the enjoyment of the picture. A glaring illustration of the kind, which at the moment occurs to us, is in Ward's celebrated picture of "The Last Sleep of Argyll," painted for the new Houses of Parliament, in which what first strikes us is the appearance of a very stout, florid-countenanced gentleman, of the olden time, taking a very comfortable nap, with a large old-fashioned watch on the table beside him. What is there to tell us that it is his "last sleep" before proceeding to execution? Why, even this prospective event is lost for the moment to the mind of the sleeper himself.

After the choice of a subject, and the invention for its treatment, the execution of the work involves a great number of nice considerations, which, however, for the main part, may be classed under two distinct heads—the design and the colouring. To begin with the *design*,—this is the general arrangement of the linear forms by which the idea, or invention, of the artist is to be realized. It is, in short, the true basis of all that follows. The early masters, of the Florentine and Roman Schools, were very great in design, and were in the habit of working out, not only detailed sketches of each intended work, but elaborate studies of particular portions of it. In contrast with them, may be cited the artists of the Venetian School, with whom colour was a predominant consideration, and who, resting mainly upon it, often slurred over, or generalized the design to the very point of weakness. In design is included *composition*, which is the arrangement of the various parts or objects, animate and inanimate, so as to form a compact and satisfactory whole. The *grouping* of the figures is a commanding part of composition, one in which greatness of conception, on the part of the master, chiefly displays itself. As the term *grouping* refers generally to the assemblage of the figures in masses in various portions of the picture, and in the whole picture as a composition, the *disposition* of individual figures, as regards their attitude and their reference to one another, is a matter of detail, but one, nevertheless, of great importance. In drawing the figures, the artist has to study anatomical correctness, whether they are draped or not, and the expression of the countenances; also the character of the figures and heads themselves, taking care to select them of such a type as shall be appropriate to the occasion. *Drapery* is a most difficult part of composition; it should display simplicity without meanness; breadth without heaviness; sufficient accuracy and perspicuity without descending to trivial detail; and, above all,—though, from the space occupied by it, and the facilities for attractive colouring afforded by it, it must necessarily have an important influence on the general effect,—it should always be treated as an ancillary element, subordinate to the drawing and arrangement of the figures it is intended to clothe. Sir Joshua Reynolds expressed a great contempt for what he termed mere "drapery painters."

This file



WILKIE.—"THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION."

DAVID WILKIE.

"THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION," &c.

DAVID WILKIE was a man of original genius,—not of the highest order, but, when left to its free bent, most pleasing in character. He was the son of the Rev. D. Wilkie, pastor of Cults, and was born in 1785. He early evinced a predilection for art, and came to London in 1805, when he exhibited his "Village Politicians," which was much admired. In 1807 he painted the "Blind Fiddler" for Sir George Beaumont,—who gave him £50 for it, and has since presented it to the National Gallery. It is a gem of art, full of life, and most delicately finished

The figure of the blind fiddler himself, which we engrave, is a perfect study. He seems intent on his performance, not very musical in itself, perhaps, but his uplifted toe shows that he is a good timeist. Amongst his other works were, in 1808, the "Card Players;" in 1809, the "Cut Finger," and the "Rent Day;" in 1812, (by which time he had been made a Royal Academician) the "Village Festival," for which he received 800 guineas, and which is in the National Gallery; in 1813, "Blind Man's Buff;" in 1814, "The Letter of Introduction" (see engraving); in 1815, "Distraining for Rent;" in 1816, the "Rabbit on the Wall;" in 1819, the "Penny Wedding;" in 1820, the "Reading of a Will," painted for the King of Bavaria; in 1822, "Chelsea Pensioners reading the news of the Battle of Waterloo," painted for the Duke of Wellington, who gave £1,200 for it; in 1823, the "Parish Beadle;" in 1824, "Smugglers Offering Goods for Sale;" in 1825, the "Highland Family." The above, with others previous to this date, were all in this artist's own peculiar line of subject—sketches of everyday life, treated in a spirit of genuine humour. At this period he experienced a heavy loss in some speculations, which preyed upon his spirits; and being advised by his physicians to travel, he went to Rome and Madrid, stopping abroad about three years. The study of foreign art and character did not improve his style: his Spanish subjects, admirable as they are in themselves, are not equal to those of native origin, to which he had previously confined himself. Another circumstance shortly followed, which diverted his pencil still more widely from its early purpose. On the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he was appointed painter in ordinary to the king, and had to paint George IV. in a Highland costume. He was continued in the same employment by William IV., who knighted him, and by her present Majesty,



upon whose accession he painted the portrait-picture of the "First Council,"—a subject altogether unworthy of his genius. It is said, that as court painter he was disappointed at not being called upon to paint a state portrait of Her Majesty; but the Queen partly compensated him for this, by sending him on a mission to Constantinople, to paint that of the Sultan. Some of his sketches produced whilst on this trip are extremely interesting. It was when on his way home from this expedition that he was taken suddenly ill on shipboard, off Gibraltar, and, after a few hours' illness, died 1st June, 1842, when his body was committed to the waves. If ever there was an artist who was ruined by exalted patronage, it was Wilkie. We gladly turn from the consideration of his later performances to "The Letter of Introduction," one of his earliest works. What a story is told in that little group of two Christians, *plus* a dog,—a story, we fear, of everyday life, but not of the amiable side of it. That modest young man has evidently come from the far country with a "letter of introduction" to some distant connection of the family, from whom he hopes to receive kindness, promotion in the world, hospitable treatment—at least a good word and a smile of encouragement. But he is likely to be disappointed. The old gentleman wishes him—we are afraid to suggest where! looks forbiddingly under his spectacles, and seems inclined to burn the "letter of introduction" half read. The pampered dog is of the same humour as his master—sniffs superciliously at the intruder, and, though inaudible in canvas, utters a half-suppressed growl. Taken altogether, Wilkie never achieved anything of more strongly marked character than this little picture; which was painted for Samuel Dobree, Esq., and is now the property of Bonamy Dobree, Esq.

Y.

A LANDSCAPE FROM OLYMPIA.

If we dared so far to scrutinise the design of creation, as to think that certain spots had been formed expressly for certain events and certain actors, rather than that man had fitted himself and his acts to the plan of nature, we should have believed that the plain of Olympia had been designed as an amphitheatre for the gathering and assemblage of the Greek people, so perfectly is it in unison with the Greek character. We can imagine the Greek eye dwelling with the fulness of delight on the symmetry of its formation, on the beautiful proportions of its features, on the graceful undulations by which hill, plain, and river were preserved from the ruggedness and the straight lines so abhorrent to his taste, on the clear defined effect of light and shade, and recognising therein his ideal stamped in nature.

When the Greek no longer wanted an arena, the plain fell back into the hands of nature, and is now so covered with wild luxuriance and richest vegetation, that it is hard to fancy how men could there have driven their chariots, coursed their horses, and ran their races. We saw it, perhaps, in greater beauty than the Greek ever did; for there must ever be more or less of sand and sawdust in all the spots where man sets up his exhibitions. Less soft than the Vega, the plain of Olympia is more luxuriant, and more perfect in form. We cannot define that form; its beauty consists in the absence of regularity, and in the harmony of the whole. The hills encircle it, but not with rampart or barrier aspect. Each hillock of the chain seems to stand by itself, raising up its peak with a gentle swell towards the clear sky, and shooting out its spurs with a gentle curve into the plain; whilst betwixt them, deep green hollows, alcove shaped, still more break the line into slopes and undulations. The plain itself teems with vegetation. The eye finds nowhere a bare spot. Even the patches of corn are overshadowed by the exuberance of the herbage and the wildlings which grow around. Far enough apart from each other to prevent their being taken for clumps or avenues, stand great grand old oaks—the generations, perchance, of oaks which had been marks and goals during the Olympian games. Covered by their own goodly garb of leaves, and garlanded and festooned by creepers, which hang around and from them, they stand grandly, like old priests with their wreaths and fillets. Throughout flows a river, winding and meandering in gentle turns, which might have suggested to the Greek the line of beauty he so loved to use in all his works. The clear bright sky from above throws here and there a well defined, delicate contour of light, but does not, as in the Vega, suffuse the scene with the fulness of sunshine.

Olympia was more classical, more strictly beautiful; the Vega softer, warmer, more sunny. In the one we would have read heroic history—in the other, dreamed over poetry.

Ere we were half sated with the glory of the place, the flesh cried out, "I thirst;" and we turned to seek water up one of the hollows, which is supposed to have been the stadium of the foot race. The ground was, however, so thickly wooded, so matted with undergrowth, that we could trace no outline. After a while we came on a small stream, but the water was so tepid and brackish that it repelled our thirst, and we turned away in loathing. At this moment we felt a touch on our shoulder, and on turning round, saw standing beside us the wild ragged figure of a man, with matted beard, torn cloak, and holding a staff in his hand—a solitary herdsman of the plain. He pointed with his finger to his throat, to show us that he understood our want, and then waved us onwards. We followed until he stood still by the edge of the same stream, and then, scarcely a foot from it, we saw a tiny fountain bubbling up from the sand. The water was delicious, pure, and cold as ice. We drank and drank, and ever as we stopped, our guide invited us by bow and wave of the hand to fresh draughts. It was his possession, and he was doing the honours as a host. These touches of courtesy, thrown over a dry crust and cup of cold water, have for us the truest grace of hospitality.—*Blackwood.*

WATER-COLOUR ART.

By J. A. Hammersly, F.S.A.

The individuality and importance of what the English denominate "Water-colour Painting," and the French "*Aquarelle*," will necessarily demand a distinct series of papers. When considered in relation to its advancement in England, or to the magnificence of the collection in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, there would, indeed, be no excuse for subordinating it to any other department of art-practice. It is in itself worthy of all admiration, and takes no inferior rank when compared with any other division of the fine arts. Indeed, looking at art in the true spirit, and seriously considering its purpose, we must see that any class of manipulation is quite, in itself, a merely mechanical matter, bearing a very unimportant relationship to the real question. Every idea which art can realise or suggest, so far as painting is concerned, is equally within the reach of either oil painting, water-colour painting, or indeed any other method by which pigments are applied to the surface upon which design and thought, imagination and fancy, are depicted. All those elements of pictorial beauty, dramatic story, vividness of expression, force of action, and all the inferior agents involved in the words form, colour, light and shade, and perspective, are just as much at the command of the man who chooses one set of formulas, and one set of mere chemical elements, as another. Real art takes deeper root, and in its growth is independent of mere mode.

It is true there are questions about practice in art, which are associated inevitably with modes of operation. The large frescoes in the churches in Italy, for instance, could scarcely be produced so well through any other than the medium chosen. It agrees better with the architectural tone of the buildings than oil painting. The former becomes a portion of the place,—the latter would look more like pictures. The mode is, in other words, such as agrees in its *tone and character* with the place constructed, and *it maintains* this tone for a longer period. Hence fresco is more decorative in the highest sense of the term.

Oil painting, however, has its advantages, or rather peculiar and dominant qualities. It is well calculated for large gallery works, because it presents opportunities for facile execution, and enables the artist to complete his idea with rapidity. We question whether any one *quality* of art can be more powerfully given by oil than by water colours, excepting that of texture, always supposing water-colour *proper* be used, and no recourse had to temper painting, which in modern practice (as by Cattermole) is made to eke out the resources of water-colour practice.

Without entering tediously into the technically obscure, we may state here that we hope to popularise these terms and ideas ere long. In the meantime our position is taken, and we hope to make it quite clear that oil painting, even in its mere practice, has no very special advantages over water colours, excepting those just indicated, viz., in producing works with facility, and in a greater power of rendering the textural surfaces of objects, which by painstaking, and a little extra labour, is equally produceable in water colours.

Painting with colours in a state of *transparency*, with water as the liquifying medium,—and thus obtaining from the brilliancy of white paper its capabilities of rendering light,—has advantages over every other mode for certain classes of subjects, and for the production of works of a cabinet or medium size. White paper has in itself qualities of light, which place it far higher than any other mode of treating light as a quality rather than as a substance; and the greatest water-colour artists have made use of this to a degree, which has placed this kind of art in England upon a par with any kind of art-practice in any age or country. The works of Turner and Copley Fielding, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, show this abundantly. How decidedly does John Lewis prove that the simple material with which he works is capable of laboured detail to an extent even greater than with its sturdier rival.

Oil painting, at a certain point, makes slavish demands upon those who practise it, if great delicacy of detail is desired, while the time expended in elaborating detail is excessive; a fact which almost points out the provinces of each. We feel rather inclined to think that the works of Millais—certainly those of Holman Hunt—would be more satisfactory if executed in water colours.

Much has been thought and said touching the durability of water-colour works. It is in the chemical nature of colours, either through the imperfection of mediums, or from the antagonism of compounds of colours, that changes will take place in pictures; but it would be great hardihood of argument to assert of one mode over another — superiority of permanency. Water colours are said to be more fugitive than oil pictures. But there can be no denial of the fact, that if water-colour pictures become lighter by time, oil paintings become darker. The truth is, that every kind of practice has its province and capability. We cannot claim for one a supremacy over the other; we can only, in true heartiness, consider that each in its way is the best, and honestly assign to each its proper position. Michael Angelo said of oil painting, that it was only fit for women and children; and we know that Turner the immortal, whose water-colour works are the glory of the age, denied substantial pecuniary advantages, in his bequest to his profession, to other than those who worked in oil. These are merely extreme cases of eccentricity, and are no evidence on one side or the other.

Water-colour artists themselves—that is, those who are usually considered as exclusively devoted to its practice—have singular misgivings as to their own position, and as to the propriety of a continuance in prosecuting art in this direction. Many curious stories are afloat on this subject, with some of which we should be glad to amuse our readers, but that the courtesy due to private feeling prompts to silence. Others, however, need no such delicacy, and may be hinted at. J. D. Harding, a distinguished water-colourist, as all the world knows, has given something like the last four or five years to oil painting, forsaking the Old Water-colour Society, where he was one of the most eminent members. In his own legitimate field, and in his own society, he found gracious acceptance and honourable distinction; in the Royal Academy his works were so placed as to insure to the artist nothing but indignity. He has now gone back to his first love, where we hope and doubt not he will receive welcome, and renewed honours.

Copley Fielding for the last five years of his life lingered lovingly over oil painting, in which he was only fifth-rate, while during a previous long life public applause had crowned him "lord of air and space." At the present moment Louis Hague, whose works in the Art-Treasures Exhibition are so glorious, is bewitched by the blandishments of oil; and though what he does in this direction is magnificent, shall we not all of us lament a severance from those glorious water-colour Belgique interiors, and of the quaint old mansions of the Pays-Bas? Many water-colour artists have a strange idea that they are considered "*only* water-colour artists;" that they are looked upon somewhat contemptuously by the brethren of large canvasses and "oil and gumption pots." Such impression is as false as it is void of self-respect,—attributable, there is little doubt, to the savage way in which their works are sometimes treated in academy exhibitions,—and will be soon dissipated by the Exhibition of the Art-Treasures, judging from the eager crowds which daily gather in the gallery apportioned to water colour drawings.

There is one advantage in this particular branch of art which it is most desirable to name before making any special mention of the great works in the collection at Old Trafford; we allude to the study of landscape, or to those other subjects where effects are fugitive. Water colour admits of *almost immediate realisation of the effect of the model;* hence studies from nature executed in this material have much the more certain probability of a fresh and conscientious resemblance to nature. This is an advantage so great, a power so important, that it is the one grand quality of truth which places water colours at a height to which no other kind of practice can lay claim.

Water colours dry at the period of their use with great rapidity, and although they have this property in common with temper-painting, they are separated from the latter mode of practice by the irridescent quality of the paper, which aids the artist in his imitation of the quality of light, no less than the local form of objects. Who, having rambled among the mountains of Scotland, does not remember encountering on the margin of one of her fairest lakes, a man of quiet aspect, apparently full of the simple enjoyment of beauty, independent of the world and the world's ways, earnestly depicting the scene before him,—wreathing the clouds round the head of Ben Lomond,—throwing dim haze over the hollows of the hill, or casting portentous shadows over its ravines! The artist's brush, guided no less by knowledge than love, is casting off, as if by magic, bursts of sunshine, threats of storm, the hush of summer evening, the grey beauty and the freshness of morning. See how the stream bubbles, leaps, reposes, under his touch! No pause; all is creatively going on, because the artist, doing all this with his water colours, has no impediment to continuous production; and, ere long, we have a picture full of reality, of nature,—of vital truth. Nearer home, I am sure our readers who have sojourned among the hills of Wales, have encountered old Cox, who for nearly half a century has been producing those stupendous works which will be known and loved so long as art finds a reciprocating emotion in the human spirit.

The collection of works in water colours gathered together at the Exhibition of Art-Treasures is, without doubt, the finest ever placed before the public, and it is from this Exhibition that we propose to demonstrate the supremacy of the English artists who practise in this material.

It would have been more regular, and altogether more in conformity with our feelings, to have commenced our notice of this portion of the Exhibition by giving a short sketch of its history, and to have traced the question from its birth to its present high development. Though this is possible, it is not convenient to do so in the absence of complete arrangement in the Exhibition itself. Although the catalogue is printed,

and gives in the Water-colour Gallery a complete series of works, from No. 1 to No. 965, it may be said of the works on exhibition to which the catalogue is at present a guide, that it is not possible to follow them in regular sequence until we reach No. 423. To make this article immediately useful, therefore, we commence at this number, and shall touch upon earlier works when we have the collection completely arranged, and when we can use the works of such men as Girtin and Turner as illustrative matter.

Absolon's pictures, nine in number, run respectively from 423 to 431, inclusive. Absolon is distinguished for charm of colour and for the fitness of the colour to the class of subjects chosen by him. These are almost invariably of a cheerful and healthy character. "Saturday Night"—a rustic dance, in which, the week's toils being over, we have the labourers and their maidens "tripping it lightly on the green earth," to the sound of rustic music; "Sunday Morning"—all happiness and peace. Four of the remaining works are of a similar class, and contain probably the most characteristic indications of Absolon's power. "Green Jacket" is a charming piece of colour, and in every other respect about one of the best of the painter's productions.

H. Bright, in his sole contribution, No. 432, is individual and powerful. Mr. Bright is an executant of singular facility, and has a manner which separates him from all his contemporaries. He is not imitative of nature, so far as relates to the portraiture of either local forms or local hues; but he secures a large imitation of general masses and effects, thus giving what we may venture to term an *emphasis* to his works not often obtained by men who are much more scrupulous in their observation of nature.

G. Dodgson exhibits five works from No. 433 to 437. Here, again, we have an artist who shows a leaning to a defined class of subjects,—a class which may be said to form an intermediate link between a realistic and a purely imaginative school. Mr. Dodgson's fancy runs in a direction similar to that of Watteau, Lancret, and our own Stothard; and although he is less Ra-coco than the two former, he is still just as sympathetic with a sort of dreamy rusticity. His colour is charming, and his delight in sober hues, his avoidance of startling contrasts, sufficiently indicates a tone of mind allied to that peaceful character which is the leading impression of his pictures. 436, "Fête Champêtre," is the work that most clearly indicates the style of the artist, and it is rather from this class of subject that his whole art-bias should be measured. Every man should be judged first from his own mental tendency, and then from the degree of success with which the materials of external nature are happily wed to this tendency. This being chosen as the basis of criticism, we should look rather to a man's development of his own idiosyncrasy in connection with the world of facts about him, than to any one style that may chance to be the popular favourite of the moment.

There are no works of an indicative character from those by Mr. Hodgson to the very large collection by Cattermole, towards whose great genius we hope to pay our respect in our next notice. Cattermole does not legitimately belong to the water-colour artists, but he is necessarily included, to avoid a too elaborate classification. He is one of the most profound men of the British School of Art, however, and on special grounds commands the highest consideration.

ANECDOTES OF ARTIST-LIFE.

Nothing is more remarkable in the history of art than the very different estimation in which its practitioners have been held by various nations, and at various times. Amongst the ancient Greeks the painter and sculptor were loaded with the highest honours, and the most splendid rewards;—Apelles enjoyed the personal friendship of Alexander the Great, who prohibited any other man from drawing his picture,—and gave him his mistress Campaspe to wife. Amongst the Romans, in their days of conquest and insolent splendour, art was almost unknown, and so little esteemed, that its practice, so far as it was employed in the decoration of the walls of houses, and other like uses, was chiefly confined to their Etruscan slaves. This prejudice against art survived to a comparatively late period in some parts of Italy. Michael Angelo's father, who wished to bring him up to the legal profession, was greatly disgusted with his avowed predilection for the arts, fearing "it would degrade the dignity of the family if he followed them as a profession." Lorenzo de Medici, however, overcame the old gentleman's vulgar scruples;—and by his noble patronage gave that impulse to the cultivation of art which enlisted so many great names both in its practice and its support.

Previous to this, however, art was not without its illustrious patrons. It seems, indeed, that poetry, art, and civilisation went hand in hand from the commencement. Giotto was the beloved companion of Dante and Petrarch, and was honoured with the personal regard of popes and princes. Robert, King of Naples, sent specially to his son, the Duke of Calabria, then at Florence, to send him the great painter on any terms; received him with extraordinary honours, and took great delight in his society as he watched him daily at work. One very hot day his majesty exclaimed, "If I were you, Giotti, I would leave off work and rest myself." "And so would I, sire, if I were you," was the ready reply, pointing to the state of the king's public affairs, which was not the most felicitous. Another time, when the king asked him to paint a representation of his kingdom, the witty artist complied, sketching the figure of an ass with a heavy pack-saddle on his back, eagerly smelling at another pack-saddle lying on the ground, on which were a crown and sceptre.

It happened, sometimes, particularly in troublous times, that the glitter of court honours was not always supported by the substantials of life, to the full extent that could be desired; in fact, patrons were sometimes short of cash, and became backward in their payments. It is related of Andrea Mantegna, that when working for Pope Innocent VIII. at Rome, his salary fell provokingly into arrears, so that the poor artist was driven to distressing straits. His holiness, nevertheless, was accustomed occasionally to visit his studio, as a relief to the cares of state, and one day found him occupied in painting a female figure of peculiar appearance. He asked what it was meant for, when Mantegna, with a look too painfully full of meaning, said he was trying to represent Patience. The Pope understood him, and replied, "If you would place Patience in fitting company, you should paint Discretion at her side." The artist took the hint; consigned his visions of Patience back to the recesses of his own thoughts, and completed the work he was about, for which the Pope not only paid him what was stipulated, but rewarded him munificently besides.

Michael Angelo, under somewhat similar circumstances, had the boldness to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to that most imperious of pontiffs, Julius II. Being refused by the underling officials some money which he wanted to defray the cost of some marble from Carrara, and rudely refused admission to the presence of his holiness when he went to appeal against their conduct, (which he was told was done by the Pope's own order), he replied with haughtiness, "From this time forward, if his holiness wants me, he shall have to seek me in another place," and hurried off to Florence. The Pope, exasperated, commanded him to return, which he at first refused to do; but being at length induced to meet him halfway at Bologna, the Pope received him with some show of anger at first. "So!" he exclaimed, "instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should attend upon you." Michael Angelo replied, with submission, that his error arose from too hastily feeling a disgrace he was unconscious of meriting, and hoped his holiness would pardon what was passed. The monsignore, or chamberlain, standing by, not thinking this a sufficient apology, began to mutter some excuse for him, as being of a class of men who were ignorant of everything but their art; upon which the Pope replied with warmth, "Thou hast vilified him, which I have not; thou art an ignorant fellow, and no man of genius; get out of my sight;" whereupon one of the attendants pushed the unfortunate Marplot out of the presence, and Michael received the papal blessing.

Francis I. of France was the first hereditary monarch of modern times who set the example of paying homage to genius. He succeeded in attracting to his court Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, Primaticcio, and Andrea del Sarto. The first-named he received with extraordinary distinction, assigning him apartments in the Palace of Fontainebleau, which, however, he did not long occupy. The story is stereotyped in all the authority-books, that Leonardo died in the king's arms; but of this there is some doubt.

Henry VIII. of England, who ambitioned to rival Francis in everything, tried to induce Raphael and Primaticcio to pay him a visit, but failed; Raphael, however, sent him a picture of St. George, and some of his pupils instead. In Holbein, undoubtedly, England had a great prize; and with Henry he was an especial favourite. Some of his courtiers having offered some insult to the jovial portrait painter, bluff Hal's rebuke is well known: "You have not to do with Holbein, but with me. I tell you that of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but not one Holbein."

The other most distinguished potentate of this age—and he was the greatest of them all—was Charles V.; and he also patronised art in the person of Titian, whom he induced to visit him at Madrid, where he loaded him with honours. He visited him frequently when he was painting; and on one occasion, when the artist let drop his brush, he picked it up, and handed it to him, saying, "Titian deserves to be served by the Cæsar;"—Cæsar being a generic term, equivalent to Emperor. Even the sombre Philip II. loved the Venetian artist, and prized his works, insomuch that when the palace of the Prado was burned, he merely inquired whether the Titian Venus had escaped the flames, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Then every other loss may be supported."

Recurring to Michael Angelo, it should be stated that when he consented to meet Pope Julius II. at Bologna, at the earnest entreaty of the Gonfaloniere of Florence, who dreaded the Pope's vengeance if he suffered him to remain, he did so only on condition of being invested with the functions of an ambassador from the republic, which by the law of nations would render him sacred from molestation. Nor was this the only instance of a painter being employed in a diplomatic capacity. In 1605, Rubens was sent by his patron, the Duke of Mantua, as ambassador to Philip III. of Spain. In 1628 he was employed on a similar mission to the same court, by the Archduchess Isabella de Medici; and in the year following came to England on a political mission from Flanders; in all of which transactions he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties, painting some of his finest works in the intervals between his visits to the minister of state. Velasquez, too, was made aposentador-mayor of the Palace, an office only conferred on persons of eminence, by Philip IV, who also sent him, in 1648, on a special mission to the Pope. Raphael, in the words of Richardson, "lived in great fame, honour, and magnificence, and died universally lamented, and even missed a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too soon." Such the honours and rewards which were heaped upon art in the brightest days of its history.

Pre-Raph.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

By J. A. Hammersly, F.S.A.

The individuality and importance of what the English denominate "Water-colour Painting," and the French "*Aquarelle*," will necessarily demand a distinct series of papers. When considered in relation to its advancement in England, or to the magnificence of the collection in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, there would, indeed, be no excuse for subordinating it to any other department of art-practice. It is in itself worthy of all admiration, and takes no inferior rank when compared with any other division of the fine arts. Indeed, looking at art in the true spirit, and seriously considering its purpose, we must see that any class of manipulation is quite, in itself, a merely mechanical matter, bearing a very unimportant relationship to the real question. Every idea which art can realise or suggest, so far as painting is concerned, is equally within the reach of either oil painting, water-colour painting, or indeed any other method by which pigments are applied to the surface upon which design and thought, imagination and fancy, are depicted. All those elements of pictorial beauty, dramatic story, vividness of expression, force of action, and all the inferior agents involved in the words form, colour, light and shade, and perspective, are just as much at the command of the man who chooses one set of formulas, and one set of mere chemical elements, as another. Real art takes deeper root, and in its growth is independent of mere mode.

It is true there are questions about practice in art, which are associated inevitably with modes of operation. The large frescoes in the churches in Italy, for instance, could scarcely be produced so well through any other than the medium chosen. It agrees better with the architectural tone of the buildings than oil painting. The former becomes a portion of the place,—the latter would look more like pictures. The mode is, in other words, such as agrees in its *tone and character* with the place constructed, and *it maintains* this tone for a longer period. Hence fresco is more decorative in the highest sense of the term.

Oil painting, however, has its advantages, or rather peculiar and dominant qualities. It is well calculated for large gallery works, because it presents opportunities for facile execution, and enables the artist to complete his idea with rapidity. We question whether any one *quality* of art can be more powerfully given by oil than by water colours, excepting that of texture, always supposing water-colour *proper* be used, and no recourse had to temper painting, which in modern practice (as by Cattermole) is made to eke out the resources of water-colour practice.

Without entering tediously into the technically obscure, we may state here that we hope to popularise these terms and ideas ere long. In the meantime our position is taken, and we hope to make it quite clear that oil painting, even in its mere practice, has no very special advantages over water colours, excepting those just indicated, viz., in producing works with facility, and in a greater power of rendering the textural surfaces of objects, which by painstaking, and a little extra labour, is equally produceable in water colours.

Painting with colours in a state of *transparency*, with water as the liquifying medium,—and thus obtaining from the brilliancy of white paper its capabilities of rendering light,—has advantages over every other mode for certain classes of subjects, and for the production of works of a cabinet or medium size. White paper has in itself qualities of light, which place it far higher than any other mode of treating light as a quality rather than as a substance; and the greatest water-colour artists have made use of this to a degree, which has placed this kind of art in England upon a par with any kind of art-practice in any age or country. The works of Turner and Copley Fielding, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, show this abundantly. How decidedly does John Lewis prove that the simple material with which he works is capable of laboured detail to an extent even greater than with its sturdier rival.

Oil painting, at a certain point, makes slavish demands upon those who practise it, if great delicacy of detail is desired, while the time expended in elaborating detail is excessive; a fact which almost points out the provinces of each. We feel rather inclined to think that the works of Millais—certainly those of Holman Hunt—would be more satisfactory if executed in water colours.

Much has been thought and said touching the durability of water-colour works. It is in the chemical nature of colours, either through the imperfection of mediums, or from the antagonism of compounds of colours, that changes will take place in pictures; but it would be great hardihood of argument to assert of one mode over another — superiority of permanency. Water colours are said to be more fugitive than oil pictures. But there can be no denial of the fact, that if water-colour pictures become lighter by time, oil paintings become darker. The truth is, that every kind of practice has its province and capability. We cannot claim for one a supremacy over the other; we can only, in true heartiness, consider that each in its way is the best, and honestly assign to each its proper position. Michael Angelo said of oil painting, that it was only fit for women and children; and we know that Turner the immortal, whose water-colour works are the glory of the age, denied substantial pecuniary advantages, in his bequest to his profession, to other than those who worked in oil. These are merely extreme cases of eccentricity, and are no evidence on one side or the other.

Water-colour artists themselves—that is, those who are usually considered as exclusively devoted to its practice—have singular misgivings as to their own position, and as to the propriety of a continuance in prosecuting art in this direction. Many curious stories are afloat on this subject, with some of which we should be glad to amuse our readers, but that the courtesy due to private feeling prompts to silence. Others, however, need no such delicacy, and may be hinted at. J. D. Harding, a distinguished water-colourist, as all the world knows, has given something like the last four or five years to oil painting, forsaking the Old Water-colour Society, where he was one of the most eminent members. In his own legitimate field, and in his own society, he found gracious acceptance and honourable distinction; in the Royal Academy his works were so placed as to insure to the artist nothing but indignity. He has now gone back to his first love, where we hope and doubt not he will receive welcome, and renewed honours.

Copley Fielding for the last five years of his life lingered lovingly over oil painting, in which he was only fifth-rate, while during a previous long life public applause had crowned him "lord of air and space." At the present moment Louis Hague, whose works in the Art-Treasures Exhibition are so glorious, is bewitched by the blandishments of oil; and though what he does in this direction is magnificent, shall we not all of us lament a severance from those glorious water-colour Belgique interiors, and of the quaint old mansions of the Pays-Bas? Many water-colour artists have a strange idea that they are considered "*only* water-colour artists;" that they are looked upon somewhat contemptuously by the brethren of large canvasses and "oil and gumption pots." Such impression is as false as it is void of self-respect,—attributable, there is little doubt, to the savage way in which their works are sometimes treated in academy exhibitions,—and will be soon dissipated by the Exhibition of the Art-Treasures, judging from the eager crowds which daily gather in the gallery apportioned to water colour drawings.

There is one advantage in this particular branch of art which it is most desirable to name before making any special mention of the great works in the collection at Old Trafford; we allude to the study of landscape, or to those other subjects where effects are fugitive. Water colour admits of *almost immediate realisation of the effect of the model;* hence studies from nature executed in this material have much the more certain probability of a fresh and conscientious resemblance to nature. This is an advantage so great, a power so important, that it is the one grand quality of truth which places water colours at a height to which no other kind of practice can lay claim.

Water colours dry at the period of their use with great rapidity, and although they have this property in common with temper-painting, they are separated from the latter mode of practice by the irridescent quality of the paper, which aids the artist in his imitation of the quality of light, no less than the local form of objects. Who, having rambled among the mountains of Scotland, does not remember encountering on the margin of one of her fairest lakes, a man of quiet aspect, apparently full of the simple enjoyment of beauty, independent of the world and the world's ways, earnestly depicting the scene before him,—wreathing the clouds round the head of Ben Lomond,—throwing dim haze over the hollows of the hill, or casting portentous shadows over its ravines! The artist's brush, guided no less by knowledge than love, is casting off, as if by magic, bursts of sunshine, threats of storm, the hush of summer evening, the grey beauty and the freshness of morning. See how the stream bubbles, leaps, reposes, under his touch! No pause; all is creatively going on, because the artist, doing all this with his water colours, has no impediment to continuous production; and, ere long, we have a picture full of reality, of nature,—of vital truth. Nearer home, I am sure our readers who have sojourned among the hills of Wales, have encountered old Cox, who for nearly half a century has been producing those stupendous works which will be known and loved so long as art finds a reciprocating emotion in the human spirit.

The collection of works in water colours gathered together at the Exhibition of Art-Treasures is, without doubt, the finest ever placed before the public, and it is from this Exhibition that we propose to demonstrate the supremacy of the English artists who practise in this material.

It would have been more regular, and altogether more in conformity with our feelings, to have commenced our notice of this portion of the Exhibition by giving a short sketch of its history, and to have traced the question from its birth to its present high development. Though this is possible, it is not convenient to do so in the absence of complete arrangement in the Exhibition itself. Although the catalogue is printed,

and gives in the Water-colour Gallery a complete series of works, from No. 1 to No. 965, it may be said of the works on exhibition to which the catalogue is at present a guide, that it is not possible to follow them in regular sequence until we reach No. 423. To make this article immediately useful, therefore, we commence at this number, and shall touch upon earlier works when we have the collection completely arranged, and when we can use the works of such men as Girtin and Turner as illustrative matter.

Absolon's pictures, nine in number, run respectively from 423 to 431, inclusive. Absolon is distinguished for charm of colour and for the fitness of the colour to the class of subjects chosen by him. These are almost invariably of a cheerful and healthy character. "Saturday Night"—a rustic dance, in which, the week's toils being over, we have the labourers and their maidens "tripping it lightly on the green earth," to the sound of rustic music; "Sunday Morning"—all happiness and peace. Four of the remaining works are of a similar class, and contain probably the most characteristic indications of Absolon's power. "Green Jacket" is a charming piece of colour, and in every other respect about one of the best of the painter's productions.

H. Bright, in his sole contribution, No. 432, is individual and powerful. Mr. Bright is an executant of singular facility, and has a manner which separates him from all his contemporaries. He is not imitative of nature, so far as relates to the portraiture of either local forms or local hues; but he secures a large imitation of general masses and effects, thus giving what we may venture to term an *emphasis* to his works not often obtained by men who are much more scrupulous in their observation of nature.

G. Dodgson exhibits five works from No. 433 to 437. Here, again, we have an artist who shows a leaning to a defined class of subjects,—a class which may be said to form an intermediate link between a realistic and a purely imaginative school. Mr. Dodgson's fancy runs in a direction similar to that of Watteau, Lancret, and our own Stothard; and although he is less Ra-coco than the two former, he is still just as sympathetic with a sort of dreamy rusticity. His colour is charming, and his delight in sober hues, his avoidance of startling contrasts, sufficiently indicates a tone of mind allied to that peaceful character which is the leading impression of his pictures. 436, "Féte Champêtre," is the work that most clearly indicates the style of the artist, and it is rather from this class of subject that his whole art-bias should be measured. Every man should be judged first from his own mental tendency, and then from the degree of success with which the materials of external nature are happily wed to this tendency. This being chosen as the basis of criticism, we should look rather to a man's development of his own idiosyncrasy in connection with the world of facts about him, than to any one style that may chance to be the popular favourite of the moment.

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The other most distinguished potentate of this age—and he was the greatest of them all—was Charles V.; and he also patronised art in the person of Titian, whom he induced to visit him at Madrid, where he loaded him with honours. He visited him frequently when he was painting; and on one occasion, when the artist let drop his brush, he picked it up, and handed it to him, saying, "Titian deserves to be served by the Cæsar;"—Cæsar being a generic term, equivalent to Emperor. Even the sombre Philip II. loved the Venetian artist, and prized his works, insomuch that when the palace of the Prado was burned, he merely inquired whether the Titian Venus had escaped the flames, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Then every other loss may be supported."

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Pre-Raph.

TURNER.

J. M. W. Turner rose from a very humble origin, to a position honourable alike to his industry and genius. He was the son of a hair-dresser, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where he made his *debût* into this busy world of ours in the year 1775. His father had the good sense to offer no impediment to the pursuit of a taste for drawing, which the boy early indicated, so, leaving wig-blocks and curling-irons, young Turner soon found himself indebted to Dr. Munro for advice and assistance. This gentleman was the possessor of a large collection of water-colour drawings, including specimens of Sandley, Cozens, Rooker, Gainsborough, &c., from whom his young friend obtained an acquaintance with the principles of topographical design, breadth and simplicity of colouring, and the first perception of that brilliant aerial perspective, in the illustration of which he was afterwards so great a master. A fellow-pupil with Girtin, there sprang up a friendly rivalry between these two young aspirants for artistic fame; and looking upon their productions of this period (an opportunity afforded in the Art-Treasures Exhibition), it is difficult to distinguish the individualities of each. Girtin died in 1802—we believe he had not reached his 28th year,—having shown remarkable talent in a style of art which has since become so important a characteristic of the English school. In 1789, Turner first exhibited at the Royal Academy, and three years after sent his first painting in oil. His early pictures bear so remarkable a contrast to the productions of his later years, that in looking upon them as they are now collected side by side, it is rather difficult to suppose they are from the same hand. Yet there is an equal breadth of design, an equal perception of the poetry of nature's landscape in these dark, massive shadows, as are afterwards to be found in the golden glories of what has been called the artist's "second epoch." The illustration here given is from what the critics term his "light" style; in a future number we may be enabled to give a specimen of his opposite manner. Turner is one of those who fairly take rank among the sons of genius. We should not judge of him or his productions as we judge commonplace minds, or commonplace works. To estimate him rightly, we must have faith in him; believing that what he gave to us as the interpretation of the natural beauty by which he felt himself surrounded, was "the truth as to him revealed." Some of his later works appear to those who have not gone deeply into artistic mysteries, as mere visions, idealities, fancies so wild and strange that it would be ironical to look upon them with a serious countenance. But, nevertheless, startling as they may appear, a greater familiarity with the face of nature, and its wondrous variety of expression, has often changed the sceptic into a sincere belief that Turner, with all his reputation for eccentricity, was a strictly conscientious artist; one who put nothing down upon canvas that he did not see, and that he did not feel to be a faithful translation of the great "book of beauty" which lay spread out before him. Elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1800, he, two years after, became an academician at the age of 27 years. His death took place in 1851.



TURNER.—"THE GRAND CANAL."

REMBRANDT.

If ever there was a man of genius in the art, it was Rembrandt. He might be said to have created a medium of his own, through which he saw all objects. He was the grossest and the least vulgar, that is to say, the least commonplace in his grossness, of all men. He was the most downright, the least fastidious of the imitators of nature. He took any object, he cared not what, how mean soever in form, colour, and expression; and from the light and shade which he threw upon it, it came out gorgeous from his hands. As Vandyke made use of the smallest contrasts of light and shade, and painted as if in the open air, Rembrandt used the most violent and abrupt contrasts in this respect, and painted his objects as if in a dungeon. His pictures may be said to be "bright with excessive darkness." His vision had acquired a lynx-eyed sharpness from the artificial obscurity to which he had accustomed himself. "Mystery and silence hung upon his pencil." Yet he could pass rapidly from one extreme to another, and dip his colours with equal success in the gloom of night or in the blaze of the noon-day sun. In surrounding different objects with a medium of imagination, solemn or dazzling, he was a true poet; in all the rest he was a mere painter, but a painter of no common stamp. The powers of his hand were equal to those of his eye; and indeed he could not have attempted the subjects he did, without an execution as masterly as his knowledge was profound. His colours are sometimes dropped in lumps on the canvas; at other times they are laid on as smooth as glass; and he not unfrequently painted with the handle of his brush. He had an eye for all objects as far as he had seen them. His history and landscapes are equally fine in their way. His landscapes we could look at for ever, though there is nothing in them. But "they are of the earth, earthy." It seems as if he had dug them out of nature. Everything is so true, so real, so full of all the feelings and associations which the eye can suggest to the other senses, that we immediately take as strong an affection to them as if they were our home—the very place where we were brought up. No length of time could add to the intensity of the impression they convey. Rembrandt is the least classical and the most romantic of all painters. His "Jacob's Ladder" is more like a dream than any other picture that ever was painted. The figure of Jacob himself is thrown in one corner of the picture like a bundle of clothes, while the angels hover above the darkness in the shape of airy wings.—*Haydon.*

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

THE interest excited on the opening day of the Art-Treasures Exhibition exhibits no sign of relaxation. On the contrary, the number of people which have assembled, day by day, within the walls of this noble palace of art, has exceeded the calculation of those whose experience in similar appeals to the public had led them to suppose that the half-crown payment, for ten successive days, would have proved a comparative failure. There was a vast crowd on Saturday last, a circumstance which indicates that our Manchester half-holiday — an institution of which we ought to be proud—will prove a source of large increase to the Art-Palace revenue. We are most of us creatures of habit; we have been great Saturday supporters of important "shows" of every kind, and the one at Old Trafford appears likely to rank among the most successful attractions. Carriages were rattling along by the numerous approaches to the exhibition,—crowds were merrily wending thither on foot. In the building, the scene was brilliant in effect, and interesting in the thoughts and feelings it suggested. From the poetry of art to the realities of the refreshment room, all was animation and apparent enjoyment. The sun shone smilingly, and there were smiles, too, not less radiant, from beneath those little clusters of ribbon and lace, which are curiously called bonnets. The modern galleries (those containing the oil paintings, as well as those in which the water-colour drawings so gracefully decorate the walls) were evidently the great attraction,—there were more silk gowns and lace mantellas in that direction; but the glories of the old masters,—the grandeur of Rembrandt, the beauty of Raphael, the glow of Titian, were not without their devotees, admiring and gaining knowledge in one of the most pleasing of historical studies. On the orchestra was Mr. Hallé, with his talented band of instrumentalists, pouring forth strains from the rich stores of the German masters in composition. Music and painting stood in gracious rivalry for the time; and those fatigued with the contemplation of the one, sought the soothing influences of the other, as they took their comfortable seats, and lent their listening ears to the "Heavenly Maid."

During the morning of Tuesday, Lord John Russell paid a visit to the Art-Palace, accompanied by Mr. John Pender and party, at whose house his lordship sojourned. Mr. Scharf, jun., who has had the arrangement of the old masters, accompanied Lord John through the gallery of the old masters, with which he appeared greatly delighted, spending almost the whole of his time in that department. There was again a large crowd of people present, and evidently much interest excited from the presence of a nobleman so distinguished in the political world.

Mr. W. Blanchard Jerrold has addressed to us a letter suggesting the propriety of an invitation and a banquet to the living artists of all nations, from the people of Manchester. The following is an extract from this document:—

For the Art-Treasures Exhibition, Englishmen owe undoubtedly a heavy debt of gratitude to the generous possessors of treasures who have parted with them for a time, and risked the dangers of their transport to Penge Park; but does their debt of gratitude end here? Is there to be no recognition of the very men whose genius created these treasures? Shall we honour the purchaser and forget the producer? England is a niggardly distributor of rewards to genius. She looks with a cold eye, too often, upon its

"Difficult journey to a splendid tomb,"

to quote Mr. John Forster's dedicatory sonnet to Charles Dickens, prefixed to the life of Goldsmith. But shall there not be a brilliant exception? and of this brilliant exception, shall not Manchester be the author? We pause before gloomy Rembrandt. We see Henry the Eighth face to face, thanks to Holbein; our great men live still for us, and we bow to the shades of Vandyke, and Lely, and Jansen, and Kneller, and Hudson, and Thornhill, and Copley, and Gainsborough, and Reynolds, and Lawrence! For these our words are waste. But step into the British school gallery; peep into the room chiefly devoted to the contributions of the Marquis of Hertford; pass beyond, into the cheerful water-colour room; then cross the transept, and examine the gallery—and perhaps an idea may strike you, as it has struck me. The dead are beyond the honour that consists in cap-throwing. Peace and thanks be with them! Their triumph is a noble one. Mark the Eighth Harry yonder, in Mr. Cunningham's portrait gallery! Where is the interest in that picture? Not assuredly so much in the majesty of the individual represented, as in the wondrous skill of the humble limner, who, in the flesh, ducked and scraped before his royal sitter. Therefore, the triumph of Holbein is great. But say that we pause before the Decamps in the Hertford room,—or of Ary Scheffer,—or Rosa Bonheur! We see their triumph also; but may we not hope to prove our gratitude to them? How proud should we be to grasp old Michael Angelo, if he could step upon the scene once more, and, turning past yonder Raphael tapestry, stand before us! Let us not discuss the point, whether or not there lives the artist at this present moment fit to wait at Angelo's table; but at least let us say this—that there are great painters in the midst of us still, inheritors of some of the magic, at any rate, of Van Eyck, and Raphael, and Correggio, and Titian. And this acknowledgment once made in Manchester, will not her course lie clear before her? I am certain that she will take up this challenge of her hospitality, and that she will do grateful homage to the noble art of which she has proved herself a true admirer, by sending forth these words, "Manchester! invites the living artists of all nations to her Art-Treasures Exhibition." It would be a noble sight to see Horace Vernet, and Ary Scheffer, and Cornelius, and Madrazo, and Rosa Bonheur, and poor Decamps, and Jeanron, and Meissonnier, and the Stevens, and Knous, and Joon, and Gerome, and Young Gustave Doré, and Rousseau, gathered about one table in your Free-trade Hall, with the royal eminent academicians of England, and many, very many, British artists who are not academicians. Will the coming summer shine upon such a gathering? In the name of Art, and for the honour of Manchester, I hope so. At any rate, I put the idea which struck me in Penge Park the other day at the service of your cotton lords, and remain, sir, your obedient servant,

W. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

The continued large demand for season tickets is one of the best assurances that the Exhibition is to become a summer lounge.

At the foot of the staircase, leading to the South Transept Gallery, visitors will find the Book-stall, where the London and Manchester daily newspapers, exterior and interior views of the building, maps and plans of Manchester, guide books, works on art, &c. &c., are on sale. At this stall letters can be written, which are forwarded to the post-office.

Some ingenious horologist has taken advantage of the circumstance that the words "Art-Treasures" are composed of twelve letters, and has manufactured a clock, upon the dial of which the letters forming the words do duty for numeral letters. At noon, the hour hand will point to "A," at one o'clock to "R," and at two o'clock to "T," and then pass over the letters T, R, E, A, S, U, R, E, S, thus completing the twelve hours. This clock has been fixed in front of the gallery at the east end of the Palace.

Around the open cloister which runs round the sides of the quadrangle between the Palace and the Botanical Gardens, a number of small marble tables have been fixed for the convenience of visitors requiring refreshments, and who prefer partaking of the same in the open air. In the sultry dog days, this thoughtful provision of the executive will be fully appreciated by those who feel disposed, after half a day's walk through the courts, to attend to their physical requirements before leaving the scene.

At the annual meeting of the York School of Art, Mr. J. P. B. Westhead, M. P., the chairman, referred to the forthcoming Exhibition of Art-Treasures in Manchester, and very liberally offered to pay the expenses attendant upon such of the pupils of the York school visiting the Exhibition as would be likely to be benefited thereby, the selection of pupils to remain with the committee of management.

About half way up the hall, in the north aisle a large press has been placed at which medals commemorative of the Exhibition will be struck,—the design for which has been supplied by Mr. Pinches, of Oxendon-street, London.

THE NUDE FIGURE.

Here it may be proper to take notice of the prejudice many people have to naked figures. It is difficult to discover any settled rules of propriety in the different modes of dress, as all ages and nations have fluctuated with regard to their notions and fashions in this matter. The Greek statues of the Laocoon, Apollo, Meleager, Hercules; the fighting and dying Gladiator, and the Venus de Medicis, though altogether without drapery, yet surely there is nothing in them offensive to modesty, nothing immoral: on the contrary, looking on these figures, the mind of the spectator is taken up with the surprising beauty or sublimity of the personage, his great strength, vigorous and manly character: or those pains and agonies that so feelingly discover themselves throughout the whole work. It is not in showing or concealing the form that modesty or the want of it depends; they arise entirely from the choice and intentions of the artist himself. The Greeks and other great designers gave in to this practice (of representing the figure undraped) in order to show in its full extent the idea of character they meant to establish. If it was beauty, they show it to you in all the limbs; if strength, the same; and the agonies of the Laocoon are as discernible in his foot as in his face. This pure and naked nature speaks a universal language, which is understood and valued in all times and countries, where the Grecian dress, language, and manners are neither regarded nor known. It is worth observing also that many of the fair sex do sometimes betray themselves by their over-delicacy (which is the want of all true delicacy) in this respect. But I am ashamed to be obliged to combat such silly affectations; they are beneath men who have either head or heart; they are unworthy of women who have either education or simplicity of manners; they would disgrace even waiting maids and sentimental milliners.—*Barry.*

AN INNATE FEELING FOR THE ARTISTIC.

A taste for the imitative arts is not like that spontaneous poetical susceptibility, which nature herself has implanted in every mind. The traces and indications of poetical feeling may sometimes appear to be almost effaced; yet it is only because the fine spirit is dulled, and its perceptions blunted by the heavy external pressure of daily cares, and the chilling, mechanical routine of actual life. Fancy, with her gushing feelings, her sympathies of memory and anticipation, is an intrinsic element of the human soul, ever ready to vibrate at the faintest touch, and start into responsive life: but, to discern the beauty of material forms, fancy and imagination alone will not suffice, they must have a peculiar bias and direction, and be blended and inter-penetrated with a high development of those sensual organs to which each of these arts peculiarly addresses itself. Nor does this taste depend upon the organisation alone; a person may be endowed with visual organs of the most perfect structure, nay, of more than ordinary acuteness, and yet no perception of beauty be associated therewith. The faculty by which the eye becomes endowed with a clear, inborn perception of the beautiful in painting and in material form, or the ear awakened to the spirit of sound and its delicate harmonious magic, lies rather in the mysterious depths of organisation and the special qualities of the soul in its unseen spiritual life,—in a combination and union of the senses and imagination, scarcely explicable even by the gifted individual himself. We cannot, therefore, be surprised if learned inquirers, deep thinkers, and even poets of genius, are often deficient in the perception of beauty in the imitative arts, and perhaps, after a life-long occupation amid its themes and subjects, remain either insensible to its powers, or are for ever following contrary and opposing impulses. A taste for beauty in painting, no less than in music, must be innate: but when thus primarily existing in the soul, the feeling awakens and unfolds itself simultaneously with the sight of beauty; still continual contemplation of the art is required for a perfect comprehension and elucidation of the ideas connected with it.—*Schlegel's "Æsthetic."*

THE HOUSE OF TITIAN, AT VENICE.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Memoirs and Essays," gives a graphic account of the house which had been the dwelling-place of Titian during the last fifty years of his life. It is situate in the Campo Rotto, and part of it is now converted into a low wine-house, dignified by the title of "Trattaria di Tiziano," the rest being portioned out to various inhabitants of the humbler classes. "The little neglected garden, which once sloped down to the shore, and commanded a view over the Lagune to Murano, was now shut in by high buildings, intercepting all prospect but of the sky, and looked strangely desolate." The rest, which we give in the words of this charming writer, is interesting not only in reference to the personal history of the great painter, but in connection with the character of landscape and atmosphere displayed in his works.

"Titian removed hither from the close neighbourhood of San Tomà, in the year 1531, and at that time a more beautiful site for the residence of a painter can hardly be conceived. Claude's house, on the Monte Pincio, at Rome, was not more suited to him than was the San Canciano to Titian. The building was nearly new; it had been erected in 1527, by the patrician Alvise Polani, and was then called the Casa Grande, to distinguish it from others in the neighbourhood; it stood detached, and facing the north. The garden, then a vacant space (*terreno vacua*), reaching to the Lagune. In September, 1531, Titian hired from Bianca Polani, and her husband Leonardo Molini, the upper part of the house, at a yearly rent of forty ducats, and removed into it with all his family. He was then in his fifty-third year, and at the height of his reputation. In a renewal of the lease, in 1536, we find Titian called *Il celeberrimo D. Tiziano*, which appears to us northerns rather a singular phrase to be introduced into a formal legal document.

"He had recently lost his wife Cecilia. His eldest son, Pomponio, was about six years old; his second son, Orazio, about three; and his daughter, Lavinia, an infant of about a year old. His sister, Ursula, was at the head of his household, which she regulated for twenty years with great prudence and diligence. Up to this time Titian had lived with frugality. Though honoured and admired by his fellow-citizens, the prices he received for his works were comparatively small. Could he have resolved to leave his beloved Venice he might have revelled in riches and honours, such as princes lavish on their favourites. Francis I., Leo X., and the Dukes of Mantua, Urbino, and Ferrara had contended for the honour of attaching him to their service. 'But,' to quote his own words, in one of his memorials to the Doge and Council of Ten, 'I preferred living in humble mediocrity, under the shadow of my natural lords, than in what prosperous condition soever under foreign princes; and I have constantly refused all the proposals made to me, that I might remain near your illustrious excellencies.' What the princes of Italy had failed to accomplish, the Emperor Charles V., with all the allurements of his power, could not effect; he could not tempt the generous, high-souled painter to give up his independence and his country. It appears, however, that the patronage of the Emperor added considerably to his fortune. From the date of Titian's first visit to Bologna, where he painted the portraits of Charles V., Clement VII., the Cardinal de Medici, the Duke of Alva, and from which he returned with 2,000 gold crowns in his purse, we find him increasing in riches and honours. He had, at first, taken only the upper part of this house; he then, from 1539, rented the whole of it; and a few years later he took the piece of land, the *terreno vacua* adjoining, which he fenced in and converted into a delicious garden, extending to the shore. No buildings *then* rose to obstruct the view,—the Fondamente Nuove did not then exist. He looked over the wide canal, which is the thoroughfare between the city of Venice and the Island of Murano; in front the two smaller islands of San Cristoforo* and San Michele; and beyond them Murano, rising on the right, with all its domes and campanili, like another Venice. Far off extended the level line of the mainland,—and, in the distance, the towering chain of the Friuli Alps, sublime, half defined, with jagged snow-peaks soaring against the sky, and more to the left the Euganean hills, Petrarch's home,—melting, like visions, into golden light. There, in the evening, gondolas, filled with ladies and cavaliers, and resounding with music, were seen skimming over the crimson waves of the Lagune, till the purple darkness came on rapidly—not, as in the north, like a gradual veil, but like a gemmed and embroidered curtain, suddenly let down over all. This was the view from the garden of Titian,—so unlike any other in the world, that it never would occur to me to compare it with any other. More glorious combinations of sea, mountain, shore, there may be—I cannot tell; *like* it, is nothing that I have ever beheld or imagined.

"In this beautiful residence dwelt Titian for the last fifty years of his life. He made occasional excursions to Bologna, Ferrara, Urbino, Mantua, Milan, and to Augsburg and Inspruck, in compliance with the commands of his princely patrons. But this was his home, to which he returned with ever-increasing love and delight, and from which no allurements could tempt him. He preferred, to the splendid offers of sovereigns, his independence, his friends, his art, his country—for such Venice had become to him—"*la mia Venezia*," as he fondly styles her. Nor did his love for his magnificent foster-mother diminish his affection for his little paternal home among the mountains. In proof of this, we find the scenery of Pieve di Cadore perpetually reproduced in his pictures. The towering cliff, the castle, the wild, broken ground, the huge plane and chesnut trees, with their great wreathed roots—these form the backgrounds of his classical and sacred subjects; these furnished the features of his beautiful pastoral landscapes and his harvest scenes—all of which are from nature. While, of Venetian localities, I can remember no instance, except the backgrounds of some of the historical pictures painted for the doges. Among the sketches by Titian I have seen in various collections, I do not remember one taken from his garden at Venice. The solitary instance I have heard of, is the introduction of the bushy tree, with the round-shaped leaves, introduced into the foreground of the picture of St. Peter Martyr; which is traditionally said to be a study from a certain tree which grew in his garden at San Canciano. The tradition, first mentioned I believe by Zanetti,* is always repeated by those who show you the picture in the church of St. John and St. Paul. But if it be true that the San Pietro was painted in 1520, seven years before the house was built, and twenty years, at least, before the garden was laid out, what becomes of the tradition? Unfortunately, dates and documents are inexorable things to deal with, "putting down" theories and traditions with plain matter of fact, to the utter confusion of the credulous and the affliction of the sentimental.

But without having recourse to these doubtful stories, there remains enough of what is certain and indisputable to lend to the house of Titian a thousand charming associations. It is true that the Bacchus and Ariadne, the Four Ages, the Assumption, the Peter Martyr, and many of his finest pictures, were painted before he took up his residence here; but most of the pictures painted after 1531 were finished in this *atelier*, even when begun elsewhere. Here Ippolito de Medici sat to him on his return from Hungary, in his Hungarian costume. Here he painted the Venus of the Florence Gallery, the Entombment, the Ecce Homo of the Louvre, the St. Jerome of the Brera, the two Dianas in Lord Francis Egerton's Gallery, the Venus and Adonis, the Last Supper of the Escuriel, the San Nicolò in the Vatican, the Martyrdom of St. Laurence, and hundreds of other *chefs-d'œuvre*. In his garden, after his day's work, the table was spread, and he supped with his friends Aretino, Sansovino, Cardinal Bembo, Cardinal Trivulzi, Ludovico Dolce, Sperone Speroni. The conversations at his table gave rise to Dolce's Dialogo della Pittura, and neither music nor good cheer was wanting to the feast. Here the princely painter entertained Henry III. of France, with his suite of nobles, and all their attendants; but it does not appear that Henry sat to him. In fact, Titian painted few portraits during the last twenty years of his life; he had been, on account of his great age rather than the loss of power, absolved from his state duty of painting the doges—the seventh, and the last who sat to him, was the Doge Veniero, in 1558.

* San Cristoforo is now a cemetery, and in one corner of it lies poor Leopold Robert, the painter.

* "Trattato della Pittura," p. 159. Edit. 1792.

PAINTING; ITS TRADITIONAL LIFE.

Few works are more evanescent than paintings. Sculpture retains its freshness for twenty centuries. The Apollo and the Venus are as they were. But books are perhaps the only productions of man coeval with the human race. Sophocles and Shakspere can be produced and reproduced for ever. But how evanescent are paintings, and must necessarily be! Those of Zeuxis and Apelles are no more, and perhaps they bore the same relation to Homer and Æschylus that those of Guido and Raphael bear to Dante and Petrarch. There is one refuge from the despondency of this contemplation. The material part, indeed, of their works must perish, but they survive in the mind of man, and the remembrances connected with them are transmitted from generation to generation. The poet embodies them in his creations; the systems of philosophers are modelled to gentleness by their contemplation; opinion, that legislator, is infected with their influence; men become better and wiser; and the unseen seeds are perhaps thus sown which shall produce a plant more excellent even than that from which they fell.—*Shelley*.

RAPHAEL.

But, oh the pleasure! when a connoisseur and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing of which he can say, "This is the hand, these the thoughts, of him who was one of the politest, best-natured gentlemen that ever was: who was beloved and assisted by the greatest wits and the greatest men then at Rome, at a time when politeness and all those arts which make life truly agreeable were carried to a greater height than at any period since the reign of Augustus,—of him who lived in great fame, honour, and magnificence, and died universally lamented, and even missed a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too soon; but was, above all, highly esteemed and favoured by two Popes, the only ones who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time;—one, in short, who could have been a Leonardo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Correggio, a Parmigiano, a Rubens, or any other, when he pleased; but none of them could ever have been a Raphael!" When we compare the hands and manners of one master with another, and those of the same man in different times; when we see the various turns of mind and excellences; and, above all, when we observe what is well or ill in their works,—as it is a worthy, so it is also a very delightful exercise of our rational faculties.—*Richardson*.

THE QUALITIES OF THE GREAT IN ART.

A painter must not only be a poet, an historian, a mathematician, &c.; he must also be a mechanic; his hand and eye must be as expert as his head is clear, and lively, and well stored with science. He must not only write a history, a poem, a description, but in a fine character: his brain, his eye, his hand, must be busied at the same time. He must not only have a wise judgment to distinguish betwixt things nearly resembling one another but not the same (which he must have in common with those of the noblest professions): but he must, moreover, have the same delicacy in his eyes to judge of the tints of colours, which are of infinite variety; and to distinguish whether a line be straight or curved a little; whether this is exactly parallel to that, or oblique, and in what degree; how this curved line differs from that, if it differ at all, of which he must also judge; whether what he has drawn is of the same magnitude with what he pretends to imitate, and the like; and he must have a hand exact enough to form these in his work answerable to the ideas he has formed of them. An author must think, but it is no matter what character he writes—he has no care about that: it is sufficient if what he writes be legible: a curious mechanic's hand must be exquisite, but his thoughts are commonly pretty much at liberty; but a painter is engaged in both respects. When the matter is well thought and digested in the mind (a work common to painters and writers), the former had still behind a vastly greater task than the other, and which, to perform well, would alone be a sufficient recommendation to any man who should employ a whole life in attaining it. But, by the way, it is not every picture-maker that ought to be called a painter, as every rhymer or Grub-street tale-writer is not a poet or historian: a painter ought to be a title of dignity, and understood to imply a person endued with such excellences of mind and body as have ever been the foundations of honour amongst men.—*Richardson*.

"THE BEST OF ALL GOOD COMPANY."

By W. Blanchard Jerrold.

We passed a strange night. Along that broad dark road, spangled here and there, at its edges, by the bed-lights of early risers—seeing ghostly forms in the gloom; pensive, and strangely stirred to avoid all men by the way—we wandered, while the moon was swiftly smeared by patches of cloud, to a suburban park, in which a magic palace had arisen, and where we were to meet a curious company. The ring of our footsteps alone sounded to our ears. We were leaving the world behind us. Quaint forms of servitors flitted before us. Torches wildly danced in front of the magic palace. The clash of armour reached us as we advanced rapidly,—determined, come what might, to be calm and cool. White lights played in the distance about moving halberds. Were they held by men with frills and flat caps? The moonlight is so treacherous, that we dare not assert anything. The gloom deepened, however, as we reached the palace doors. The hum of life was certainly there; but how curious were the figures!

A steel gauntlet presently flashed under our very nose. We were evidently summoned to declare ourselves. But a gentler hand, clad in buff leather, waved the cold steel away, and we passed on. Now we appeared to walk upon rushes; and now our feet timidly sank into the softest carpet. There are lights, but strangely contrived; and there is, here and there, a nauseous smell of burning fat. The gallery in which we stand is a long one, with a line of moonlight along the roof. The columns appear to be gilded. Ghostly forms, in white, keep the way clear, down the centre. Faintly rises music, from the dim extremity that, to our confused sight, is simply shifting vapour; and the flitting figures are but so much moving, darkened cloud-shadows in a silvery fog. The reader will readily imagine, that in our everyday dress, with a silk hat between our kid-gloved fingers, we felt somewhat ill at ease. Now a colossal wig; now a head, cropped, and round as a cocoa-nut; now a helmet; now a low, broad cap; now a conical hat smothered in feathers—dashed past us. Still we moved forward.

Presently, for the first time, we heard the sound of human voices. But they were not the voices to which our ears were attuned. The words they spoke were strange. Now a jargon of French; now coarse oaths and allusions, shocking to our ears; now jokes, for parallels to which we refer the reader to untouched editions of Congreve;—but all, distant and faint. As we advanced, however, the light appeared to increase. We strained our eyes, and clutched at our hat. The company was beginning to arrive. A hand beckoned us to the south side of the nave. We followed silently; and leaning against a column, or endeavouring to lean against it, for we could never touch it—and yet it could not be made of air—we watched the progress of ghostly events. We could see just the nape of men's necks along the entire line of the perspective. The front of these bended men was turned towards the wall; and in their hands they held lights of many kinds, varying, as far as we could judge, from the torch to the finest wax candle. Still the faint music could be heard, and still the voices, from far off, sounded weirdly in our ears; a distance, that we endeavoured in vain to lessen, appeared to lie between us and the scene we were witnessing. Men were always going to speak to us, but never did speak. Now a hand was about to grasp ours heartily, but it was invariably withdrawn before we could catch it. Now a goblet of ruby wine, or some sack, was at our elbow, and our palate longed for it—only to make it vanish. Now an inviting chair tempted us to press its cushions, but we never dared to trust to its treacherous solidity.

But hush! They come, and how strangely! Along the dark walls are gold-edged doors, or frames, and from them step the motley company. Men whom we thought dead long years ago, stride, in the moonlight,—near us, but still very distant. First in the throng stalks the Second Richard. They say he is a fop; but who would think so? He is stupidly stolid, with that plump face of his; yet he carries the sceptre with him, perfectly conscious of the power it gives him. Men duck their heads low as he passes on, leading the company; followed by Henry, and nervous, cruel Richard the Third. Let us hope that his eye will not rest upon us. Wickliffe, too, passes solidly. But—way there, ghostly, unsubstantial serving men! way there, old Holbein! for see, the broad shoulders of the Eighth Harry appear,—and the complaisant moonlight plays upon the countless jewels that cover the rotten heart! With what a jaunty swagger he wears that low velvet hat, and how the cruel little eyes gleam! Surely that manly figure at his side, splendid in scarlet robes—that noble countenance—can never be the vassal to such a lord! Aye, it is so; for how respectfully he waits upon the footsteps of the squat Harry. Earl of Surrey—sweet poet, who brought some of the sunlight of Italy to England with him in his verse—bows to Jane Seymour, the gentle. There is a grace in her pendant sleeves, and even in the squareness of her dress. Very feminine is she, as she turns to the burly Wolsey; and the glow of his red clothes throws a warm tint upon her face, that gives it a new life. But how little is that man to be touched! There is nought, save the build, of the butcher's son in the cardinal now. He sees his high place in the throng, and stalks into it.

Sweet is youth, always; and how fresh is childish Edward the Sixth, as he steps from his frame! His gait is not kingly, perhaps; he has little or nothing of the monarch about him, even in his ermine and white satin. Pretty feet now press the unsubstantial ground, from the great Harry's court, resplendent with gold and jewels,—stiff, and prim, and stately. The line of procession is growing rapidly. And now there is a pause in the arrivals; and the company we have noticed passes along up the nave into the misty distance.

Softly, again, the music rises, as Philip and Mary step, awkward, forbidding, and ugly, from their frames. At their rear comes clever Holbein, looking upon the stately procession before him with a paternal regard. And then, walking backwards, Lucchero and Sir Antonio More appear. No wonder that they bow profoundly. No wonder that there is a stir among the waiting crowd. For, lo! from the frame advances, with a stately tread, the figure of Queen Bess. The high arched nose, the searching eyes, and the red hair—and the long, lean hands! It is startling to look through the centuries and see them in the life once more! How strong the vanity, yet how great the soul! The foot is upon the map of England—yet even the ruff is not forgotten. We were wellnigh laughing at the high-pointed sleeves of the illustrious lady; but the brilliant suite in her train commands respect for her. Her courtiers' short cloaks have an odd look to our vulgar eyes; and their manners are too elaborate, to us. But they command silence. Here is the Earl of Essex, with beard like a flat prize strawberry; here treads great Raleigh, and behind him—it was even so—sombre Shakspere, with his noble head. About this simple man have congregated manly Ben Jonson, and some few actors—curious group—at the skirts of Mary of Scotland, a with a cross upon her sad breast. The heart must beat a little wildly in such presences. Was it upon us that Leicester turned his arrogant eye, as he stalked forward? We trust not. Let the Tudors pass; and they may pass proudly, even laden with their crimes. But sad company now steps from the mysterious wall. Ponderous James the First, with his son and daughter; and grave Bacon! Buckingham is at hand, with a dazzling group in ruffs and cloaks,—a moving prism. Another pause.

And now, ushered by Vandyke, melancholy Charles appears! At his side are his stately wife and his children. A brilliant array of cavaliers troops at his heels. A burly figure, however, crosses his path, and he pauses in anger; but way is made, for the moment, by his gallant court, and he presses forward. The rays of the moon fall upon an axe, carried by one of the attendants, as the court of the First Charles sweeps by. Gay Lovelace and Killigrew hold back, to chat and laugh with Suckling! Dashing fellows they are, obviously, and bent upon drinking to their mistresses.

And now there is a relief to the bright colours that have passed. A brown, compact company makes its way down the nave. The faces are massive, serious, determined. First walks the Lord Protector, smiling—possibly at the frippery of Lovelace and the highly-coloured crew before him. And with him are Pym, great Blake, and mild, manly Hampden, looking straight before him. But this sombre group has no sooner shown its back, than laughing, chattering fellows, gaily tinted as macaws, to which the last crimson has been added, trip from their frames. Where are Charles's puppies? His Portuguese wife is here; and stiff enough she looks, in her native dress. But he pays her small attention. In truth she has a quiet, homely look, beside those ample, loosely-clad ladies, whom he addresses at intervals, touching here and there a chin with his forefinger. There is Rochester with his monkeys. Think you he cares because Suckling, who has just turned back and noticed him, grasps the hilt of his sword? No; the laurel remains about the animal's wicked head. We bow to Evelyn, the simple, as he nearly trips over the white wand of Arlington. Somewhat shocking, we must confess, are the dresses of the ladies, who now advance, and claim place about the court of Charles. Tut! there is Nell Gwynne—pretty, cheerful girl! Sad dogs! we fear, are all these gentlemen.

James the Second steps down, carrying a portentous proboscis;—with hapless Monmouth. They pass so quickly that we scarcely saw them. But here come William and Mary. How grave too, is Newton, as he passes. Marlborough, with all the splendour of a marshal upon him, looks the conqueror, ready to cleave the first aggressor with the staff he holds. Way is quickly made for him; and at his heels follow Harley, and the young Pretender, properly powdered for the occasion.

But we are particularly interested in the next group, little claim as any member of it may have to wear ermine. Here is Dryden, emphatically putting something to stolid Tonson. But while they talk, we turn to look at the manly countenance of Steele—to catch a glimpse of Addison. Why does yonder sickly

creature join the splendid throng? Look in his eye, and you shall be answered: for you shall know Alexander Pope at once. That is Lady Mary, at whom he fiercely glances. But she is undismayed, and struts carelessly onward, with Swift at her elbow.

And now a new race appears. Way for the First of the Georges, and Queen Caroline, and Walpole and Harley! Theatrical Chatham stalks past—vanquishing the gout, that he may be seen to the best advantage. We are sure Garrick looks upon him with no friendly eye. Burley Johnson appears, leaning upon the arm of Gay, while he talks to Gibbon, whose flabby face trembles at every step. We thought the splendid Earl of Bute, favourite of a royal princess, looked somewhat superciliously upon the poor scribes. But what care they? Rough, ploughboy Burns returns the glance of Bute, and then darts a wicked look at dandy Byron. Solitary, and with a curl upon his lip, walks Childe Harold; and not far off we note opium-eating Coleridge.

The *cortège* is at its close. Nearly all the ghostly visitors have arrived. But, strangely enough, there is vivacious Brougham, a young man; there, too, savage Gifford; and there fresh and frolicsome Lockhart, talking to Sir Walter! Crowds of serving men close about the heels of these latter. There is an awful rush, in the tide of which we are carried, although no hand, nor elbow, touches us. Laughter rings through the air, yet it sounds to us as from a great distance, and there are the faint strains of the music still. There is to be high revelry to-night, undoubtedly. Bluff Harry's face will shine and glow, ere he returns to his frame. Johnson promises himself the pleasure of a booze with Gibbon; and Burns, and Byron, and Reynolds—aye, and Sir John Suckling. The burly schoolmaster is not disinclined to see himself in the company of a lord. The only fear he has, is that Burns will get uproarious, and will disturb the conversation with his "Rigs o' barley." He has always been told that the little Scot is a dangerous, although a right good fellow, sir.

The tide still rolls onward, and we float with it, almost reconciled to the army of ghosts that encompasses us. Suddenly a broad way is made down the nave. Surely their ghostly majesties are not going to dance! "Aye!" a voice whispers. We turn sharply round, but cannot fasten upon our informant. We would not have missed this night for worlds. See Richard the Second—a very demon—leads forth plain Queen Mary. Grave James the First makes *vis-à-vis* with stately Elizabeth! And there is poor gawky Philip, wriggling forward with unfortunate Jane Seymour; while Charles the Second comes laughing after, making lovely Mary Stuart smile and chatter. There are others—but the mist which we cannot altogether clear from our eyes, obscures them. From a farther corner, we could catch the stern eyes of Wolsey, and the savage little optics of the Eighth Harry, glaring on the scene. Hapless Seymour! And surely that was Cromwell's sturdy tread that sounded along the nave in the midst of the minuet, and made the royal dancers start! But the dance was a fine thing to see. It was a royal one, right royally performed. Perhaps Philip was the only prince who failed to bear himself as became his rank. Indeed, we thought we noticed the Merry Monarch point the attention of his lovely partner to cruel Mary's ill-favoured consort. Stately as the dancers, was the music that accompanied them. It made the pulse beat feverishly; it carried the heart away—to dream delightful visions, upon which the pale moon always shone, and which faded before they could be fairly seen.

We wandered, wondering still. Everything near to us—yet everything beyond our reach. Not a single "beaded brim" reached our parched lips through the night, yet on all sides sparkled goblets — on all sides ghostly knights and princes held crystal cups between their awful eyes and the moon's rays. The excitement alone kept our spirits up, for at every turn strange incidents claimed our wonder. Here we passed Charles the Second, offering a cigar to James the First (who declined the attention very stiffly);—there Mary Stuart looked at good Queen Bess from head to foot, and passed scornfully on;—there Charles the First turned rapidly down a side passage, to avoid Cromwell;—and there again the merrie monarch and the bluff king, arm-in-arm, were whispering with Nell Gwynne and a host of loosely-clad ladies. Marlborough talked with Blake, and flourished his baton with fearful vigour as he spoke.

And then, silent and even pensive amid the throng, his eye not distracted even by the jewels that blazed upon the ample chest of Seymour's inconstant lord, with his broad collar carelessly folded over his black, walked William Shakspere! A vivid light played about his head. If Harry the Eighth, and Charles, and their brilliant courts, heeded him little, or simply stared at the poor plebeian in black,—in return, Johnson, and Congreve, and Byron, and Coleridge, bowed low, as he joined them. And they all went their way, leaving courts behind them. Our footsteps touched the earth lightly as we followed, far in the rear. They turned aside, through gloomy passages; and as they moved onward, indistinct, but, we thought, more familiar shapes, bowed low before them, till they entered a grand chamber, brightly lighted; that is, the light was bright, but to our poor eyes all remained indistinc. Still, we were thankful for the little we could see, as the great company gathered about an ample board; and Selden, and Evelyn, and Vandyke, and Holbein, and Lovelace, and Suckling, and old Godfrey Kneller, and Abraham Cowley, joined the circle. The latter appeared, supporting ailing Pope. But where were blind Milton and Andrew Marvel? That was surely Burns's hearty laugh! There, too, was Hume, just closing his note-book. Reynolds looked on benignly through his spectacles. It was a wondrous company indeed. Our ears were strained to catch the immortal words of every speaker; but our sense was dull, or we were forbidden to hear. Still it was no slight honour to look, from afar, upon the feast—to catch even the faint echo of the triumphant song! Every eye sparkled; every cheek glowed; for the banquet was served by princes. King Henry the Eighth stood, as toast-master, behind the chair of Shakspere! Henrietta Maria was Hebe to Vandyke! Lely's cup was frothed to the brim by the Merry Monarch!

And could we have heard the words that were spoken, how should we have interpreted them? Centuries contradict years. The year that saw King Harry's portrait completed—saw Holbein the bending servitor still. But centuries shook the king to dust, and grasped, to crown his urn, the figure of the painter. We keep laurels ever fresh for the brows of Holbein and Vandyke; we are still the vassals of Shakspere. Time has turned the balance, striving to teach the princes of the earth to be reverent before God-gifted nobility. Yet who, even here, would exchange an immortal sonnet for a single quartering. The bloody hand waves back the careering Pegasus!

Still there is hope, we fondly murmur to ourselves, remembering for a moment the working world we have quitted—there is hope in this great mystic gathering, if we can only carry back its lesson with us to our neighbours.

Immortal lips send jewels to the ear, upon the waves of sound. Gentle lessons fall from Shakspere's mouth. The heart warms at the sight of Sir Joshua's pencil. And princes wait upon the best of all good company! Briefly:—

The morning light—sworn enemy of ghosts—surprised old Johnson mixing a final glass! The glorious vision faded; and we went out from the fairy palace, we knew not how. Nor can we tell the reader how we reached our bed. But the sun was high above the horizon, when the eddying steam of our shaving-water reminded us of the day's duties.

MURILLO'S BEGGAR BOY.

This boy appears bowed by misery and want. His ragged clothing, and the wretched furniture around, are in melancholy harmony with the countenance and attitude of the boy struggling with hunger and neglect: the whole is bitterly and painfully real. It is certainly a splendid painting, though idealists may turn from it in disgust; but is not this a superficial feeling, as if all depended on the subject, and not rather on the peculiar manner in which it is treated? A beggar boy is, it is true, always a beggar boy; yet in how many different ways may he not be represented! A humourist will seize and depict only the comic points in his outward appearance, giving to the countenance that expression of easy indifference to care which a thoughtless character may retain, even in the lowest depths of misery. A deeply-contemplative painter, a Leonardo or Dürer for instance, will fix his ideas on the confusion and distraction which misery usually imparts to the countenance, and even to the character, and enter so deeply into its influence on the mind, that the perfection of his conception and representation will excite the utmost wonder and astonishment. The severe taste of the Spaniard has represented misery in its humiliation, yet accompanied with so much inward composure and earnest seriousness, that this individual picture speaks to the eye and to the imagination, like a general commentary on the moral degradation and poverty of our mortal existence.—*Schlegel's "Æsthetic."*

THE DITTICI, OR LITTLE ALTARS.

At that time (14th century), all kinds of furniture, such as cupboards, benches, and chests, were wrought by mechanics, and then painted, especially when intended as the furniture of new married women. Many ancient cabinet pictures have been cut out of such pieces of furniture, and, by this means, preserved to later ages. As for images on altars, through the whole of the 14th century they were not formed, as at present, on a separate piece from the surrounding ornaments. There were made little altars, or dittici, in many parts of Italy, called *Ancone;* they first shaped the wood, and laboriously ornamented it with carving. The design was conformed to the Teutonic, or, as it is called, the Gothic architecture, seen in the façades of churches built in that age. The whole work was a load of minuteness, consisting of little tabernacles, pyramids, and niches; and various doors and windows, with semicircular and pointed arches, were represented on the surface of the panel; a style very characteristic of that period. I have sometimes observed, in the middle, little statues in mezzo-relievo. Most frequently the painter designed these figures or busts of saints; sometimes there were also prepared various sorts of little forms, or moulds—formelle—in which to represent histories. Often there was a step added to the little altar, where, in several compartments, were likewise exhibited histories of our Saviour, of the Virgin, and of the martyrs, either real or feigned. Sometimes various compartments were prepared, in which their lives were represented. The carvers in wood were so vain of their craft, that they often inscribed their own names before that of the painter.—*Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.*

SCULPTURE.



CALDER MARSHALL.—"SABRINA."

THE Mask of "Comus"—one of the finest poems in the English language, yet unfortunately but little read, we fear, by the present generation—was given to the world by our immortal Milton some two hundred years ago, and first represented at Ludlow Castle, 1645, before the Earl of Bridgewater and an aristocratic audience. The chief persons taking part in the performance were Lord Brackly, Mr. Thomas Egerton (his brother), and the Lady Alice Egerton,—names which are familiar to us in this neighbourhood, and which curiously bring the past and the present into agreeable association. A few years ago, our then artistic tragedian, Macready, brought out this same Mask at Drury Lane, illustrated with scenery painted by the first artists of the day, the music of Purcel and other of our sterling English composers, whilst the graceful and intellectual Helen Faucit read—for there is little acting—the part of "The Lady" with a charm of elocution that is as rare as it is beautiful. From this Mask Mr. Calder Marshall has selected his subject for the piece of sculpture entitled "Sabrina," which we venture to pronounce one of his most talented productions.

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;"

Who, flying from her enraged stepdame Guendolen,

"Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross flowing course,
The water-nymphs that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearly wrists and took her in."

There she is transformed into the goddess of the river, but, retaining all "her maiden gentleness," "visits the herds along the twilight meadows," healing and helping the luckless whom the "meddling elf" delights to punish:

"For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils."

This is what the "Attendant Spirit" says about her, and thereupon resolves to invoke the nymph of the flood in "warbled song":—

"Sabrina fair,
Listen, where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen, for dear honour's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen, and save.
Listen, and appear to us
In name of great Oceanus,
By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethy's grave majestic pace,
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old sooth-saying Glaucus' spell,
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen, and save."

Sabrina *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

"By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkois blue, and em'rald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here."

This is the point at which the sculptor has seized the image of the poet, and by his creative power transformed it into something more tangible than words. The attitude of the water-nymph, as she listens to the song of "the spirit," having just risen from the "nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil," is most happily expressed.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. 2.—By J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A.

George Cattermole furnishes an instance, perhaps one of the most significant among our English artists, of a wild, ungovernable love of nature, and *moyan-age* sympathy. At the time that he is plunged in an intense admiration of the local facts and passing phenomena of the world round about him he brings to those facts and phenomena a mind wrapt in the most savage legendary lore of a past age. Even in his determined efforts to give nature in her simplicity, he only approaches the verge of the unsophisticated, as the drawings collected together at the Art-Treasures Exhibition abundantly demonstrate. Before entering into an examination of these works, it may be well if we explain a passage in our remarks of last week, in which we rather denied to Cattermole a full claim to water-colour honours. Cattermole, in the true sense, is a tempera painter: that is, he produces his effects by means of opaque colour; consequently the lights of his drawings are light added to the surface upon which he works, and in no wise result from the condition of that surface. This is a matter deserving much consideration, because it has the most important bearing upon the ultimate result. When Paul Sandby first, in this country, saw the power inherent in true water-colour, he established a principle which separates this mode of execution from all other modes; he saw in white paper an agent through which a condition and quality of light could be rendered with success, perhaps with a success denied to all other applications of pigments to either canvas or paper; and it should never be forgotten, in treating on this subject, that this principle is the one principle which gives distinctiveness to the style. As we explained in our former article, it is no matter in what material art-ideas are presented to us, so far as relates to those ideas themselves. They are independent of materials, and altogether untouched by them; still, each mode of presentment has peculiarities which adapt it, so to speak, to either a given class of subjects or to the use that is made of the art when consummated. So far, and no farther, is it desirable to place on record and establish the particularity of each; and we are doing no injustice to the great talent of Cattermole, whilst defining his place and rank among artists, if we designate him rather a tempera than a water-colour artist. Whatever he may be called, so far as relates to his mere practice, there can be no difficulty in assigning him a place in the first ranks of art, from the undeniable fact that he possesses a devout love of nature and an unusual capacity for depicting her varying moods; and this almost irrespective of subject. He will be recognised at once as of profound susceptibility to all the phases of the picturesque; will be allowed to have richness of fancy and warmth of imagination; and no one will deny him the power of depicting the wilder aspects of our nature. Of all these powers and qualifications, our readers will be better able to judge upon a more critical examination of the works of this man of genius exhibited in the Art-Treasures Exhibition.

In No. 445, "Amy Robsart and Janet Forster," we have Cattermole in a less savage mood than is common with him, though even in this work we have dashes of the artist's mysticism. The *pose* of the principal figure is exceedingly graceful, and perhaps the whole range of the Cattermole series does not present a more tender felicity of colour than the broken tints of the drapery; in fact, throughout the whole drawing, colour is the essential charm. We have already alluded to the diversity of Cattermole's subjects, and to the capacity with which he deals with this diversity. The drawing just noticed, from the novel of Scott, indicates one aspect of this capacity. The next work in the catalogue carries the mind away to Scripture story, and we have in "Christ Healing the Sick" an indication of a power over materials of a more sacred character. Cattermole makes no pretence in this work, or in others of a like character, to a high degree of expression; indeed, his tendency towards the picturesque would preclude the possibility of a high success in this direction. This fondness for the picturesque, however, rather aids than hinders him when he essays to give expression, or what may stand for expression, by the general movement of his groups and the *pose* and action of his figures. This is eminently the case with the picture before us, which, without going beyond a very general approach to expression of passive or active feeling and emotion, so far as facial character is concerned, is notwithstanding most vividly dramatic and telling by the agency of the *entire* action of the whole arrangement of the figures, and no less by the singular felicity with which the individual personages contribute to tell the wondrous tale. The colouring, less tertiary than the former, is unusually pure for Cattermole. 448, "Cromwell's Troopers Pursuing the Scots," is an illustration, but by no means the best, exhibiting the artist's fondness for gloom and a black monotony of tone. This, whenever it occurs in Cattermole, is never the result of an imperfect susceptibility to the blandishments of colour, but is deeply designed, to show the inseparable union in all great art-thoughts of subject with the mode of rendering it. The blackness is not so much the absence of colour, as the presence of a gloom in union with the aspects of the story: it is not paint, but the shadow of human passion in its worst exercise, throwing a funereal pall over the fair face of nature. In this Cattermole is always pre-eminently great: he never acknowledges the value or the right of a usurping prettiness. Does the story appal, then must the whole tone of the work aid to give this tragic element. Does the incident charm by its picturesque variety, then we have, in form, in colour, and in grouping, every possible phase of the irregular art elements. And so on, through all the varieties of the artist's practice, we have the happiest union of subject and treatment—the most felicitous combination of story and the illustration of its varying incidents. 450, "Italian Noblemen in the hands of Banditti," is, perhaps, one of the least successful of Cattermole's works on the walls of the Exhibition. The artist's delight in variety has run away with him, and instead of diversity of action aiding his story, it only serves to render "confusion worse confounded." The colour, too, in its complication of broken hues, assists the general disturbance.

452, "Macbeth and the Witches;" 459, "Macbeth and the Three Witches;" 463, the same subject; 464, "Macbeth;" 467, "Macbeth and the Murderers;" and others relating to the same drama, are all indicative of the painter's love of the grim. They are also among the best of Cattermole's works. Every quality which we have endeavoured to point out as belonging to the man may be found here in perfection, even to the choice of the play of Macbeth as indicative of the general idiosyncracy of the artist. We have made no endeavour here to do more than hint at the distinctive peculiarities of this artist's works, as exhibited at the gallery at Old Trafford; merely intimating the points of character in the painter, and suggesting how these are brought to influence his work. He is among our foremost men, and justly appreciated by all those whose appreciation is worth possessing. By many who have not the privilege of his acquaintance he is held to be a singularly mysterious personage, and we should be the last to disturb such impressions. We will allow our young artist friends, therefore, to retain their romantic ideas of Cattermole. If he is supposed to receive his friends encased in ponderous armour, and to speak in the language of the eleventh century, so be it; we are sure his works will be considered none the worse if their producer does thus present himself, with his grim retainers standing in the hall as he passes to dinner, each with lance at rest and shield at his feet. To disturb these impressions, or to hint at Cattermole's leaving his house every day like one of us, encased in a rough pea-jacket and the modern hat crowning his head, would be to drive us to the conclusion that the painter was an ordinary person. We very well remember the time when we considered, with the uttermost faithfulness and sincerity, that Cattermole inhabited one of the gloomy back rooms of a curiosity shop in Wardour-street, and we never forgave, and never intend to forgive, the man who endeavoured to prove to us that he lived in an ordinary mansion, among fashionable people, in London. Still sceptical, we shall go on steadily questioning the assertion until we have returned to a wholesome conviction that Cattermole is above all ordinary usages, and that he lives pretty much after the style of Macbeth, without any of that weak-headed tyrant's wickedness. We say, all hail, Cattermole! may he live to be as picturesque in appearance as one of his giant oaks, and as true at heart; may he send out for the good of his fellows—for their delight and their improvement—as many softening shadows and as many suggestive influences.

The Exhibition has only one work of John Gilbert, and by no means one of his best: it is very unequal in all the better qualities of pictorial treatment, and in one respect is very decidedly a failure. We allude to the arrangement of light, which, with subordinate exceptions, is placed up the extreme right side of the whole work, thus demanding attention to that portion at the expense of the remaining two-thirds of the surface, and, indeed, withdrawing consideration somewhat from the main figure of of the composition.

A drawing of very considerable magnitude, No. 479, "Bazaar at Batchi-Serai," by C. Bossoli, provokes much attention and admiration, and in some respects very deservedly so. It consists of a crowded thoroughfare in the town of Batchi-Serai, exhibiting with very considerable skill the architecture, the costume, and the habits of the people of the district. It is not possible, however, to pay an equal compliment to the atmospheric treatment, which is vapid and artificial. Both the forms of the clouds and their colour are equally objectionable; the former being essentially false, and the hue of the latter, in the saddest degree, merely pretty. So far as colour is concerned, this objection applies no less to that of the distant hills, which are purple to a state of disease. Turning from these objections, and to a more satisfactory employment of the pen, it may be said that the whole of the lower part of the picture is excellent, showing great knowledge of the objects introduced, with a fine artistic and natural employment of a vast amount of material. The light, as it plays over the fantastic architecture, is very successfully, nay skilfully, rendered; and the reflected light on the upright and quaint forms to the left, is most admirably given.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



HOGARTH. — "MARCH TO FINCHLEY."

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By H. Ottley.

In order to a right appreciation of the history of art—from the first dawnings of inspiration in design, through successive stages of development in technic resource—it is necessary to study it in its various "schools;" each of which was marked by peculiar characteristics, contributing their share towards perfectionating art as a whole, or setting an example which conduced to its decline. It is astonishing to reflect upon the vicissitudes which art has experienced at all times of the world's history;—the accidents which have favoured its budding efforts; the caprice of chilling circumstance which has nipped the flowers in their bloom of maturity; and the fortunate accidents of favouring breezes, by which the seeds of art, even in the midst of this decay, have been conveyed to distant and more genial climes, where they have grown up and flowered again, only modified in some characteristics by local influences.

We propose to give a slight sketch of the various schools of art in Europe, as an aid to study of the Art-Treasures now on view.

It would be needless, as vain, to attempt to trace the history of the art of design back to the very earliest times,—and for the simple reason, that there was probably no period, since man first formed himself into communities, when these arts, so obvious in their capabilities, so useful in their application (to say nothing of higher and more attractive qualities), were entirely unknown. It was amongst the Greeks, however, in the splendid days of Pericles, that these arts, in their poetic forms of development, attained the highest stage of perfection heretofore known to the world. But upon this it is to be observed, that whilst this great people undoubtedly surpassed all their predecessors, as they have since remained unsurpassed, unapproached, in sculpture, there is much reason to doubt whether their achievements in painting were upon an equal footing of excellence; indeed, there are those who insist that in this line they have been far outdone by the moderns. This is a question, however, which we should have great difficulty in treating with any certainty, none of the works in painting of the Greeks having survived to modern times. But whatever the character of their works, or the rank they would be entitled to hold in the general scale of excellence, this must be admitted, that it is to the Greeks that we owe the preservation of the arcana of art, and their transmission to other parts of Europe, which laid the foundation of the modern schools of painting. Greek art under the Roman emperors—now called Byzantine—became changed in its character, and applied to new purposes—that of a Christian instead of a mythical theogony. The types of this art were quickly spread throughout Europe, and still survive in considerable amount in Asia Minor and Southern Russia, as well as in many parts of Germany.

During the darkest period of the middle ages, Art, discouraged, frightened from her seat in the public gaze, took refuge in the cloister, and was never entirely lost. Original genius had fled, however, and the productions of artists during this long interval were but the uncouth repetitions of the same subjects, represented under the same traditional forms—crude, blank, ungainly—without an attempt at improvement, without a thought of Nature as a model. Such was the condition, especially, of the art of painting, from the age of Constantine till the 13th century.

Two events occurred in the history of the Eastern empire, the immediate effect of which was again to scatter the artists and art-treasures of Greece over Western Europe—namely, the capture and sacking of Constantinople by the Crusaders, in 1204, and by the Turks, under Mahomet II., in 1453. Both these events, in their consequences, were immediately followed by a new movement in the states of Western Europe, particularly in Italy, towards reviving and giving increased resource to the native art amongst them.

Amongst the very early pictures in the Exhibition are about a dozen of the Byzantine period, not by any means of a high class, or of much interest as regards the history of art;—and one by Margaritone D'Arezzo (1236-1313), of a monastic saint holding a book, which is worthy of particular attention, as illustrating the expiring influence of the Byzantine type upon Italian art at this period.

The modern art of Europe is generally divided into the following principal schools:—1, Italian; 2, German; 3, Flemish; 4, Dutch; 5, Spanish; 6, French; and 7, English. Some of these schools again are subdivided into subsidiary schools; and even particular masters of eminence, as Raphael, the Carracci, Rubens, &c., have given their name to schools, comprehending, of course, their several followers or imitators.

Taking these schools in order, we begin with the Italian, which has been variously subdivided,—some authorities distinguishing as many as fourteen or fifteen schools as being included in it;—but which, for practical purposes, it may be sufficient to treat under five heads, viz., the Tuscan or Florentine, the Roman, the Venetian, the Lombard or Bolognese, and the Neapolitan schools.

THE TUSCAN OR FLORENTINE SCHOOL.

Cimabue is the honoured name which is generally accepted as that of "the father of the modern school of painting;" and the city of Florence was the seat of his school. It was he, according to the text-books of chronology, who "first left the style of the Greeks, his teachers, and, studying ancient statuary, founded a new school distinguished for its boldness, majesty, and strength." But this is an error which does injustice to other states in northern Italy, and of which Vasari, naturally prejudiced in favour of the renown of his native Florence, was the sole originator. Cimabue, beyond doubt or dispute, was a great man, and did much for the advancement of art; but he was not the first who showed indications of that new style which was to supersede the Byzantine art, which had long ago reached the lowest point of degradation. Upon this question facts are conclusive. Cimabue was not born till 1240, at which time Pisa already boasted her Giunta Pisano, who painted two great frescoes of the "Crucifixion," at Assisi (figures of colossal size), about 1236, a copy of one of which is engraved in the "Early Florentine School," by W. Y. Ottley, who remarks, "Giunta appears to have been unknown to Vasari, who has erroneously ascribed his works to Margaritone. His style, though rude, was not barbarous. There is sometimes much of grandeur in his conceptions." Of the same period also was Nicolo Pisano, whose works, though in sculpture, are justly held to have exercised considerable influence upon the new school of painting now struggling into development. And earlier even than these was Guido of Sienna, who painted a fine fresco of the "Madonna and Child," about the year 1210. Some heads of angels, by his hand, are in the Louvre, at Paris.

Nevertheless, Cimabue was a great painter; and by the number and importance of his works alone, which far exceeded those of any of his predecessors, would perhaps justify a claim to occupy the first place of distinction in the history of modern art. Of his numerous works at Florence, however, little now remains, excepting his celebrated "Madonna," larger than life, at Sta. Maria Novella, and another in the Church of Sta. Trinita, both painted in distemper. The former of these works, when finished, was considered so wonderful an effort of the pencil, such a triumph in an art to which the national taste was but newly awakened, that it was carried in procession, accompanied by trumpets, from the house of the painter to the church; which circumstance, together with other festivities on the occasion, caused the street through which it passed to be called "Il Borgo Allegri," or street of Rejoicing.

There are two specimens of Cimabue in the Exhibition; one of which, a small triptych, or three-folded picture, represents the "Madonna and Child," enthroned, attended by angels, similar in design to the celebrated "Madonna" just mentioned, with other scriptural subjects on either side.

But Cimabue's proudest claim upon posterity is in having discovered and encouraged the latent genius of the poor shepherd boy, Giotto, whom he adopted as his pupil.

Giotto di Bondone (b. 1272, d. 1336) must be set down as the first real painter after nature—the creator of modern design. He had a profound knowledge of the workings of the human passions, a soul full of sublime sentiment, and his powers of story-telling must be acknowledged as marvellous by all who even at this day witness his works, or transcripts from them. Besides these endowments of the spirit, he had an eye for the beautiful, and a mastery of hand before unknown. The circle which he dashed off with one stroke of the brush, when asked by the Pope's emissaries for evidence of his identity or his ability (there are two versions of the story), has passed into a proverb, "*Piu tondo che l'O di Giotto*" (rounder even than the O of Giotto). Amongst his works the most extensive and celebrated are the series of frescoes of the "Life of the Virgin," in the Arena Palace at Padua; and another series, of the "Life and Miracles of St. Francis," in the church dedicated to that saint at Assisi. Giotto was an architect and sculptor, as well as a painter. He visited, at different times of his life, Rome, Naples, Padua, and other places, in all of which the influence of his example made itself felt.

There are several interesting specimens of Giotto in the Exhibition, contributed by the Liverpool Royal Institution, Christ Church (Oxford), Lord Ward and Lord Northwich. Amongst the contemporaries of Giotto was Duccio of Sienna; and Ugolino da Sienna, from whose hand some most interesting specimens are exhibited. Giotto left numerous pupils and followers in all parts of Italy, the most distinguished of whom were Andrea Orcagna, Simone Memmi, Taddeo Gaddi, and Pietro Cavalini.

(To be continued.)

It has been remarked, that the career of human genius, in the progress of the fine arts, is the same in every country. When the man is dissatisfied with what the child learned, he gradually passes from the ruder elements to what is less so, and from thence to diligence and precision; he afterwards advances to the grand and the select, and at length attains facility of execution.—*Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.*

FINE ARTS IN MANCHESTER.

In England the fine arts, especially painting, are very differently circumstanced from what they are upon the Continent of Europe. An Englishman loves his home above every other spot, because he lives there; his fireside is to him a holy place, for it is his refuge from an inclement atmosphere, and round it he gathers all the joys that fill his heart, and from it his heart gives out all the charities that make an Englishman what he is. A native of the purer climes and warmer skies east of the German Ocean spends half his life and nearly all his pleasure hours out of doors; his house is a place to sleep in at night, to eat in at morning only, and to toil in often. A chair in a public park or garden, with an ice or cup of coffee, and the fresh air of heaven, is more delightful to him, from May to November, than the close atmosphere of his house; and what charm has the cold blaze from the billet of wood on the domestic hearth, or the charcoal in the dull, stifling stove in winter? Where the heart is, there will the treasure be also; and therefore it is, that while our continental neighbours send their hearts and their treasures out of doors, and place their pictures and their sculpture in public galleries and chapels, and public palaces and public gardens, the people of the British Islands love to adorn their homesteads with whatever of precious or rare in art they can procure; sure that their perpetual influences will thus more thoroughly enter into their own life.

There can be no doubt that the Continent has this great advantage over us in these matters, that all this national wealth is enjoyed by every one. The peasant who tramps through the Louvre in his sabots, and stops before a Murillo or a Rembrandt, feels that it belongs to him as much as it does to any other single individual in France—that it is his to admire, his to instruct, his to civilise. In our land our best treasures are locked up from the great masses of our people; not from the poor alone, but from the entire middle class of society.

But is there no way to remedy this evil, even partially? Is there no spell by which the doors of all these treasure-houses may be opened, if it be only for a time, and their affluent riches poured out into some depository where the whole national eye may gaze upon them, and the whole national mind be instructed?

Now this is the very question that the Dublin Picture Gallery has answered in the affirmative. Yes, it is quite possible to collect from all the private owners throughout our empire their gems of art; and it is quite safe for them to lend these gems, for they will be restored to them without trouble and without injury. There was one person, above all others, upon whom this was not lost, and his quick and practical apprehension at once saw its importance. We allude to Mr. J. C. Deane, one of the secretaries of the Dublin Industrial Exhibition, and an active promoter of the Picture Gallery. He felt that if the experiments, tried for the first time, and with limited capabilities, had such a prosperous result, perfect success might be expected to attend an exhibition of art attempted upon a more extended basis and sustained by wider support. Meantime, increased experience as secretary of the Crystal Palace enabled him to mature his ideas; the time arrived for him to verify them. Happily, he found two or three earnest and large-hearted men who entered into his views, and set to work to carry them out. Who were these men, and where were they found? Dillettanti, from Belgravia, perhaps, or men, whose lives of luxurious idleness were spent in lounging in continental cities or gaping over foreign galleries? By no means. They were men of work in the noblest sense of the word. Labour-lords, who were famous for their practical energies, and had made themselves names more enduring than brass—as enduring as the iron that they fashioned into the potent machinery that works the wealth of the world; men, who are accustomed daily to listen to and direct the labour-pulses that throb and beat through the great engine-heart of Manchester, and vivify the nation's life-blood through every vein and artery; men, of whom Thomas Fairbairn is a type. There is, after all, something infinitely fine and edifying in the reflection that they who are the heads of the mechanical arts of England should be found the promoters and the patrons of the fine arts in the British empire; and this is strictly in accordance with experience and with truth. There is no class of men who appreciate and enjoy the fine arts with a keener relish than the men of toil when their toil is over. Watch an artisan in any of our national galleries. His is not the cold eye of languid inspection—his are not the vapid common-places of conventional rule-criticism. There you mark the quick glance, the flushing cheek, the healthy, hearty admiration that expresses itself curtly, coarsely it may be, but earnestly and forcibly; and so is it with those whose highest boast it is to be at the head of the artisans of England. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn, upon good authority, that the love of the fine arts is higher, and the purchasers of good pictures more numerous, in proportion to population, in Manchester, and the County Palatine of Lancaster generally, than in any other city or province of the United Kingdom or of the Continent of Europe.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. 1.

We should have preferred very much to carry our readers through the Palace of Arts at Old Trafford with a systematic sequence, commencing with the mysterious "Old Masters," and uninterruptedly continuing our pictorial journey through these galleries of grandeur, down to the latest productions of modern times which the indefatigable collectors have been enabled to gather. And this is still our intention, though we shall be compelled, from the mass of material, to take three compartments concurrently. Having, therefore, introduced our friends to the able and interesting guidance of Mr. Ottley and Mr. Hammersley, for instruction on the various characteristics of two particular departments, we offer companionship through a third, where the almost dazzling brilliancy of colour (which, whatever a certain school of criticism may say to the contrary, is a main element in the art of painting), the interest in the varied stories that are told, and a certain national pride and sympathy intuitively felt by the main body of visitors, have gathered the greatest amount of criticism.

Turning then to the right, into saloon D, we find ourselves amidst a crowd of silk, velvet, and broadcloth, whilst a murmur of admiration gladdens the ear, like the musical buz of bees over the sweets of some richly-tinted flower, on some bright, summer morning. We are face to face with the works of men whose names have been rendered familiar through the pages of pleasant biography,—we are looking at the very canvasses before which stood Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Romney, Morland, and others of almost equal fame, through many hours of anxious hope. We can imagine the many strange passages in the lives of such workers; their ambitions, their despondencies, their little jealousies, their struggles, even sometimes to the difficulty of keeping the baker civil. We look at these curious productions, until we are spirited into another age and another atmosphere,—until the genius which created them becomes the *palpable*, and we are lost to the shadowy presence of the "little busy bees," whose murmer we have before alluded to. We hear the names of the great ones repeated from time to time:—"Here is Hogarth,"—"That is Romney,"—"Look at Reynolds,"—and we are ready to turn round and shake hands with, or make our bow before, the gifted ones who have given to us that "March to Finchley," that bright face of "Nelly O'Brien," or that sweetest of all spirits of content, the loveable "Serena."

It is by looking back at the comparatively very recent dates of art and art-influences in this country that we begin to understand how rapidly has been our progress from a state of barbarism. During the reign of Henry the Seventh, whilst painting was surrounding Italy with a glory that still lingers round her decay, we were presenting such specimens of art as we see in the face of "Jane Shore," who looks out from the Historical Portrait Gallery. In the period of Henry the Eighth, artists took their place among the underlings of the court, and the Reformation destroyed what little of art-decoration there was among us. In rooting up what were considered the superstitions of the age, we threw back for a time even the rude efforts that had been made,—a principle and a practice renewed at a still later period. What remained to us will be seen in the works of Holbein; for though we took off heads, we have in England a singular respect for faces, and portraiture is about the only true record of art the country presents. Holbein came to us, and doubtless his productions gave a large impetus to art. He flattered, and thereby pleased. He is not without disciples in this branch of his art even in our own day,—though flattery does not always tend to agreeable results, as poor Anne of Cleves discovered to her cost. Sir Antonio More in the reign of the savage Mary, Hilliard and Oliver in that of Elizabeth, are among the earliest of our English painters who seem to have been worthy of recognition; particularly the miniatures of the latter, a branch of art some time encouraged by the practice of wearing this class of ornament richly set. Charles the First commenced a collection of pictures in Whitehall, assisted by the foreign courts, who desired friendly alliance with a country advancing so rapidly in influence and power. There were gathered specimens from Correggio, Julio Romano, Raphael, Titian, Rembrandt, Da Vinci, and Vandyke. It was the first great attempt to bring together the master minds of Europe. Then came Rubens to England as the "representative" of Spain, and left the mark of his glowing pencil on the Banqueting Room of Whitehall. Following him we observe Vandyke,—neglected at first, but afterwards crowned with all courtly honour. He was a pupil of Rubens, who, it is said, advised him to leave imaginary subjects to "the master," and keep to portraits. Whether this be true or not, we are indebted to Vandyke for some of the most interesting memorials of the period. Through his talent are we made acquainted with that young and lovely queen whose fascinations led, we are told, the poor and vacillating Charles to the block—are taken also into the innocent company of those beautiful children, and are made thoughtful by that pensive face of their unfortunate father.

Native talent now crept forth, even in the midst of civil war and its horrors. George Jamesone wandered from Aberdeen to associate himself with the two great masters we have just named, and returning to Scotland, met so much admiration as to obtain the title of the Scottish Vandyke; for he too found, that, to live, he must leave landscape and history, and take to the practice of handing down to posterity the vain and the

ambitious. We have alluded to the melancholy face of Charles. It is told of a sculptor whom he had desired to employ, that on looking at the profile of his majesty he contemplated it for a time, and then exclaimed, "Something will befal this man; he carries misfortune on his face." But we must pass on, and that, too, rapidly. Those grand but gloomy puritans slashed away at art as they did at the gallant cavaliers, and trod down the beautiful as they did tyranny and tinsel. Art was superfluous, and all superfluities must be lopped off. In sneering at art, they desired to sneer at the memory of royalty. Nevertheless pictures — though representing the "Virgin" and our "Saviour" —were preserved to some extent. Even the gruff old Protector did not disdain to become a purchaser of a portion of the royal galleries; though his ideas of art were perhaps faithfully expressed in his request to the painter of his portrait, not to forget "the warts and moles." That the pictures at Whitehall were not thoroughly dispersed we learn from Pepys, on his return at the Restoration, who "missed very few of his old favourites." With Charles the Second came that atmosphere of impurity indicated in the wanton features and loose drapery which Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely have handed down to us, and for which the grace of the one or the force of the other have but one interpretation. This was the re-action, moral and pictorial. The boys had been kept in school so long, and under such a severe curriculum, that romps and mischief-making came with the first brief holiday. Next in this goodly company we have an English painter, Sir James Thornhill, who decorated our wealthy mansions and public buildings with nymphs in satin gowns, and painted virtue and vice after the true allegorical fashion. He is lauded by Pilkington and others, in answer to which his glories in the Great Hall of Greenwich Hospital, and on the cupola of St. Paul's, may be fairly handed in as evidence.

And now come hither, and give more decided attention. Pray turn for awhile from that pink bonnet and that cashmere shawl, to this square-looking head and face, half humour, half power—whose portrait of himself, and that imperturbable canine companion we have been familiar with and wondered at from infancy—tells us we have at length arrived at the legitimate starting point of British art. That same man who marked the "line of beauty" on his palette, and swore by it in his "Analysis," married the daughter of the dignified Sir James, whom we left daubing away at Greenwich. His name was William Hogarth, and he has left behind him sermons that bring admonition, and suggest thought, and excite pity, and startle into horror, and "set the table in a roar." If you had known him as a boy, you would have found him fond of "shows" and "mimicry," and drawing dogs and horses of peculiar anatomical proportions; leaving "his mark" at the corner of "grammar books," in the form of "caligraphic" flourishes; and further on, when bread had to be earned, and amateur business laid aside, he is to be seen engraving initials of noble houses on silver jugs and spoons, until weary of copying "griffins,"—even though it involved the pecuniary aid to family and master —weary, too, of "sauntering round Leicester Fields, with his master's sickly child hanging its head over his shoulder,"—he began to reflect upon his position and his powers. He was tired of copying lines, and yearned for a language of his own, in which to express the spirit already at work within him. Nicholls gives us the story of his stroll to Highgate, where, meeting with a number of riotous people at the wayside inn, and a quarrel ensuing, he took out his pencil and sketched the ridiculously rueful countenance of a noisy subject who had, in the *melée*, received the hammering of a quart pot on his pate. The portrait was so like, and so laughable, that good humour followed, and, perhaps, an additional chalk behind the door. Hogarth sought and studied character wherever it was to be found; and by and by his canvasses began to tell the history of his curious experience. Desirous, at the same time, of working on copper, to protect himself against piratical copies of his prints, he tells us that he was thirty years of age before he could do little more than maintain himself. "But even then," the honest-hearted fellow adds, "I was a punctual paymaster." Being one day distressed, we are told, to raise the sum of twenty shillings, he drew his landlady (who



acted as dun on the occasion) so hideously ugly, that genius was said to be stamped upon the portrait. These are the sort of stories we generally meet with in the biographical notices of men of original character and qualities.

The first of Hogarth's works which commanded particular notice, appeared in 1724. In "The Taste of the Town," the follies of the good folks of the period are severely satirised. It gives us a crowd hurrying to a masquerade. There is a gentleman with a cap and bells on his head, a garter round his right leg, while before him a satyr holds a purse containing a thousand pounds,—"a satirical glance at majesty," says Ireland. Nor did he forget the arts on this his first introduction, for "on the summit of Burlington Gate he placed the fashionable artist, William Kent, brandishing his palette and pencils, with Michael Angelo and Raphael for supporters." Coats of arms, and initials, and symbols of equal importance, are now deserted, and with them the little shop in Cranbourne-street. The booksellers—keen of scent then as now—have found out the painter-satirist. He is embellishing books with small cuts, as will be seen on reference to a copy of "Mortraye's Travels," or to "The Golden Ass of Apuleius." We may also trace him in company with Milton; but for none of these did he gather about him admirers. He had yet to gain knowledge, and to work hard in so doing. But he is making way: he is again in the field where his peculiar nature directed, and Walpole acknowledges that his illustrations of the humorous Butler "marked him as a man above the common."

And now we must be introduced to his home, where he has taken the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, against the will of the "history-painter to the king," and made her the presiding deity of his humble household. It was a sad business for the courtly gentleman, who did not learn to forgive his son-in-law until his reputation began to dawn some two years after. "I married," says Hogarth, "and commenced painter of small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high. This, having novelty, succeeded for a few years. But though it gave somewhat scope for the fancy, it was still but a less kind of drudgery; and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of backgrounds and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay expenses my family required."—The "backgrounds" and "drapery" let us into the studio secrets of those days. Hogarth would have remembered the "warts and moles" for Old Cromwell. He could not flatter, and the rent had to be paid, so he took to other means for doing justice to the landlord and to himself. He started upon a new pathway to fame, and was successful. He did not rake up the ashes of a dead mythology, but taught us the higher uses of art, in depicting the follies, vices, and passions of humanity. Look at his works—they are full of instruction. Look at them, not merely to ascertain how they are toned, how coloured, how manipulated; but look at them as picture-*books*, in which every passage bears an impress of thought, and carries with it a great moral lesson. They will teach you that folly is akin to vice, and that too often one is but a prelude to the other. Hogarth in a single figure could give the prophetic history of a future career, as witness, in the "Marriage-à-la-Mode," the husband on his return home after a "revel,"—his listless *ennui* is marked in every angle of face or figure. The crushing incubus is already upon him; we see at what period of *his* life's history the curtain is to fall with its melancholy music,—before the second act is yet concluded.

The "Marriage-à-la-Mode" is unfortunately not in the Art-Treasures Exhibition; it is one of the most melancholy of Hogarth's tragedies, but this peculiar phase of his genius will be found well illustrated in (13 and 14) "The Harlot's Progress," where the advance of innocence to crime is given with a fearful truthfulness never surpassed by pen or pencil. "Other pictures we see," says Charles Lamb, "Hogarth's are read." There is something Shaksperian in the tragic power which he has here displayed, when added to the humour of "The March to Finchley,"—a rough sketch of which is all we have ventured to give. The variety of idea which the numberless little episodes represent, all bearing upon and uniting with the one leading subject, is something marvellous. "Hogarth," says Hazlitt, "belongs to no *class*, or, if he belongs to any, it is to the same class as Fielding, Smollett, Vanburgh, and Molière." The terror of Count Fathom, and

the humour of Roderick Random, are quite as successfully depicted. What a comment upon contemporary appreciation is the note in the catalogue telling us that when the series ("Harlot's Progress"), "eight pictures in all, was sold by auction, 1745 (in Hogarth's lifetime), the eight pictures brought £14. 14s."

There are other pictures here,—including a very interesting acquaintance with Hogarth's variety of style,—that are well worthy of our notice. Do not let us overlook his portrait painting, so life-like, so unaffected,—his "Convivial Party" (27) makes us familiar with himself and friends,; his "Captain Coram" (30) the projector of the Foundling Hospital, who lost health and fortune through his spirit of benevolence. "I did not waste," said the old man, "the wealth which I possessed in self-indulgence or vain expense, and am not ashamed to own that in my old age I am poor." We cannot wonder at Hogarth's assertion that this was the portrait he painted with most pleasure, and the one in which he particularly wished to excel. In his "Beggars' Opera" (25), he has left us the beautiful



face of Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton; and in "Garrick, as Richard" (22), we are brought into familiarity with the vain, but witty and talented actor. Hogarth gave us another view of Garrick, with his wife looking over his shoulder, about which Allan Cunningham tells us,—"Garrick was dissatisfied with the representation of himself, and said so. The lady said nothing as to herself, but complained that her husband looked less noble in art than in nature. Hogarth drew his pencil across David's mouth, and never touched the piece again. The picture was unpaid for at Hogarth's death, and his widow sent it to Mrs. Garrick, unaccompanied by any demand." In the churchyard at Chiswick, upon a monument erected to the memory of a true artist, is the following inscription:—"Here lieth the body of William Hogarth, Esq., who died October 26th, 1764, aged 67 years"—a mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and a book inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," with the addition of some second-rate verses by Garrick, are also there. Hogarth was a good husband, and left behind him a wife who loved him living, and with a loving faith clung to his memory for twenty years after his departure. The domestic servants of the painter lived with him for years, and their portraits hung against his walls.

Whilst Hogarth was satirising folly, Reynolds was flattering it; while the one gained wealth and a title, the other was struggling on for bread and fame. Reynolds saw the way clearly open to independence and the good things of life, and steadily pursued it. Perhaps when we look at their individual talents, there was wisdom in both. Reynolds wanted vigour of imagination; but he gave us life as he saw it, and in his own peculiar manner accomplished much from which the artist, at least, may gather knowledge. We have here a fine collection of his pictures:—some remarkably fine portraits, particularly the one of himself (48), in his robes, as doctor of civil law; another of the "Braddyl Family" (52); of "Georgiana, Countess Althorp, and her Daughter" (73); but there is absent the charming face of Mrs. Molesworth, of which we venture an illustration.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—"MRS. MOLESWORTH."



"The Schoolboy" (64), and "The Contemplative Youth" (152), are both paintings of great merit: they exhibit a masterly knowledge of colour, and belong to the class of art in the illustration of which Reynolds most excelled. But perhaps there is nothing more fascinating from his hand in the present Exhibition than his "character"-portrait of the once-"celebrated" "Nelly O'Brien," which forms a portion of the Hertford collection. Would that art could command its subjects, and always have mind as well as beauty to perpetuate upon its canvas. But, alas! the necessities of the artist tell upon his art, and Lely and Boucher tell the same tale as Reynolds in this instance. Yet, looking at it as a mere picture, what a charming specimen of life-study it is; what a bewitching smile; what a joyous roundness in the outline of the face; what an easy, nonchalant air in the *pose;* and then what a tale of idle luxury in the general costume in the satin and lace in which her elegant form is enveloped. Altogether it is a study of female portraiture, worthy of Titian himself.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—"NELLY O'BRIEN."

THE FUNCTIONS OF ART.

Into the heaven of heavens Art soareth free;
Again descending from her native skies,
She takes the common world that round us lies,
And moulds it to the eternal harmony;
Drawing, Eternal Fount of love, from Thee,
She pours into it of thy life divine,
Till the terrestrial re-created shine
The heavenly vision that she yearned to see.

'Tis hers to people with Creations pure
Imagination's Halls, and hang on high
Forms that sublime the Soul, and sanctify.
She plants the unstable on foundations sure;
Createth worlds that shall for aye endure—
Divinest gifts to souls that cannot die.

May 18th, 1857. J. C.

PICTURE TALK.—POINTS OF CRITICISM.

By H. Ottley.—No. 2.

Confining our attention for awhile to the subject of design and composition, with their various incidents, there are several important considerations, so general that they will be found illustrated more or less by almost any picture upon which we may chance to look. And, first, it should be observed that composition is not so much a matter of chance and caprice, as, from observing the natural and easy arrangement of the subjects in the picture before us, one would be led to imagine. In composition, everything is the result of deep study; yet the perfection of the artist is shown in concealing the laborious process by which he has succeeded in achieving success. Here, emphatically, *ars est celare artem*.

In the first place, composition having for its object the bringing all the parts of the picture into harmonious relation with one another, so as to produce a complete whole,—in short, the realisation of a perfect entity out of certain prescribed materials,—the resulting entity must in its general outline assume in the mind of the painter some form or shape of a generic and familiar character. The varieties of form most usually found in composition are the pyramid; the globe or circle—and segments of them; the grape; and the flame or stream.

Taking a few illustrations from Raphael, we find the pyramidal arrangement in most of his Holy Families—for instance, "*La Belle Jardinière*"—and, doubtless, from intention, the pyramid being the emblem of the Trinity. In the cartoon of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," also, the pyramidal form is followed, though very obtuse at the apex. In the cartoon of "The Death of Ananias" the circular arrangement is adopted, and most skilfully, and with obvious good effect, this being the only means by which so many personages, so variously occupied and affected, could be displayed; and due prominence given to the figure of the expiring Ananias, and yet elevation and distinction, above all the rest, to the group of the apostles. In the "Elymas struck with Blindness," the arrangement is that of a semicircle. In the "Transfiguration," the upper part is a combination of the pyramidal and circular arrangement; whilst in the agitated group below, we observe a variety of wavy outlines, suggestive of a flame or stream. As a general rule, the principal figure should occupy the centre or most prominent position in the picture; but in the "Paul Preaching at Athens," Raphael has displayed the resources of his great and original genius in a remarkable manner, by giving, most unmistakeably, a commanding importance to the figure of the apostle, though placed at one side of the picture. An illustration of the grape form of composition will be traced very generally in the works of Titian, with whom it was a favourite mode.

In reference to design and composition, as involving the use of drapery, an important remark has to be made, illustrating the difference of practice in the earlier and later masters of Italy. In the early Florentine and Roman schools, the artists arranged their groups of figures so as to make complete compositions without the intervention of drapery, and clothed their figures in such a manner as not to interfere with their first arrangement; but in the schools which followed, the drapery became an essential part of the composition, serving at once to fill up a certain portion of the canvas, and to give splendour and variety of colour to the whole production. To this vain fancy for dress,—as with many foolish people in real life,—too much was sacrificed; and the artist's ancient skill in outline, his firmness and accuracy of form, were gradually lost. Another vicious application of the tempting resources of drapery, in later times, resulted in the extreme of absurdity; and from this even Raphael is not exempt: witness, amongst others, his "Transfiguration." We refer to the fly-away robes sometimes given the Saviour and the Madonna, and to angels and saints, when they are supposed to be floating in the air, and which, by an extreme stretch of imagination, we are expected to suppose assist in supporting the figure, instead of having themselves a natural tendency to fall to the earth. The introduction of this drapery, however, superseded the wings of earlier art,—an appendage to the human figure which reason certainly cannot admit of, but still, of the two, probably preferable to the balloon *crinolines* of later date.

As painting differs from sculpture in representing depth and distance, and numerous objects on different planes, more or less remote, *perspective* is the art by which the true diminution of the size of various objects, according to their distance from the eye, and the converging of the lines towards the point of sight, is regulated. This art was, probably, unknown to the ancients; and with the earlier masters of the modern age we do not find it successfully attempted till the time of Massaccio, who learned the principles from Brunelleschi, the architect. A corollary of perspective, or, rather, a particular application of it, is in the *foreshortening* of figures and their limbs, in the cases in which they are supposed to be in a position different from that of the plane of the picture;—as, approaching out of it towards or receding within it away from, the eye of the spectator. Massaccio and Andrea Mantegna were amongst the first to apply this principle with success, which Michel Angelo afterwards carried to marvellous perfection, and Correggio indulged in on all occasions as a habit, and to an extent almost constituting a fault.

Coming now to *colour*,—we find that there have been three principal different modes of applying it (not to mention special and less important varieties), viz., distemper, fresco, and oil painting. Of these, *distemper*, or *a tempera* painting, was the earliest, being in use by the ancient Egyptians and Greeks. In this style of painting the colours are ground and mixed with water, and some glutinous matter, as size or white of egg, and applied to surfaces of plaster, wood, parchment, paper, canvas, &c. The colours, under this mode, are very brilliant and permanent in their effect. *Fresco* painting was chiefly resorted to for the decoration of the interiors and exteriors of buildings, the plaster of the walls being the medium upon which the labours of the artist were displayed, and the colour being applied when this plaster was yet fresh and damp. From the very condition of the materials, therefore, the work had to be executed rapidly, and was insusceptible of alteration or correction. The consequence was the education of the artist in boldness and decision of purpose, and his hand in great accuracy and freedom of execution, qualities which peculiarly distinguish the leading men of the early Italian Schools. Both in distemper and fresco painting the colours are opaque; transparency of effect is impossible with them, and, therefore, one of the chief charms in real nature, the gradations of light and shade, and of tint behind tint, and the endless reflexes of light, which play through that medium, cannot even be attempted with them. By the use of *oil painting*, first practised by Van Eyck in the early part of the fifteenth century, and shortly afterwards introduced into Venice, whence it found its way rapidly to other parts of Italy,—the painter's art achieved its crowning triumph, and assumed that proud position in which we see it displayed in the great bulk of the pictures which grace the present Art Treasures Exhibition. It enabled the artist to give the effect of air and depth, a thing impossible with opaque colours,—together with a brilliance and variety of tints, which the supposition of an aerial medium so abundantly suggests.

In colouring, the first consideration is truth of colour, and purity of hue; then the tint is to be regulated as affected by a consideration of atmospheric influences. *Local colour* is the colour of the object itself when in proximity to the eye, and can never be with propriety used, except on the first plane of the picture, and very rarely then; in all more distant parts it must necessarily be modified by the aerial medium interposing, and by reflexes of other colours in its vicinity and acting upon it. *Harmony* of colouring (there is also a harmony of composition and expression) results from a happy combination and grouping of colours, so that monotony on the one hand, and incongruous and dissonant relation on the other, should be avoided. Harmony between individual colours, as in music between notes, results from the establishment of a sufficient distance in the chromatic scale between them; in short, from a healthy contrast between them; harmony in the whole composition results from a general *keeping* between the colours of the various parts, so that the masses shall be in healthy relationship to one another, producing a congruous and æsthetic result. Red, blue, and yellow, being the three primary colours, are always in harmony when fairly distributed in proper proportions. Red, therefore, also is in harmony with green (which is a compound of blue and yellow), to which it is what is termed the "complementary" colour; and yellow with purple; but blue or yellow upon green, which is partly composed of each, would, as a general principle, be discordant and offensive to the eye. As to *tone* in colouring, blue is a cold colour, red and yellow warm; and the tone of all other colours is regulated by reference to these. The general tone of a picture depends upon the introduction of warm or cold colours, more or less respectively; and in the establishment of a happy balance between them, is the skill of the artist as a colourist chiefly displayed. In general, it is safer to err on the side of warmth than of coldness; and Sir J. Reynolds laid down a principle that blue could not enter as the prevailing colour in the prominent parts of a picture without offence. This doctrine, however, Gainsborough contested, and in order to disprove it, produced his celebrated portrait picture, known as "The Blue Boy," which is to be seen in the Art-Treasures Gallery, but which, though a clever conceit, does not contravene the general principle stated by Reynolds.

ART IN THE ATTICS.

By W. Blanchard Jerrold.

Whether beauty be a sensation or an emotion is a philosophical debate into which we shall not enter at present. Whether the pleasure we derive from the contemplation of certain objects, and the disgust we feel in the presence of others, are emotions, resulting purely and entirely from association, has long been a nice point. This is clear, however, that there *is* beauty of association, and of association simply. The various schools of art, the child's toy, and the dress of the savage, are all irrefutable proofs of this proposition. "That one emotion of beauty," said Dr. Brown, the metaphysician, "which arises from works of art, is susceptible of modification by accidental circumstances, is equally evident. There are tastes in composition, of which we are able to fix the period, almost with the same accuracy as we fix the dates of any of those great events which fill our tables of chronology. What is green or scarlet to the eyes of the infant, is green or scarlet to the same eyes in boyhood, in youth, in mature manhood, in old age; but the work of art which gives delight to the boy, may excite no emotion but that of contempt or disgust in the man. It must be a miserable ballad, indeed, which is not read or heard with interest in our first years of curiosity; and every dauber of a village sign-post, who knows enough of his art to give four legs, and not two merely, to his red lion or blue bear, is sure of the admiration of the little critic who stops his hoop or his top to gaze on the wonders of his skill."

Association colours life invariably. The virtue of one race is the vice of another. In one society valour is a higher virtue than mercy; in another, mercy is before valour. The supreme virtue reverenced by the savage is not the supreme virtue of the civilised man. Men's ideals are built of the moral atmosphere in which they live. Jack Sheppard and Claude Duval were ideal thieves. For the mind admires the excellent always. The first of pickpockets is a virtuous man—a model man—to the humble "wire." The best bat, the perfect knuckler-down, the keenest eye for a bird's nest, the dead shot at peg-in-the-ring, the young pugilist who has thrashed his senior—all are heroes in their school. All men reverence something, and take pleasure in something; that is, they hold something beautiful, since it conveys a pleasure to them. Whether this beauty be in the object, or in the associations with which their mind encompasses it—whether there be a positive beauty in certain objects, and a certain ugliness in others—is, we repeat, a metaphysical disquisition into which we shall not venture. But granted that the mind, that the moral nature, may be reached through the eye—that a man may be taught to feel a certain pleasure on seeing certain objects,—an indisputable proposition,—the foundation is fairly and firmly laid for the few observations we have to offer the reader on art in the attics.

"We have read of a Catholic money-lender," said Leigh Hunt, "who, when he was going to cheat a customer, always drew a veil over the portrait of his favourite saint." And Hazlitt would appear to be reasoning on this anecdote where he declares that "it seems as if an unhandsome action before the portrait of a noble female countenance would be impossible." We feel at once the force of this; and then we begin to ask ourselves why that scumbling upon canvas has power over us. Just as, when a noble landscape bursts upon us; when we turn the ridge of an eminence, and a great city lies framed in a blue horizon at our feet; we may ask ourselves why so much bricks and mortar—so much water, grass, and rock—stir us. It may be the sense of power, divine and human—of which the scene is an overwhelming evidence—which electrifies us. The effect—and this is all we contend for now—is clear, not to be put aside or ground down by the most tortuous logic. There is beauty to the dullest eye; that is, there are objects which convey pleasurable sensations through it to the individual. Now, surely, this influence of the external world upon man is worth consideration in these days, when so much is written and spoken about education. We have here an universal influence that may be turned to the best or the worst account. Unhappily at the present moment it is altogether neglected. Let us ascend to the poor man's attic. What are the first objects we shall find there? Household gods, not only of the coarsest material, but of the ugliest shapes;—for clothes—why flaunting imitations of the garments worn by the rich;—for literature, alas! miscellanies of doubtful morality, illustrated with drawings wofully executed. There are many working men, it is true, who have passed far beyond this state of things—who have read sterling literature—who can boast the possession of a shelf heavy with good books. But the great mass? The circulation of certain cheap periodicals is the best answer. More,—public taste in England—the standard of excellence in art adopted not only by the working classes, but by the middle classes also—proves how completely that department of education which deals with taste has been neglected.

We have now an Exhibition of the Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom arranged at Old Trafford. There is here a feast without limit for the cultivated eye—great emotions for those who have the key to them; yet to how many will the fullness of the feast be accorded? How many, with Dr. Brown's little critic, will see as many wonders of skill in the red lion of the village alehouse as in the sublime creations of Raphael? This is a serious question. It is *the* question to be answered this summer. We have, in the cultivation of a sense of the beautiful, a civilising, an ennobling influence, that is clear, and accepted. This sense may be made a silken thread, by which we may draw the working classes from the pothouse, and the middle classes from that excessive adoration of money which is their main characteristic at the present time. We may so attune a man's nature as to make every step he takes a delight to him. He shall walk abroad, and see noble lessons in glen and shore—new beauties in every petal upon the wayside flowers—fresh charms in every fold of the clouds above his head. And in our art-galleries new graces shall be unfolded to his enraptured sight. The world will not move less wisely onward when men, so touched, shall rule and be ruled.

At this present time we are strong. The whirr of our engines drowns that of every foreign engine. We are absolute sovereigns of steam. No arms as brawny as ours forge the splintering iron; no ships dip with so proud a walk as ours upon the bosom of the sea. A stalwart race, with steady voice, determined eye, and pulse fear never quickens, we have kept on our way; the first of races, and the proudest also. We have certain Spartan virtues, too, peculiar to us. We have kept home—and well it is for us—sacred as a temple, while abroad home has been defiled. But we have, in our self-sufficiency, set aside much that might have made us a gentler, without making us a weaker race. Do we respect horse-power more than head-power? Let us hope not. Still how comes it that we, the richest and the most enterprising people on the face of the earth, are still far behind our neighbours the French in all that belongs to the realm of taste? It is obviously because we have neglected to cultivate the taste of the people. It is because the refinements of the beautiful have not reached the eye of the masses. Ay—but we have schools of design now, it will be answered.

True, but schools of design do not suffice. A nation of artist-workmen is not created in a day, nor in twenty years. The seed must be sown broadcast, and the farmer must wait patiently for the harvest. A demand for art must be created; and to this end art must become understood in the attic. The working man's eye must be cultivated. But how shall this be accomplished? The means cannot be completely described within the limits of a single article. Yet there are means.

Why, for instance, should the household gods of the working man be clumsy, misshapen images, that positively offend the cultivated eye? The material must remain coarse, to ensure cheapness; but it costs no more to mould a jug in a graceful than in an ungraceful shape. There may be art in a deal chair, seated with the common rush. A plate need not be dearer because it has not the willow pattern upon it. There may be grace in the common earthenware, as in the purest china. Felix Summerley, some years since, organised a band of artists who were to introduce household utensils that should, at the same time, be works of art. But the scheme failed; and why? In the first place, these art-manufactures were too dear for the attic. They attracted the attention of the middle classes to a limited extent. But the promoters of the scheme appeared to be unable to wait. In the second place, many of the art-manufactures produced were too elaborate to be useful. A milk jug, for instance, should undoubtedly be a vessel into which milk may be conveniently poured, and, moreover, which may be easily scalded. But suppose that some creative genius were to offer you a milk jug of the Etruscan form, very narrow at the neck—impossible to reach, in short, for cleansing; or suppose that it were so ornamented, so heavy with trailing flowers, perching birds, and other pleasant fancies, that it strained the delicate wrist of your wife to lift it? This would not be art-manufacture. Yet this mistake was often made by Felix Summerley and others who have followed him. We remember, for instance, a bread platter. It was prettily carved, and excellent for use; wheat ears ornamented its borders. But athwart it lay an awful instrument. It might be a dissecting knife; it might be a pruning instrument. It was a knife to cut bread. Ladies trembled at its size, and never attempted to grasp it.

It is not, however, because a mistake has been made, that the attempt to give elegance to the homes of the working classes should not be attempted. When art shall be understood in the attic, the artist shall be honoured in the state; and then our working men, touched by their cultivated sense of the beautiful, will become artists as well as mechanics. More,—their sense of the beautiful will refine every sentiment; make them charitable; permit them to see that there are higher things than mere wealth. The glory that now encompasses the golden calf will pale. But we are far, yet, from this happy state of things. It will be a happy fact for us if the Art-Treasures Exhibition but discover a faint prospect that our children will enjoy all the art-education, and the fine results of art, to which we dare not aspire.

THE QUEEN'S IVORY CUP.



This beautiful specimen of carved ivory will be found among the contributions from Her Majesty, to whom it belongs. It is generally known as the Diana Cup, from the character of its emblematical decoration, and is understood to be the production of one Magnus Berger, a Norwegian artist, who flourished about the year 1720. Compare it with any other piece of carving in the collection of a similar class, and there can be no hesitation in pronouncing Berger a great master in the art for which he was noted. Not on the outward form of his figures alone is the excellence observable, but the expression of feature is distinctly marked, even to the wearied and anxious look of the hounds. We are not acquainted with any subject of the kind wherein so much may be gathered of the comparative labour and artistic skill which the old carvers indicated in their productions. They were literally sculptors in wood and ivory, showing as much fine feeling, or, perhaps we ought rather to say, graceful feeling, in much that they gave to the world, as is to be found in many of our marbles. The art of carving is exhibiting signs of revival, as we shall have to show in future illustrations of specimens that we may notice in certain parts of the Exhibition. The form and ornamentation of this Diana Cup is remarkably chaste and graceful in style. A figure of Hercules supports the bowl, which is surmounted by a statue of Diana, whilst the carved reliefs throughout are all in harmony with the subject.

The cup was, no doubt, intended as a "prize cup,"—as the reward of some daring leap, or some brilliant chase of Norwegian game,—or to the possessor of some finely-bred horse or skilfully-trained dogs; for we must not suppose that "prize cups" are known only to our English sportsmen—to our jockey or our greyhound fancier. The practice of giving such prizes has been known to our neighbours over the water through a long period of history. Athletic exercises were then, as they generally are now, followed by genial gatherings, where the tables were well spread with all that was choice in the season, and the wine "cup" going round much more freely than in the present day. Men pledged each other clutching gold-hilted daggers in the girdle, and for a goodly reason; there was song and revel through the night—and, most probably, the usual head-ache in the morning. These were the times which Shakspere chose for drawing "two souls out of one weaver,"—and no wonder that Diana cups were then wanted. We are getting into a better atmosphere in this nineteenth century, though we have still much to learn and much to improve. Amongst our many signs of progress, we should not overlook the subjects selected by our artists, whether as painters with the pencil or with the pen. How little have we in the present day that the most delicate-minded need fear,—how much from which good resolves and wise purposes may gather strength!



CIMABUE.—"THE MADONNA AND CHILD."

THE OLD MASTERS.

CIMABUE.

Giovanni Cimabue was of the noble house of the Guatieri of Florence. The date of his birth is not precisely known; but most of the authorities, following Vasari, place it at 1240, whilst others suppose it to have taken place some ten years earlier. Like most men who have displayed great genius, or uncommon acquirement in the arts, he began to show his predilection for them early, even at school making sketches of various objects around him; and when the republic of Florence sent for some Greek artists, whom they employed in painting some frescoes in the chapel of Sta. Maria di Novella, he greedily devoured their labours with his eyes, and expressed so strong a desire to imitate their example, that his parents, with a generous disregard of the prejudices which existed against all manual employments, permitted him to follow the bent of his genius. Under the tuition, then, of these travelling Greek painters, he learned the first rudiments of the art of painting; but, gifted with innate genius, he soon discarded their tame and formal manner, and became so distinguished, that in 1250, at the command of Pope Innocent IV., he accompanied his masters to Assisi, where they were employed to decorate the church of St. Francis with stories of the life of that saint, and of our Saviour. He here so eclipsed his Greek instructors that the latter were dismissed, and the work entirely given over to him; at which time he was only ten years of age according to some accounts, or according to other and more probable accounts, about twenty years of age. His works in this church consisted of sixteen large frescoes, illustrative of the history of the Old Testament, from the "Creation" to the story of "Joseph and his Brethren," on the one side, and on the opposite side an equal number illustrative of the New Testament, from the "Annunciation" to the "Resurrection." These pictures, unfortunately, have been nearly effaced by the hand of time; but sufficient has survived of them to attest to their great and striking merit in point of design, the characteristic and expressive life thrown into the heads, and the finely-cast draperies. An eminent critic says of them: "A series of dignified representations, calculated to elevate the mind to devotion, or impress it with religious awe, was the object of the painter, and this object he has attained in an eminent degree. Each of the pictures is expressive of its subject; nor would it be difficult to point out amongst them examples of invention and composition worthy of the more advanced periods of art. In one of them particularly, in which the artist has represented the dead body of our Saviour surrounded by the Marys, St. John, and other disciples, the whole forms a group at once so pathetic and beautiful as to leave little to be desired, save the perfection of execution which

the labours of three succeeding centuries were found not more than adequate to accomplish."* So great was the excellence of these performances, indeed, that P. della Valle, in a note to Vasari, ascribes them to Giotto; but the balance of evidence and opinion is in favour of their being Cimabue's. A curious circumstance is related in reference to them, which illustrates the mode of practice in fresco painting which was probably in use at that early period. In places where the plaster on which the pictures have been painted has peeled off the walls, the figures have been found boldly sketched in red chalk, or some other similar material, on the wall itself; and the same has been observed in some of the frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli, in the Campo Santo at Pisa. From this it is judged by Vasari and others, that with the early painters, cartoons, as patterns, were not used, and that these sketches on the walls served the purpose instead. At the same time there occurs this difficulty, that these designs could not be seen through the plaster on which the fresco was to be painted. Perhaps they were only intended for the purpose of trying how far the composition would fit into the space it was designed to occupy, as a general scheme of the projected work, without any regard to its execution.

Of the numerous works of Cimabue at Florence little now remains, excepting his celebrated Madonna, larger than life, at the Sta. Maria Novella, and another in the church Sta. Trinita, both painted in distemper. The former was considered so great an achievement in art that it was carried in public triumph to the church it was intended to adorn. It will be seen from our engraving of it, that although it still showed much of the hardness and dryness of the Byzantine style, a suggestion of life and a spirit of elegance reign through it, which we do not find in the degenerate Greek art. There is a native simplicity and modesty about the figure and expression of the Madonna which it is impossible not to admire, and which we invariably find in the earliest representations of her. The Divine Infant has his right hand elevated in the act of conferring the benediction,—a ceremony in which his parent here takes no part. In later productions, the Madonna is made to share, and afterwards to engross the divine attributes of the Son of God; but it was not so in the earliest times of Christian art of Italy. The kneeling of angels on both sides of the chair, curiously exemplify the mode of dealing with devotional subjects with these old masters. It may be worth mentioning that a great similarity is observed between this Madonna of Cimabue, and one by Guido da Siena, painted as early as the year 1212, which has been considered, in point of date, sufficient ground to deny Cimabue the title of first modern painter. Those who think proper to discuss the question as to the rival claims of Florence and Siena to the revival of painting, may find outline engravings of both these Madonnas in Rosini's "Storia della Pittura."

Cimabue knew nothing of perspective, or the mysteries of chiaroscuro,—these were reserved for a later period. He founded a school of painting at Florence, where amongst his numerous pupils was the famous Giotto, who was destined to surpass him so far in every point of excellence, as to entitle him to be distinguished as the real founder of modern painting in Italy. Besides being a painter, Cimabue was an architect and a worker in mosaic, and assisted Arnolfo Lapi in the building of the Sta. Maria del Fiore at Florence. He died about the year 1302, and was buried with great honour.

In the Art-Treasures Exhibition, besides a small triptych by Cimabue, in which his famous "Madonna" is repeated, there is an extremely fine half-length of St. Peter,—life size,—the head marked by great solemnity of character. Both these works are the property of Christ Church, Oxford. Y.

* Ottley's (W. Y.) "Italian School of Design."

WORKING MEN AND THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

The tendency of the age is to the universal diffusion of knowledge, and in this respect the Anglo-Saxon race presents the most perfect embodiment of its spirit. France, indeed, has its eminent literary men; Italy is still a school for the fine arts; but their claim to a high standing is due to the transcendant abilities of a gifted few. England's superiority, on the contrary, consists in the general spread of intelligence, which places the highest prizes of merit within the reach of energy and talent in every station of life. Viewed in this light, the Art-Treasures Exhibition, no less than that of '51, is possessed of a very instructive significance. It points unmistakeably to a day when the delights of literature, and a cultivated taste, will no longer be regarded as the peculiar privilege of wealth and high position. In the ruder stages of social advancement, the nobles of a country may surround themselves with all the rude magnificence of gems and gilded trappings, while the people are grovelling in wretchedness and want. But, in proportion as a taste for the conveniences and elegances of civilised life becomes universally diffused, the opportunities for gratifying that taste are multiplied. Demand stimulates invention and redness the cost of production, until not merely conveniences, but even luxuries, are attainable by millions.

The energy and taste with which the committee of the Art-Treasures Exhibition have executed the task committed to them, and the promptitude with which the nation has responded to their appeal, are beyond all praise. It only remains now that they for whose benefit this great work has been achieved, should appropriately manifest their appreciation of its value. By none, we are assured, will the boon be more highly prized than by the working men. Few as their opportunities for becoming acquainted with the highest works of art must necessarily be, they will not suffer this vast and costly collection, comprising many of its rarest and most exquisite productions, to remain unvisited. In spite of the dismay felt by those whose ideas are fashioned on a mediæval mould, in whose minds the word progress only awakens gloomy forebodings of revolution and anarchy, thronging thousands will crowd its aisles, and taste a pure and elevated enjoyment in contemplating its matchless display.

We have no sympathy with those who look on beauty as a worthless thing. It has an intrinsic value; it occupies an important place in the economy of nature. It is the rich and ever-varied robe which she weaves for her own adornment; she flings it, like a graceful mantle, over land and sea; she clothes with it the flowery vale, and places it as a chaplet on the hoary mountain summit. Man everywhere owns its sway. The rude denizens of the desert plains—the hardy tribes that inhabit the mountain fastnesses, or the quiet dwellers in the remote and fertile valley—alike do homage to the power of its enchantment. In the artificial life of cities, the working man is, to a great extent, removed from the immediate sphere of these chastening influences. Art now steps in to supply the place of Nature. Earth's loveliest scenes are transferred by genius to the glowing canvas. From the sunny islands of the south, the lands that bask in the fervid splendour of earth's meridian, or the stern and silent domains of eternal winter —all that fills the mind with emotions of awe, or sweetly steals on the soul like a gush of richest harmony, contributes to enrich her portfolio. Her skill irradiates the palace of the noble, and casts a gleam of sunshine into the heart of the careworn son of toil.

We do not, however, regard this Exhibition merely as a means of gratification. It is a school for the study of the fine arts. The cultivation of these is intimately connected with the business of life, and has an immediate bearing on the social and intellectual elevation of the working class. So essential are the fine arts to trade and manufactures, that it would be difficult to name any branch that can be brought to perfection without their aid. The practical energy and common sense of our working men has rendered them subservient to the increase of our resources, and placed Great Britain on the pinnacle of commercial and industrial pre-eminence. What was it, we ask, that raised Inigo Jones from the joiner's bench to a front rank among the architects of Europe,—that placed Dr. John Kitto in a professor's chair, or gave Watts and Arkwright a world-wide reputation? Had the former never cultivated a taste for the beautiful, or the latter despised the assistance of the fine arts, in their useful labours, their names would probably have been buried in oblivion. But while advancement in the social scale is a laudable object of ambition, a due cultivation of the intellectual powers and moral sympathies will contribute, in a yet greater degree, to man's true dignity and happiness. It is matter for regret that, for want of a healthy appetite for sound information, much valuable time is wasted in the perusal of frothy and pernicious productions, and yet more in indulging sensual propensities. It is not too much to hope, that the interest awakened by a survey of the extensive collection of historical portraits and paintings now thrown open to the public, will act in many cases as a stimulus to the study of history, and lead eventually to the diffusion of a taste for a higher class of literature. The time now wasted would suffice to give working men a general acquaintance, not only with the history of the human race, but also with the natural history of our globe, the peculiar features that endlessly diversify its scenery, and the manners and customs of the men of other lands, or to render them intimate with the graces of our classical literature. We remarked before, that a taste for the fine arts has an immediate bearing on the moral elevation of the working class. It throws an additional charm over the felicities of domestic life, and adds a silken cord to the ties that unite the family circle. Were it universal, the unsightly and inconvenient cottages that disgrace our courts and alleys, would soon be replaced by elegant, light, and commodious structures, whose very appearance would suggest ideas of order and cleanliness. Let working men seek to be refined,—to be gentlemen in feelings and in manners; let them extend the range of their information, and acquire the habit of thinking and acting for themselves, and they will speedily take their proper rank in the great human family.



HENRY LINTON Sc.

GAINSBOROUGH.—"BLUE BOY."

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. II.

The place of honour in saloon D, is undoubtedly given to Gainsborough, not, we presume, from the higher estimate of his works entertained by those in authority, but mainly on account of the class and character of certain pictures, and the interest attaching to them. The arrangement is judicious. That portrait of Master Buttall (156), generally known as the "Blue Boy," is a fine object as the centre point of that long gallery,—with the noble *pose* of the head—the frank, intelligent, and amiable face—the grace of attitude. It is a fortunate illustration of the style of Gainsborough as a painter, and of his character as a man. The introduction is thus made doubly agreeable, and we pass on to other of his works with a happy impression. The order of colour in this same portrait, the prominence given to the cold blue shade, we are told by Mr. Fulcher and others, was intended as a refutation of the theory maintained by Reynolds, in one of his "Discourses," that "the masses of light in a picture should be always of a warm, mellow colour—yellow, red, or a yellowish white; and that the blue, the grey, or the green colours should be kept almost entirely out of these masses, and be used only to support and set off these warm colours." Upon the truth of this theory, or the success of Gainsborough's practical refutation of it, critics do not appear unanimous. Mr. Leslie, in a letter to Mr. Fulcher, who has recently produced an interesting biography of Gainsborough, says: "Gainsborough's opposition to Sir Joshua Reynolds, as shown in the 'Blue Boy,' was not confined to that picture. He frequently introduced large masses of pale blue in his principal lights, as, indeed, Vandyck has done, and with great effect. Mr. Bryant, of St. James's-street, has a very beautiful whole-length portrait of a lady in a pale blue dress." Hazlitt is delighted with the picture; the glow of youth and the grace of attitude carry him away from the thought of colour. Waagen acknowledges harmony in the blue dress, and a "pleasing effect;" ("Gainsborough saw what Reynolds could not see;") whilst the author of "A Handbook for Young Painters" agrees with the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, "that in this picture the difficulty is rather ably combated than vanquished. Indeed, it is not even fairly combated, for Gainsborough has so mellowed and broken the blue with other tints, that it is no longer that pure bleak colour Sir Joshua meant; and after all, though the picture is a very fine one, it cannot be doubted that a warmer tint for the dress would have made it still more agreeable to the eye." Would it so! That is a question, Master Critic, which may be further disputed. At all events, such a transformation would undoubtedly change the true character of Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," towards whom we acknowledge such an affection, that we would as soon look upon an old friend with a new face, as upon Master Buttall in a gaudy-coloured doublet. So, leaving these man-milliners to continue their dispute, we will, if you please, turn to this beautiful creation (157) "Mrs. Graham," whose presence adds to the charm of the companion picture. Look at the dignity and grace of this figure; how we forget even the absurdity of the powdered head, in the coquettish elegance of that hat and feathers, which float like gossamer, and give to the whole a peculiar character which it is difficult to describe. The feather held in the right hand of the figure carries out this aërial peculiarity, and undoubtedly adds to the general impression of graceful refinement, which the lovely features indicate as among the leading characteristics of the woman. We wonder, in looking at such a face, how sorrow could ever darken it, or time deepen those "lines of beauty" into furrows. In a letter from Burns,—we quote from the volumes so ably edited by Mr. Robert Chambers,—the poet, with his usual enthusiasm whenever female beauty is the subject, alludes to this fair face, which he saw when on a visit to the Duke of Athol. "I shall never forget the fine family piece I saw at Blair; the amiable, the truly noble duchess, with her smiling little seraph on her lap, at the head of the table—the lovely 'olive plants,' as the Hebrew bard finely says, round the mother—*the beautiful Mrs. Graham;* the lovely, sweet Miss Cathcart, &c. I wish I had the powers of Guido to do them justice!" And then Mr. Chambers adds the following interesting particulars of the sweet lady, as well as of this nobly-painted canvas, to which our attention is now directed:—

"The Mrs. Graham and Miss Cathcart whom Burns eulogises in the last letter were daughters of Lord Cathcart, and sisters of the Duchess of Athole. The husband of the first lady was at this time a quiet country gentleman, bearing the appellation of Thomas Graham of Balgowan. Five years after, his lovely wife was snatched from him by death in the very noon of life and beauty. The French war soon after broke out, and Thomas Graham, though in middle life, became a soldier in order to beguile his mind of its sorrows. He commanded the British troops at the battle of Barossa, and was raised to a peerage by the style of Lord Lynedoch. His aged figure on horseback, at reviews in Hyde Park, in days not yet long gone by, must be fresh in the recollections of many. He died in 1843, at the advanced age of ninety-four. Mr. Robert Graham of Balgowan, cousin and heir-at-law of Lord Lynedoch, possesses a beautiful portrait by Gainsborough, of the lovely woman whom Burns so much admired at Blair. A touching history belongs to it. At the death of his wife, the husband, unable to endure the sight of her counterfeit presentment, caused it to be sent to a picture-frame maker's establishment in London, there to lie till further orders. During the ensuing moiety of a century, he never could make up his mind to behold the image of one so dearly loved and so untimely blighted. He passed his life cheerfully, was fond of society, and had nothing of the monk about him; but he never could look again on this memorial of unutterable wo. It was reserved to his friend and heir, Mr. Graham, to rescue the picture, and bring it once more to the light of day."

The amiable poet of Rydal tells us—

"The child is father of the man,"

the truth of which, in the case of Gainsborough, was not to be mistaken. Many are the anecdotes of his youthful artistic propensities.

"At the back of the house in which Gainsborough was born," says Fulcher, "there was a spacious orchard. It was separated only by a slight fence from the public road, and the clusters of ripe fruit had long proved too strong a temptation for some of the passers-by. But no clue could be obtained likely to lead to the detection of the culprits, until one morning, young Gainsborough having risen very early, proceeded to a rustic summer-house at the further end of the orchard, and there commenced a sketch of one of the picturesque trees of the enclosure. Whilst thus employed, he observed a man's face peeping over the fence and looking most wistfully at the mellow pears. The youthful portrait-painter immediately made a sketch of his features, in which roguery and indolence, hope and fear, were happily blended; I dare not, evidently waited on, I would. After gazing about him, he proceeded to scale the fence and climb the tree, when Gainsborough emerged from his hiding-place, and the man decamped. At breakfast, Tom related the story, and laid upon the table a faithful likeness of the marauder, who was immediately known to be a man living in Sudbury. On being sent for and taxed with the felonious intent, he stoutly denied it, till the boy produced the portrait, and showed him how he looked when about to break the eighth commandment. This juvenile effort was preserved for many years, and Gainsborough ultimately made a finished painting of it, under the title of 'Tom Peartree's Portrait.'"

Soon after this we are told that Gainsborough, then fifteen years of age, was sent to London, and there received instructions from Gravelot in the art of engraving, and at the same time attended the Royal Academy, in St. Martin's Lane, until he removed to the studio of Hayman, then, alas! "considered the best historical painter in the kingdom." The atmosphere of this locality did not offer much improvement to the morals of the young aspirant, whatever chances it gave him for obtaining a knowledge of his art. Hayman was a man of coarse habits, reflected in his works. Going home one night, or rather one morning, with Quin, the actor, after a heavy convivial encounter, both artist and mimic fell into the gutter. Hayman, sprawling out his legs, kicked Quin. "Hollo! what are you at now?" cries the latter. "Endeavouring to get up, to be sure, for this don't suit my *palate*." "Oh!" replied Quin, "remain where you are, and the watchman will be here shortly and *take us both up*." Leaving such society, young Gainsborough ventured to start the race fairly, and, at the end of a three years' residence in town, hired rooms in Hatton Garden, and commenced painting small landscapes for picture-dealers, and such portraits as friends would entrust him with, at from three to five guineas each. But "sitters were few; dealers proved poor paymasters;" so, after a year of unprofitable effort, we find Gainsborough again at Sudbury. The influences of the change were soon observable in his devotion to landscape. He was to be found in the woods and fields, with sketch-book in hand, gathering instruction at the real well-spring. "It happened," says Allan Cunningham, "in one of Gainsborough's pictorial excursions amongst the woods of Suffolk, that he sat down to make a sketch of some fine trees, with sheep reposing below and wood-doves roosting above, when a young woman entered unexpectedly upon the scene, and was at once admitted into the landscape and the feelings of the artist." The story of his introduction to his future wife, is, however, otherwise told by Fulcher. Margaret Burr sat to the young painter for her portrait,—"the sittings were numerous and protracted; but the likeness was at last finished, and pronounced by competent judges perfect. The young lady expressed her warm admiration of the painter's skill, and, in doing so, gave him the gentlest possible hint that perhaps in time he might become the possessor of the original. On that hint he spoke, and, after a short courtship, was rewarded by her hand, and with it an annuity of two hundred pounds." "Gainsborough was in his nineteenth year, and his wife a year younger;" and the old servant of the family said that "Master Tommy's wife was handsomer than Madame Keddington," then the belle of the Sudbury neighbourhood.

Six months afterwards the juvenile couple are located in Ipswich, and the artist is again observed rambling, with sketch-book in hand, by "the old majestic Orwell, celebrated in the verse of Chaucer and Drayton;" but he was not satisfied with sketch-book alone. "He carried his *palette* into the open air, and painted with the living object before him." The happy result of this faithful communion with the beauties of nature, will be found in the landscape subjects, Nos. 70, 76, 95, 150, 153, 161 (saloon D); and in that well-known "Children and Donkey" (No. 1), "Beggar Boys" (No. 26), and "The Cottage Door" (No. 31), in the adjoining vestibule (our references being to the *first* catalogue). This latter class of picture is, perhaps, the one in which Gainsborough found himself the most at home. His love of the country, and his early residence amongst the simple peasantry of his native county, have given to his cottage groups great truth of character, whilst at the

same time they partake, to a certain extent, of that refinement which was among the leading charms of the man's nature. His style of laying on the colour will be found to be particularly bold, yet at a certain distance from the canvas it is not less true to nature than the most laboured productions. He studied broad effects rather than minute imitation.

It was, while sketching on the banks of the Orwell, we are told, that Gainsborough made the friendship of Joshua Kirby, whose treatise on perspective was introduced with a frontispiece by Hogarth, and whose daughter was the once popular Mrs. Trimmer. In such society, discoursing on the art he loved, were his winter evenings spent whilst resident at Ipswich. Sketching, and occasionally portrait-painting, is the occupation, music the favourite amusement, of his leisure hours,—until 1760, when, after thirteen years' experience, we find him suddenly mingling in the gay society of Bath, where undertoned whispers soon rose into open acknowledgment that "the painter in the Circus was a clever fellow." His pencil was not idle. "Fortune," said a wit of the day, "seemed to take up her abode with him; his house became *Gain's-borough*." From five guineas per head, vanity permitted a rapid rise in the market, and "running through the scale of charges, he ultimately fixed them at forty guineas for a half, and a hundred for a whole length." Pictures by the painter at Bath, now found their way into the annual exhibition of works of art established by metropolitan artists. He is painting lords and ladies, and literary men and actors. He is on such terms with the Duke of Bedford that he sends to him, with a letter of introduction, "a most worthy, honest man, and one of the greatest geniuses for musical compositions England ever produced;" this is William Jackson, of Exeter, whose "Time has not thinned my flowing hair" will be in the pleasant remembrance of many of the old-fashioned portion of our readers, and who, finding that great musical genius would not keep "the pot boiling," was anxious for aristocratic influence to help to the situation of "receiver of the land-tax." Jackson said of Gainsborough, that "music seemed to be his employment, and painting his diversion;" and he gave a humorous narrative of the artist's peculiarities. Whatever instrument he had the fortune to hear finely played, of that he became immediately enamoured, pursuing it as a study for a time with perfect enthusiasm. The violin—the viol-di-gamba—the harp—the hautboy—all were bought in their turn; his house resounding with thirds and fifths, chords and arpeggios, according to the whim of the time. His fancy also was to become the possessor of the particular instruments he heard.

In 1774 Gainsborough has left Bath, and now we find him once more in London. Thirty years after his first studies under Hayman, he has returned to the old city with a sort of triumph. The clay idols of his youth have tumbled to pieces, and others have found favour with the public. West has come from the new world, Barry has brought talent and eccentricity from the "green isle," and Reynolds secured a position which it will require more than ordinary power to approach. But royal eyes had fallen upon Gainsborough's contributions to the Academy, and it was soon whispered abroad that good "King George" and his spouse "Charlotte" were about to "sit" to the new comer. It would be useless to add that, after the royal smile had fallen upon our artist, his studio was quickly besieged by peer and commoner. Gainsborough became a great favourite at the palace; his genial nature found sympathy in "gilded halls" as in the whitewashed cottage. One of the little princes died while he was at Windsor, and the day after, as the king passed the room in which the painter was employed, he saw him at work. The king desired a page to tell him to discontinue painting for the present. The page hesitated—"When your Majesty knows what Mr. Gainsborough is doing—" The king understood him. Gainsborough was making a portrait of the dead child.

There had been little sympathy between Reynolds and Gainsborough, but perhaps this arose less from mere professional rivalry than contrast of character. They gradually withdrew from each other until the genial nature of Gainsborough prompted a reconciliation within a few days of his death. Sending for Reynolds he stretched forth the hand of peace, exclaiming, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the company,"—and so expired, August 2nd, 1788, in the 61st year of his age, and was buried in Kew Churchyard, Sheridan attending him to his last resting-place. Look at his works,—study them, for they are truly English in character.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. III.

By J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A.

Resuming our notice of the Water-colour Gallery of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, we greet the venerable and venerated David Cox, whose genius is evidenced in several varieties of landscape art by no less than seventeen examples. These works exhibit to us the singular simplicity of the painter's taste and judgment, and, perhaps better than the works of any other man, the vast diversity with which the same scene in nature may be illustrated by one mind. We are further reminded, that what some are raving about just now under the denomination of Pre-Raphaelitism, is, so far as attaining a fullness and completeness of result, by no means dependent upon a multiplication of elaborate touches and stipplings, but is, indeed, quite something else. Of this, however, more by-and-by. It will be well-spent time if David Cox gives us materials for thinking upon this question. His works are distinguished by an apparent love of home. They are evidently the emanations of a mind strongly attached even to what may be denominated home's discomforts, and demonstrate that a sympathy for all the characteristics of a locality is strong and abiding. We know how often this is denounced as damaging to genius, and as putting shackles upon the mental powers. It is easy to admit this in reference to limited capabilities; but it is otherwise with the keen susceptibilities of a true spirit and with the comprehensive grasp of a large intelligence. It is too trite to refer to the varying aspects of nature, or to endeavour to prove that the same spot presents ever-changing peculiarities, ever-changing effects. All this is readily admitted; but what is often called art does not work to this end. It is, therefore, power to produce the vast and interesting variety in the emotions of external nature, if we may so speak, which is the high privilege of perfected art-power; and it is such men as Cox, who steadily and with affectionate devotion adhere to one narrow series of natural fact, yet get out of their very apparent limits so rich a variety.

Cox, then, with the simplicity of his heart, having chosen to paint English landscape, further circumscribed his choice by adopting about three aspects only, instances of which will be found among the drawings we are about to notice. Of the seventeen drawings, four are views of the "Lancaster Sands." These exhibit one aspect of the painter's choice, and show at the same time what a quick sensibility for effect and treatment can do in securing a variety when it is denied by local circumstances. We have in the four drawings essentially different meteorological peculiarities; and although three of them have the sun in the centre of the drawing, its rays alight upon a condition of the air essentially different. In none of these subjects can we be said to have other than the meagrest objective, yet the subjective is so varied in its subtlest particulars that we have perfect poems of art. The largest of the works under notice is, perhaps, one of the most exquisite renderings of space that we ever had the privilege of examining.

Turning attention from the coast subjects of the painter, we have an opportunity of observing another phase of his love of nature. The simple, woody landscape of England has at all times had much of Cox's affection. In this love we observe an entire absence of a choice of the beautiful or merely æsthetically elegant, and the drawings in the Art-Treasures Exhibition show this abundantly. The picturesque of Cattermole and the grace of Harding find no place in the selection of Cox, who seems to sit down before the first group that comes to hand, and to elicit from that so much of the spirit and suggestiveness that it contains. We have a decided instance of this in "An Old Welsh Church," 490. The trees in this drawing are singularly devoid of mere material beauty, and yet what a grave solemnity the artist has thrown into them, and how grandly his artistic feeling seizes upon, and transforms into his main incident, the country funeral! There is still more telling drawing, so far as indifference to mere beauty of form is concerned, in No. 485, where the trees are not only opposed to elegance or the picturesque, but where, indeed, opposite qualities may be said to be predominant. Yet, notwithstanding this, we get from this work a freshness and suggestiveness altogether indicative of great genius and a constant intercourse with nature, still more clearly evidenced by "Windsor," No. 492.

There are two others which we detach from the seventeen, as exhibiting another characteristic of the artist. These (Nos. 494 and 491), "Vale of Clwyd" and "Besom-makers," show, and this in the highest degree, the painter's power over space. We may add to these 486, "Hay-time," though this is more remarkable for other qualities. The rendering of distance is in art easy of accomplishment by the mode adopted by ordinary minds, viz., by mere dilution of colour. Cox, however, wielding an almost magical power, gives vastness of distance and depth with a force of colour that, in other and weaker hands, would bring all the material of the pictures upon the spectator. Taking the drawing of the "Besom-makers," there is a retention of depth of colour that may be said almost to exhaust the palette, and yet there is an expression of distance which gives to the six inches of paper at the bottom of the drawing a suggestion of space which is almost limitless. Doubtless much of this happy result springs out of Cox's invariable mode of rigid finish on the spot, by which means he is enabled to develop the most fleeting effects and tones of colour; and again, from the happiness of his general scheme of light and shadow, which is always felicitous. But the main source of this extraordinary expression of distance is, no doubt, attributable to his matchless drawing and his

inimitable perspective. Placing ourselves on the opposite side of the narrow gallery, look, for instance, a moment at the lamination of the clouds in 491, as they hang in bands from the front to the extreme horizon; then, when at the horizon, let the mind wander into those deep blue mysteries, and gradually (for gradually this will be, so full of fascination is this portion of the work) dwell in the vaporous hollows, and wind about through mazes of the solemn-looking moor. It is only six inches of paper; but it is an infinity of space and a very dream-land of beauty, arising out of consummate knowledge.

"Hay-time," No. 486, demands a more special notice as a felicitous passage of colour,—perhaps one of the most charming of the artist's works in this particular. Here, too, we have a sky full of the true spirit of nature, and a power of drawing only derived from a perpetual life among actualities. We last week ventured some strictures on the drawing of Bossoli, No. 479. We may now, as the works are in near proximity, ask our readers to compare the drawing of one of our English artist's skies with the one which we felt ourselves justified in condemning.

It is impossible to do more than hint at the special beauties of this collection from the pencil of Cox, and we must, consequently, hasten on to some general deductions that may serve to guide the judgment to correct conclusions, and tend to a better understanding of the whole mental calibre of the artist.

We began by stating that Cox was a painter of home. This he truly is, but to a degree, probably, not known to our readers. Cox has been known, for nearly fifty years, as a visitor to one special home of his. This home is Bettws, in North Wales. For the last fifteen years we have known him as such a visitor, and for that period have had abundant opportunity of observing the simplicity of his character and the singleness of his aims. In that fastness among the hills, with its rapid streams, its richly-clothed hillsides, its bold, rocky escarpments, and surrounded by the primitive simplicity of its people, has Cox wandered about, marking the countless solemnities of its broad and varying effects. There do we remember seeing him standing against one of those trees in the drawing, No. 485, and making a rude drawing with such materials and with such aids as he accidentally had about him—not trusting to memory, or waiting until he could secure the general completeness of material with which the amateur is usually equipped. Mr. Cox saw a transient beauty, and he must have it through the means at his command. We remember on another occasion being one of a somewhat numerous party sketching on the banks of Ilwyg, when the veteran joined the group. We were most of us very much his juniors, and therefore, with a due reverence, looked to him as guide and friend. In the midst of a silence which seemed naturally to invest the party, the old man wandered about, remarking upon the tendency each man, in art, had to become possessed with a certain colour through which particular hue he inevitably saw and described nature. We were all hard at work upon the same, or nearly the same, subject, when the old man substantiated his theory by looking over the shoulders of each, and remarking, as he passed along, "Yes, yes! *you* see blue—and *you* orange, and *you* purple, and *you* green;" then adding, that "most of these tendencies arose from a too great familiarity with one man's works, but more, perhaps, from being *town instead of field workers.*" Cox is essentially a field artist. He loves all the associations of "out for the day." The rough wind and the wild rain are music to him, as he wanders across the mountain swamp; the wild fowl that he disturbs in his rambles are his friends and companions. The solemn hush of the mountain hollow tells suggestive tales to his heart, and every splash of the mountain stream, as it dashes among its moss-covered rocks, conveys to the mind of Cox ideas more profuse of beauty and grandeur than any of the accumulations of man's handiwork in those classic regions in which other of his art-brethren delight. Cox is usually considered incomplete in his work—indefinite, inexpressive; and the terms "woolly" and "vague" are often applied to his drawings. We have only to answer,—"Ask what the artist proposed to himself, and then note how far he has succeeded in the attainment of this purpose." He has been definite and explicit when these qualifications were desirable for the attainment of his object. There is clearness and development of form in such drawings, for instance, as Nos. 490 and 482; but when Cox paints a bundle of hay, or the wind blowing through a bank of rough grass, who can deny that we have the true presentment given to us? And here we would recur to the question of Pre-Raphaelitism, and observe, that all painting is an artifice by which the cunning of man simulates the beauties of nature. Are these beauties imitated, and does the imitation in some way and in some degree excite ideality and reflection in harmony with similar emotions to those which nature herself would command? If art in any way does this, whether it be the result of an elaborate detail, or, as Ruskin says, by a momentary rool of the brush,—no matter. David Cox appears to us to have arrived at this power, and to leave no feeling of insufficiency or incompleteness. He is a dear lover of nature and her truths, and it is delightful for us to add that he is dearly loved by all who know him.

There is one drawing only by D. Cox, jun. This, however, is a very worthy one, in which we have no difficulty in tracing the influence of the sire. No. 497, "On the Thames," is a very well selected reach of our national stream, and is depicted with much brightness of atmosphere, and with a love of the picturesque that in some degree suggests a union of the powers and feelings of Cox, sen., and Harding.

It will be enough to state, that the next artist whose works challenge our attention is Carl Haag, to which we hope to refer in our next number.

GAINSBOROUGH.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

By Charles Swain.

SCENE.—The Room of an old-fashioned House in Sudbury.

Enter Young Gainsborough, *with his* Mother, *speaking earnestly.*

Gains. Well, but, dear mother, I dislike these looms—
Traddles and shuttles, steaming vats and stoves.
Mrs. G. Speak with respect, dear boy.
Gains. I would not hint a feeling otherwise
Than kind, and most respectful to my sire;
Others, however, may have feelings too.
Mrs. G. Forget your feelings and remember fortune;
Think what a life of industry may yield,—
Wealth to command the highest influence;
Wealth to assist the poor—to raise the weak;
To be a benefactor and a friend
Unto the town that bred you!
Gains. But to inhale the sickly breath of crowds,
Exchange the fresh glad breeze of early morn
For the close atmosphere of carded wool;
Sweet Nature's quiet face, for the rank din
And everlasting whirl of shafts and wheels!
No—Nature's manufactory for me;
She moves on silently, though reproducing
Faster than man with all his new-found helps.
Mrs. G. Your brother Humphrey would not argue thus.
Gains. Make Humphrey then the weaver, let him be
The right hand of my father—let his name
Continue on the trade of "crapes" and "says;"
I'll carve out fortune with my palette knife;
A brush shall be my engine—and for steam,
For *steam*, I'll get up perseverance—
High-pressure perseverance: I'll not fail!
Never believe I'll fail.
Mrs. G. A tenth-rate fortune is a thing to prize;
A tenth-rate reputation—what is that?
Gains. Oh, but I'll be first!—
Mrs. G. First?—my poor boy.
Gains. I will work out the poetry of Art,
Make painting read as easily as a book;
Illustrate life and the intents of life;
Bid Nature sit for likeness of herself,
And fix the evanescent, by a wand
Potent as young Aladdin's; you will see:
My colours, these poor colours, shall be actors,
And with each day's performance bring me fame.
Kings, Queens, and Nobles,—Warriors, Ministers,
Shall tread the stage, and keep it with applause.
The world itself shall be my Theatre!—
Mother, there is a bond between us twain
Which makes affection but one common pulse
Guiding two hearts—'tis *instinct*, some would say:
Mother, there is an instinct to be great—
And that I feel!—throbbing each ardent pulse,
Coursing my veins as if to win the goal.
Can Nature err—who thus reveals herself?
Mrs. G. Your father's disappointment—think of that.
Gains. He'll not be disappointed—or if,
But for a time—a very little time:
What is this wealth of which he talks so much?
Death, that can make even a Crœsus poor,
Cannot deprive the Artist of his gains!
No man hath more than a life interest
In what his toil amasses—Death stays all,
Nothing he taketh with him—not so *Fame;*
It lends a halo even to the tomb,
Wreathes the pale brow—enfolds the pulseless breast—
Enrobes the mortal with immortal worth:
Death cannot rob the Artist of his due,
For it enricheth e'en his very dust!
And for his life—think of his glowing life!
To linger in the light of golden eves,
Take lessons of the clouds, the streams, the hills;
Ramble 'mid woody nooks and winding glades;
To watch the panorama of the roads,
The rustic cart to distant market bound—
The harvest waggon on its rumbling way—
Children beneath the hedgerow gathering haws—
The ploughman and his team—or tripping lass
With wicker basket and her weekly eggs:
All country pictures have a charm for me!
The sheep that spot the mead, like drifting snow;
The lowing kine within the sedgy pool;
Crows wandering home before the dusk of eve;
The aged woodman sheltering from the storm;
Even the shepherd dog by meadow gate
Waiting some well-known footstep—are enough
To fill my mind with pictures yet to be!
Mrs. G. Manhood succeeds to youth—and manhood sighs
To find youth's world a dream; could I but think
Thy way were sure!
Gains. Be sure I'll bring you fame;
My name shall be an honour to your years,
And, as you walk, people that pass shall say,
That is the mother of young Gainsborough.
Oh, what a joy, some day to hear you own,
But once my son proved backward to my wish;
But once—and after that no son more true;
My wish rose not so high as he did mount.
Fame then how sacred—how divinely dear,
How doubly welcome, if my mother's heart
But share the harvest which her son hath won!
Could I yet live to hear you own at last,
My son, your choice *was right!* You were my hope;
But now you are my pride!—
Mrs. G. *You are my pride!*—and God make good your hope.

[*She falls on his neck, weeping.*



ORNAMENTAL SILVER STATUETTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By Morel & Co.

In the cases F and G, on the south side of the Central Hall, may be seen some of the finest specimens of ancient and modern goldsmiths' work in existence, contributed by Her Majesty and others. Vases, bowls, ewers, &c., cut out of rock crystal, agate, and other precious materials, intermixed with various objects in pure silver and gold,—some engraved and chased, and some in that curious old style of ornamentation called Niello work,—some exhibiting that gorgeous old process of damascening in all its execellence.

Turning, however, for a moment from these various articles of luxurious beauty, we observe in another direction the fine Equestrian Statuette of Queen Elizabeth, of which we give an engraving, and which, though of modern manufacture, will bear comparison with any of the productions of the very best periods. This fine statuette was produced by the Messrs. Morel for the Great Exhibition of 1851, at a cost, it is said, of 3,000 guineas, and exhibits good Queen Bess, mounted on a charger fully caparisoned, clothed in richly brocaded dress, with her characteristic high ruff, and carrying the orb and sceptre in her hands. The workmanship is of that kind called *repoussé*, in which the relief ornament is produced by striking up the metal from behind with a punch or hammer, the exterior surface being afterwards finished by the process of chasing. This is a much more laborious, but much more artistic mode of manufacture than that of casting; and all works produced by it are highly esteemed in consequence, according to the beauty and discrimination of handling displayed in them. The work in the example before us is very admirably executed. The pedestal is also of silver, and is ornamented with the royal arms. This fine work was produced especially for the Great Exhibition of 1851, at a cost of 8,000 guineas. It is now the property of Mr. R. Attenborough.

Returning to the general contents of the Queen's department, we must particularly admire the splendid shield ascribed to the celebrated Florentine goldsmith, Benvenuto Cellini, contributed by Her Majesty, and several articles of college plate from Oxford. The collection is rich in examples of the mediæval period, contributed by Oxford and Cambridge Universities, Oscott College, King's Lynn, Norfolk; Cardinal Wiseman, Mr. Beresford Hope, the Rev. W. Sneyd, the Rev. Dr. Rode, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Farrar, and others. Of the *renaissance* period are contributions by Her Majesty, the various municipal authorities, Earl Cadogan, Lord de Tabley, Mr. Mainwaring, General Lygon, and many others, which satisfactorily illustrate the process of the art and the changes of style down to the 17th century.



ENAMELS.—"THE CRUCIFIXION."

If our readers will refer to the case B, on the south side of the Central Hall, they will there meet with several remarkable pieces of enamel work; an art not only in past times, but even in the present, resorted to as a mode of decoration in the east. But being merely decorative in character, possessing no intrinsic value derivable from that creative power developed in the works of our great painters and sculptors, it has declined in Europe. Several fine examples of the old Byzantine school of enamels are still to be found, most reverently preserved in the continental churches and museums,—treasured up almost with a devotion akin to that bestowed upon relics having a more intimate relation with ecclesiastical history. A few examples of this order, rare though they be, may be found here, marked No. 1. "The method pursued by the Byzantine artists has been termed *cloissonée*, or inclosed; it consisted in forming the whole of the required design generally in gold, in a species of case, and separating the several colours composing it by very delicate filagree gold bands, to prevent them running into each other, and so becoming confused." The periods of this school, or rather the examples of it now existing, range from the 6th to the close of the 12th century. The enamels of Limoges are supposed to have been greatly advanced in interest and excellence by the settlement in that locality of many Greek and Venetian artists about the 10th century; but no authentic specimens, it is believed, are known before the latter portion of the 11th century. The character of execution is styled *champlevé*,—that is, *the ground or field cut out;* "the material was generally copper, on which the ornamental figures or designs, to be filled in with colour, were cut away to some depth, leaving, wherever two colours met, a thin partition of the copper itself, to prevent their running into each other; and after the enamel was fixed by fusion and polished, the outline of the figure, and the lines for separation of colour, were gilded and again fixed by fire."

There is another class of enamel, called the translucent on bas-relief, principally the work of the Italians; the transparent enamel being laid in thin coatings over the design which is already cut on the metal, so as to allow the drawing to be seen through the metal, in opposition to the principle adopted in that of the Limoges. Then come the surface-painted enamels, which also were the productions of the workers of Limoges. The plate is covered with a dark coating of enamel, for shadows, on which the subjects are painted in white, set off with gold hatchings or coloured according to taste or character of design; this mode of surface working admitting of a great variety of styles, as it certainly presented greater facility of artistic display. The articles to which it was more generally applied were plates, ewers, salvers, and other utensils appropriated to domestic as well as ecclesiastical purposes, and the subjects selected for illustration were taken, principally, from well-known paintings and engravings of the time. The example we have selected as being best adapted to our character of illustration, will be found in case B, No. 17. It is a Limoges enamel of the 16th century,—a triptych in form; that is, having two hanging doors or covers by which it can be closed in front,—the centre subject representing the crucifixion, those of the right and left compartments the scourging of Christ, and the taking down from the cross. There is great brilliance of colour, and it may be considered a very fine, as it is undoubtedly a very curious, specimen of this class of work. Samuel Addington, Esq., is the gentleman to whom the Exhibition is indebted for the loan of this choice mediæval relic.

THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS AT FLORENCE.

The spirit of the Florentines in the meantime increasing with their power, they became chiefly solicitous to suit the magnificence of their capital to the grandeur of the state. Cosmo, at once the father of his country and of men of genius, gave stability to public affairs. Lorenzo the Magnificent, and others of the house of Medici, followed, whose hereditary taste for literature and the fine arts is celebrated in a multitude of books, and most copiously in the histories written by three eminent authors, Monsignor Fabroni, the Signor Ab. Galluzzi, and Mr. Roscoe. Their house was at once a lyceum for philosophers, an arcadia for poets, and an academy for artists. Dello, Paolo, Masaccio, the two Peselli, both the Lippi, Benozzo, Sandro, the Ghirlandai, enjoyed the perpetual patronage of this family, and as constantly rendered it whatever honour they could bestow. Their pictures are full of portraits, according to the custom of the times, and continually presented to the people the likenesses of the Medici, and often represented them with regal ornaments in their pictures of the Epiphany, as if to prepare the people to behold the sceptre and royal robe securely established in that house. The good taste of the Medici was seconded by that of other citizens, who were then distributed into various corporations, according to their place of residence and profession, each of which strove with reciprocal emulation to decorate their houses and their churches. Besides the desire of public ornament, they were animated by religion, which, in what relates to divine worship, is so widely spread, not only among the great, but also among the lower orders of people, that those have a difficulty in believing who have not beheld it. Their cathedral, a vast fabric, was already reared for the ceremonies of religion, and here and there some other churches arose; these and the more ancient, in emulation of each other, they adorned with paintings, a luxury unknown to their ancestors, and less common in the other cities of Italy. This disposition gave rise, after the conclusion of the century, to that prodigious number of painters already mentioned; and hence sprang, in the century we now treat of, that crowd of artists in marble, bronze, and silver, who transferred pre-eminence in sculpture, the ancient inheritance of the Pisans, to the people of Florence. The Florentines were desirous of ornamenting the new cathedral and baptistery, the church of Orsanmichele, and other sacred places, with statues and basso-relievos. These brought forward Donatello, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Filarete, Rossellini, Pollajuoli, and Verrocchio, and produced those noble works in marble, in bronze, and in silver, which appear to have attained the perfection of the art, and to have rivalled the ancients. The rising generation was instructed in design by those celebrated men, and the universality of the principles they taught made the transition from one art to another easy. The same individuals were often statuaries, founders in bronze, in gold, lapidaries, painters, or architects, talents that appear enviable to this age, in which an artist with difficulty acquires a competent knowledge in a single art. Such was the course of instruction at Florence in the studies, and such the subsequent encouragement without, from which it will not appear wonderful to the reader that this city was the foremost to attain the perfection of the art.—*Lanzi's History of Painting.*

ADJUSTMENTS.

Bring ye, emancipate from mill and mart,
The best ye can of thought, the patient eye
For recognition of adjustments high,
Pure consummations of creative art;
Put great in man and nature wide apart
As utmost scope of earth from pole to pole,
They come together in the Thinker's soul,
They wed at the Altar of the Artist's heart.
There smiles old Homer from the Olympian horns;
From Mont Blanc Shakspere gives the world his hand;
Thine is grim Dantè, terrible Schreckhorn;
Ben Lomond trembles to the tramp of Burns,
On Sinai's peak Milton, his locks unshorn,
Graspeth the vollying thunders, godlike grand.

J. Cameron.

May 27th.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COURT.

By George Jackson.

The old saying, "Time works wonders," has been more fully verified during the present century than in any previous age. Although the new powers it has developed might warrant a feeling of pride, astonishment at the deficiencies by bygone ages preaches to us humility, and sometimes creates a longing desire for the powers of a true clairvoyant, to know what will be the condition of future generations, if time should continue to work such wonders as it has done in the present. Steam astonished the young century before it had well acquired a claim to existence. Its manhood was surprised at its progress on the rail. Prime of life found new powers at command to compel the fluid, which gives brilliancy to the lightning's flash, to convey its thoughts to distant lands. Then, having passed the meridian of its age, it made a bold and successful attempt to control the light of heaven, and cause it to depict, on other surfaces than the retina of the human eye, the images of nature.

It is of this newly-acquired power that we are about to speak, and, if possible, familiarise the subject, to enable the visitors to the Great Art-Treasures Exhibition to take a deeper interest in this class of objects, to which we find it difficult to give a name, seeing that they are the results of a combination of powers,—of chemistry, optics, and nature acting in concert together: in other words, that they may be placed to the credit of either art or science, according to the point of view from which its productions are considered.

How strange it sometimes appears, that the knowledge of great principles lies so long dormant, before they are brought into use for the benefit of humanity. The action of light on nitrate of silver and many other bodies had been known for centuries. Daily experience has long taught its bleaching effects on vegetable fibre, and its power to discolour the metallic oxides of which our paints are mainly composed has gained for it alternately the praise and blame of many thrifty housewives. In the scientific world attempts have long been made to control its action. Simple things, as leaves, feathers, lace, &c., have been copied, by its agency, on the surface of prepared papers. These processes were merely varied methods of printing by light instead of by the press, the object taking the place of the sculptured type,—the sensitive surface the ink, to receive the impress in a reversed condition. This limited its utility to flat surfaces, until Daguerre thought of employing an instrument which until that time had been little better, in an useful way, than an optical toy. He first used the camera obscura to collect the rays from projective, animate, and inanimate objects, and imprint them, in its dark chamber, on the surface he had prepared. Thus was developed the nature of light, and demonstration made that it was a compound of material substances, each element possessing different powers of acting on sensitive matters,—that it was possible to analyse and separate these bodies, and control them to our use. True, Newton and others had analysed light, and separated by the prism the various colours of which it was composed, but it did not succeed in showing how the luminous properties could be separated from the chemical or actinic; and until this could be arrived at we could not use it for this purpose.

Daguerre's process, great as the discovery was, was limited by the use of metallic plates, which regulated dimension; transference, or any reproduction, could not take place. It is to our own countrymen the credit is due of following out his thoughts, and devising means to impress the image on transparent surfaces, through which, by the action of light, repetitions could be made. The name of Talbot stands conspicuously forward as the originator of that process which enables us to print and multiply, direct from Nature's own impress. Others followed in his path. Collodion on glass. Waxed and otherwise prepared papers were adopted, and photography assumed an important position not only in administering to the pleasures of life, but became a valuable addition to the means of facilitating many of the purposes of commerce.

The defects of our language, and sometimes individual ostentation, often conceals from public view the importance and magnitude of great discoveries. It has been so in this instance. Perhaps the best, though defective, title which has been given to these shadows from nature, has been that of "sun-pictures;" and delightful as many of the results of chemistry may be, few excel in interest the processes adopted in the production of these faithful transcripts of nature. Light is the principal agent, which has to be studied and must be obeyed. The surface on which it is to operate must be prepared; and as man does not possess sufficient powers of vision to work in its total absence, he must analyse this subtle fluid, and make use of those elements only which contain the illuminating property, until he has prepared and adjusted the tablet which is to receive the magic influence of the compound body. Exposure in the camera produces no visible effect until the sensitive surface has been subjected to further action in the darkened room; then it gradually assumes a misty appearance, which, like a passing fog over a splendid landscape, shortly presents to the wondering eye of the uninitiated a faithful transcript of the object the lenses of the camera have focussed and impinged upon it. Wondrous results of the chemistry of nature! Such are the pictures produced by photography.

The restless spirit of inquiry which characterises the present age has followed out this discovery, and called to its aid another of the subtle fluids from nature's laboratory. The galvanic current now works in unison with the powers of light, and by their joint efforts copper and steel are permanently engraved. The works produced by the Photo-galvanographic Company present a new feature in the engraver's art, for with a slight assistance from his burin works are now printed by the ordinary means, from copper or steel, which possess beauty and truth of detail not previously attained by human hands alone. It was a source of regret, and some surprise—when I found that such modern works had been rightly considered art-treasures—that I could not find in the collection examples of this the latest discovery. If there are any, they deserve a more conspicuous position, and are worthy of notice in the catalogue.

The first portion of the collection which claims especial notice is the examples contributed by His Royal Highness Prince Albert. In this, as in all other incidents which mark so strongly the bias of the Prince's mind, we find that he has had an especial view to the useful instruction of the people, for the collection of fac-similes of the Raphael drawings, in the Royal Library, will afford many students valuable lessons, and are of that class of subjects which we should have wished to have seen many more from other places.

The collection also contains a large number of portraits of men who have distinguished themselves at home and abroad, and gained a place in the esteem of all for the service they have rendered to literature, art, or science—and no less of those gallant heroes who have fought our country's battles by sea and land; thus bringing down the rank and file of illustrious names to the present time, and carrying out the chronological arrangement of the celebrated worthies of bygone times on the walls below, making the portraiture of historic names complete.

In the other sections there is little worthy of note, seeing that we have had better displays in the exhibitions which have been held in this city before.

It is to be regretted that the Exhibition Committee, or their appointed agent, did not avail themselves of the valuable assistance of the Manchester Photographic Society: the members would cheerfully have complied with their request. The energy and talent displayed by this body has done much to promote the development of this noble art or science to its present state of perfection, as shown by the works it has produced, the papers read at their meetings, and the illustrated works they have published; their ardent pursuit of this, as in many other departments of useful knowledge, redounds greatly to their credit. Had this been done, this court would have exhibited more photographic treasures than it now contains.

A PICTORIAL FANCY.

Not long ago we heard one of Beethoven's wildest and most wonderful creations, given with exciting earnestness by a skilful and well-disciplined orchestra, and the strange, unearthly music has been haunting us ever since. When once heard, the enchantment cannot be forgotten; the wailings, the broken-hearted sadness, the fury, the mystery, the triumphant raptures of that marvellous composition, must leave their echoes resounding for a long while afterwards through the open halls and secret passages of the soul. Several times we have tried to translate the mysterious spirit and meaning of the music into another language than that which, after all, has the richest and most varied resources for expressing them; and, at last, we have fancied that, if a magician like Turner were with us still, the colours and forms, the lights and shadows of the painter's art might be made to interpret something of the passion and purpose of the great musician. Such an artist might represent on canvas a heaven stretching away into wilderness of space, lying far beyond the blue canopy which bounds the vision of the eye of sense, and half revealing the dim and silent habitations of disembodied souls; storm-clouds piled from horizon to zenith, confused, cumbrous, threatening, and throwing huge shadows on the earth beneath; the earth itself burthened with formless mountains, matted with forests of ancient growth, peopled with terrible and spectral shapes, bearing, nevertheless, bright traces of celestial beauty;—the whole looking like the sudden and marvellous creation of some mighty but insane divinity.—*Eclectic Review.*

ART-PATRONAGE IN FRANCE.

By Blanchard Jerrold.

We propose to give the reader some idea of the means which the successive governments of France, during the last hundred years, have adopted for the encouragement of art. And the history of the Luxembourg Gallery includes all, or nearly all, that may be written on this subject. For it must be remembered that the rich collections of France are of recent date. It was only in 1747 that La Font de Saint Jeune wrote: "The means I propose, to re-establish art, promptly and efficaciously, is to choose in this palace (the Louvre), or somewhere in the neighbourhood, a permanent place for the innumerable masterpieces of the great artists of Europe, forming the collection of his Majesty, which are now heaped up and buried in little, ill-lighted rooms in the town of Versailles. They are unknown to or disregarded by strangers, because it is impossible to see them." This suggestion was acted upon; and in 1750, part of the king's collection was conveyed to the Luxembourg, and exhibited to the public in the apartments recently occupied by the Queen of Spain. This exhibition was made avowedly in order that "lovers of painting, who are anxious to perfect themselves in this sublime art, may have an opportunity of remarking the fine things that will be placed before them." These works were divided into two sections. The first section was composed of 24 pictures, executed by Rubens between the years 1621 and 1623, and representing the history of Marie de Medici, from her birth to her reconciliation with Louis the Thirteenth, in 1620. These masterly performances occupied their original position. Nor did La Font protest against the non-exhibition of the King's gallery too early; since we find that they were played upon by wind and rain through broken windows, and had been left to the mercy of concierges. The King's gallery was arranged, as we have observed already, in the apartments of the Queen of Spain, widow of Louis the First, and also in the long gallery now filled with choice specimens of living French artists. It was not till the 14th of October, 1750, that the Parisians enjoyed the advantages of a public and national exhibition of paintings. In this collection were included Raphaels, Titians, works by Andrea del Sarto, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Claude Lorraine, Rubens, Caravaggio, Vandyck, Berghem, Rembrandt, &c. This collection, the nucleus of the wondrous wealth of art now gathered into the noble galleries of the matchless Louvre, remained open to the public till the end of 1779, when Louis the Sixteenth having given the Luxembourg Palace to his brother, the Count de Provence (afterwards Louis the Eighteenth), the national collection was removed. The date of the removal is uncertain; but it probably occurred immediately after the count took possession of the palace. It is clear that sometime before the first revolution the royal pictures had been sent to the Louvre to be cleaned and arranged. But they were put aside, and left in a bad condition, till a decree of the Constituent Assembly brought some of them to light once more. The story of the journeys of pictures from the Luxembourg to the Louvre, and from the Louvre to the Luxembourg, is too long to tell. But we may note that when the foreign powers took back the spoils of war accumulated in the Louvre, the remaining specimens of masters in the Luxembourg were conveyed finally to the Louvre to fill up the gaps upon the walls.

It is to Louis the Eighteenth, who first disturbed the national collection, that the credit of establishing a gallery of living French artists is due. Art-patronage was never put before on so wide and sound a basis. The royal residences were ransacked to furnish the nucleus of the collection, and the gallery was opened in the Luxembourg on the 24th of April, 1818. On the opening day it contained 74 paintings by living artists, and 17 by ancient masters. The latter, however, were withdrawn in 1821, and carried to the Louvre. The collection formed a national temple of art. It was the place to which every young artist aspired. He had but to prove his genius, and at once the nation would commission him to paint a picture, to become the general property of his countrymen. Soon to this national temple came David, with his "Death of Socrates," the "Loves of Paris and Helena," the "Leonidas," brought from the painter's exile in Brussels. Here, too, came Gros, with his "Battle of Aboukir;" Gerard, with his "Psyche;" and Girodet, with his "Deluge." The state was at once the best and most generous patron that entered the rooms of the annual exhibitions. More, it was decided that, ten years after the death of each painter who had been honoured with a national commission, his more remarkable pictures should find a final resting-place in the Louvre.

And now, can the foreign visitor, who wanders through the Luxembourg Exhibition, with a knowledge of its history, fail to admire the admirable result achieved by enlightened state patronage? In France, the artist, with the fire of genius in him, commands, not simply the precarious patronage of private individuals, but the applause and the support of his country. He grasps the position to which he is entitled. He has a fair field before him. Why in the Exhibition of 1855 was there not young Gérome's picture—price £1,000—paid to the artist, aged 26, by his government? Is not young Doré, at this present moment, painting for his countrymen—the Battle of the Alma? There is nothing niggardly in the state acknowledgments, as the observer may see who examines the Luxembourg collection. Here is Abel de Pujol, a knight of the Legion of Honour, and member of the Institute, with three pictures in the national art-temple; and there is Couture, with his wonderfully drawn and grouped "Decline of Rome." Observe, he too is of the Legion of Honour. Here, too, is Delacroix, officer of the Legion of Honour, with his fine colour, his glowing Algerian women! Delaroche, officer of the Legion of Honour, with the "Death-bed of Elizabeth;" and those wondrously beautiful "Children in the Tower," Hebert, with the malaria in the very atmosphere, familiar to all, through the engraver's skill! Ingres—classic Ingres—commander of the Legion of Honour, with his severe classicalities, and then his wonderful "Portrait of Cherubini." Charles Louis Muller, knight of the Legion of Honour, with his "Last Victims of the Reign of Terror." We all remember the tragic scene, with brave André Chenier for the worthy central figure. Henri Scheffer, knight of the Legion of Honour, shows "Charlotte Corday." Rosa Bonheur, the born artist, with her "Ploughed Field." Here, too, are Biard, Boulanger, Cogniet, the Dubufes, Fleury, the Isabeys, Jalabert, Lehmann, Pradier, Raffet, the Rousseaus, Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, Watelet, Ziegler, &c. We note but the more prominent names in the honourable list. But there are no less than 285 works in this collection. It may be objected, by persons who see in decorations only so much silver, gold, and glowing riband, that we are beyond them in England. But this is not so. To the government in France, as to the government in England, orders are simply symbols of honour. They are the badges, if you will, of greatness; but they are indisputably held to be, by the governing classes, something which it is the highest honour to wear. The Queen of England wears the riband of the garter; the Emperor of France appears with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. Chivalry in the field, with us, is symbolised by the insignia of the Bath. These toys, if you please to call them toys, are the outward signs of national recognition. The difference is, that France awards this recognition not only to her soldiers and her statesmen, but to her artists and scientific men also. She puts Horace Vernet on a level with Persigny. Now, we offer nothing whatever—from the state—to Landseer or Maclise; no star or riband—we reserve them for our Cowleys and Westmorelands. In France art is held to be as honourable as diplomacy; in England, if we patronise art, it is simply to buy the picture, and consider the painter thereof a place far, very far below, a Queen's equerry. Now why should we not have a national gallery of the works of living artists, paid for by the country, on the plan of the Luxembourg?

THE CONFESSION OF THE OLD MASTERS.

Surely the power that lifteth from the sod
The spirit's fluttering wing, and beareth high,
Till its triumphant pinion take the sky
For its dominion, is the breath of God!
Availeth not the touch of ocean broad
More than "all hands" to launch the stranded bark,
That she, with dauntless prow, through light and dark
May cleave her way, whatever stars forbode?

Great God! our best of powers are little rills,
Fed from the eternal fountains, Lord, in Thee!
Check their sustaining flow, and what are we?
How weak our strength! how impotent our wills!
But when thy stream of power infloweth free,
Strong are we to uplift the eternal hills.

J. Cameron.

THE CHRISTS.

THE ARTIST'S CONFESSION.

Mother divine of Christ! my strength is spent;
Thy heaven-descended Son is Art's despair:
When she has done her utmost, where, oh! where,
The visage of the world's divinest Saint?
Mother of God! what human power may paint
Appeasing portrait of thy Son divine?
Shall we e'er see the Godhead's glory shine?
The world's Redeemer to the world's content?

Greatest of human souls, devoutly wise,
Strong in the power Art from Religion borrows,
Have many a Christ pourtrayed—but mortal eyes
Shall, only in a clime without to-morrows,
See, to content of boundless sympathies,
The Man who was on earth,—the Man of Sorrows.

J. Cameron.

THE OLD MASTERS.

ANDREA VANUCCHI was the son of a tailor of Florence, and from the circumstance of his parentage obtained the name of *del Sarto*. He was born in 1488 (fourteen years later than Michael Angelo, and five than Raphael), and therefore belongs to the grand period of art. Betraying early a taste for painting, he received instruction during three years from Giovanni Basili, an artist of very mean pretensions, and afterwards went under Pietro Cosimo, who was a pupil of Cosimo Roselli, and the rival of Leonardo da Vinci, in his early days. Whilst under the influence of these masters, Andrea's style was constrained and hard, but after quitting Cosimo he gave greater latitude to his fancy and his hand, and ripened and improved his style by a careful study of the great works of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci. For some time he painted in conjunction with Francesco Bigio; but his own fame, individually, was established in the highest walk of excellence by the noble work representing John the Baptist preaching before a mixed multitude, which he executed for the monastery of the Carmelites at Florence. He afterwards went to Rome, impelled by an irresistible desire to see the great works of Raphael, the renown of which had spread all over Italy. Whilst there he was employed to copy that great master's portrait of Leo X., which was sent as a present to the Duke of Mantua instead of the original; and the imitation was so perfect that the pious fraud was not detected even by Julio Romano, who had himself assisted in painting some of the draperies, until the name of Andrea del Sarto was discovered painted beneath the edge of the frame.

The saddest part of del Sarto's story is now to be told. His was one of the many cases where the brightest endowments of nature are marred by the weakness or misguided conduct of the individual. Andrea was unfortunate in his domestic relations,—he had a bad woman for his wife who set him at enmity with his family and all his friends, and led him into ruinous extravagance. It was when under a partial cloud in his native place, from these circumstances, that Francis I. of France offered him his patronage, and invited him to his court, remitting a large sum for his travelling expenses. Accepting this flattering offer, he went to Paris, where he painted some works of the highest merit, including a portrait of the "Dauphin," a picture of "Charity," and a "St. Jerome." He was in the midst of the execution of the last-named when the importunities of his wife recalled him to Florence, but, before taking his departure, he gave the king his promise, confirmed by oath, to return to Paris, and settle there in the course of a few months. Believing in these assurances, the king entrusted him with a large sum of money to buy pictures, sculptures, and other articles of *vertù* for him in Italy. But all these promises, and these sacred trusts, Andrea violated; spent the king's money in extravagance, and he never presented himself again in Paris. The disgrace which his dishonourable conduct brought upon him darkened his prospects and his thoughts even in the midst of his most laborious professional efforts and brightest successes. He died of the plague in 1530, deserted by his wife and all his profligate companions.

Andrea's best works are to be seen in Florence; indeed, his talent is hardly to be appreciated by any works which have found their way out of that city. His church pictures are very celebrated; so powerful are they in their effect, that it is related that, in 1529, when the soldiers took Florence, and entered the convent of the Salvi, they were so struck with the picture of the "Last Supper" in the refectory, that they felt an indescribable awe, and retired without committing any violence. His Holy Families have a merit all their own,—great originality in the invention, and great truthfulness in the attitudes and expression,—together with a fulness and solidity and richness of colouring superior to any hitherto seen either in Rome or Florence. His famous "Madonna del Sacco,"—so called from the circumstance of Joseph being represented reclining against a sack, is very well known by means of the numerous engravings existing of it. The "Holy Family," contributed by the Marquis of Hertford to the Art-Treasures Exhibition, is equally striking for the independent thought evinced in the composition, and for the admirable, though somewhat severe drawing of all the figures; that of the Infant Christ being in sculpturesque relief. The treatment of light and shade is bold and full of breadth. This picture was formerly in the Aldobrandini collection. Amongst a few other pictures, attributed to this master, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, is his own portrait, from the collection of Earl Cowper, a remarkable head, with a thoughtful, melancholy expression, and a letter in his hand. A small "Holy Family," in our National Gallery, attributed to A. del Sarto, is of more than questionable authenticity.



ANDREA DEL SARTO.—"HOLY FAMILY."

To sum up the character of this artist. Although in the early part of the sixteenth century, the golden era of painting, the capital of Tuscany boasted many painters surpassing Andrea del Sarto upon the score of genius and invention, yet so extensive and so well balanced were his attainments in the different parts of his art—so unaffected, yet so varied and striking were his compositions—so pure was his design, so broad his chiaroscuro, and so harmonious his colouring,—that, in his own time, he was called "*Andrea senza errori*," that is, "Andrea the faultless." Vasari considers him, upon the whole, as the most perfect painter of that school. From his study of Michael Angelo's celebrated cartoon of Pisa, and other works, he early imbibed a sufficient portion of that great artist's principles, in respect of form, to prevent him ever falling into poverty or dryness of manner. In his treatment even of the most solemn scriptural subjects, there is a prevailing tendency to naturalistic treatment, resulting from a close observation of the life around him, which, upon the whole, is agreeable, though not always in strict keeping with the subject, and in his time was a remarkable novelty. There is, however, apparent in them a vulgarity of type, and an absence, on the one hand, of the grand ideal which distinguished Michael Angelo, and on the other, of that pure and elevated sentiment which we so much admire in Raphael. In these characteristics we partly trace the unhappy circumstances of the man. His bad wife, who unfortunately had too much influence over his mind and conduct, is supposed to be the model of most of his Madonnas. We almost discover her selfish, imperious, and unfeeling expression in the harsh features of the Madonna here engraved.

PRE-RAPH.

IVORY CARVING.

THERE is no branch of art which exhibits the styles of successive epochs so completely, from the first ages of Christianity, down almost to our own time, as that of ivory carving. There are many reasons to account for this: first, the early inspiration in art which the Italians derived from Greece was in that of sculpture; and, secondly, the material is one which, unlike plaster, canvass, and vellum, is nearly imperishable. The display of works in ivory in the Art-Treasures Exhibition is a very fine one, comprising specimens of nearly every period from the second century downwards, but being particularly rich in those from the thirteenth century.

The styles of art in ivory are divided into four distinct groups:—1st, the late Roman, extending from the commencement of the Christian era to the end of the fourth century;—2nd, the Byzantine, extending from the fifth to the thirteenth century; 3rd, the mediæval, extending from the thirteenth to the end of the fifteenth century; and, 4th, the Renaissance, extending in Italy from the first half of the fifteenth century to the close of the seventeenth, and in other countries commencing from the middle of the sixteenth century and extending, under various modifications, and attended by many vicissitudes, to the close of the eighteenth century. The subjects generally treated in these various periods were, in the first period, events or incidents of national, civic, or domestic life; in the second, religious subjects, taken from the Old and New Testaments, and the legends of saints—this was the devotional period of art; in the third period, religious subjects still, with the addition, more or less, of domestic, historical, and poetical subjects; in the fourth period, religious subjects became less and less in vogue, and classic and allegorical subjects, treated in the classic manner, with an increasing inclination towards the nude figure, usurped their place. Towards the end of this period both the selection of subjects and their treatment became more and more capricious. What is remarkable of ivory carving of this period, as of other species of sculpture is, that whereas in the early time of art, painting copied sculptured models, now sculpture copied works in painting, and imitated the style of painting generally. In the eighteenth century many of the carvings in ivory were merely reproductions in carving of celebrated pictures, and even of engravings—the works of Callot being frequently transformed into statuettes. Instances of this kind are found in the contributions of Mr. R. Napier, one of which we engrave.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—IVORY CARVING.

Amongst the most celebrated artists in ivory who worked during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were François de Quesnoy, "il Fiammingo" (1594-1644), who worked chiefly at Rome; Copé, also surnamed Fiammingo (†1610); Lea Pronner, of Nuremberg, celebrated for his minute workmanship (†1630); Christoff Harrich, (†1630), noted for his figures and heads of "Death;" Van Obstal, of Antwerp (†1688); F. Van Bossiut, of Brussels (†1692); Balthr. Permoser (†1732); Simon Troger, of Nuremberg (†1769); and Krabensberger, his pupil, used wood for draperies, &c., after the Spanish manner. The best ivory medallion carvers were Raimond Faltz (†1703); Cavalier, of London (circa 1690); and Giovanni Pozzo.

The subjects which we engrave are:—

1. In the centre, "The taking down from the Cross;" a group, consisting of eight figures, all carved in one piece of ivory, by Algardi. A very fine specimen of carving; the figures boldly separated, and, of course, executed in the round; the finish in every part showing a skilful and feeling hand; the expression of the faces wonderfully life-like. Height, about two feet. The property of Robert Napier, Esq.

2. A large ivory tankard, mounted in silver gilt; richly sculptured, with subjects from the heathen mythology, and with figures of Hercules and the Centaur on the lid. A work of the renaissance period, and finely executed. Height, about 20 inches. The property of H. P. Howard, Esq.

3. A large ivory flaggon, mounted in bronze, gilt; by a German sculptor of the 17th century; subject, the "Peasant's War." At the top the figure of an emperor, in Roman costume, with a full-bottomed wig, rather an incongruous mixture, which we find sometimes in the art of the seventeenth century, in Germany and elsewhere. Height, about twenty inches; the property of R. Goff, Esq.



CARVED IVORY CUP.—WITH CENTAUR



CARVED IVORY CUP.—17th CENTURY.

A REGAL SHADOW.

WHAT the French call *l'embarras de richesse* must be the feeling most generally experienced when, on entering the superb Art-Palace, we cast a first glance up the lofty nave, and along the broad aisles, overpowered by the unrivalled beauty of the spectacle, and are unwilling to destroy the charm of the whole even by analysing the elements of its grandeur. Such at least is our experience; and only because we had unconsciously wandered towards the Gallery of Portraits, did we find ourselves, the other day, commencing the delight of inspection by paying homage to the heroes and heroines of the past. It is something, indeed, to behold the grim but manly features of the men who made the name of England a synonyme of glory throughout the world in the days of the Commonwealth—contrasting, not feebly, with the voluptuous grace of the beauties whose shameless intrigues ruled the court of the *merry* Charlie. Hampden, too, is there—a study on canvas, as in character;—and the cold, callous glance of the Virgin Queen; and the great, the noble, and the learned of her reign. It is, indeed, a dreamy, mysterious gallery; and in pausing every moment in respectful recognition before some hero of old—feeling, as we look upon the frowning features of the canvas before which they once sat in person, their very souls become personified, and the mighty portentous Present lost in the gorgeous but not quite perfect Past.

We ascend the staircase leading to the south transept gallery, attracted by the irresistible strains of Mr. Hallé's band, and pause before a well-known picture, about which there may be a few words to say. It is a very old picture, of an apparently very royal personage, for there is no small amount of regal paraphernalia,—though perhaps the crown, the sceptre, the ball and cross, indicate more strikingly than the face itself the presence of majesty, for the features are neither so dignified and graceful as those of Charles the First, nor so stern as those of Cromwell.

We will not enter upon the artistic merits of this picture. We may or may not have an opinion thereon, but *n'importe*. We know what is due to the customs of our country too well to speak before Mr. Cunningham or Mr. Scharf shall have pronounced judgment; after which, like English tourists who visit picture galleries with Sir Joshua's notes, we shall of course be able to prove that our respective opinions always coincided, and, if need be, venture to express them, with the accustomed similarity of diction so often remarked in such cases.

But our interest in this picture is not an artistic one; and on other grounds it will certainly claim the attention of hundreds of visitors. The antiquarian will examine it with greedy eyes, for he will have known long ago of its existence, as the earliest authentic original portrait of an English king; the historian will know it, for he will have found it engraved in almost every illustrated history of England; and even the schoolboy will claim acquaintance and recognise it from the woodcut in his "Goldsmith's History," as being the likeness of King Richard the Second. It is, indeed, the celebrated picture from the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster; and as we look with interest on this antique relic, under the influence of the glorious harmony wafted from the transept, let us yield to the spell, and follow the visions of bygone times.

In the drama of history, we don't find this Richard to have been playing a very heroic or a very kingly part;—his father was the famous Black Prince, who gave promise of proving as valiant as Cœur de Lion; his uncle, the great John of Gaunt, who built Lancaster Castle, whose name is otherwise remembered in these parts; and his grandfather, one of the Edwards.

What do people mean when they talk regretfully about the splendid glories of the "days of the Edwards?" There were only two among the Edwards worth calling kings even in the fighting, feudal, Anglo-Norman times — the "first," whose courage was only surpassed by his greed of conquest; and the "third," who left his country to the ruin consequent upon misgovernment while he prosecuted an unrighteous claim to the sovereignty of a foreign potentate's dominions. But the most staunch mediævalist would scorn to own poor Edward Caernarvon as king. Everyone loathes the memory of the besotted debauchee, for whom so much blood was shed in the Wars of the Roses, and who sleeps beneath the aisle of St. George's, Windsor, "with his queen, Elizabeth Woodville." The fifth Edward was one of the boys who lived in the Tower, and who, like the "Children in the Wood," had a naughty uncle who did not love them. And the sixth and last—the promising son of Henry the Eighth—who was cut off in early youth.

But it is with Richard we have to do at present; and in looking at his picture, the *leading*, not *great*, events of his reign are called to mind. The Wat Tyler riot, the famous Hereford and Norfolk duel, and the misery of his forced abdication.

From his birth at Bordeaux, in the old castle of the lords of Aquitaine, to his miserable end, little but trouble and misery surrounded him; and we cannot but suppose that had fate brought him content in Guienne, Gascony, and Anjou, he might have lived—like many others of his class—comfortable, lazy, capricious,—undisturbed by the intrigues of the fierce islanders whose notions of loyalty, liberty, and government have not always been in agreement with the wants of their continental neighbours.

Richard had not attained his majority when the famous poll-tax riots took place; when the rebels marched into London, had their conference with royalty in Smithfield, and their leader got an ungracious knock on the head from the Lord Mayor's mace. Poor Wat had brought his cattle to the wrong market.

This "king" offered himself to the rebels in place of their murdered chief. Not the only example which history has shown of an enemy to freedom usurping the place and position of a leader of the people, when their own chiefs had been overthrown by back-handed blows.

In our modern great satirist's lecture on "dapper little George," we are asked, in allusion to a frequent custom of that illustrious monarch, what we should think of "Lord Palmerston and Prince Albert playing at 'hockey' in St. James' Park;" but the marvel of the eighteenth century pales by comparison with the royal proceedings of the fourteenth. What should we think of Queen Victoria assembling her court at Manchester with all the pomp of an Art-Treasures opening, and, in this royal presence, the most noble Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, proclaiming the most noble Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby, a foul traitor, and challenging him, on his knighthood, to disprove it by single combat? But we had better not boast of being over wise, or over consistent, in our generation. We have seen a great tournament in our day;—feathers and spurs, and nimble steeds, and the "Queen of Beauty" and champagne, all included,—glory without broken heads;—and the fate of Mowbray and Bolingbroke reversed by the early reward of a vice-royalty.

King Richard might have been dressed in similar fashion to that given in the portrait when, stopping the combat between the two fiery chiefs at Coventry, and banishing them with most flagrant want of justice, he laid the first grains of a train which would one day be fired, to the convulsion of his kingdom and the loss of his throne.

The regal game was then nearly over; the storm-cloud was gathering over that poor weak head, on which it soon burst with deadly fury. How many of the great ones have looked on this regal shadow! Certainly, good Queen Anne must have been familiar with this picture; and poor little Isabel of France, Richard's second wife, surely knew something about it; or who can say that a sight of this melancholy face may not have urged brave King Henry the Fifth, years afterwards, to remove the remains of his dethroned predecessor, with great pomp, to a royal tomb in Westminster Abbey.

One can't help wondering, too, how the semblance of this poor degraded king escaped the furious onslaught of the Lancastrian partizans who ruled the realm at the time "of our two cousins coming into London." Was it concealed by some friendly hand, in a dark, mysterious, tapestried chamber? or was it secured—like the ornaments of the Medicean Queen, in the Palace of the Luxembourg? We should like to know, too, whether Henry Bolingbroke ever chanced to look on this same portrait, whilst his poor dethroned cousin was being carried in pitiable plight from prison to prison far away in the north, and what he felt if he happened to meet its gaze after certain news from Pomfret Castle, in which it was said men with pole-axes had felled and slain the grandson of Edward the Third; whether he cried out, like Anne Boleyn, when Catherine of Arragon died, "Now I reign indeed;" or whether he thanked Heaven, as did the first royal Plantagenet, when Becket died, "that he was guiltless of innocent blood."

On the whole, there is much to learn from the contemplation of this picture. In the history of the man, sad as it is, whether we gather it from old chronicles of the period or the pages of our great dramatist, we shall find the same lessons, which all history, all nature, and all true art are ever striving to teach—the same which, in all onward impulses, are mutually working. So pause a moment, reader, as you mount the staircase. The face claims pity, rather than scorn and anger. Shakspere himself saw a deep and tragical bearing, fraught with importance to all of us, in this king's career. So we will gaze even with leniency on the features of Richard of Bordeaux.

B.

THE ORIGINATOR OF OIL PAINTING.

Oil painting is erroneously ascribed to Hubert Van Eyck and his brother, John of Bruges, who lived about the end of the 14th century; for the oldest oil painting preserved at present is in the imperial gallery in Vienna, and was painted in the year 1297, by Thomas de Mutina, or de Muttersdorf, in Bohemia. There are, also in the same gallery, two painted in 1357, by Nicholas Wurmser of Strasburg, and Thierry of Prague.—*Beckman's History of Inventions.*



THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. IV.

By J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A.

It will be evident to our readers that in any remarks we have so far made it has been our wish to do so from that point of view whence the artist himself contemplated his subject; and that we have consequently put on one side, as nearly as may be, individual sympathies. This system of criticism is more to be desired than it is practised. It will be clear enough to our readers that such a system, worked out with integrity, is most likely to illustrate peculiar artistic habits in the observance of nature, whilst it has a tendency to avoid extreme censure or reckless animadversion, because it can only object to what may appear an absence of the conscientious study of nature on the part of the artist. We desire to look with generous regret at failure through inexperience, if it is accompanied by earnest devotion; we would look with gentleness where there is an evident love for nature, however feebly this love may be practically expressed. The critic should encourage rather than depress, indicating how heartily he wishes "God speed" to the worker. This feeling should be the main object of criticism in what relates to the young and inexperienced artist, who is pursuing his way up to complete development. In looking at the works of those who have attained something like an approach to excellence, a higher feeling is excited, and however much the character of the productions may differ in style from that most in conformity with our sympathies—however much it may vary from the class of subject and mode of execution most in agreement with our ideas and tastes, yet, if it possess integrity of purpose, it should, at the same time, command a generous interpretation. These remarks are necessary in this place, because we have already had to treat of two artists whose names will live, and whose works will become points of reference to future generations. These workers are already recognised as men of high genius by all whose judgment of art is worthy of acceptance; and yet how different are they from each other. They are each intense lovers of nature—they both study her effects and varying moods, and yet there are no two men whose works present such marked differences. One (Cattermole), dreamily fond of mystery and romanticism; the other (Cox), a true worshipper of the simple and unsophisticated—one living on in grim communion with ghostly terrors, so that even the inanimate objects of his works appear fraught with something of weird life; the other having his sympathies excited by the simplest objects. These are the radical differences of the two men. These are the points of thought which each takes to the observance of nature, and by which their several works are characterised; and their pursuits can only be healthy so long as these peculiarities of character are swaying them in their labours, whilst criticism cannot be just without recognising them under such influences.

We now approach Carl Haag, a man who appears destined to a very high position in art. Haag has attained a power of development which indicates a capacity to attain that higher summit where even skill, expertness, and all the evidences of talent are subordinate to a controlling genius. He has not at present shown possession of the "gift divine," though so near this proof, that his present position is one of the most critical.

No. 498, "Italian Peasant." This work, only a small evidence of the artist's skill, is yet indicative of peculiar talent. It is carefully, yet powerfully drawn, showing firm grasp of form, with a decisive execution. The colour, too, is good, containing fewer of those faults, or rather, we would say, exaggerations, presently to be mentioned, than any other of his works exhibited in these galleries. There is a genial warmth throughout the whole picture. The executive skill displayed in the drawing and painting of the drapery, especially the near sleeve, is admirably done. Leaving these mere workmanship qualities, and looking at the work as a matter of expression, we have still much worthy of admiration. The mere drawing is eminently successful. It is obvious that the girl—the subject of the picture—is conscious of being an object of observation. The downward look, the coy air, and the instantaneous blush, speak emphatically of the nearness of one whose eyes are observing with unusual keenness.

499, "Lady of Coblentz." This strikes us as being the least satisfactory of Carl Haag's exhibited works, and we refer to it for the purpose of directing our readers' attention to the leading characteristic, and, indeed, leading fault of the painter's style. It must have occurred to most observers of pictures, that each artist is distinguished by some distinguishing tendency of practice, as well as choice of subject. This applies with most force to the greatest minds, and, gradually disappearing as we descend the scale, subsides ultimately into the mere copyist. It is, indeed, only another way of saying that the greatest man presents most individuality, and that the least gifted is generally lost in the crowd of commonplace. In practice, Carl Haag's predominating peculiarites are an exaggerated fondness for cast shadows, and for painting reflected colours in these shadows, especially, touching this latter, for charging the shadows with cool reflections of the atmosphere. Fearing that these terms may be too technical, we venture upon a slight explanation for the aid of the general reader. A cast shadow is a shadow projected by one object upon another, or one projecting plane upon another, the object throwing the shadow being at the time between the sun, or other source of light, and the object or surface receiving the shadow. The reflection of colour means the power that space, especially space charged with shadow, has of receiving a portion of any predominant colour above it, or in its immediate neighbourhood. We need scarcely call upon our readers to try a few experiments with real objects, to prove the absolute existence of these facts, or to ask them to believe how pictorial art needs a keen observation of them for a true realisation of the appearances of nature. Now Carl Haag sees these qualities and facts in nature, and all their dependent and consequent results. He sees in them first an element that enables him to give firmness and precision to his conceptions, and secondly an agency by which his colour can be made harmonious, however strong (and strength of colour is another of Haag's peculiarities), and his light and shadow, however intense and opposing, still broad and diffusive. But Haag, in his love of these two elements of art-success, runs riot; he pushes them to extremes that at times border upon the province of caricature. Reverting now to the drawing under notice, the "Lady of Coblentz," we have an instance of the two principles in two points rather pushed to this dangerous extreme. The cast or projected shadow on the face and shoulder of the figure is a result of the light being obstructed by the projection of the face with the light at the left coming upon the figure parallel to the plane of the picture. The shadow is perfectly true, but a truth creating an unpleasing lineiness to the face, and in nowise necessary as an aid to either physical beauty or to the proposed expression. If the light had been somewhat more in front, and gentler in its action, we should have been saved the disagreeable feeling arising from the multiplication and severity of the lines that are visible, creating a conflict between lines of construction and these accidental and mitigable ones of shadow. Attention is drawn to these shadows by the other tendency of this artist's practice, viz., his overweening fondness of reflected or transmitted hues. The cast shadow on the head under notice is absolutely blue. Now we are well aware of the truth sought to be given by this, and especially well aware of the artistic motive present with the painter when this blue was given; but a knowledge of the natural truth leading to this practice, and the further knowledge of the artistic value of its adoption at the same time leads to a knowledge, likewise, of the very exaggerated scale to which it is pushed, and we were in no wise unprepared for the popular criticism which we heard over and over again during the several hours we sat before this artist's works. "What is the matter with that woman's face; it seems to be stained with blue on the dark side; or is it disease?" The picture under notice is in other respects inferior, and the *pose* and expression somewhat lackadaisical. No. 501, "Italian Peasant Girl with Flowers," is another instance of strong shadow with hard edges; but is in other respects good. 502 and 503, two small productions by this artist, deserve attention, as beautiful instances of colour, and the latter one of expression and ease of action. The head of the Capuchin is very magnificently painted, and its purpose as relates to the incident of the picture charmingly truthful.

The two most important works by this artist, however,—two really great works—are Nos. 504 and 505, respectively, "Morning in the Mountains of Scotland—the Royal Party ascending Loch-na-garr," and "Evening Scene at Balmoral." So far as portraiture is concerned, these drawings may be dismissed with a very few words. It is quite possible to have resemblances to the Queen and Prince Albert, and others of the royal group, but truth of character is altogether absent, and we rather suppose that the artist himself would set up very small claim as a portrait painter. Still the suggestion of the royal party, by even partial resemblance, is satisfactory, as giving a veritableness to the scene, and an assurance that our gracious Queen and her excellent consort spend a portion of the summer gathering healthy and genial influences, among the wild beauties of nature. There are other matters in these really fine works claiming our immediate attention and admiration. The incident illustrated in the first of the drawings is sufficiently indicated by its title. We have the royal party ascending the steep rocky mountain path, if such it may be called, that overhangs one of the deep crevices of Loch-na-garr. Like all mountain paths it is tortuous, and pregnant with danger from the insecurity of the footing, which is impeded continually by rugged underwood, rough and loose debris of the mountain, or by the rills of the mountain storms. On this road, and amidst these difficulties, we note the royal pair with several of the younger members of their "happy family," and a number of attendants with horses, evidently laden with the necessary creature comforts for a "long day on the hills." It is impossible to estimate too highly the successful victory

obtained by the artist over a number of difficulties, especially of drawing. The figures are grouped in most picturesque attitudes. The horses, in marvellously difficult positions, are all drawn with consummate power; and when this is stated, it may be assumed that the painter who is thus skilful in getting over a stupendous difficulty, will not be likely to fail in positions where more tractable models are before him. So far as the imitation of surface is concerned, an equally satisfactory result presents itself, and we have every description of material presented to us as if in bodily presence. One of the most charming portions of the drawing is the wonderful variety attained in the herbage of the hillside as the sun lights up its wilderness of exquisite forms and colours,—a truthfulness that is evidently the result of immediate study. The companion picture shows us the Queen receiving Prince Albert at the portal of Balmoral, upon his return from deer-stalking. The scene is by torchlight, presenting the opportunity for chromatic peculiarities, of which the artist has made admirable use. Our previous observations will apply equally to this picture, so far as executive qualities are concerned; but there is one point claiming special mention. We have already alluded to Haag's power in diffusing light through the whole of his work, and here we observe this particular faculty more decidedly expressed than in any other work that has come under our notice during our more general rambles through the Exhibition. There are three rude torches blazing during the stillness of the moonlit evening, but these torches do not arrest our attention as the light of the drawing; we rather feel their influence pervading the whole surface of the picture, and adding to the interest of action and story.

Although there are infinite differences between Frederick Taylor and old David Cox, and it appears almost absurd to speak of them together, yet they each have one peculiarity in common which will strike our readers very readily. Cox's impatience to realise impression of effect, or rather impatience at the tardiness with which he is enabled to transfer these effects to his picture, would seem to possess Frederick Taylor in the production of his very different class of works. With an evident knowledge of form,—there is yet a loose touch and a hasty shorthand of execution, which tells of a spirit in action and an executive force plunging recklessly at effect and expression, and thereby giving to the surface of his drawings an air of careless handling. Taylor deals, however, with an entirely different class of subjects, as our readers will speedily see upon examining the drawings from No. 872 to 886. These drawings deal almost exclusively with scenes of animal life, showing us the various incidents of sporting pursuits, or of such other doings as naturally admit of animal introductions. One of these drawings we this week engrave; it is among the best of Taylor's exhibited works, and represents, as our readers will see, the royal huntsman and boy assistant leading Her Majesty's buckhounds through the park at Windsor, giving us an exquisite fragment of the royal demesne. The dogs are gloriously drawn and painted, and are presented with a power and freshness of manner which shows how delightfully appreciative Taylor is of the picturesque activity of his canine models. The horse is a masterpiece of colour and execution; but the choicest portion of the drawing is the boy who leads the horse. This, in every quality, in firmness of drawing, in beauty of colour,—but especially in expression,—is decidedly the most charming bit of art we have ever seen from this artist. We must not overlook another beautiful passage in the picture under notice: we allude to that portion which includes the "Old Huntsman" and servant behind. These figures, and other objects which are given in a circle of the drawing of about six inches in diameter, constitute, in themselves, a perfect little gem of artistic beauty.

ANECDOTES OF ARTIST LIFE.

No. II.

Artists have had the whims and caprices of their wealthy patron to study, even in the greatest days of art. Michael Angelo having completed a statue of Soderini, the Galfoniere of Florence, the latter, on seeing it, admired it very much upon the whole, but thought it necessary to discover some points in which it might be improved, and the nose was the respectable organ he fixed upon as the object of his critical attentions. It was a trifle too large, he thought—an appearance which Michael Angelo attempted to explain as resulting from the point of view in which it was then seen, and which would not be the case when seen from the point from which it was intended eventually to be viewed. Still, the Galfoniere was not satisfied; whereupon Michael Angelo seemed to yield to his opinion, and mounting the scaffold with a hammer and chisel in one hand and a little marble dust in the other, pretended to reduce the surface, letting the dust fall with every pretended blow of the hammer. Soderini was highly flattered with this deference to his judgment, and, rubbing his hands approvingly, said, "Now I am better pleased; you have hit it off to the life." How many Soderinis are there amongst our art-patrons of the present day!

Michael Angelo's natural inclination was towards sculpture, not painting; and he only undertook the painting of the Sistine Chapel in compliance with the urgent demands of Julius II., and when he commenced knew nothing of the practice of fresco painting. As a natural consequence, his first essay was a failure; his picture, that of the "Deluge," being quickly covered with a thick mist, owing to the unskilful manner in which the plaster had been prepared. Nothing daunted, however, he tore down all the plaster, had fresh put up, painted the subject again, and this time succeeded. The pope, an old man, was most impatient to see the work finished, and twenty months was all the time Michael Angelo was allowed for his labours. It is supposed that towards the end he hurried over the finishing with greater rapidity than he would otherwise have done, in consequence of a threat of his holiness, that if the work were not completed by a certain day he would have the luckless artist thrown headlong from the scaffold. To avoid this disagreeable climax to his labours, Michael Angelo caused the scaffolding to be taken down before the day; and on All Saints' Day, in 1512, the frescoes were exposed to view and the chapel opened, the pope himself officiating at high mass. The pope was willing that Michael Angelo should retouch the pictures if he thought proper; but he declined to have anything more to do with them; and when it was urged that they ought to be embellished with gilding, to give a characteristic splendour to the church, Michael Angelo replied: "In those days gold was not worn, and the characters I have painted were neither rich nor desirous of wealth, but holy men, with whom gold was an object of contempt."

Leonardo da Vinci, in his practice and temperament, was the very reverse of Michael Angelo—slow, cautious, untiring in his investigation of principles and in his search after models for the completion of his works. The same pope, Julius II., once allotted him a work of considerable extent to do, but seeing him a long time preparing his paints and varnishes, he exclaimed, in despair, "Alas! I see that this man will do nothing, for he spends all his time preparing for the finishing of his work before beginning it." When painting his celebrated "Last Supper," at Milan, he left the head of Judas unfinished for a long time, whilst he was in search for a model of a sufficiently low and depraved type for it. The Father Prior of the convent, who owed him no good will, complained repeatedly and bitterly to the duke of his neglect, which he attributed to idleness, suggesting at the same time that the artist had already been too well paid. In answer to these complaints, Da Vinci frequently excused himself, till at length, worn out and excited to great rage by the Father Friar's importunity, he said, "I have been delayed in the completion of this figure only for want of an appropriate model for the arch-traitor Judas; for though I have sought through the Borghetto, the resort of all the thieves and vagabonds of Milan, day and night, for months past, for the sole purpose of discovering a face well adapted to represent that impious and detestable wretch, I have hitherto been unsuccessful. However, if I do not find one to my purpose soon, rather than delay the picture longer, I will introduce the head of the Father Prior, which will answer the purpose admirably." The duke laughed; the Father Prior was silenced, and only escaped the ignoble notoriety with which he was threatened by a happy accident which threw an appropriate model in the painter's way.

A horrible story is told of Giotto, but, as is now generally supposed, without any foundation in truth. It is to this effect, however,—that being about to paint a picture of the Crucifixion, and being desirous of studying it upon a real model, he induced a poor beggar-man to allow himself to be bound by cords to a cross for an hour, but, having once fastened him there, stabbed him dead, and then completed his drawing. He then took the work to the pope, who admired it much,—when Giotto revealed to him the manner in which he had acted, first obtaining a promise of forgiveness. This promise, however, the pope, on discovering the monstrous crime which had been committed, was induced to retract, and told Giotto that he should surely be put to an exemplary death. The artful painter, with well-assumed submissiveness, only asked to be allowed to complete the picture before he died, which the pope granted, placing a guard over him to prevent his escape. As soon as he obtained back possession of the picture, he daubed it all over with some sort of stuff which made it appear as if the whole work was obliterated; and before he would consent to restore it, obtained the pope's promise of pardon, as well as of a handsome reward, this time under the papal signet. A wet sponge then removed the opaque varnish he had daubed over the picture, and the crucifix, in its original state, appeared to view.

Another instance of cruelty in *dilettanteism* is better authenticated. It carries us to the times when Mahomet II., having broken down the eastern barriers of Europe, was the common terror of all Christian states. Venice, the mistress of the Mediterranean and Levant, sought, from motives of prudence, to establish friendly relations with the grim conqueror. The

sultan, having seen some Venetian paintings, and expressed a desire to cultivate the arts, Gentile Bellini was sent to Constantinople in great state, to paint the portrait of his highness and one of his favourite sultanas. It was with rather singular taste, as we cannot help thinking, that the artist, in addition to these services, volunteered to present the sultan with a historical picture, selecting for his subject the "Decapitation of St. John the Baptist;" and the consequences were more tragical than he could have anticipated. The sight of the gory trophy excited the natural blood-thirst of the chief of the faithful; he admired, criticised the work, but pointed out an error in the study of the neck, where the contraction of the dissevered muscles and skin was not properly represented. Gentile—who had never studied such a subject from the actual life, or death—appeared not to enter with sufficient earnestness into the merits of the sultan's criticism; whereupon the latter, calling for one of his slaves, cut off the wretch's head with a single stroke of his sabre, and continued his discourse with this fearful illustration before them. Bellini was so much alarmed at this incident, that he was not easy till he had made his escape from Constantinople, and found himself back at his native Venice. The portrait of Mahomet II., painted by Bellini when on this mission, is said to be in England.

PRE-RAPH.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

No. II.

BY H. OTTLEY.

A. ORCAGNA (b. 1329, d. 1389), who painted some of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa, was a great master of expression. In his "Last Judgment" is a marvellous admixture of the sublime and the terrible. Michael Angelo borrowed some portions of it in his treatment of the same subject; Raphael and Fra Bartolomeo also are indebted to him. In the Exhibition is a "*Noli me Tangere*," attributed to this artist.

Simone Memmi, of Sienna (b. 1285, d. 1345), made advances in expression and grouping. The little picture exhibited (No. 20), "Christ Returning to his Parents," is wonderful in these respects. Rudely treated, the sentiment of admonition and remonstrance on the part of the parents, and of submission in the youthful Saviour, are unmistakeable.

Taddeo Gaddi (b. 1300, d. ——) was the favourite pupil and godson of Giotto. There is a great sweetness in his expression. (See Nos. 23, 24, and 25.)

Pietro Cavallini (b. 1279, d. 1364) was an artist of great merit and originality, who studied under Giotto at Rome, and who may be considered the first of the distinguished line of painters of the Roman school.

At this period art received a new impetus from the magnificent genius of Lorenzo Ghiberti (b. about 1380, d. 1455), the sculptor, whose bronze gates for the Baptistry of St. John, embellished with scriptural subjects, were the marvel of their time, and have been acknowledged as models of excellence ever since. These works were forty years in completing, and numerous artists were employed in designing and carrying out the various details,—amongst others Masaccio (b. 1402, d. 1443), a poor lad of humble origin, indeed of unknown parentage, who by his genius laid the foundation for a still grander and more perfect style of art than had ever yet been achieved. He gave life and roundness to his figures, a dramatic action to his groups, and first applied the principles of perspective to painting. In his use of colours, particularly in the treatment of flesh, he was so successful as sometimes to approach illusion;—his faces seem to breathe before us. Witness particularly his own portrait, No. 33 in the Exhibition. Can anything be more perfect — so full of character, so unaffectedly real? Masaccio was at once acknowledged as the founder of a new order of things; and his frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel at Florence became a school in which Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and all the greatest men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, studied.

Fra Filippo Lippi (b. 1400, d. 1469) was a favourite pupil of Masaccio. There are fine specimens of his hand (Nos. 43, 47) in the Exhibition.

Sandro Botticelli (b. 1447, d. 1515) again was pupil of Filippo Lippi, and Filipino Lippi (son of Filippo) a pupil of Botticelli. By Botticelli, amongst other works exhibited, is a most interesting one of the "Adoration of the Kings" (No. 51); the Holy Family being represented within the shed or stable; groups of angels praying above, and others dancing in the air and embracing in the foreground. The attitude and expression of the Madonna, kneeling in devout admiration before the Divine Infant, are full of charming sentiment.

Amongst the contemporaries of Botticelli, and who occasionally wrought with him, were Fra Bartolomeo, the friend and mutual instructor of Raphael; Pietro Perugino, the first master of the last named; and Ghirlandajo, the master of Michael Angelo.

Fra Bartolomeo (b. 1469, d. 1517) was at first a pupil of Cosimo Roselli, a painter of no very high merit, who was celebrated for attempting to conceal his weakness in design under gorgeous colouring and adventitious ornament. He afterwards studied the works of Leonardo da Vinci, with such earnestness and success, that he soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most skilful young artists of his time, in design as well as in colouring. He was remarkable for the charming gracefulness and devotional character displayed in his Holy Families, as well as for the breadth, mellowness, and purity of his colourings. Raphael profited much by his acquaintance with him when he visited Florence in 1504. Indeed, Fuseli says that Fra Bartolomeo "was the true master of Raphael, whom his tuition weaned from the meanness of Pietro Perugino." By this master, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, are No. 92, the "Madonna with the Infant Christ and St. John," one of his most admirable performances, so full of warmth and devotional character; No. 93, the "Marriage of St. Catherine;" and No. 91, the "Legend of the Cintola," representing the ascension of the Virgin from the tomb, who is dropping her girdle to St. Thomas; which he painted jointly with his friend Raphael.

Ghirlandajo (b. 1482, d. 1540) was originally brought up to his father's trade of a goldsmith, and invented the ornamental wreath or garland, in silver, which became the fashion with Florentine women, and from which he derived his name. As a painter he was distinguished for the dignity and deportment given to his figures, and a certain nobleness of character in his heads. (See 68, "Portrait of Copernicus.")

Contemporary with the above, also, lived Luca Signorelli, of Cortona (b. 1440, d. 1521), who, by the study of anatomy, improved greatly upon the former style of the drawing of the human form, throwing additional spirit and variety into his attitudes. His "Last Judgment" at Orvieto was studied, and in parts imitated, by Michael Angelo. "Imitò l'andar di Luca," says Vasari, "come può vedere og'uno." (See No. 90, a "Pieta," or Madonna weeping over the dead body of Christ.

Andrea Verocchio (b. 1432, d. 1488), was celebrated for the gracefulness of his heads, and particularly in the arrangement of the hair. He was the master both of Leonardo da Vinci and Pietro Perugino. (By this master see a "Holy Family," No. 69.)

Leonardo da Vinci (b. 1452, d. 1519) was a man of almost universal genius—painter, sculptor, mathematician, architect, engineer, poet, and musician; the whole of the arcana of nature seemed to be revealed to him, and he produced mighty results from their combination. As, however, he divided his attention amongst so many different, but congenial pursuits, his works in painting are few,—many of those attributed to him being more probably from the hand of some of his numerous pupils. His great work, the "Last Supper," in the refectory of the convent of the Grazia, at Milan, has enjoyed a world-wide reputation, and justly so: that grand and solemn event was never more impressively rendered. The varied action of the figures,—the general grouping,—the dignity in the heads, and their speaking expression, it would be impossible to surpass. This picture, which was painted at various intervals between 1481 and 1500, has been usually spoken of as a fresco; but Bossi satisfactorily proves that it was painted in oil colours. In the lapse of time it has become nearly wholly dilapidated; and it has been repaired and painted over till not a vestige of the original work remains. Leonardo was a studious man, a man of research and experiment, and a slow worker. He wrote a treatise upon painting, and investigated the theory of colours and chiaroscuro; and in practice was the first to introduce that mellowness and airiness which give the grandeur and charm to the art of the best period. A Florentine by birth, he was the founder of the Lombard school of painting.

We have thus traced the progress of art, as far as design is concerned, in direct succession from the first dawn of the revival in the early part of the 13th century, down to the most glorious period of the 15th and 16th centuries.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti (b. 1470, d. 1563) was the crowning glory of the Tuscan school; but as he belongs to the period of the zenith of art, when other lights of equal magnitude, though of different character, were in the ascendant, in combination with him, to produce the general scheme of perfection, we defer entering upon the consideration of his merits, and prepare to trace the early progress of the revival in the other schools of Italy.

One artist, however, remains to be mentioned in connection with the early art of Florence, who, although he did not participate in the new movement, nor derived instructions from the classic models referred to by his compeers, produced works which were of abiding influence upon succeeding art. Fra Angelico da Fiesole (b. 1387, d. 1455), the modest painter monk, who never wrought for hire, but for the single glory of God, and who never began to paint without praying to heaven for aid and inspiration, was a noble specimen of the pure religious art which, from the earliest periods, still found refuge in the cloisters. As his name implies, his touch in the treatment of angels and other holy personages, was peculiar for its delicacy and heavenly character. There was also considerable vigour and truth in his conception. His "Last Judgment," from Lord Ward's collection (No. 36), is a singular and striking production. There are two others by his hand, the "Entombment of the Virgin" (No. 33), belonging to Mr. F. Maitland, but formerly in the Ottley collection, which is remarkable for intense character in the heads. Benozzo Gozzoli (d. 1478), was a pupil of Fra Angelico, and an artist of immense power; fertile of invention, exquisitely graceful in design, and most painstaking and happy in execution; his chief works are in the Campo Santo, at Pisa.

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. III.

Among those who cannot fail to excite our interest when seeking to become better acquainted with the history of art in this country, will be found the names of Wilson and Romney. We shall see in this gallery how well they sustained the character of British artist; and we shall learn, if we search into their histories, that something more than talent, or even genius, is required to make us wise and happy. As we look upon these sunny landscapes of Wilson, we can scarcely realise the fact that he painted them in the very depths of poverty, or when turning to the innocence and simplicity of those children who are designated "Lord Stanley and his Sister," or to that amiable face, "Serena," that the man who put such gentleness and apparent goodness upon canvas could abandon home and those having the first claim upon his affection. There are too often observable strange incongruities in relation with these art-influences. Men of originally coarse habits, purified into gentleness and refinement,—and, on the other hand, characters stamped with delicacy and geniality, full of hope, bright and glowing and healthy as the scenes and atmosphere they daily studied, turning from all this beauty, material and spiritual, and sinking into what is merely grovelling and base. Verily the canvas is no true index to character.

Wilson, the son of a Welsh clergyman, showed an early propensity for damaging his father's parlour walls, by covering them with curious indications of men and animals, by means of a burnt stick. This and further indications of the artistic faculty, induced a relative by the mother's side—she was of the Wynns of Leeswold—to send the youth to London, where he was placed under the care of a second or rather a third-rate portrait painter. He appears to have made but little progress in "face-making," but "waiting one morning for Zucarelli, the artist, he painted, to beguile the time, a scene, upon which the window of his friend looked, with so much grace and effect that Zucarelli was astonished, and inquired if he had studied landscape. Wilson replied that he had not. "Then I advise you (said the other), to try, for you are sure of great success." This advice, seconded by that of Vernet, in a manner the most generous, determined Wilson—then about 36 years of age—to visit Italy, where he studied the spirit rather than the manner of the great masters, and after a residence of six years in the sunny south, we find him again in England, full of hope and ambition,—about the year 1753. His reputation had preceded him, and he, at once, found favour among the men at that period distinguished for taste and talent. Commissions also came from the Duke of Cumberland and the Marquis of Tavistock, the former purchasing his "Niobe," the latter his "View of Rome." Hayman, then librarian to the Royal Academy, died about this period, and Wilson solicited and received the appointment,—a place of small profit, but then, as after, acceptable to one who had to contend against the difficulties arising from a want of due recognition on the part of the public to whom he had to appeal. He found the great folks would pay for their faces, but not for the glowing landscape which he threw upon the canvas. He had the feeling of the poet when he went out into the country and looked upon the scenes of beauty spread around him, and he came back to his studio full of creative power and hope for the future. But promise after promise faded like the leaves of autumn,—men who followed and flattered the ruling fashion of the day drove past his miserable garret in their carriages, whilst he was producing "Ceyx and Alcyone" for "a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese." His very existence seemed to depend upon the pawnbrokers "to whose hands many of his fairest works were consigned wet from the easel." "Why, look you Dick," said one of these worthy gentlemen, who had a number of his landscapes stowed away amongst dusty lumber, "you know I wish to oblige you, but see! there are all the pictures I have paid you for these three years." These were the sunny canvasses which connoisseurs now eagerly run after, offering large rolls of bank-notes in exchange for them.

Wilson was certainly not the most refined of men, and the desperate condition in which he found himself did not tend to improve his habits; but he had other difficulties to contend against, the enmity of Reynolds not being the least. Misfortune brought also bitterness of feeling; he turned upon those whom he considered his enemies, and occasionally with a wrath



WILSON.—"NIOBE."

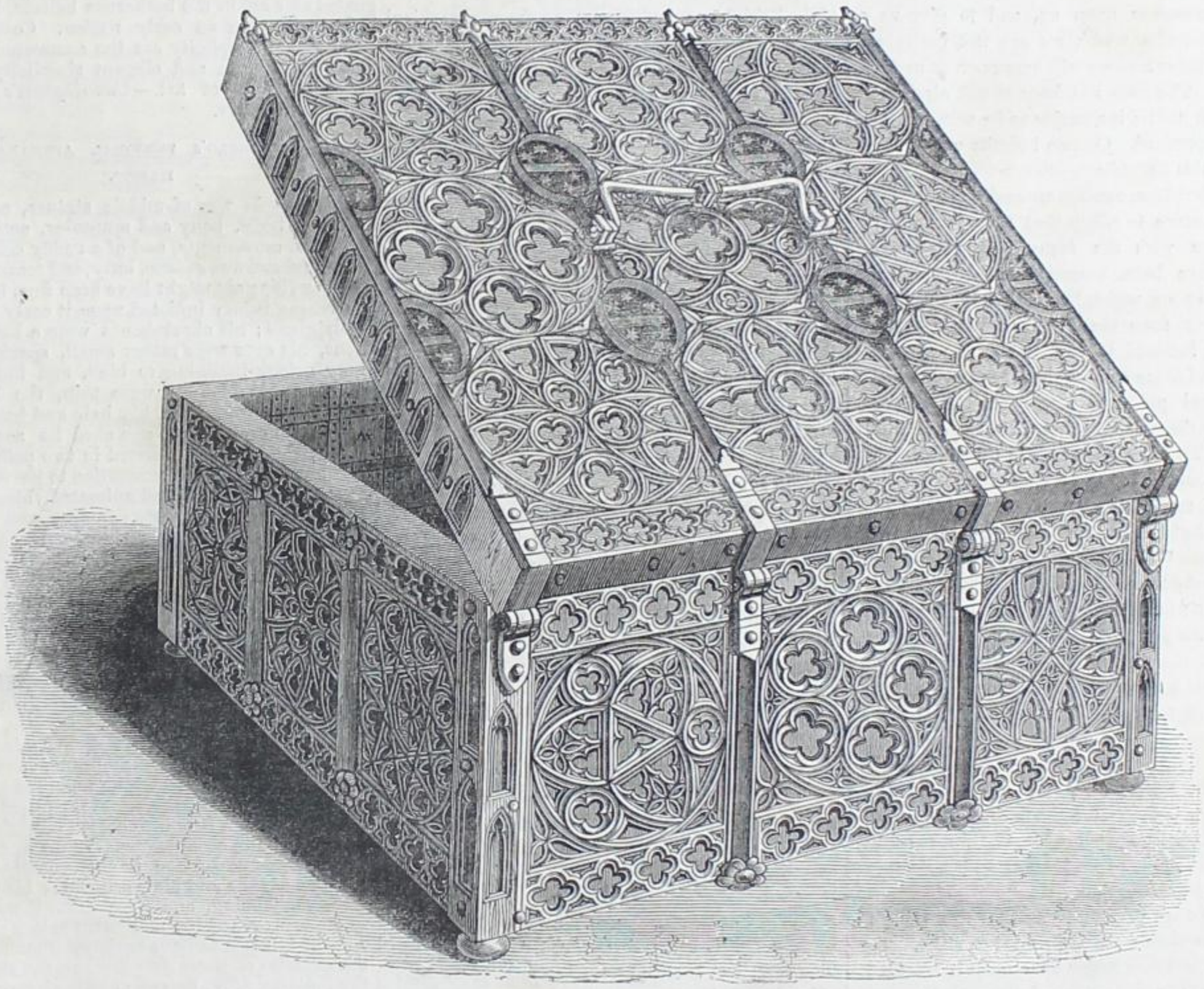
engendered by something approaching to despair. "When Zoffani," says Cunningham, "in his satiric picture of the Royal Academy, represented him with a pot of porter at his elbow, he instantly selected, like Johnson on an occasion little dissimilar, a proper stout stick, and vowed he would give the caricaturist a satisfactory thrashing." Zoffani only escaped the *mawl*-stick by passing his brush over the offensive part.

When talent in any particular direction has missed the mark at which it aimed, the fall is often rapid. We are too apt to leave the one who has been singled out from the crowd, to the fate which awaits him. Success is the idol of our sympathy. As age came upon Wilson he removed to an inferior order of dwelling-house,—"from a fashionable street to one cheap and obscure," until he found himself in a small room somewhere about Tottenham Court Road; "an easel and a brush, a chair and a table, a hard bed

with few clothes, a scanty meal and the favorite pot of porter, were all that he could call his own," and these secured through the miserable stipend he received as librarian to the academy, and by the sale of sketches which he sold for half-a-crown each, expressing, on one occasion, "gratitude to Paul Sandby for purchasing a number of them at a small advance of price." He was, at length, reduced to such a point that, when receiving a commission from a lady of rank, through the introduction of a young friend, an admirer of his genius, he took the youth by the arm, looked feelingly in his face, and said, "Your kindness is all in vain—I am wholly destitute—I cannot even purchase proper canvas and colour for these paintings." When sight was failing,—when the skilful hand had almost forgot its cunning, and his manly spirit,—manly throughout his continued battle with fortune,—was beginning to droop, there came help at last in the announcement that, through the death of a brother, a small estate had become his, near the village of Llanberris;—and there he immediately took up his residence among the beauties of natural scenery he so much loved, and which he has done so much towards illustrating. He now painted little, however, but seemed to enjoy the glorious works by which he was surrounded, and the respect of his neighbours. "The stone on which he loved to sit, the tree under which he shaded himself from the sun, and the stream on the banks of which he commonly walked, are all remembered and pointed out by the peasantry." But the time had come—his enjoyment of this brief respite from worldly anxieties was to suddenly close. "Walking out one day, accompanied by a favourite dog, whether exhausted by fatigue, or overcome by some sudden pain, Wilson sank down, and found himself unable to rise. The sagacious animal ran home, howled, pulled the servants by their clothes, and at last succeeded in bringing them to the aid of his master. He was carried home, but he never fairly recovered from the shock. He complained of weariness and pain, refused nourishment, and languished and expired in May, 1782, in the 69th year of his age."

At the period of Wilson's career, we were not yet emancipated from that mere imitation of the classic which has done so much in retarding the progress of our English school. We were still attempting to compete with a crowd of great masters in a field of beauty and grandeur which it had taken centuries to accumulate. We had not faith in nature, nor in our own natural instincts. Wilson gave us his "Niobe" (32), a landscape of remarkable power, in which the lurid light and the dark masses of shadow are in themselves sufficient to win our acknowledgment of the poetry that was within him,—and at the same time he put mythology into the sky, bringing the pagan deity to slay, rather than the "forked lightning." He could not trust to his own individual feeling, but must pay tribute to Gaspar Poussin. His Italian studies had no doubt to answer for this; but when he came to throw aside these artificialities, when he sat down before our own streams, or wandered through our rich woods, or clambered our hill sides, how the true national spirit stirred him, we may see in the landscape (38), "Vale of Llangollen," with its Claude-like warmth, and that listless figure who waits with a true angler's patience, lounging over the bank for the dip of the float and a promising nibble. In this class of picture we have all the dewy character of our English landscape, all that dim, hazy lustre which gives roundness and softness to our distances, as opposed to the clearly defined outline of castle, crag or foliage of a continental view. Once emancipated from the artificial school, and Wilson took his true position, and has maintained it, even with Turner as competitor, among the first of our British artists.

The subject of "Niobe" will be known to those of our readers who are familiar with the old classic writers. To those who are not, it may be briefly stated. Niobe, daughter of King Tantalus, and wife of Amphion, was the mother of seven sons and seven daughters; and, proud of the number and beauty of her children, she had the imprudence to boast herself as superior to Latona, who had only two, Apollo and Diana. Latona complained of this insult to her immortal offspring; and immediately all the sons of Niobe perished by the shafts of Apollo, and her daughters by the darts of Diana; and Niobe herself was turned into stone.



CASKET, OR FORCIER.

In one of the cases placed against the right-hand wall of the grand nave, near the Bernal Collection, will be found several curious little caskets, and amongst them the one of which we give an engraving, taken from the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Eu, in Normandy. These curious and early Christian reliquaries—the casket, or forcier, as they were called—bear close resemblance to each other, being generally ornamented externally with Gothic tracery, whilst inside we find some Scripture subject in painting, illustrative of passages in the life of the saint whose relics they originally contained. The one before us belongs to the fourteenth century, and was most probably taken from its religious sanctuary at the period of the first French revolution, when everything which had relation to the church and its ordinances became subjected to desecration. Even this little box, apparently so little worthy of our attention in the midst of such a concourse of great works of art, has an interesting story to tell, if we would only turn our thoughts to the period when its contents were considered worthy of something like devotion, and note the progress we have since made.

THE EXHIBITION UNDRESSED.

THERE have been so many fancies—shall we say fairy-like fancies?—set at work upon the exposition of the art-show at Old Trafford, and the poetry of description has received therefrom so special an impetus, that there appears to us some danger of this expository duty getting clear away from all mundane matters and floating in an empyrean of its own. It may be pardoned to enthusiasts in art that they should be lifted for a time off their feet by this splendid constellation of art-stars or comets; for, besides the crowd of beautiful things appealing so directly to their souls, there is the still greater incentive of a gathering of men of like passions with themselves, who are diffusing an enthusiastic atmosphere around them, and, so to speak, hounding each other on into a full cry of frenzy. We have the view halloo of the art-Nimrods of all nations, and they take five-barred gates of gratification after a fashion which astonishes the bystanding yokels, who at length sympathetically kick up their heels, they know not why. But we must be careful that we do not get deluded by spurious sportsmen of this genus, who desire to take advantage of the popular feeling, and, perhaps, the popular ignorance, to foist off windy and gingerly nonsense upon us, and to give us a notion of benefits which we are not receiving, and which those notions will ever prevent us from receiving. The note has been struck already at a very high pitch; it remains to be seen whether it can be sustained. Certain benefits will be conferred by this Exhibition—this is fortunately unavoidable; but these benefits are easily measurable, and we venture to affirm that they will not be co-extensive with the many prophecies that already have been hazarded regarding them. To several pens which have already spluttered complacency from the Art-Treasures text, we should be inclined to say, "*Not so fast*"—the good time of art is coming, but it is not yet here. The general public is raw upon the subject. Great as is the present effort, it is but a preliminary one. There are elements in this Exhibition, not akin at all to art, which make it talked about, and which render it attractive. If ladies and gentlemen had to go to Old Trafford in deal cases, and see each for himself the several pictures so shrouded, only the light above and the art-treasures before them; in other words, if they had to go solely for the pictures—to look at the pictures, and not at their neighbours—how many season tickets would have been sold, how many crinolines have choked the turnstiles? We do not write this in a cynical spirit, for no one enjoyed that lane of well-dressed women which adorned the nave on the 5th of May, more than we. Our purpose now is to resolve the merits of this business into their true proportions, and not to set up a hocus-pocus case of high art and high art love, which the least breath of genuine criticism must dispel. We are very desirous that this effort in Manchester should not be paraded on stilts. The enterprise and skill which have made it what it is have been genuine. We believe the general public can form no adequate notion of the amount of labour required for this end. The cheerful response from the throne, from peers of the realm and commoners, to the appeals of Mr. Deane, have been genuine. We believe that all that the Prince Consort said at the opening, in relation to the Exhibition, was genuine. In this direction there has been no taint of bombast, no turgid condescension, no preposterous pretence. Our earnest desire is that this Realism may continue, and that, in our estimates of the influence which this display will exercise upon Manchester and upon the kingdom generally, we should be modest and careful, dealing justly with facts as they present themselves, and avoiding, above all things, that dauby colouring of puffery which is fit only for advertising quacks and perambulating vans.

Our present experience of the Exhibition leads us to the opinion that up till now little has been done in the way of careful study and inspection by the general mass of visitors. The novelty of the show as a whole, the distraction afforded by its magnitude and variety, leading people hither and thither without a fixed purpose, have held the educational and refining influences of the affair in suspense. People have greeted each other as if they had met them in other lands, and by unaccustomed shores; like schoolboys and schoolgirls at the commencement of a new "half," the regular school work has not commenced, and with some it never will commence. Some have not yet forgotten the manifold glories of the inauguration; the strange court costumes which remind one of Sir Peter Teazle; the footman dress, called the Windsor uniform; the cerulean insignia of the most noble order of the Garter; the verdant riband which commemorates the good St. Andrew; and those gorgeous flunkies of the British court which call up the geographical outline of the Calf of Man. The gay tints of these pictures of the modern school must fade and be dissolved ere the handiworks of the mighty, solemn dead can be thoroughly conceived. Then last week there were some of us "begging off," because Lord John had arrived, and was to be seen by the curious two days out of the six. The serious, loving student of art will have a word to say about those so-called fashionable Thursdays, sacred to two-and-sixpence, and to solos on the flute.

Nevertheless we believe that even the most thoughtless block of millinery in the palace, intent upon robe and bonnet, and careless of Rafaell and Murillo, will unconsciously imbibe some of the better spirit of the scene, and that the eye momentarily resting upon those forms divine will, to some extent, at all events, be tutored into the perception of grace and beauty, and be schooled for the future to reject their counterfeits. After all, the cream of the benefit which is to result from this display will be for us in Manchester. The thousands who will come from distant parts with day-tickets, to make a holiday and to take refreshment, will stroll in and stroll out, with small results for good, either to art or to themselves. Art will cling to them only in the ratio of water to the duck's back; whereas, our own fellow-citizens, whose study of the treasures may be interrupted one day, will come back the next, and try back along the broad expanse of mental effort, and catch at length the useful and the sweet. This we hope will be the issue in many instances. People in precincts more sacred than the Palace of Art have gone to scoff and remained to pray. There will, no doubt, be scoffers at Old Trafford; but their numbers will be inconsiderable. In their stead will be the frivolous and the idle, making that temple a parade ground, insulting the shades of the mighty men of genius, whose trophies hang around, with the silly vanities of fashion, and vexing the true worshippers. But even amongst such will strike sometimes the conviction of a more appropriate spirit, and the pregnant meaning of those works be made manifest. If there be sermons in stones, appealing sometimes successfully to hearts almost petrified, surely there must be a design of equal import in those inspired productions of the artist masters, which held up aforetime to the unlettered mind the most solemn incidents of human history, and even now, in the fuller light of mental culture, recal more forcibly than words the same solemn events.

P. L.

FINE ARTS AND MECHANICAL INVENTION.

Poetry, painting, sculpture, and music are the natural offspring of the heart of man. They are found amongst the most barbarous nations; they flourish among the most civilized; and springing from nature, and not from necessity or accident, they can never be wholly lost in the most disastrous changes. In this they differ from mere inventions; and, compared with mechanical discoveries, are what a living tree is to a log of wood. It may indeed be said that the tongue of poetry is occasionally silent, and the hand of painting sometimes stayed; but this seems not to affect the ever-living principle which I claim as their characteristic. They are heard and seen again in their season, as the birds and flowers are at the coming of spring; and assert their title to such immortality as the things of earth may claim. It is true that the poetry of barbarous nations is rude, and their attempts at painting uncouth; yet even in these we may recognise the foreshadowings of future excellence, and something of the peculiar character which, in happier days, the genius of the same tribe is to stamp upon worthier productions. The future Scott, or Lawrence, or Chantrey, may be indicated afar off in the barbarous ballads, drawings, or carvings, of an early nation. Coarse nature and crude simplicity are the commencement, as elevated nature and elegant simplicity are the consummation of art.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

MICHAEL ANGELO'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS.

M. Angelo was of middle stature, of a spare habit of body, bony and muscular, active in his gait and movements, and of a ruddy complexion. His forehead was square, lofty, and somewhat projecting; his nose might have been fine, but for the flattening injury inflicted upon it early in life by Torrigiano; his cheek-bones were a little prominent, his eyes were rather small, sparkling, of a grey colour inclining to blue, and but slightly over-shaded; his lips were thin, the lower lip somewhat projecting; his hair and beard raven black, till extreme old age shed its snows upon them; the beard terminated in two points. The cranium was large in proportion to the face. His aspect was amiable and animated, blended with an expression of resolute firmness and decision. He was rather broad in the shoulders, but his limbs were in good proportion. His habits of temperance were rigid. In youth, when absorbed in study, or by professional labour, he lived chiefly on bread and a little wine; and in old age he exercised the greatest moderation. At the age of sixty-six, when pursuing the gigantic labour of painting the "Last Judgment," he contented himself with little more than a frugal repast at the close of the day. He was, in consequence, ever active both in body and mind, seldom accepted or gave invitations to dinner; and declined receiving presents, which he regarded as involving dangerous obligations. He required but little sleep, and often rose in the dead of night to pursue his artistic occupations. In an age of gross venality and corruption, he shone forth as a model of strict honour and high principle; his hatred of intrigue, jobbing, and peculations it was which so often provoked the malignant spleen of a party who had hoped to have enriched themselves by the exercise of these arts through the medium of the building of St. Peter's; and his irreproachable morals formed a striking contrast to those of the times in which he lived. Those qualities, united to his philosophical turn of mind and intense devotion to art, disposed him to contemplation and solitude. Hence he acquired the reputation of being proud and singular; but it was only in the above sense that he courted solitude, for his heart was inclined to friendship and he enjoyed the intimacy of many of the most distinguished of his contemporaries.—*Harford's Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti.*

SOME THOUGHTS UPON THE SPIRITUAL IN ART.

By C. A. Duval.

No. 1.

It seems to me that the first condition to the existence of matter is life and intelligence. The The Indian myth, which placed the world upon the back of a tortoise in a symbolical way, only affirmed this—that life preceded, and is the foundation of all. I don't mean that the matter of which this world is composed was in its first state living matter, although, even for such a supposition, extraordinary as it may seem, there is some ground, when we remember that the immense strata which girdle it are the remains of creatures so minute that it would require millions to fill up a square inch; but I mean that the first element or condition to the being or existence of matter is life, and the first condition to the existence of life is intelligence or spirit; that intelligence or spirit stamps itself upon life and matter; that they bear its image or impress with more or less of resemblance, and that the infinite variety in the development of matter and of life is in a small way emblematical of the infinite intelligence;—in other words, that the Divine Spirit, according to the limit of our capacities, is to be seen and known with absolute certainty in His works, that we ourselves and all that we see, all that lives and moves, and is, from the atom and the insect, visible only under the microscope, to the sun of some distant system, with all the gradations and links binding each to all included in the universe, are the forms of the thoughts and speech which declare that the spiritual is the real, and that without the spiritual there would be nothing. To put it in another way. The existence of matter necessitates the perception of matter, because matter and its perception make up one idea, and cannot be separated. This idea does not belong exclusively to man, for, if it did, then the existence of matter would depend upon his existence. Now we know that it preceded all animal existence whatsoever—all vegetable, mineral existence, and even chaos; it is, therefore, an idea of the eternal and infinite mind in which man and other animals are permitted to share.

In and upon matter, then, this eternal and infinite mind manifests itself with more or less distinctness to our perceptions as a reality and a fact. Whether it be in form, arrangement, use, life, intelligence, or soul or spirit, each part or portion indicates a designing force or power; beginning with the inanimate atom, and running through innumerable gradations up to man, it seems to point him out as the immediate link between the material or visible, and the real or spiritual.

Now, the illustration of this all-important fact, that the spiritual exists in nature, is or ought to be the aim of art, for art is itself the operation of the spiritual in man, through and upon the material in nature; it is the faint and distant echo of creation sounding through him; and by whatever recombination of correspondences he seeks to represent one thing by another,—however he may work, with earth, with iron, or with stone, by forms or colours, words or sounds,—by whatever means he endeavours to express his affinity and sympathy with the infinite around him,—in all that he produces, the original law which presided over his own formation stamps itself upon his work: the light which shines through him is, more or less, impinged with the hues of his own character; and that work (whatever it may represent besides), in all its analogies, is, and must be, in his own image. To him it is also both objective and subjective; and the same, in varied degrees, may be said of all who hear or see it. The importance, then, of selecting for the purposes of art whatever manifests most clearly the spiritual in nature is obvious. Mere material imitation gives us the pleasure of surprise; but the contemplation of the meaning of the soul creates reverence, and reverence leads to worship, and worship is the highest expression of life.

Art, then, in its occult sense, is worship, homage, adoration, sometimes prayer.

Music (of which as a science I know too little to be able to follow through its beautiful order and its precise laws) seems to be the least imitative of the arts, or, I should rather say, it shows more clearly than any other the small value of imitation by itself, and considered merely as imitation; but it is full of correspondences, and herein is its great power. This lifts it into poetry, and makes it worship.

Correspondences are not similes, or likenesses, or analogies merely; as I shall have to use this word very often, it would be as well to define what is meant by it, but affinities or representatives. Music is full of these. The answer of the blind man, when asked what he conceived the colour of scarlet to be like, is an apt illustration. He replied, "The sound of a trumpet." This is not only an analogy, but a correspondence, an affinity or representative. The blare of the sound and the glare of the colour equally startle the ear and the eye, equally dominate other sounds and colours, and have their correspondence, spiritually, in enegetic passion—wrath. "In the last day the trumpet shall sound, and the sun be turned into blood." In many pictures that I have seen of the Last Judgment, the angel blowing the trumpet has been painted in robes of intense red. The correspondences of sound and colour are so close and intimate, that many pieces of music might be painted, and many pictures sung. The correspondences of sound and form, though numerous, are more hidden; but a few are obvious enough. A sudden shrill sound corresponds with a sharp point; a monotonous, continuous sound, with a straight line; a full, round tone, with a globe or circle; discords, with the irregular and angular. All these, in a still more hidden way, have correspondences in our own feelings and emotions. A high, shrill sound and a point represent sudden excitement; a line and a prolonged tone, indifference; a full, round tone and a globe or circle, satisfaction or contentment; and so on.

These ideas may be thought fanciful. If we knew more, it might be possible to show that they, and much more, also, were true; it is enough here to indicate them as something not dreamt of in "your philosophy, Horatio," and as the means by which music has its expression. It is thus that it is able to tell us when "jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops,"—steeps us in the fragrance of dew and violets, and opening roses,—brings hope to our minds, and touches our hearts with pity, purity, and love. There is scarcely a hue or form in material nature, a passion or sentiment in the soul of man, that has not its corresponding sound, and yet not by imitation. The sounds of the early farm-yard, or even the singing of the lark, would be but a clumsy way of telling us of the "jocund morn;" and though "wearied nature's best restorer, balmy sleep," might be hinted by a well-executed snore, it would remind us more of toasted cheese and porter, than of that interval between light and darkness, life and death—that solemn hour when night reposes, covered with the glittering dust and star-sweat of the day.

Like every other work of art, a piece of music is subjective; there are many people who cannot find anything in it except noise—Mozart's Requiem and the "jig polthogue" are the same to them, except that one is slow and the other quick. But when you come to the imitation of familiar sounds, it is quite another affair,—the bagpipes executed on the violin, or the cackling of geese, the braying of an ass, or the squealing of a pig, excite their sympathies to admiration. These are the people who believe a looking-glass to be the best definition of a picture. By possibility they may understand the post-horn of M. Jullien, or the clattering of horses' hoofs done with a rolling-pin on the floor of the orchestra; but as to one of Bethoven's pastorals, or his divine opera "Fidelio," the meaning is as completely hidden as fire is in water. But of all ideas, that of darkness, one would be inclined to say, was the most difficult to convey in sound; yet, in Handel's "Israel in Egypt," this and the plague of hail are so wonderfully given as to make the storm felt and the "darkness visible." With this marvellous power of representing external nature, there is that also of laying bare the hidden springs of our own thoughts and feelings, and soothing or exciting them to action. Love strains, battle marches, hymns of triumph or of prayer, lullabies and dirges—music drawing its inspiration from the spiritual meets us at the very entrance of life, accompanies us through its joys and sorrows and its cares,—and leaves us only on the threshold of that realm of harmony from whence it came.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Science for ever sees her limits fly:
A conquering Power in transitory near,
The common world of common eye and ear,
Yet can *she* commune with the highest high?
Nay, she not seldom putteth out the eye,
And chokes the ear that communes with divine;
She kneels not at the spirit's inmost shrine;
There is no Jacob's ladder in *her* sky!

Thine are the exalting functions, holy Art;
Thou can'st translate the soul to cloudless prime,
Bring down from realms that know nor time nor space
Pure Apparitions that content the heart;
Thou fills't the spirit with the peace sublime
Of who with God hold commune face to face.

June 2nd, 1857. J. Cameron.

INVITATION.

Fair maids of Manchester, oh! enter ye
The gates of Art's perpetual Paradise!
Here grows the fruit that giveth mortal eyes
Vision divine the higher world to see;
With gracious steps draw near the wondrous tree,
Softly draw near with gently opened palm,
The conscious apple through the golden calm
Drops—taste and see how Earth as Heaven *can* be!

What peace supreme in yon horizon dim!
Lo! mortal men assume the port of gods!
What light and shadow in yon blessed clime!
They haunt that garden still, the cherubim!
Oh! blissful vision of the bright abodes!
Divine apocalypse of thought sublime.

June 7th, 1857. J. Cameron.

SCULPTURE.



"SUNSHINE."—J. DURHAM.

The subject selected by Mr. Durham in the statue, a drawing from which we have this week selected for one of our illustrations, requires very little explanation. Story there is none, nor sentiment, except that which arises from the contemplation of the beautiful. It is the simplicity of the figure, the natural action which we observe half-a-dozen times in a day as we walk along a sandy beach, or through pleasant meadows "in the leafy month of June," with hot sunshine over head. There is nothing to startle us, nothing to excite, but we look upon a finely-chiselled figure gracefully because naturally posed, and we are at once carried into the warmth of summer, and surrounded by many pleasant remembrances. This, surely, is one of the best evidences of artistic success. The subject does not certainly admit of the highest development of art, but it is nevertheless of a character to please the eye, and at the same time to suggest agreeable, we might almost venture to say, elevating associations. There is evidently no small share of the poetic in Mr. Durham's nature, or he would scarcely have ventured upon a subject of so much simplicity, and have left to us so much to admire in its execution. Perhaps one part of his success arises from concentrating the observer's attention upon the one idea,—there is no detail to distract our thought, to divert the eye from that sun-lighted face;—we think of nothing but warmth and flowers, and a clear, fresh atmosphere, loaded with healthy fragrance. The more we become acquainted with beauty, the more of it do we discover in nooks and corners which an uncultivated taste would have passed by, and the higher do we estimate its influences. He who can fathom the depths of the greatest genius will the sooner estimate the simplest form of beauty. Sculpture is, consequently, a fine study in seeking such knowledge, and there is no form of art the influences of which steal so imperceptibly into the heart of the enquirer, or that find greater welcome there, when once a gracious familiarity has been established. How soon we forget that we are looking upon a nude figure, in the contemplation of this fair marble. The sensual has no place here. Hazlitt has somewhere said, "The female divinities of the ancients were goddesses because they were *ideal*, rather than that they were *ideal* because they belonged to the class of goddesses." By their own beauty they were deified.

"Sunshine" will be found in the centre nave, No. 85.

THE POISON CUP.

The ornamental cup, an illustration of which we present to our readers this week, is one less curious perhaps in its character as a work of art, than for the history, or we may rather say, tradition, in which it is somewhat mysteriously enveloped. The words "poison cup" are fearfully expressive; they carry us back to the dark days of a Borgia, or a Brinvillers; to a terrible depravity which for a season appeared to have taken possession of a class of people with whom ignorance or coarse brutality could scarcely be considered as the source of guilt. We may find in the remarkable assemblage of historical portraits gathered together in the great nave of the Art-Treasures Exhibition more than one of these sad memorials of wretched humanity, and instances of recent date would tend to show that such acts were not the products of a barbarous age only. But this same title "Poison Cup" in relation with the piece of ornament before us, is supposed to be a misnomer. The cup was no receptacle for the fatal drug; the "winking beads that bubbled at the brim" were



composed of something more cordial. The tradition refers to its preventive qualities,—the cover is surmounted by a crystal gem, and this was considered by our forefathers as a charm against treachery, for "if the draught in the cup were poisoned, the gem would infallibly have broken to pieces." This is the account handed down for the last three or four centuries to and by the various masters of Clare Hall, Cambridge, through whose hands the cup has passed. The gem we are glad to say remains still unbroken, though many a bountiful draught has been drained out of the precious relic, sufficient no doubt to stamp it with the name of "Poison Cup" in the estimation of many of our worthy and earnest friends, the total abstainers. The cup is formed of green glass, fillagreed over with an outer case of silver gilt; and though the ornamentation, or the general design as to form, presents nothing strikingly indicative of an elegant taste or elaborate workmanship, it is yet curious in character, and a copy may be considered worthy of being preserved in our pages, as the original has been in the old hall of Clare. It is said to have been presented to the college by the learned physician William Butler, in the reign of James I.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Wilkie used to say, that after receiving one of Sir George Beaumont's critical letters, he always painted with more alacrity for the rest of the day: an artist feels the presence—the enlightening and enlivening power of sympathy, even when it comes in the shape of censure. If the genius of Allston languished in America, certainly it was not for want of patronage so called—it was not for want of praise. The Americans, more particularly those of his own city, were proud of him and his European reputation. Whenever a picture left his easel, there were many to compete for it. They spoke of pictures of Allston which existed in the palaces of English nobles,—of Lord Egremont's "Jacob's Dream," of the Duke of Sutherland's "Uriel in the Sun,"—and they triumphed in the astonishment and admiration of a stranger, who started to find Venetian sentiment, grandeur, and colour in the works of a Boston painter, buried out of sight, almost out of mind, for five-and-twenty years—a whole generation of European amateurs. Though glorified by his fellow-citizens, and conscious that he had achieved an immortality on earth, it did strike me when I was in Allston's society, that some inward or outward stimulus to exertion was wanting; that the ideal power had of late years overwhelmed his powers of execution; that the life he was living as an artist was neither a healthy nor a happy life. He dreamed away, or talked away whole hours in his painting-room, but he painted little. He had fallen into a habit which must be perdition to an artist,—a habit of keeping late hours, sleeping in the morning, and giving much of the night to reading, or to conversation. I heard complaints of his dilatoriness. He said of himself with a sort of consciousness, and in a deprecating tone, "You must not judge of my industry by the number of pictures I have painted, but the number I have destroyed." In a letter from one of his friends now lying before me, I find a passage alluding to this point, which deserves to be transcribed for its own feeling and beauty, as well as its bearing on the subject. "Often have I rebelled against the unthinking judgments which are sometimes passed upon Allston, because he does not produce more works: he is sometimes called idle; let those who make the charge first try to comprehend the largeness and the fineness of his views of fame." (What these views were we shall see presently n his own words.) "What right have I to sit in judgment upon genius, until I know more of that mysterious organisation which, however lawless it may seem to others, is yet a law to itself? this, that, and the other thing I would amend; am I quite sure that in so doing, I should not break or mar the whole? We must take genius as it is, and thank it for what it gives us, and thank Heaven for having given us *it*. How beautifully the intellectual and spiritual part of Allston's nature is blended with his genius as an artist, you have seen and felt; it is the spirit of the man which hallows his works. You once said we had no right to him—that you envied us the possession of such a man. Oh, envy us not!—rob us not of the little we have, which can call off our American mind from the absorbing and hot pursuit of vulgar wealth, and the love of perishing things, to those calm contemplations which embody in immortal forms the beautiful and the true." * * * * He was an admirable narrator, his good stories being often invented for the occasion. The vivacity of his conceptions, and the glowing language in which he could clothe them, rendered his conversation inexpressibly delightful and exciting. I remember, after an evening spent with him, returning home very, very late—(I think it was near three in the morning)—with the feelings of one who had been *magnetised*. Could I remember in detail anything he said I should not here report it, but I will give one or two passages from my notes which show that he could paint with words as well as with pigments. He says in one of his letters—"I saw the sun rise on lake Maggiore—such a sunrise! *the giant Alps seemed, literally, to rise from their purple beds, and putting on their crowns of gold to send up a Hallelujah almost inaudible!*" In speaking of a picture—the "Entombment of the Virgin," "in which the expression and the tremendous depth of colour" had forcibly struck him, he said, "*it seemed as I looked at it as if the ground shook under their tread, as if the air were darkened by their grief.*" When a young painter brought him a landscape for his inspection, he observed, "*Your trees do not look as if the birds would fly through them!*" About four or five years ago he published a romance entitled "Moldini," which I thought ill constructed as a story, but which contained some powerful descriptions, and some passages relative to pictures and to art such as only a painter-poet could have written. It is said, I know not how truly, that he has left a series of lectures on painting in a complete state: these, no doubt, will be given to the public. His death took place on the 9th of June, 1843. After a cheerful evening spent with his friends, the pang of a single moment released his soul to its immortal home. He had just laid his hands on the head of a favourite young friend, and after begging her to live as near perfection as she could, he blessed her with fervent solemnity. Even with that blessing on his lips he died. He was buried by torch-light, in the beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, where hundreds had gathered round to look, for the last time, on a face which death had scarcely changed, save that "the spirit had left her throne of light."—*Mrs. Jameson's "Memoirs and Essays."*

PICTURE TALK.
POINTS OF CRITICISM.
No. III.

By H. Ottley.

Light and shade are essential conditions of colouring; and a superior knowledge of *chiaroscuro*, that is, of the proper gradations of light and shade on certain planes of the picture, and in certain conditions of the sky and atmosphere, and the modification of colour effected by them, is one of the most difficult problems in art. The realisation of aerial tints and of reflected lights and tints, enters without limit into its consideration. The establishment of a focus of light, which shall attract the eye in the first instance to the most important part of the picture, and then of leading lights, which shall afterwards conduct it to the other parts in the order of their relative importance, is the proof of success in *chiaroscuro*.

The observer of nature,—whoever, in short, has paid attention to the different aspect of the same landscape when contemplated at different seasons of the year, or at different hours of the day–in bright and cloudy, or in damp and moist weather respectively,—need hardly be told how much the effect of a picture depends upon the quantity, character, and direction of the light which is supposed to pervade it. The sharpness and distinctness of the outline, as well as the purity and intensity of the colour of objects, are modified in infinitesimal gradations by atmospheric influences. One of the most striking distinctions is that between the sky of the morning and that of the evening; though many painters, and many writers upon art, have failed to point it out, merging all into common uncertainty. The mists and exhalations of the evening, upon which the sun's rays diffuse such a roseate glory, at the same time give additional indistinctness to objects, which increases with their distance. On the contrary, in the cool of morning, when the night-mists have risen or dispersed, all objects, even at a considerable distance, present themselves with a sharpness of outline, and a distinctness of colour which, when seen only occasionally, cannot fail to strike the beholder with astonishment. So in damp and cloudy climates, such as those in the north of Europe, the indistinct appearance of objects becomes habitual,—the sun itself is never seen in all its effulgence; whilst in the sweet south all is clear and bright as in an ethereal medium; and thus it happens that those who, from long habit and association, have learned to admire the mysterious prismatic effects of a Turner, cannot believe in the crystal purity and gorgeous expanse of a Claude. Yet both are right, both true to the nature they have studied most.

Another important consideration in the disposal of the lights and shadows of the picture is as to the direction and manner in which the light comes upon the composition. The early painters being supposed to paint upon a plane surface, and after the suggestions of sculpture, disregarded light and shade altogether; the light of the atmosphere in which the artist painted being supposed equally to pervade, in the greatest breadth and potency, the objects he represented. The first discriminations in light and shade were made under the impression of a broad light falling upon the composition from above, as in an ordinary sky, uninfluenced by the slanting rays of a rising or declining sun. The shadows were then modestly diffused, and attracted no particular attention as an object of study with the artist, or as entering into his design. A very similar remark applies in this matter, as to the treatment of draperies before and after the period of Raphael respectively, already referred to; and in the subsequent periods the capricious vagaries displayed in the treatment of light led to almost as many absurdities, and as great a degradation of true art, as those in drapery itself. Caravaggio was one of the first who, in search of "effect," adopted the plan of sending, as it were, a sharp ray of light across his figures through a small window, instead of a broad light over the whole picture, as in open day; the result of which was to make the shadows darker, more distinct, cutting the picture into several parts, and, at the same time, to throw the figures out into bolder relief than they would, in ordinary atmospheric conditions, exhibit. It was said sarcastically of this artist, that it was a pity he could never get out of his cellar. Guercino afterwards, during part of his career, imitated this bad example, and in furtherance of the caprices suggested by it, introduced the plan of lighting up his groups with a candle; and what is called his "candle-light manner" is much admired by ignorant people, and was much followed by artists as weak and foolish as himself.

In qualification of these remarks we must say something of the mighty magic of Rembrandt, who also adopted the method of painting in a closed room, without windows, and into which only a small jet of light was admitted, which scarcely served to make darkness visible. At first there would appear no difference in this respect between him and Caravaggio and Guercino, whom we have just condemned. This very great and important distinction there was, however, arising out of the incomparable genius and accurate perception of the man. Caravaggio and Guercino paid no attention to the operation of atmosphere as a medium, attempted none of those reflexes and gradations in tint and outline which ever so small a portion of light diffused through however spacious an area will produce, and which may be appreciated by the eye after being accustomed to them, and being appreciated, may be transferred to the canvas. Rembrandt, on the contrary, made all these optical and atmospheric truths his peculiar study. In contenting himself with a very small quantity of light as a vehicle for colour, he saw that, with that very small quantity properly economised, and truthfully rendered, very great luminousness and warmth might be produced; and he produced them. He was above the paltry trick of scraping his pictures with a sharp pencil of light, for the purpose of an abrupt, disagreeable effect; but he felt and took pride in showing that in the darkest infinity of space, where a stray breath of air, a ray of light from the most distant star, might linger, there was yet a world of breathing life for him who had the eye and the sense to scrutinise it.

Another great painter, who truly understood the magic optical influences of the air we breathe, the fascinating effects to be produced by the distribution and play of partial lights in an atmosphere more or less sombre, was Correggio; but he employed it with more discrimination, and under a greater variety of conditions. He did not resort to the small window in the darkened room, but, as in his famous "Notte," and other sacred subjects, boldly introduced the light as one incidental to the occasion, or as emanating from the heads of his sacred personages. The want of consideration of this atmospheric medium, as pervading the objects themselves, and as interposing between the local colour and the eye of the spectator, combined with a total absence of transparency, is the fault most common to raw hands, and is one too generally observed in the artists of the present day, both in this country and elsewhere.

A proper balance between the light and dark parts of a picture, whether produced by means of local colour or absolute light and shadow, is a very important element of success. There is no absolute rule as to the proportions which should exist between the quantities of light and dark; for though some fanciful writers have attempted to establish a theory on the subject, all experience—the excellence of Claude on the one hand, taken in conjunction with that of Rembrandt on the other—goes to contradict such a pretence. The object to be aimed at is that the lights and shades, the light and the dark portions should exhibit breadth and harmony in their arrangement. The same observation applies to colours also. However diversified, however strongly and capriciously broken and contrasted in nature the lights and shadows, and the colours which they affect,—in a picture the lights and shadows, as well as the colours, to be agreeable should be massive, not spotty in their arrangement, properly concentrated in the more important parts, and so balanced as to give every part of the picture its due importance. Breadth in the treatment of light and colour is equally important as breadth in composition and grouping. Strength and dignity depend upon it.

In the *handling* of colours there is great scope for the exercise of the taste and judgment of the artist. They may be laid on very thinly, or with what is termed a thick *impasto*. Raphael usually adopted the former, Rembrandt, particularly in his later period, the latter mode. They may be kept pure and apart each within its own sphere, with distinct lines separating them, as in the local colours in real objects, and as was practised by Rubens; or they may be blended and merged into a mysterious harmony and relationship, as is produced on the eye, under most circumstances, by atmospheric agency, and as was done by Titian with such marvellous results.

Finally, to heighten the effect of colour, and increase the transparency of a picture, what is called a *glazing* of pellucid colours may be laid over the whole. The effect of this process is at first very beautiful; but it is considered ultimately to cloud and darken the picture, besides rendering the surface liable to cracking. Correggio, Claude, and Guido were amongst those who used this process extensively, and hence the difficulty and danger in attempting to clean their pictures.

In all these matters, in the hands of a great master, all modes are justifiable which result in truth, according to the language he is content to establish, and the eye and understanding of the spectator are gratified and instructed by studying the different modes adopted.

THE COLOURS OF THE OLD MASTERS.

No little benefit would be conferred upon the art, by any one who would undertake to point out with accuracy what were the colours, gums, and other mixtures employed by the Greeks. They were undoubtedly in possession of the best methods transmitted to them by a tradition, which though in some measure corrupted, was confessedly derived from their ancestors. Even subsequent to the invention of oils, their colouring is in some degree worthy of our admiration. In the Medicean Museum there is a Madonna, subscribed with the following Latin inscription, "Andreas Rico de Candia pinxit," the forms of which are rude, the folds inelegant, and the composition coarse; but with all this, the colour is so fresh, vivid, and brilliant, that there is no modern work that would not lose by a comparison. Indeed, the colouring is so extremely strong and firm, that when tried with the iron it does not liquify, but rather scales off and breaks in minute portions. The frescoes, likewise, of the earliest Greek and Italian painters are surprisingly strong, and more particularly in Upper than in Lower Italy.—*Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.*



WEST.—"DEATH OF WOLFE."

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. IV.

SOMEWHERE about the year 1745, we read of an American boy, then seven years of age, "with a fly-flap in his hand to watch the sleeping infant of his eldest sister, while his mother gathered flowers in the garden. As he sat by the cradle the child smiled in his sleep; he was struck with its beauty, and seeking some paper, drew its portrait in red and black ink!" This is the anecdote told of Benjamin West, by which we are introduced to his earliest manifestation of an intuitive love for the fine arts. There are few men who have risen to any eminence about whom there are not equally effective stories, though it must be confessed that this one of the North-American Quaker is very pretty in its way, and very characteristic of the future artist. A still more romantic incident occurred a short time after the one alluded to:—"A party of roaming Indians paid their summer visit to Springfield (Pennsylvania), and were much pleased with the rude sketches which the boy had made of birds, and fruits and flowers," an art in which many of this primitive people show signs of both taste and skill. They taught him how to prepare the red and yellow colours, his mother adding to his knowledge that of indigo. His friends from the bush also gave him instruction in the use of the bow and arrow, and seem to have taken no small fancy to the "wondrous boy," who, in the absence of camel's hair brushes, was making sad ravages upon the fur coat of a favourite cat. At length, there came one "Pennington, a merchant, with a box of paint and pencils, canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings from Greyling." No wonder the boy could not sleep, or that he rose with the dawn, and played truant, seeking a lone garret where he might better pursue the work on which his thought and feeling were so deeply concentrated. He did not copy Greyling, however, but told a new story by arranging a composition from two of the engravings. From the isolated village the boy was now removed by his relative, Pennington, to Philadelphia, where, being shown a picture painted by one Williams, at that time residing in the young city, he was so much affected that he burst into tears. Williams was surprised,—he was doubtless unused to such genuine admiration of his imitations of nature. "What books do you read?" asked the painter. "I read the Bible and the Testament, and I know the history of Adam, and Joseph, and Moses, and David, and Solomon, and the Apostles," was the boy's reply.

John West, the father of Benjamin, having embraced the tenets of the Quakers, emigrated to America along with that numerous and goodly company who desired to find peace in some remote nook far away from the contests and disasters of their native country. He set the example of emancipating his slaves, a charitable feeling which being privately encouraged and publicly advocated, was "finally established as one of the tenets of that people," whose religious opinions he had accepted. John West had the good sense to perceive the decided inclination of his son's taste and feeling for art, and resolved that the faculty should have fair play; but it was necessary before taking any decided step to submit the matter "to the wisdom of the society to which he belonged." A council was consequently called, and therein it was decided that although the Quaker tenets refuse to own the utility of the arts, yet "God had bestowed on this youth a genius for art." "Can we believe," asked John Williamson, "that he gives such rare gifts but for a wise and a good purpose? I see the Divine hand in this; we shall do well to sanction the art and encourage the youth." The boy was called into the room where he stood between father and mother, whilst the whole community gathered around him full of interested admiration. "Painting," continued Williamson, "has been hitherto employed to embellish life, to preserve voluptuous images, and add to the sensual gratifications of man. For this we classed it among vain and merely ornamental things, and excluded it from amongst us. But this is not the principle, but the mis-employment of painting. In wise and in pure hands it rises in the scale of moral excellence, displays a loftiness of sentiment and a devout dignity worthy of the contemplation of Christians. I think genius is given by God for some high purpose. What the purpose is let us not inquire—it will be manifest in his own good time and way. He hath in this remote wilderness endowed with the rich gifts of a superior spirit this youth who has now our consent to cultivate his talents for art—may it be demonstrated in his life and works that the gifts of God have not been bestowed in vain, nor the motives of the beneficent inspiration, which induces us to suspend the strict operation of our tenets, prove barren of religious or moral effect!" "At the conclusion of this address," says Galt, "the women rose and kissed the young artist, and the men one by one laid their hands on his head."

Perhaps it would be as well for the young aspirants of the present day if they carry with them into the artistic world a remembrance of the sentiments enunciated on this occasion by the simple-minded Quaker of Pensylvania. They were certainly never forgotten by the future president of the Royal Academy, even when surrounded by the glitter of a court and warmed by the excitement of a decided success.

The young West is soon at work in Philadelphia, painting portraits at "two guineas and a-half for a head, and five guineas for a half length,"—working hard, as all true men do work, and bent upon reaching Rome, where he now understood the master-minds had left their impress. Fortune seemed to listen to his wishes,—the good fates are generally on friendly terms with talented perseverance. Assistance came from a Mr. Kelly, of New York, who, whilst sitting to the young painter for his portrait, having heard his expression of hope in the advantages of a visit to the queen of cities,—made arrangements for his departure, and gave a letter of credit as well as of recommendation to a couple of Leghorn merchants, who, on his arrival at that busy mart, forwarded him to Rome, with further introductions.

The young American created a sensation. He was looked upon as something very like the Wild Man of the Woods—savage life thirsting for civilization. A blind cardinal asked, "Is he black or white?" Galt tells us that so eager and curious were the aristocratic crowd among which he had fallen to learn the impression to be made upon the new lion by his first glance at the marbles and at the glories of Raphael, that thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the Capital accompanied him to the Vatican. The "Apollo" is suddenly presented, and the artistic Quaker, to their no small astonishment, exclaims, "My God! a young Mohawk warrior. I have seen them often standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing with an intense eye the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow."

Mengs was at this time in Rome with commissions for the ceiling the church of St. Eusebius, and Mount Parnassus, in the Villa Albani. Mengs had "suffered and learnt mercy;" he looked upon a portrait of Lord Grantham fresh from the studio of West, and said, with great kindness of manner, "Young man, you have no occasion to come to Rome to learn to paint. Examine everything here worthy of attention, making drawings of some half dozen of the best statues. Go to Florence, and study in the galleries; go to Bologna, and study the works of the Carracci; and then proceed to Venice, and view the productions of Tintoretti, Titian, and Paul Veronese. When all this is accomplished, return to Rome, paint a historical picture, exhibit it publicly, and then the opinion which will be expressed of your talents will determine the line of art which you ought to follow." Sound advice, which he could *not* follow for some time in consequence of a severe attack of illness which lasted eleven months. At length he rose again to work, and kind spirits—his old friend Allen and Governor Hamilton—sent him means to travel. He then returned once more to Rome, and in the year 1763 found himself in London, welcomed by the men who had clung to him through his probation, and who chanced at the time to be in our great city. Here he soon became intimate with the leading spirits of the time, among them Dr. Johnson and Burke. He painted, for Dr. Newton, the "Parting of Hector and Andromache;" and, for the Bishop of Worcester, the "Return of the Prodigal Son."

He resolved to remain in the Old Country; and, thereupon, sent for one Elizabeth Shewell, of Philadelphia, who became his wife on the 2nd of September, 1765, and proved a faithful and affectionate companion until 1817. The crowning fortune of West was his introduction to his amiable Majesty George III., by Dr. Drummond, Archbishop of York,—the same worthy prelate having previously endeavoured to raise, by subscription, three thousand pounds, in order to release his protegè from the necessity of portrait painting. "Fifteen hundred pounds," says Allan Cunningham, "were accordingly subscribed by himself (Dr. Drummond) and his friends; but the public refused to co-operate, and the scheme was abandoned." Alas! that sturdy "public!" how it has always stood up against the whims and fancies, and good-natured philanthropies, of enthusiastic patrons. But West can now do without the public. He has found another mine of wealth, and the seam is rich and easy of access. "Let me see this young painter of yours," says "George our King," to the persevering "York," and West is immediately in the presence of Royalty with his picture of "Agrippina." His reception is gracious. The Queen is brought in to look at the picture and the painter. His Majesty assists in putting the canvas in a favourable light, and concludes the interview by a commission to paint for him "The Departure of Regulus for Rome."

At this same period the present Royal Academy was planned, a move which set aside the Society of Incorporated Artists, and at the first exhibition the "Regulus" was among the pictures sent in. After this came "The Death of Wolfe," of which we have ventured to give an illustration. This work is considered as the first attempt to change the character of our historical painting; hitherto we had clung to what was designated the classical, by presenting our heroes and heroines in the Greek or Roman costume. It was a bold thing to descend from the toga and sandals to the red coat and jack boots. The Archbishop

and Reynolds called upon West to dissuade him "from running so great a risk." His answer was "that the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent," he continued, "is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If instead of the facts of the action I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this I must abide by truth."

When Reynolds renewed his visit on the completion of the picture, he sat before it for half an hour studiously observing detail, and then remarked that West had occasioned "a revolution in art." There is much to say about this picture had we space at our disposal. There may be sentiment, there may be good drawing, but the peculiarity of the costume—for peculiar it was at the period—is certainly not suggestive of the picturesque; whilst that indefineable grace, that passionate utterance, which speaks in action as well as in feature—that intuitive language of the soul, which is the highest development of art, we look for in vain. The figures are well proportioned, the composition is not without harmony, there is a reality about the story, but the living spirit is wanted. West's pictures are true indications of his own nature—they want passion; his most important subjects are deficient in dignity and grandeur. They do not awe the observer into worship,—but they were of a character to suit his royal patron, and so his onward march was that of triumph; and he found ample occupation for his pencil at Windsor in the illustrations of National history, and "the progress of revealed religion,"—the latter being worked out in twenty-eight subjects, for which he received "twenty-one thousand seven hundred and five pounds."

Then came the bitter war with America, through which he steered peaceably. He loved his country, but he evidently loved courtly society and the profits more. Reynolds dying, West took the presidential office, though Barry and his undoubted genius stood in the way; and we are happy to add that he refused the honour of having the Royal sword laid on his Quaker shoulders. At a later period of his life, when the old king had fallen into that fatal aberration of intellect, and the new faces looked darkly upon the painter—now far advanced in years,—he retired from the president's chair, expressing his belief "that he was looked upon coldly because of his admiration for Buonaparte." Restored after some time to the chair, at sixty-four years of age he commenced painting a series of scriptural subjects on a large scale. The first which appeared, "Christ Healing the Sick," when exhibited in London, drew large crowds of visitors, and the British Institution purchased it for 3,000 guineas, West reserving to himself the right to make a copy for his native place. He did so,—the picture was forwarded to America, and from its exhibition funds were raised sufficient to enlarge the hospital. But large pictures are not in accordance with English mansions, and the doors of our churches are rarely opened to the influences of art. West's story is nearly told. The death of his wife was a sad though silent warning that he had passed the limit of "three score years and ten." Though debility and want of mental power were noticeable to all who knew and loved the venerable old man, he still lingered in his studio, until, on the 11th of March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age, he laid down the palette for ever. He lies beside Barry Opie and Reynolds, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The other pictures, by West, to be found in the Exhibition are (109) "The Battle of la Hogue;" (114) "Cupid and Psyche;" and (116) "The Battle of the Boyne." We feel disposed to think that on careful examination of these works, our readers will agree with the general estimate we have ventured to pronounce on the characteristics of this painter.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. V.

By. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A.

It is often a boast that the English Water-colour School is superior to any school in Europe of the same class. Indeed we look in vain for any other water-colour school deserving the name. With the Italians there is no legitimate water-colour practice—that of Naples and Florence being simply a very bad school of *tempera* painting. The Germans do not pretend to anything like a regular practice, some of their best efforts being merely a mixture of pencil with tints of water-colours. Neither do the French artists indulge further than in sketches for pictures, and very insufficient and slight drawings from nature. The English artist alone has gone profoundly into the question—ascertaining its chemical and mechanical facilities—its resources, its restrictions, and its peculiarities: the result being the formation of two societies of water-colour artists, which number among their members some of the best artists in Europe. It is true something like water-colour art has been practised by artists from a very early period. It is observable in the illuminations of the 12th and 13th centuries, which, being worked with dilutents so nearly resembling water, suggested, very probably, a mode now fully developed; still it was left for England, in the 19th century, to discover the latent power, and fully to realise all the resources of this charming mode of practice.

It is necessary to establish this honourable claim for England, because we have just given an important place to Carl Haag, a foreigner, and are about to introduce another stranger to this country, in the person of Louis Haghe. It would be remarkable, indeed, if some one among our continental friends did not excel in this or any other department of pictorial art. There is no secrecy in the modes of manipulation, and we claim no patent right; on the contrary, nothing is known among us which we do not dispense with a liberal spirit, for knowledge, like money, is "twice blessed, blessing him who gives and him who takes." It is only natural, therefore, that among the artists of the continent of Europe we should find occasionally those who, leaving the ordinary routine of their native schools, join our ranks, imbibe our modes of practice, select our usual character of subjects, and become eminent with us, rather than in opposition to us. We respect their talent; we admire, nay venerate, their genius; we receive them among us, and acknowledge them as brethren. We only desire to uphold the general character of English water-colour practice, in order to show that the valuable men whose names we have just referred to only prove the exalted position of English water-colour art, by drawing them into our ranks, and turning their thoughts and feelings in that direction.

A very cursory examination of the catalogue (even if the reader knows nothing of Haghe's antecedent career as an artist), will show at once the direction of the painter's sympathies. Although we have "The Benitier, in St. Peter's at Rome," and "Il Mola, Venice," and know that Haghe is now engaged upon a drawing of the opening ceremony of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, we see at once that his heart is with the old life of Belgium. Although this painter has been occupied through an active life labouring upon work that has represented the life of almost every country of the East—has worked worthily, nay, nobly, upon the scenes of Biblical story, from the drawings of David Roberts, and had previously produced his matchless work on the St. Sophia of Constantinople—each work seeming to defy criticism, and to provoke undivided admiration—yet, with all these evidencies of diversified capacity, of care and conscientious labour, we always find that when he wishes to produce a finished work, that must associate itself with his fame, and aid in its fruitful issue, he rambles back to his early and only real love—the old halls of Antwerp—the matchless interiors of the churches of Bruges, with all their "dim religious light" and chromatic sun-rays.

Commencing with Louis Haghe's second drawing, that is, the second given in the first edition of the official catalogue, we have the painter at work on a congenial subject, in which he gives evidence of great power. There are here marvellous architectural details of a period remarkable for its elaborate character. These are drawn with a mastery that at once declares the artist's familiarity with the constructive and decorative peculiarities of the style, accompanied, at the same time, with a picturesque feeling, so that, although the details are rendered with a rigid accuracy that leaves nothing to be desired, they are yet altogether remote from the ordinary architect's office, where grandeur of mass or true artistic treatment is rarely to be found. As illustrative of these observations, we may direct attention to the imitation of the carved chimney-breast, so true in its resemblance to the complicated richness and exquisite design presented by so many fine examples in the Netherlands. We may further direct attention to another of the artist's powers, viz., mastery over the figure, so efficiently illustrated in this picture, entitled "Interior of Town Hall, Courtrai." It might, with equal propriety, be called Council of Courtrai hearing an appeal from a party of monks, so important is the incident made and so skilfully rendered. We have a party of the authorities of Courtrai, evidently including the chief magistrate and the lord of the district, listening to the earnest appeal of a group of monks, who have adopted, as their chief advocate, a brother not less remarkable for his eloquence than for his temper. The words of the monk fall with just their true worth on the ear of the chief of the council, who has all the true dignity, not to say the legal indifference, belonging to office; while the "baron bold" stands with a dignified and lordly mein, very indicative of a strong will, not likely to bow to clerical demands, though with deference indicative of the respect due to the church. As usual with Haghe, the picture is magnificent in colour—noble, because simple, in light and shadow. The light streaming in through the one richly-curtained window, falling upon the papers on the table, and receiving its focal brilliancy in the vestments of the principal figure, the eye is arrested at once at this spot, and the interest of the story is thus concentrated upon the principal character and main incident.

510, the "Interior of the Brewer's Hall, Antwerp," though a subject presenting less of the picturesque than the one just noticed, excites our interest by the exceedingly skilful and massive treatment of the *chiaroscuro*. It is impossible to imagine anything more artistically managed than the local facts, or any incident in itself so devoid of interest as the conversational character of the group of figures, given with an air more natural,—more thoroughly opposed to the artificial,—more completely instancing the power to disguise the art by which the happy result is secured. Although the work is exceedingly rich in colour, yet primitive hues are scarcely observable! the blue sleeve in the left-hand corner being patched and interlaced with other and warmer tones.

511, "The Oath of Vargas," gives much the same idea of Haghe as the one first noticed,—the same knowledge of and facility in architectural drawing, with the same capacity for presenting a picturesque dramatic incident, accompanied by a more emphatic declaration of power to deal with human passions, not traceable in the other work. The pallor of passion on the face of Vargas is fearful, and the terrible force of character shown in the figure of the monk presenting the book is something to be remembered. It is lamentable that a drawing wherein are shown such powerful indications of expression, should have been placed so much beyond the point of sight as to make minute observation difficult. The colour of the picture is exceedingly beautiful, with more indulgence in clear approaches to positive tints than is usual with the artist. The nice balance of tertiary tints involved in the carpet, the front table-covering, and the light dresses of the two monks as they surround the black fur of the hero of the drawing, constitute a happy chromatic arrangement. The least satisfactory portion of the drawing is that of the priest in front, whose position, especially that of the arms, may be pronounced inelegant, though true to the intention.

512, "The Happy Trio," is a pictorial joke, capitally told, reminding somewhat of Therberg. The drapery of the lady is admirably painted, and it would be difficult to imagine anything finer than the realisation of the transmitted colour upon the sleeping figure. The whole space about this portion of the work is changed with the warm rays of evening light.

513, "St. Peter's Day at Rome," though beautifully painted, by no means reaches the standard of Haghe's works. Admitting the excellence of the upper portion, which is admirably drawn, and still more admirably treated in its warm and genial suffusion of light, this portion even has less of individuality than some other of the artist's works where the Low Country Gothic architecture prevails. The fact is undeniable, that an artist to paint successfully must both know and love his subject, otherwise we have executive skill only with an evident absence of earnestness. We especially desire our readers to compare the figures in this work with those in the pictures already noticed. The modern Romans, in the drawing of "St. Peter's Day," seem all constrained and artificial; whereas, in those of the Belgian figures, there is a reality,—the breath of life seems animating them.

Haghe's most important work is decidedly No. 516, "Interior of a Hall at Bruges." In this picture there seem concentrated all the powers of the painter, leaving all his other works at an immeasurable distance. The painting of the old hall itself is as near perfection as we may suppose within the reach of art, the drawing of the details inimitable; and although Haghe is not here among his favourite Gothic details, he, nevertheless, finds in the picturesque peculiarities of the "*Renaissance*" abundant material for his imagination and fancy. It is not the drawing, however, which constitutes the best portion of the architectural value of the work, but it is the feeling with which the architecture is treated; the wonderful air that is given in the space which it occupies; the absolute presence of unquestionable sunshine, and the extraordinary way in which he has charged the various surfaces with both reflected light and reflected colour. The figures, large and numerous, are not, however, so dramatically arranged as in either Nos. 509 or 511; yet they are well painted, and so far as being agents of artistic execution, they leave nothing to be desired, whilst the general colour of the whole drawing is carried to a point of intensity, both as to its scientific accuracy and its manipulative excellence, greatly exceeding any other of Haghe's works with which we are acquainted.

There are other subjects by this painter, but such as call for no special remark,—that they are excellent we may readily conclude, but they are in nowise characteristic, and, consequently, call for no special attention. We trust we have indicated the points which separate Haghe from his contemporaries, and have thus suggested to our readers the point whence the artist should be estimated.

CONTRASTED GROWTH OF POETRY AND PAINTING.

When the Spaniards invaded the palaces of Chili and Peru, they found them filled with works of art. Cooke found considerable beauty of drawing and skill of workmanship in the ornamented weapons and war-canoes of the islanders of the South Sea; and in the interior recesses of India, sculptures and paintings, of no common merit, are found in every village. In like manner, when Cæsar landed among the barbarians of Britain, he found them acquainted with arts and arms; and his savage successors, the Saxons, added to unextinguishable ferocity a love of splendour and a rude sense of beauty, still visible in the churches which they built, and the monuments which they erected to their princes and leaders. All those works are of that kind called ornamental: the graces of true art, the truth of action and the dignity of sentiment are wanting; and they seem to have been produced by a sort of mechanical process, similar to that which creates figures in arras. Art is, indeed, of slow and gradual growth; like the oak, it is long of growing to maturity and strength. Much knowledge of colour, much skill of hand, much experience in human character, and a deep sense of light and shade, have to be acquired, to enable the pencil to embody the conceptions of genius. The artist has to seek for all this in the accumulated mass of professional knowledge which time has gathered for his instruction: and with his best wisdom, and his happiest fortune, he can only add a little more information to the common stock, for the benefit of his successors. In no country has painting risen suddenly into eminence. While poetry takes wing at once, free and unincumbered, her sister is retarded in her ascent by the very mechanism to which she must at last owe at least half her glory. In Britain, painting was centuries in throwing off the fetters of mere mechanical skill, and in rising into the region of genius. The original spirit of England had appeared in many a noble poem, while the two sister arts were still servilely employed in preserving incredible legends, in taking the likeness of the last saint whom credulity had added to the calendar, and in confounding the acts of the apostles in the darkness of allegory.—*Allan Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

No. I.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

An English monarch, who possessed great acuteness in small matters, once astonished a courtier by addressing him in this manner: "My lord, I have seen that coat before, with different buttons on." So with the race of poetic landscape painters—they may change the position of their temple, remodel their rocks, place the figures on the other side of the picture, and vary the forms of their mountains—but it is still "the same coat with different buttons on." Claude's works had this, we will term it, peculiarity; and old Richard Wilson, called most properly the father of English landscape painting, followed in the wake of his pictorial predecessor. Who does not recognise his large grand masses of middle-ground rock—his blue water coming against a warm foreground—his long, thin fisherman lying on the ground, with one leg poised in air—his lumpy piece of honeycombed foreground rock, his skeleton tree branches, and his diagonal bit of fallen tree? This mannerism of materials, doubtless, arose from his mode of studying nature. We have no record of his habits as a nature student; and, in the absence of existing proof, or even hearsay evidence, surmise that his studies consisted of mere outlines, filled in by an effort of memory, and the outpouring of a poetic and vivid imagination. There is no such thing in his works as a bit of foreground carefully studied out, seldom any good tree drawings. What he did was done from sheer inspiration. He used to paint an hour or two in a morning, and then, taking the arm of any friend who came in, "Now, let us go somewhere," said he. The fact is, he could not carry his work further, and felt that renewed touching would have been but labour in vain. Hazlitt has justly said that Wilson is admired "not because, but in spite of his loose mode of finishing." Yet there are few who could grasp a whole like Wilson, and he was a thorough master of composition, and the management of lines. His abilities are excellently represented at Old Trafford. His "View on the Arno" (39) shows his powers as a compositionist, and is a grand piece of imaginative painting. It is true Arcadian ground—an abode for nymphs, dryads, and fauns. The whole picture is dreamy, delicious, and obscure with the very excess of light. 38, "The Vale of Llangollen," is another quiet, calm evening. The sentiment of repose is quite perfect. The old bridge and church lie cool in the mountain shadows, while the castled crag of Dinas Bran, and the middle-ground group of trees, glow in the effulgence of the waning sun. Sir Watkin Wynne's picture (151), called "A View in Wales," is nearly a duplicate of the preceding; it has more matter, and likewise more art. Note the group of middle-ground trees here. The artist has tried to finish them more—but give us the more sketchy picture. Wilson was certainly the most poetic of all our landscape painters. Three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the man passed away, yet the hand of time, and the merits of succeeding artists, have not robbed him of one jot of fame—fame, alas! acquired when too late to be of benefit to him. His biography is a sad tale of hapless and unrewarded genius. We hear how he began with high hopes, a love for good society, and becoming apparel; how, when patrons became rare, money scarce, and therefore friends few, he declined in

health and circumstances, until old age found him infirm in body, sunk into poverty, slovenly in his dress, morose in his temper; and how, when all hope seemed fled, by a stroke of retributive justice, which reads more like the concluding chapter of a novel than a scene in a real life drama, he became the unexpected heir of a small estate in Wales, and thither tottered, to end his days in peace. But amid all the embitterments of his London life had he not his moments of happiness? Yes, such as money could not purchase, and kings might envy—when he stood before his canvas and felt the glorious ideas bubbling up to the surface of his mind; when he saw his glowing fancies ripening on the face of the once blank sheet before him, then his squalid room became as a temple dedicated to the gods, and his favourite pot of porter the true Falernian. There let us leave him.

hurry, just to fill up spare time, or when the fit was on. In 161, "The Cottage Door," the figure of the little girl and pigs, and the maid with the broom, are without doubt charmingly done, and a certain pleasant rustic feeling pervades the whole; but surely no one can defend the conventional colouring—the warm, transparent, dark foreground, and the cold, opaque, light middle-ground and distance, the besom-brushed tree work, or account for the slim tree behind the piggery being of precisely similar colouring with the extreme distance. 153, "The Market Cart," is similarly conventional, and untrue in its landscape portions; the market cart itself admirable—the resolute pushing forward of the horse, the easy reclining attitudes of the figures, and the dog who evidently stops for half a second only to slake his thirst at the brook, are excellent. 70, "Landscape," is a thorough piece of conventionality, the trees mere masses of deep old master colour, joined together by little twigs of branches, and showing but very remote knowledge of the objects sought to be represented. Allan Cunningham, who wrote biographies like charming nouvellettes, describes Gainsborough as having spent much of his early days in sketching from nature. Many of these sketches are well known to connoisseurs from their soft ground etching fac-similes; they appear to be hasty productions, mere memoranda of happy combinations which could have been of little use to him in after life. Gainsborough taught drawing in the royal family, and was accustomed to produce similar sketches for the amusement of his pupils, by a process which the Queen happily called "Mr. Gainsborough's patent for making impromptu sketches from nature." We suspect his landscape pictures were produced much on this principle, and that he really knew too little of actual nature to carry them farther than eloquent sketches, often richly though conventionally coloured.

From Wilson, who gave us the highest poetry of landscape art, from Gainsborough, whose landscape was the beau-ideal of rustic life, we turn to Constable, who chose subjects which appeared to have no poetry or beau-ideal about them, scenes from actual and homely nature; but rendered attractive by strength of character and peculiar elemental effect. He spoke of his own works with just and manly pride. "Whatever," said he, "may be thought of my art, it is my own, and I would rather possess a freehold, though but a cottage, than live in a palace belonging to another." Bravo, John Constable, say we, all honour to thy honest noble heart! Constable, like Wilson, passed his early days in painting



CONSTABLE.—"SALISBURY CATHEDRAL."

Wilson's cotemporary, Gainsborough, was a wiser wordling than he. He began indeed, we are told, with a love of landscape; but made in early life the judicious choice of a wife with a snug settled income, and devoted the major part of his time to portraiture. His biographer says, "portrait painting had his visits, but landscape his heart." The Art-Treasures Exhibition would seem to prove exactly the reverse of this. There is no possible sort of comparison to be made as to his excellence in the two departments. All the loving skill he possessed was evidently poured out upon his portraits; they are among the most perfect things in the gallery, and stand their ground by Sir Joshua himself. We caanot allow anything like equal praise to his landscapes. Their merit consists in a certain poetical view of rustic life. They have a sort of clever amateur look about them, as if dashed off in a

portraits for bread, but his happy marriage gave him a twofold joy—a sensible loving wife, and a competent fortune, which enabled him to devote the remainder of his life to that class of art he loved so much. He was, indeed, the most honest of painters. He *may* be called a man of one idea; but whoever carried out an idea more thoroughly or completely? As far as his confined reach of subject allowed, he was the greatest of all our landscape *chiaroscurists*. There is much in his works which looks rough and accidental, but in reality they are the most elaborate productions of modern art; every minute point of light and shadow being so exactly poised that, to "stop up" or do away with the most minute of them, would destroy some portion of the equilibrium of the whole. He liked nature best when the sky was charged with rain-clouds, and the bright watery glare of the sun shone from between them,

sparkling on a thousand pendulous drops of liquid crystal, and lighting up the landscape with transient glory. His favourite subjects were old mills, with their rich weather-stained woodwork glittering with falling spray—locks, with their grey planking deep set between wild weedy banks, the level flats of Suffolk in the distance, and, mayhap, Dedham Church beyond, as a final point of interest. Some of his best works are before us, one his most considerable, 243, "Salisbury Cathedral" (o which our wood engraving refers), was exhibited in 1831. It was then the most brilliant thing possible, a perfect blaze of light. The low willow trees behind the waggon shone out with a positive corruscation of dewdrops. One would scarcely think, looking at it now, that its fault then lay in its being *too white*. Yet so it was. It was severely handled by the critics at the time. One said that Constable had painted a fine picture, and then spoiled it by a deluge from a flour-dredger; another sayer of good things declared it reminded him of nothing so much as a plate of salad. "Never mind," said the placid artist, "it'll all come right in time." It has come right—and something more; it is surely gone blacker and darker than ever the artist intended; yet it is still a marvellously fine specimen of cool, watery English nature, refreshing to the eye, and satisfying to the senses. We have two of the famous lock scenes here; 257, the property of the Royal Academy, is certainly the most perfect in dew and moisture, in sun glitter, drenched old woodwork, wet meadow flats, and the various belongings which go to make up a Constable; but 298 is rendered far more solid, as a composition, by the addition of the fine group of aged willow trees on the right. The artist's reward for these two fine pictures was merely the pleasure of painting them; the first was his diploma picture, the other remained unsold in his gallery at the time of his death. 277, "White Horse—Landscape," gives us simple truth indeed. There is not the slightest approach to exaggeration from one end of the picture to the other. Those who love quiet English village scenery, with its rough earth surface, its dilapidated thatched sheds and queer old willow and elder trees, will linger long and lovingly before this picture, and drink in its cool, delicious, modest hues. Constable seems to stand in a pleasant halfway position between the heaven-ward poetry of Wilson and the earthy identity of some of our present men. When he had painted a successful study from nature, he was not so vain as to call it a fine picture. None wrought more than he in the spirit of that fine maxim in Leslie's "Hand Book." "Rocks, trees, and mountains are the features of nature, but the expression is from above." None knew better than he where to cast the shadow, or where to throw the smile. There is no such thing in his works as a disagreeable bit of pert identity, saying "Bother take you, look at me, think of the labour bestowed on me," &c. But more of this anon.



CONSTABLE.—"THE LOCK."

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

No. III.

By H. Ottley.

THE UMBRIAN, OR ROMAN SCHOOL.

Although the history of the revival of painting in Italy, from the 13th to the 15th century, is in a great measure identified with the labours of the school of Florence, there were other schools at work in various parts of the peninsula during nearly the whole of this period which had their share in perfectionating the resources of the art to the point they eventually attained.

First of these, in importance as in date, was the school of Umbria, a wild mountainous region in the Valley of the Upper Tiber, in the States of the Church, where, from the earliest times, Christianity was received with the warmest devotion and enthusiasm, and where Christian art, crushed elsewhere, still lingered, and did its labour of devotion and love in the seclusion of the cloister. A mystic reverential sentiment pervades all the works of this school, wrought out with a delicacy and tenderness in the treatment which it is impossible to contemplate without admiration; combined, however, with a certain tameness of character, and an absence of ambitious effort, which contrast remarkably with the daring, experimentalising, nature-grasping purpose of the Florentine. The Umbrian school is generally considered the nucleus of that of Rome, and is treated with it under one head.

The earliest known artist of the Roman school was Pietro Cavallini, (b. 1279, d. 1364), who was a pupil of Giotto, and a mosaic worker, and assisted him in the execution of his celebrated mosaic of the "Navicella," or Bark of St. Peter, in the grand entrance to St. Peter's at Rome. This is only one out of innumerable facts showing how intimately all the schools of art in Italy were associated, and how in their progress they mutually assisted one another.

Of the early Umbrian school the enthusiastic Gentile da Fabriano (b. about 1360, d. 1440), was a distinguished ornament. He resembles Angelico da Fiesole very much in style; more pleasing and life-like in general character, but without his stern devotional feeling. Michael Angelo said that his pictures were like his name—the word *gentile* in Italian implying nobility and gracefulness of character, combined with a certain general attractiveness which cannot be adequately rendered by any one word in the English language. The works of this artist are rare; and there are none of them in the Art-Treasures Exhibition.

The next name of note we come to in this school is that of Niccolo Alunno (b. about 1450, d. about 1510), remarkable for his sound effective colouring, and for the dignity apparent in his general treatment of sacred subjects. In the Duomo at Assisi is a "Pietà" from his hand, in which are two weeping angels, admirably done. In the Exhibition are, by this artist, a "Crucifixion," the property of Mr. N. A. Munro, a work at one time attributed to Pietro Perugino; and a "Virgin and Child," surrounded by a viscera glory, and heads of cherubim, the property of Prince Albert—a work which Mr. Hartzen inclines to attribute to Pinturicchio, another artist of this school, and of a little later date.

Pietro Perugino (b. 1446, d. 1524) was of humble origin, and brought up from his youth as a painter. He was indefatigable in the pursuit of his studies, and painstaking in the last degree. But he wanted taste—fancy—the soul for poetry and beauty; and though he visited Florence and Rome, then the head-quarters of art, and for a time modified his style in accordance with the examples he saw there, he eventually returned to his own dry mannerism, which he also inculcated to his pupils. A severe devotional character pervades all his works. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition are five very beautiful predella pictures from his hand, representing incidents in the life of Christ, the property of Mr. Baxter, painted in a warmer and more tender manner than he usually adopted; also "A Virgin and Child Enthroned," the property of Lord Northwich, painted in his driest manner; "Half-length figures of the Saviour and Four Saints," the property of Mr. Edwards; and a "Madonna and St. John," two medallions in one frame, belonging to Lord Ward.

But Perugino's chief merit and honour, and by which he will be remembered to all time, was in having been the first master of the divine Raphael, who imitated his style very closely in his early works.

Amongst the other pupils of, or fellow pupils with Perugino (for there appear doubts on this point), was Pinturicchio (b. 1454, d. 1513), whose paintings show fine, noble feeling, and occasionally much gracefulness in individual figures. He was sometimes assisted in his works by Raphael. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition is a pleasing picture, the "Virgin and Child," by this artist, the property of Prince Albert.

Of his undoubted pupils, next to Raphael, the most celebrated was Lo Spagna, a native of Spain, who settled at Spoletto. His works bore a noble character, and have sometimes been confounded with the early productions of Raphael. There is, in the Exhibition, a small half-figure of the "Magdalen" by this artist, the property of the late Mr. J. Smith Barry.

Raphael brought the school of Rome to its crowning point of perfection; but we must reserve our consideration of this artist's works for another occasion, in connection with the other great luminaries of this fruitful age. Suffice it to say, that, as in the Florentine school design and formative excellence generally were the chief merit, in that of Rome a nobleness of character was combined with those essential qualities, and the two schools together achieved the greatest amount of artistic success possible, irrespective of the aids of colour and *chiaroscuro*, in which they were confessedly deficient.

THE GILDING AND OTHER ORNAMENT IN PAINTING.

History informs us that shields for war or the tournament, and also various equestrian accoutrements, as the saddles and trappings of horses, were ornamented with painting, a custom which was retained till the time of Francia, as Vasari mentions in his life. Hence armourers and saddlers became associated with painters. Among them might be included those who prepared walls for painting in fresco, and who covered them with a reddish ground, which not unfrequently is still discovered in the flaws. On this colour the figures were designed, and such walls were the cartoons of the old masters. The stucco-workers also assisted them in those relieved ornaments we see in fresco paintings. They used moulds in those works, which seem nothing else than globules, flowerets, and little stars, formed with a stamp, such as we see on gilt plaster, on leather, on board, and on playing cards. On whatever substance they painted, some gold was usually added; with it they ornamented the ground of their pictures, the glories of their saints, their garments, and fringes. Although painters themselves were skilled in such labours, it appears that they sought the assistance of gilders, and therefore gilders were classed with painters, and, like them, inscribed works with their names.—*Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.*

THE ARTIST'S DREAM.

(From the West of Scotland Magazine.)

Fair antique sculptures—Tempe's flowery vale,
Æolian harps, and faces of dear friends,
Thus shaped themselves into a dream:—
The air,
Filled with the breezy hum of golden bees,
And redolent of wild Hyblæan thyme,
Steep'd heart and sense in gladness. Incense-like,
Along the vale, and from the bi-forked hill,
The purple exhalations of the dawn
Rose heaven-ward, and revealed—gods, demigods,
And heroes—goddesses, fair maidens, nymphs,
Graces, and muses—shapes of loveliness
All spelled to marble. Gazing wistfully,
A-thinking of the Gothic fairy tale
Of The Sleeping Palace:—forthwith music rose,
Sweet, soft, and low, yet penetrating even
Cold ears of stone: These sounds but preluded
The coming of a presence fair as light—
The lady Lilybell, who waved her wand
And smiled them into beauteous life again!
Lo! Jupiter omnific nods, and shakes
His locks ambrosial. Aphrodité fair
Up-rises from the sea; while Tritons blow
Their twisted shells. Apollo bends the bow;
Hark! now his golden lute—O ecstacy!
The Muses, joining hands, dance in a ring,
While there, the Graces three, stand wreathed with flowers.
The shepherd blows his long-mute pastoral pipe—
Fair Syrinx peeps forth from her reedy veil—
Yon Fawn comes dancing on—we hear the clash
Of cymbals, and his crisping crepidæ,
And woods resound with ramping satyr hoofs.
Sweet, pensive Clytia—fairer flower herself—
Ariseth from the Lotus. Hercules
Wraps round him the Nemæan lion's hide,
Grasping his club. Discobulus hath thrown
The long-aimed quoit. Silenus' horses toss
Their manes, and proudly neigh; while, smiling, rise
The Theseus and Ilissus. Niobe,
Divinely fair, alone of all that throng
Stands motionless, the big tears coursing down
Her pallid cheeks—Heaven's barbed fire hath pierced
Her very soul!
Beyond the plane-trees, lo!
A storm of fiery-mettled steeds sweeps by;
Then mingling meet, Greek, Centaur, Lapithæ,
In deadly strife, 'mid shout and clang of arms;
Fierce battle rages: now Minerva mild—
As the red sun sinks 'neath the purple hills—
Approaching holds her ægis o'er the plain;
Her owl, approving with calm silent eyes!
But other eyes—Medusa's stony eyes,
Begin to glitter, and her snaky hair
Lithe coiling writhes, slow-hissing, venom'd spleen,
With Gorgon curses; the Eumenides
Aye chorusing the horrid dissonance.
I knew the eyes were on me—felt them: spelled,
Mine had begun to swim, when Lilybell,
Approaching, touched me, and averted quite
The Gorgon's stare, which, falling on the ground,
Transformed the flowery sward to rock around her.
Saved thus by Lilybell, I felt, as when
We hear in hushed suspense, chromatic chords,
Which wander far, and wild, and strange; so far
We fear the key-note never will be found,
Until at length they sweetly modulate
Homewards when most we fear:—The gallant yacht,
Nigh on her beam-ends, rounds the buoy and rights,—
Winning the goal:—Joy reached me in such guise.
* * * * * *
Three meek-eyed angels, from Ghiberti's gates
At Florence, tending her, she whispering said,
"Know'st thou the Delphic Oracle is dumb?
Come, see the 'Night' and 'Morning!'* Dante hath
Rejoined his Beatrice. Hark! angels sing!
The just shall join them. Lo! a vista bright
Into the Heaven of heavens!—Of Love they sing—
Redeeming Love!—Glory unto the Lamb!"
* * * * * *
The Gods and Heroes, gazing upwards, cried—
Great Pan hath come!—sing pæans and rejoice!
All now was one ecstatic maze of song
And pulsing glory—waxing aye more loud—
Reverberating grandly through the spheres.
* * * * * *
I woke—its echoes lingering in mine ear—
Heard one sweet voice, soft as a distant flute,
Stealing across a lake on summer nights:
Remembered fair Beatitudes, and deemed
Fair Lilybell the fairest of them all!

A. J. Symington, Glasgow.

* By Michael Angelo.

DUTCH AND ENGLISH LANDSCAPES.

Men of fortune have begun to think their mansions incomplete unless the walls are adorned with a few good pictures; and, as a consequence, painting, more especially landscape painting, is making considerable progress towards perfection. The ancient masterpieces which adorn the galleries at Old Trafford, were the fruits of substantial patronage. Titian, Velasques, Rubens, and Vandyck were in possession of princely resources. We have had great things done in garrets, under difficulties no doubt; but Titian could never have spread his gorgeous palette in a garret. Velasques would never have stamped his patrons with so brave a bearing on canvas had he not achieved an exalted position for himself. Vandyck discovered that easy and courtly air which he imparted to his sitters by a constant and honoured residence at court,—while every touch from the pencil of Rubens bespeaks that confidence which only belongs to the world's favourites. Leave the artist in poverty, and his pictures will be slovenly and mean; while, on the contrary, let him possess leisure and means, and he will create *chefs-d'œuvre*. Nor are these remarks suggested solely by the sublime productions which adorn the churches of Catholic countries; the smaller, but scarcely less wonderful efforts of Flemish and Dutch masters, owed their elaborate beauties no less to the munificence of Flemish and Dutch connoisseurs. The waterfalls of Ruysdael—the lane scenes of Hobbema—and the flower pieces of Van Huysum, were almost as much idolised in their day by the wealthy citizens of Holland as the pictures of saints and martyrs were in the churches and palaces of Italy and Spain.

Of late a large demand for cabinet gems, and what are called easel pictures, has sprung up in England, and promises to rival that of the old burgomasters of Amsterdam. Landscape painting, so little patronised in the days of Wilson and Gainsborough, has now become a popular study. Our manufacturers and merchants now give large prices for transcripts of inanimate nature; and, if the Dutch boast their Hobbemas and Ruysdaels, we, on our part, might be no less vain of our masters in the same department of art. In illustration of this, we purpose to contrast some recent examples of landscape painting by English artists with some well-preserved specimens of the old Dutch school.

No. 711, in the Gallery of Ancient Masters, is a noble picture, by Jacob Ruysdael; in this instance representing neither waterfall nor babbling brook, but a dark, secluded pool, surrounded by venerable oak trees. The surface of the water is adorned with yellow lilies, and the margin gracefully fringed with rushes. Trunks of trees have lain neglected in the grass until overgrown with golden and silvery moss, like the decayed branches suspended above, which look so dry and brittle that you expect every moment to see them come tumbling down. The artist has given us one of those rich, warm, humid summer atmospheres well known among the tall chimnies of Manchester. A subdued sunlight is suffused over the lonely scene, burnishing out the moist yellow leaves into an agreeable contrast with the dark, rich, sober green masses of foliage and dense rain clouds beyond. Such are the leading features of the scene; trifling details—a man tending a few straggling sheep and a strip of a corn-field—serve to give variety; but it is in the masses of cloud and leafage that the master appears so grandly pre-eminent. Ruysdael (unlike many English landscape painters) courted difficulties, and overcame them. He selected full-grown trees with overhanging boughs, and caught the ever-varying tints of the forest in its gloom and solemnity.

As a companion to the Ruysdael, we have selected a picture by Hobbema, who is said to have been a scholar of the Ruysdaels. It is in the Hertford collection, and numbered 24 in that department. The scene depicted is not altogether unlike the one described—clumps of trees, broken grounds, and water. An uncouth Dutch boor, rod in hand, looking out for carp or tench, tramples down the rushes on the edge of the canal or dyke. This reads like Ruysdael; but the treatment is very different to that master's. In Ruysdael the sunlight falls in soft masses over sloping hills and verdant meadows; but in Hobbema fitful gleams steal in on the winding pathway, or suddenly light up dry tufts of grass far within the intricate recesses of the wood, while the light clouds ride swiftly past, throwing their shadows over the plain and among the waving branches, which are gnarled and twisted by the breeze into admirable variety and confusion. There is most dash and fire in Hobbema. Ruysdael, in spite of his foaming torrents and attempts at the grand, is usually all mildness and serenity, or, at the most, gloomy. We prefer Ruysdael for delicacy of tint, Hobbema for vigorous touch and texture.

Leaving the Dutch masters, we cross over to the gallery devoted to modern British art, and the first picture that strikes us, as offering a fair comparison, is by that shamefully-neglected artist—Patrick Nasmyth—numbered 131, and entitled "The Waterfall." It represents a scene in the Highlands,—a mountain torrent, surmounted by a rustic wooden bridge. On the right, an oak, shorn of its glory, rises up in the clear summer sky. The water comes leaping down betwixt a wild pass of rock and underwood. The water is well painted, particularly the foam; the shrubs are light and graceful; but still the water wants the cool, freezing look of the water in the Dutchman's picture, and the vegetation wears a sameness of tone which is uncomfortably monotonous to contemplate. A landscape by the same hand (137), is better. A road runs winding through a wood; a fertile country of hill and vale, broken up by hedgerows, stretches far away; while the foreground is composed of old oak trees, clothed in the soft and mellow hues of autumn. The whole wears a quiet pastoral look, which is extremely fascinating, and fully accounts for the high estimation in which the artist is held. Nevertheless, he is no rival to the Hobbemas and Ruysdaels. We have to regret that Nasmyth was so far enamoured of those two masters as to sink his own individuality in their study. We must oppose to those Dutchmen of two centuries ago a class of men who follow nature much more faithfully and devotedly by far than poor Patrick Nasmyth could afford to do.

A small picture (No. 584, Modern English Masters), by the elder Linnell, is composed of the right material. That huge cloud piled up in the centre of the picture, and so vividly tinted by the setting sun, is not surpassed by any painter (Rubens excepted) throughout the whole range of landscape painting. This is a picture to abide in the memory like a passage from the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."

The shepherd brings home the sheep to the fold; the ploughman and his team wind their weary way along the rugged path; the copse and the lonesome dell are growing indistinct in the twilight; the peasant will soon hie to his humble bed, and leave the world to darkness and the solitary musing poet. "The Sheepfold" is a beautiful sonnet painted. It possesses refinements of which the old Dutchmen were utterly unconscious.

Again, in a picture by the younger Linnell (556), entitled, "An Autumn Morning," a kindred feeling prevails. A flock of sheep are located in a turnip field on the border of an extensive wood or copse, evidently set apart to the preservation of game, and where the squire's rabbits dispense with as many turnips in the night as the farmer's sheep consume in the day. The turnips, sheep, weeds, and wild flowers, are most carefully elaborated, even to the meanest trifle that is—if even a blade of dried grass can be mean in the painter's eye. In the distant wood you readily distinguish the various kind of trees and shrubs by their varying colours, no less than by their several characteristic forms. The holly and the oak are conspicuous. But above and over all we have the sun rising in a perfect blaze of splendour. The most startling effects, and tints the most opposed, are ranged in broad bars and blended into harmony. The painter has copied nature, and nature in the strangest mood is never inharmonious. Herein is the secret of success in landscape painting. If our artists would eclipse the great masters of the Dutch school, they must, like the Linnells, rise with the lark, and linger in the fields until the ploughman and the shepherd are gone home to bed.

H. M.

SCULPTURE AND PAINTING

Hail to the Power that striketh from the rude
Amorphous block or god or demigod,
With stroke resistless as the prophet's rod
That smote from Sinai's flint the swelling flood!

Hail! silent Spouse of beautiful and good,
Dear mother meek of forms divinely fair—
Beatitudes serene as summer air,
When evening dies into the trancèd mood!

Devoutest salutations, Art, be thine,
That souls to transport lifted can accord!
Thou putt'st in heaven and earth a human heart;
At thy god-touch the human grows divine,
Creation rose to the eternal Word;
New worlds arise to thine, creative Art.

J. Cameron.

THE ARTIST'S GRATITUDE FOR A SHINING MOMENT.

To-day a power from worlds beyond the sky
Came down upon me through the clouds of time,
Filling my soul with heavenly peace sublime,
With an immeasurable flood of joy!
Rapt by that Pentecost of transport high,
Great as a god I threw my arms apart;
I clasp'd the peopled planet to my heart,—
I for the world that hour had dared to die.

Too soon the glorious deluge ebbed away,
But God, I thank Thee for the exalting hour;
Gracious beyond belief Thou often art;
Oh! may I ne'er forget that blessèd day,
That solemn touch of supernatural power,
Expansions wide as heaven of soul and heart.

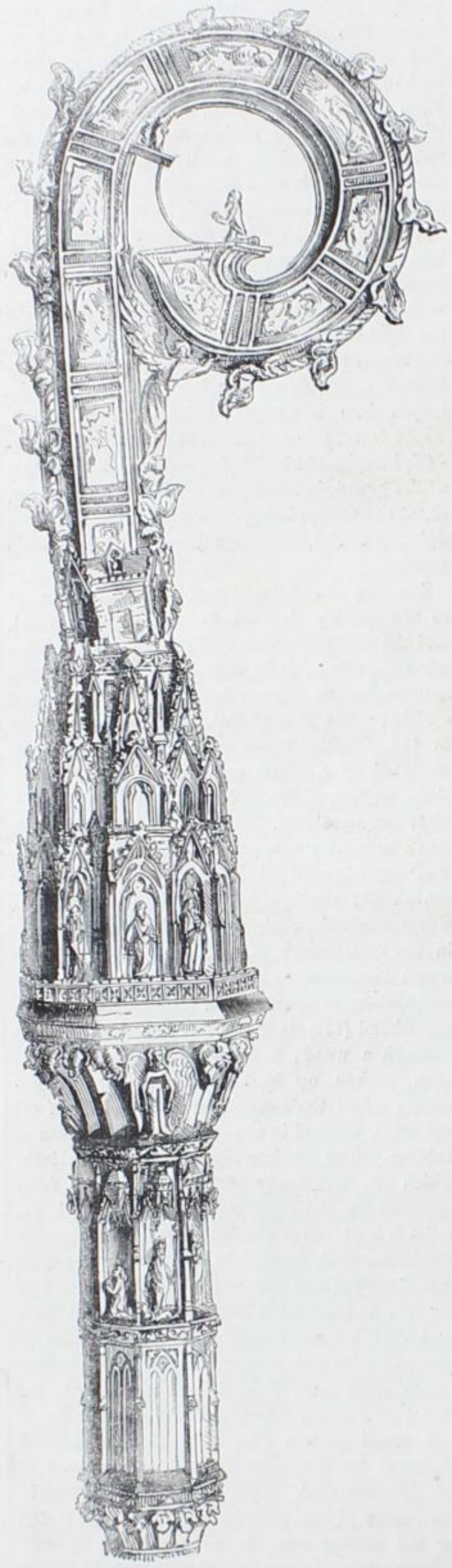
J. Cameron.

THE PASTORAL STAFF OF WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

This magnificent crozier of the 14th century, which astonishes at the present day by its elaborate design and workmanship, is one of the great treasures of the Exhibition. It is of silver, and has been originally gilt, except in those parts where it is covered by enamel. The staff is ornamented with oblong *repoussé* plaques of silver in the form of a branch with leaves. These have formerly been filled in with green and blue translucid enamels alternately, three of which encircle the staff, and twenty complete the length, divided by two bosses. Above these the crozier enlarges into an octagonal cluster of two tiers of canopies, under the upper of which are saints holding emblems, the background being filled in with enamels. The crozier from thence still increases in thickness, and between the thick and thin part there are four angels and four lilies placed alternately. An upright pierced ridge encloses four angular Gothic pinnacles, under the canopies of which are the twelve apostles, in applique, on black and green enamel, as before. Above is a chapel, with angels. Round the outer side of the crozier run a series of crockets, and along the inner side a small quatrefoil border. On the sides are ten oblong plaques of translucent enamels, representing female saints, and on the end of the crook is a small figure of our Saviour praying before the Father, and an angel.

As the Good Shepherd of his flock, William of Wykeham, five hundred years ago, bore this beautiful piece of artistic workmanship through the stately aisles of Winchester, on that 14th of April morning, 1386, when *New* College, Oxford, was inaugurated, "with much solemnity and devotion." In those days the heads of the church seem to have understood the great responsibilities of their position. Through their means many of the finest buildings of our country have arisen—many of our fairest educational institutions been established. Those barbarous-looking huts, called churches and abbeys,—built of timbers, wattled together, plaistered with mud, and thatched with rushes,—gave way before the genius of men like Wykeham, and were transformed into magnificent temples raised to the worship of God, such as we see at York, at Westminster, and in most of those old localities for which, with all our radically progressive notions, many of us have still a sort of lurking veneration.

Architecture was, however, in the days we are alluding to, without schools or professors—architects did not work in dingy-looking offices in back streets; but we had architectural priests and prelates, among whom the good Wykeham was eminent. In his twenty-third year we find him at court, in King Edward's service; and a few years after "surveyor of the king's works, at the castle and in the park of Windsor," with powers to "press all sorts of artificers, and to provide stone, timber, and all necessary materials," rewarded by wages of one shilling per day while resident at Windsor, and two shillings when travelling,—a sum found afterwards insufficient, and thereupon increasedby an extra shilling per day, "payable out of the exchequer." The old castle of Windsor was then levelled to the ground, and a new edifice raised on its site, in keeping with the regal dignity of the time, and the magnificence which characterised the social condition of the notables, as witnessed in many curious records and relics. The present "Round Tower" is supposed to be the only portion remaining of Wykeham's feudal castle



at Windsor, where were to be met, among the crowd of great ones, Froissart writing his curious chronicles, and Chaucer weaving his immortal verse. Architecture was, however, in the ascendant. Wykeham is made "warden and justiciary of the king's forests on this side Trent,"—he receives 20s. a-day out of the exchequer. Again he is made "keeper of the privy seal," then secretary to the king, and now commissioner, "together with the chancellor, the treasurer, and the Earl of Arundel, to treat of the ransom of David, King of Scotland." He is styled in the records of the time, chief of the privy council and governor of the great council, "which terms," says Louth, "I suppose, are not titles of office, but express the great influence and authority which he had in those assemblies." Born in a middle sphere of life, and having no particular advantages in education, such progress in the good opinion of a man like Edward the Third gives ample evidence of great mental power, whilst his daily life showed how much he valued a good name, and desired to spread knowledge and a love of what he deemed the truth. The priesthood was never more favoured than during this reign—honours and wealth were lavishly showered upon its members—yet Wykeham seems never to have forgotten the duties of his vocation. His first step in the church was through the rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, and in three years after he received the king's grant of the Royal Chapel, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London. Preferments rapidly followed from kingly favour, until there comes a tap at his door from the Pope's messenger, with a request that he will glance over the Bull recently issued concerning pluralities. But a deaf ear is turned both by the powerful Edward and his clerical friend, and on the 9th of July, 1368, William of Wykeham is "enthroned in the Cathedral of Winchester," and a few months afterwards "constituted Chancellor of England," having then only reached his forty-fourth year. He felt the power he had attained, and determined to use it,—he "visited all the religious houses throughout his diocese, informing himself of the state and condition of each, and of the particular abuses which required reformation. He resolved to restore them in the spirit of their original foundations, and drew up rules and injunctions for that purpose." The Hospital of "The Holy Cross" seems to have been as noted for abuses in those days as in the present,—it "cost Wykeham six years of anxious remonstrance and litigation before he could restore it according to the intention of the founder, Henry de Blois."

The Duke of Lancaster now became the enemy of the good bishop, for Edward was in his dotage, and forgetful of his previous fame, so Wykeham "is banished twenty miles from court." But the clergy take alarm, and the people become incensed—rising in defence of their favourite prelate—surrounding and threatening the palace of the wicked duke. The good bishop is restored. Edward dying, Richard the Second ascends the throne, and "immediately remembered his heroic father's friend." And now the *New* College of Oxford begins to loom forth, and in six years after the foundation-stone was laid it has become one of the memorable institutions of our country, with its warden, its "poor scholars," its clerks, its "students in theology, canon and civil law, and philosophy." Connected with this, came the Preparatory College of St. Mary, at Winchester. "The school," says Louth, "which Wykeham went to when a boy,

stood where his college now stands." The last and the greatest of this great man's architectural labours—now in his 70th year—was the restoration of his Cathedral of Winchester, which occupied ten years. "It was but just finished," Louth tells us, "when the bishop died; but he had provided in his will for the entire completion of his design by his executors, in case of his death. He allotted 2,500 marks for what then remained to be done, besides 500 marks for the glass windows; this was about a year and a-half before it was finished, by which some sort of estimate may be made of the whole expense." In the full possession of his mental faculties, William of Wykeham gradually sank under the burthen of eighty years, at South Waltham, on Saturday the 27th September, 1404. Among his numerous bequests were his mitre, dalmatics, sandals, and crozier, to his College at Oxford. A photographic copy of the last of these forms our illustration, and the original will be found among the rich pieces of ormamental art in Case A, centre nave.



THE OLD MASTERS.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

Amongst all the specimens of the early Florentine masters in the Art-Treasures Exhibition there is not one of more pleasing character, and at the same time more illustrative of the happy fancy which these early labourers loved to lavish upon the sacred subjects which they undertook, than the picture called in the catalogue "The Adoration of the Kings," but more properly, "The Adoration of the Shepherds," the principal portion of which forms the subject of the accompanying engraving.

Botticelli was born at Florence in 1437, and died in 1515. He was a pupil of Filippo Lippi, himself a pupil of Masaccio, and one of the most graceful painters of his time. Botticelli obtained great honours for his performances in the chapel of Sixtus IV., and was also employed by the Medici, earning large rewards; but being extravagant in his habits, he died in poverty. He was very fond of introducing a large number of figures, and all sorts of agreeable accessories into his pictures; and in no one that he painted was he more lavish in this respect than in the one before us. The scene is the humble shed where the Son of God was born. In the midst is the Virgin, kneeling in devout admiration before the Divine Infant; on the other side, sitting, is Joseph, who appears wrapt in contemplation. On either side are the shepherds, who have come to pay their homage to the Saviour, conducted by angels, who crown them with laurel wreaths, and whose every action is full of life, their every expression benign in the extreme. Above, kneeling on the roof, are three angels, who pray over the humble but holy household. So far the picture is represented in our engraving, which includes the principal portion of it, as given in the "Florentine School of Design," by Ottley, to whom the picture formerly belonged. Beyond this group, however, in the picture itself, are other incidents, highly romantic and picturesque, and in appropriate harmony with the occasion, though of a poetry far beyond what the most fervid imagination in our present matter-of-fact age would probably produce. High above, in the sky, which is of a golden hue, are seen a host of angels dancing in a circle,* hand-in-hand; and below, in the foreground, are other angels, embracing the shepherds who are approaching the scene. In the midst of all this pious gratulation the spirit of evil is seen crawling away, as if his presence were impossible in such blessed company. Every part of this singular and interesting work is most beautifully painted; and the spectator retires from the contemplation of it with unmixed feelings of admiration and respect for the pure religious fervour which inspired its production. The artist was so pleased with the subject, particularly the Virgin Mother, as treated in it, that he repeated this figure, together with that of the Infant Christ, in another picture, which will be seen higher up, a little further on, in the Gallery of the Old Masters. The large picture, from which our engraving is taken, is now the property of Mrs. F. Maitland; the replica of the "Virgin and Child," last alluded to, belongs to Lord Northwich.

Sandro Botticelli also painted mythological subjects, a curious specimen of which, representing the story of Ulysses and the Syrens, the property of the Liverpool Royal Institution, is in the Exhibition.

Pre-Raph.

* The annotator on Kugler's "Handbook of Painting, the Italian Schools," pretends to correct the author for speaking of "angels dancing in the air." The note says: "The group of angels are not dancing in the air, but securely kneeling on the thatch of the shed. See the engraving, plate 50, of Ottley's Early Florentine School." Now Kugler had seen the picture in Ottley's collection, the annotator had not; but if he had read the inscription on the plate, as given in the "Florentine School," viz., "part of a painting in distemper, in the possession of the editor," he might have hesitated before giving this flat contradiction to an author generally very careful and accurate. This is an instance of the way in which errors of criticism sometimes originate.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

No. II.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

Wilson's biographers tell us, that while he was starving in a garret, the victim of ignorance and neglect, two of his cotemporaries, Barrett and Smith of Chichester, received the caresses of the great, and made large incomes by the sale of their works. We much regret that specimens of these men, and likewise of Lambert and Rooker, two landscapists also of Wilson's time, have not been procured for the present occasion. It may be said that their works are not "art-treasures;" but surely they are links of equal importance in the chronological chain, as the pictures of Hayman, Kent, Kauffman, Hamilton, Wheatly, and others, which, weak as they are, have very properly been included. However dwarfish, it would have been most interesting to note the class of thing the taste of the age preferred to the gigantic inspirations of a Wilson. Allan Cunningham calls Barrett "an indifferent dauber,"—a harsh and somewhat undeserved term. We have seen landscapes of his of considerable merit; he was a clever executionist, and his colouring was often effective, though certainly conventional, his trees running the gamut between cold blue and warm orange, much after the manner of the Gainsborough landscape, No. 70. Smith we only know by the prints Woolett and others wasted their valuable time in engraving after his works. They are sad fiddle-faddle matters, apparently composed on the principle of the strict fitness of things, and the desire of giving people plenty for their money. Thus, if he designed a hillside, it was always nicely fitted up with a shepherd and sheep; if water, its decorations consisted in a boat, and appropriate fishermen; if a road, it had its solitary horseman; and his woods generally enshrined one of those happy cottages which exist only in the imaginations of youthful lovers, writers of ballad operas, and painters of the namby-pamby school. Of Lambert's works, it is enough to repeat Wilson's comparison. "They look," said he, "like eggs and spinach." Rooker was at the head of another class of men, who painted lakes and ruins, always with the same light distance, always with the same dark tree rising from an appalling depth of foreground blackness; and whether the scene was Ullswater or Kirkstall Abbey, the same fashionably-dressed group of ladies, with their St. James's-street beau politely explaining the beauties of the scenery. According to these men, lake scenes could only be painted in a certain way, and ruin scenes in a certain way. They were the Hudsons and Richardsons of their department, and it required Sir Joshua-like power to dispel the smoke-fog they had gathered up round landscape art.

Of George Morland one occasionally sees a bit of tree work which shows what he might have done in landscape but for his vile debauched habits. The Art-Treasures Exhibition gives but little idea of his true power. The woody backgrounds of 139, "Rustic Scene," and 142, "Gipsies," are certainly nice examples of broken colour; but one gets quite out of breath in following the eager and hurried rapidity of their execution. Morland's best time was of very short duration, his latter pictures being but shadows of his former self. The demon drink palsied his hand, and dulled his brain; a dense fog crept over his colouring, and the spirit and fire of his execution sank into slovenliness and mannerism. The last ten years of his life were passed in taverns and sponging houses, in hiding from the pursuit of bailiffs, or in the debtor's prison. The terms on which he at this time worked for the dealers, were so much per day "and his drink!" and it is stated that he continued painting and drinking alternately, until the drink got the better—when the day's work was over. Morland's subjects suited the taste of his age; it required no great stretch of imagination, and little educational outlay, to fully appreciate his wallowing pigs, his venerable white horses, and his red-cloaked gipsy women. Large as was the number of works he produced, there was always a constant demand for them. Strange to say, his erratic habits rather added than otherwise to the mania. The very newspapers found it to their advantage to insert among their facetiæ anecdotes of "Morland the painter;" and the world in general declared him a most agreeable monster. The dealers took ample advantage of this, and probably realised more money on his productions than had hitherto been done on the works of any living painter.

During Morland's time lived P. J. de Loutherbourg. He was a most universal genius; he painted theatrical scenery, portraits, land and sea fights, history, landscape,—nothing came amiss to him. No wonder he contracted mannerism of style—no wonder he was unlike nature, or that his thoughts, while painting, reverted rather to the representations of others than to the things themselves. His works have a certain air of imparted elegance and refinement, and his touch, though specious, is attractive from its life and spirit; his "Landscape" (96) is most dexterously wrought, a marvel of rapid short-hand execution. It is a furious piece of hot colouring, more like fire-light than sunset, and the scheme of the picture is certainly of Dutch extraction. 57A and 57B, two sea fights, are carefully done; but there is a tameness and hardness about them as though the painter's heart was not in his work.

Wright, of Derby, was another versatile genius. He painted portraits, effects of fire-light, figure subjects, and occasionally landscapes, and, considering their rarity, it is more to be regretted than wondered at that a specimen of his powers in landscape is not to be found on the walls of the Exhibition. His pictures of Vesuvius in eruption are terrific examples of preternatural effect. Wilson once proposed an exchange with him, saying, "I will give you air, and you shall give me fire;" but if honest Dick ever saw his large picture of "The Lake of Nemi" (which was sold by auction, some 20 years ago, in the Manchester Exchange Rooms), he must have acknowledged that Wright could paint air too.

Julius Cæsar Ibbotson is another unrepresented man of this era. He affected rural subjects, groups of peasants or gipsies, animals, interiors of stables, &c., and landscapes. He possessed a fluency of pencil somewhat akin to that of Morland. His colouring was often fresh and vigorous, though usually inclining to blackness and heaviness of shadow.

John Glover was held in high estimation in the early part of the present century. His works were then as greatly coveted as are now those of Linnell or Creswick, though, of course, at far different prices. In his early day he fell in with the theory of the time, and went for worship to the old clothes market. He tried, with uncertain success, to bend the lines of local scenery to suit the manner and effects of Claude and Poussin. Eventually he turned to the study of nature, and is remarkable as being about the first of our artists who took his canvas and colours out of doors, and wrought resolutely from the thing itself. He used to pitch his tent on the banks of Ullswater, or near some of the Yorkshire abbeys, and remain the whole summer painting pictures of large size, entirely on the spot. This novel process took rapid hold on the public mind, and the name of Glover rose to every tongue which discoursed of landscape and nature. But in truth his works were too much mere maplike followings; they lacked wholeness of effect. His manner, too, was thin and poor, his touch tame, and his foregrounds multitudinous in detail, without being effective in result. Glover's fame was but short-lived. Other artists arose; Turner's fame was fast reaching its culminating point; and our artist finding himself eclipsed, realised his property, packed up his effects, and sailed for Van Diemen's Land, where he died at a very advanced age. Glover is represented here by one of the best pictures we ever saw of his—415, "Durham Cathedral." The noble old pile stands out in misty majesty from the sun-bathed evening sky, and a stilly, soundless sentiment pervades the air. With more power, and a richer impaste, this would have been a really fine picture.

The history of all arts is generally much the same. A genius to lead, and then a school to follow, with its gradual decadence towards dulness and mediocrity, until again some original mind bursts forth, to renew its reign of glory and renown. Richard Wilson was undoubtedly the landscape genius of the last century. No other man can be named who was at all his parallel. Nevertheless, his works can hardly be said to have had much influence on the productions of his cotemporaries or successors—simply because he was not the fashion. His manner was new and startling, and the public taste was not sufficiently advanced to allow of fine colour and broad effect being received as substitutes for minute finish. Still, in the works of Morland, Ibbotson, and a few others of minor renown, we discover much that may be traced to the influence of his pencil.

The record of landscape art during and since Wilson's time has, we are afraid, proved but a dull retrospect; it shows no progress, but rather a sort of dim, harmless, twilight kind of existence. Still, it seemed necessary in its history, however sketchy in design that history may be, to exhibit it in its various phases, and to give some idea of its state at the accession of King Turner, of whose long and glorious reign we propose to treat in a future number.

IMPORTANCE OF STUDY IN ART.

Titian copied even a plant or a piece of common drapery from the objects themselves; and Raphael is known to have made elaborate studies of the principal heads in his pictures. All the great painters of this period were thoroughly grounded in the first principles of their art; had learned to copy a face, a hand, or an eye, and had acquired patience to finish a single figure before they undertook to paint extensive compositions. They knew that though fame is represented with her head above the clouds, her feet rest upon the earth. Genius can only have its full scope where, though much may have been done, more remains to do; where models exist chiefly to show the deficiencies of art, and where the perfect idea is left to be filled up in the painter's imagination.—*Hazlitt.*



"BLIND MAN'S BUFF."—WILKIE.



DOUGLAS JERROLD.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE BUST BY E. H. BAILY, R.A., IN THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

We are called to the melancholy duty of announcing the death of Douglas William Jerrold, whose contributions to our modern literature, for the last thirty years, have found welcome in every household where sterling wit and a true philosophy could be duly appreciated. No writer of the present day evinced more decided possession of the spirit we are pleased, in our admiration, to call "genius." We look in vain for one more original in matter or in style; for one more earnest of purpose; more indignant at oppression in any shape; more generous in his appreciation of what he believed to be the truth. We cannot do better than place before our readers the following interesting notes, which are taken from the columns of our able contemporary, the *Athenæum*, and evidently written by one to whom Jerrold was not unknown:—

"Jerrold was born in London on the 3rd of January, 1803, while Bonaparte was at Boulogne and London was in the riot of anticipated invasion. He was christened Douglas William Jerrold, Douglas having been the maiden name of his grandmother. His father, Samuel Jerrold, was manager of the two theatres of Sheerness and Southend, and in these sea-places much of his childhood passed, in sight of ships, breakers, press-gangs, theatrical stars, female and male, black-eyed damsels, and prisoners of war. He was the son of his father's old age, and he held a theory that the children of old men are always nervous, facile, and short-lived. Few friends or playmates of his own age came near him in the theatre or in the town; indeed, he used to say the only boy he knew familiarly at Sheerness was the little buoy at the Nore. Among the theatrical folks who played on his father's stage he remembered Edmund Kean with peculiar vividness; for the descendant of Halifax pleased him by carrying him on the boards in *Rolla*, and still more by his whimsicalities in the pantomime. He appeared also on the stage with Kean as the *Stranger's* child. Author and actor came together afterwards at Drury Lane—in Jerrold's early London life; Kean, who remembered Jerrold, gave him orders and oranges, and Jerrold paid him in admiration and epigrams. Long years of theatrical success—some quarrels and misunderstandings—never cooled the ardour with which the author of 'Clovernook' always spoke of the great artist who had been gentle to him when a boy.

"Jerrold's school days were few, and the results of his studies at Sheerness unimportant. He used to say, with a merry melancholy, that the only prize he carried home from school was a prize ringworm. In all ways, he was considered a dull boy; at nine years of age he could scarcely read. Breakers were the books he liked to study. Frigates rolling past the Nore, and the grand tramp of war in Belgium, where Bonaparte was staking his last card, drew his imagination towards the sea—conquering, for a time, even his passion for oil-lamps, property men, and the hot applause of the family theatre. To sea he would go and fight the French,—entering his Majesty's service as a midshipman on board the 'Namur.' Middies in those days had not learnt to drink claret, smoke cigars, and quote Keats; and the mess-room was anything but a cross between a boudoir in Park Lane and a hole in a Cyder Cellar. The life was rough, the usage hard, the dissipation slight. Sea life was then a passion—it is now only a sentiment. Something of Nelson's genius has passed into the navy—inextinguishable hate of the French. Jerrold caught this fury,—natural enough to a boy born in the panic of invasion and trained in a war port; and to his last year there remained in his writing and in his conversation a pulse—so to say—a breath—a suspicion—now taking a literary, now a social, now a political form—of that stern religion of the English in 1804. Though he afterwards lived in France for years, educated his children there, and spoke its language with the readiness of a practised jester, he never seemed to forget his blue cap and gold band, but rattled among the fishwives of Boulogne and the flower-girls of Paris with the benignant vivacity of a middy just stepped ashore. His commander, Capt. Austen, brother of the great novelist, was fond of theatricals, and the officers got up private plays. A man before the mast painted the scenery, and Jerrold superintended the stage. That man before the mast was Stanfield, our incomparable marine artist. When Jerrold was transferred to another ship they parted company,—to meet again, after long years, on the stage of Drury Lane, when Stanfield was painting scenery for 'The Rent Day.' Out of these youthful recollections arose, we believe,

that series of amateur theatricals which introduced the extraordinary histrionic genius of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Mark Lemon to the public, which secured honourable means to two veteran authors, and made the charm of so many London seasons. A party of friends were walking over Richmond Park, chatting of other days, when Jerrold cries, 'Let's have a play, Stanfield, like we had on board the 'Namur.'' Mr. Dickens took up the tale, and was acclaimed manager. 'Every Man in his Humour' was selected, the parts were cast, and the row began.

"After a few months Jerrold returned to shore, and came to London in search of fortune. He found it in a printer's office, in a court leading from Salisbury Square; to the proprietors of which he was bound 'prentice. Working steadily, and in process of time a master in the mechanism of his craft, he nevertheless only considered this employment as a means to something higher. At this time, though the hours of labour were long, and there were no compositors' reading-rooms for leisure moments, he attacked Latin and Italian; rose at three in the morning to construe Virgil and Livy, and passed stormy hours with grammarians and glossaries before he commenced work with the heavy leaders and light sketches of the periodical press—the productions of people enjoying fame and pay for writings in which his quick eye detected the weak points and the faded splendours. He began to scribble verse as soon as he learned to write; and his sonnets, epigrams, and songs appeared in the six-penny magazines of the day. He was then a mere boy, and looked, indeed, like a child. An American writer, one of those gentlemen from over sea who print Citizen of the World on their cards and invent pen-and-ink portraits of celebrities they have never spoken with, once described him as a tiny man who walked up the Strand fumbling his thunderbolts. Tiny he was: and before his fine fell of hair grisled into a lion's mane, he seemed almost infantine in the delicate mould of his face and the exquisite beauty of his expression. Emboldened by success, he wrote for the stage, to which he felt a family call, and produced clouds of pieces ere he was twenty—some of which still keep the stage, like 'More frightened than Hurt,' performed at Sadler's Wells. He engaged with Davidge, then manager of the Coburg, to produce pieces at a salary; and some of his plays at this time, hastily composed, and as he thought unworthy of his powers, appeared under the name of Mr. Henry Brownrig. In consequence of quarrels he went from the Coburg Theatre to the Surrey, with 'Black-Eyed Susan' in his hand. He had brought from the quarter-deck of the 'Namur' a love of the sea and a knowledge of the service, which he turned to account on the stage and in his general writings. Salt air sweeps through these latter like a breeze and a perfume. 'Black-Eyed Susan,' the most successful of his naval plays, was written when he was scarcely twenty years old,—a piece which made the fortune of the Surrey Theatre,—restored Elliston from a long course of disastrous mismanagement,—and gave honour and independence to T. P. Cooke. Indeed, no dramatic work of ancient or modern days ever reached the success of this play. It was performed, without break, for hundreds of nights. All London went over the water, and Cooke became a personage in society, as Garrick had been in the days of Goodman's Fields. Covent Garden borrowed the play, and engaged the actor, for an afterpiece. A hackney cab carried the triumphant William, in his blue jacket and white trousers, from the Obelisk to Bow-street; and Mayfair maidens wept over the strong situations and laughed over the searching dialogue which had moved an hour before the tears and merriment of the Borough. On the 300th night of representation the walls of the theatre were illuminated, and vast multitudes filled the thoroughfares. When subsequently reproduced at Drury Lane, it kept off ruin for a time even from that magnificent misfortune. Actors and managers throughout the country reaped a golden harvest. Testimonials were got up for Elliston and for Cooke on the glory of its success. But Jerrold's share of the gain was slight—about £70 of the many thousands which it realised for the management. With unapproachable meanness, Elliston abstained from presenting the youthful writer with the value of a toothpick; and Elliston's biographer, with a kindred sense of poetic justice, while chaunting the praises of Elliston for producing 'Black-eyed Susan,' forgets to say who wrote the play! When the drama had run 300 nights, Elliston said to Jerrold, with amusing coolness, 'My dear boy, why don't you get your friends to present you with a bit of plate?'

"Many dramas, comic and serious, followed this first success—all shining with points and colours. Among these were 'Nell Gwynne,' 'The Schoolfellows,' and 'The Housekeeper.' Drury Lane opened its exclusive doors to an author who had made fortune and fame for Elliston and Cooke But Mr. Osbaldiston, who only timidly perceived the range and sweep of the youthful genius which he wooed to his green-room, proposed the adaptation of a French piece, offering to pay handsomely for the labour. Adapt a French piece! The volunteer rose within him, and he turned on his heel with a snort. Drury Lane was then in the hands of the French, freshly captured, and the boy who had gone to sea in order to fight Napoleon refused to serve in London under his literary marshals. He returned to the theatre after a while with his 'Bride of Ludgate,' the first of many ventures and many successes on the same boards. 'The Mutiny at the Nore' had followed the first nautical success, and his minor pieces on the Surrey side continued to run long and gloriously. But the patent theatres, with a monopoly of the five-act drama, were strongly garrisoned by the French, aided by native troops whom they had raised,—and some of whom, such as Poole and Planché, were men of great technical skill and facile talent; and he never felt his feet secure in either theatre until the production of his 'Rent Day,'—a play suggested and elaborated from Wilkie's pictures. Wilkie sent him a handsome letter and a pair of proof engravings with his autograph. The public paid him still more amply.

"A selection from the early writings for the stage, made by himself, has been published in the Collected Edition of his works. But many were unjustly condemned, and among those rejected plays the curious seeker will find some of the most sterling literary gold. His wit was so prodigal, and he prized it so little, save as a delight to others, that he threw it away like dust, never caring for the bright children of his brain, and smiling with complacent kindness at people who repeated to him his jests—as their own! At the least demur, too, he would surrender his most happy allusions and his most trenchant hits. In one of his plays an old sailor, trying to snatch a kiss from a pretty girl—as old sailors will—got a box on the ear. 'There,' exclaimed Blue-jacket, 'like my luck; always wrecked on the coral reefs!' The manager, when the play was read in the green-room, could not see the fun, and Jerrold struck it out. A friend made a captious remark on a very characteristic touch in a manuscript comedy—and the touch went out:—a cynical dog in a wrangle with his much better-half said to her, 'My notion of a wife of forty is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties.'

"The best part of many years of his life was given up freely to these theatrical tasks,—for his genius was dramatic—his family belonged to the stage—and his own pulpit, as he thought, stood behind the footlights. His father, his mother, and his two sisters all adorned the stage; his sisters, older than himself, had married two managers,—one the late Mr. Hammond, an eccentric humourist and unsuccessful manager of Drury Lane,—the other, Mr. Copeland, of the Liverpool Theatre Royal. He himself for a moment retrod the stage, playing in his own exquisite drama, 'The Painter of Ghent.' But the effort of mechanical repetition wearied a brain so fertile in invention; and he happily returned to literature and journalism only to re-appear as an actor in the plays performed by the amateurs at St. James's Theatre and Devonshire House.

"After this time appeared, in succession, the greatest and maturest of his comedies. In 'The Prisoner of War,' in parts cast for them, the two Keeleys harvested their highest comic honours. 'Bubbles of a Day' followed,—the most electric and witty play in the English language; a play without story, scenery, or character, but which, by mere power of dialogue, by flash, swirl, and coruscation of fancy, charmed one of the most intellectual audiences ever gathered in the Haymarket. Then came 'Time Works Wonders,' remarkable as being one of the few works in which the dramatist paid much attention to story. 'The Catspaw,' produced at the Haymarket,—'St. Cupid,' an exquisite cabinet piece, first produced at Windsor Castle, and afterwards at the Princess's Theatre, with Mrs. Kean in *Dorothy*, one of the most dainty and tender assumptions of this charming artist,—and 'The Heart of Gold,' also produced by Mr. Kean, complete the series of his later works. We are glad to announce, however, that the dramatist has left behind a finished five-act comedy, with the title of the 'Spendthrift,' for which the managements should be making early inquiries.

"Contemporaneously, he had worked his way into notice as a prose writer of a very brilliant and original type—chiefly through the periodicals. His passion was periodicity—the power of being able to throw his emotions daily, or weekly, into the common reservoirs of thought. Silence was to him a pain like hunger. He must talk—act upon men—briefly, rapidly, irresistibly. For many years he brooded over the thought of *Punch*. He even found a publisher—and a wood-engraver—and a suitable *Punch* appeared,—but the publisher was less rich in funds than he in epigrams, and after five or six numbers the bantling died. Some time later his son-in-law, Mr. Mayhew, revived the thought—and our merry companion—now of world-wide name—appeared. All the chief writings of our author—except 'A Man made of Money'—saw the light in magazines, and were written with the devil at the door. 'Men of Character' appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*,—'The Chronicles of Clovernook,' in the *Illuminated Magazine*, of which he was founder and editor,—'St. Giles and St. James,' in the *Shilling Magazine*, of which he was also founder and editor, and 'The Story of a Feather,' 'Punch's Letters to his Son,' and 'The Caudle Lectures,' in *Punch*. The exquisite gallery of Fireside Saints, which appear in *Punch's Almanack* for the present year, is from his hand. Most of these works bear the magazine mark upon them—the broad arrow of their origin; but the magazine brand in this case, like the brands of famous vintages, if testifying to certain accidents of carriage, attests also the vigour and richness of the soil from which they come. 'Clovernook' is less perfect as a work of art than many a book born and forgotten since the Hermit fed on dainty viands, and discoursed of sweet philosophy. Some of his essays, contributed at an early time to the *Athenæum* and to *Blackwood's Magazine*, rank among the most subtle and delicate productions of his muse. But we have recently devoted a long article to the consideration of his literary merits, and need not repeat in this obituary what we have said before with greater leisure and more calmness than we can now command.

"For seven years past he had devoted himself more exclusively than before to politics. Politics, indeed, had always attracted him as they attract the strong and the susceptible. In the dear old days, when Leigh Hunt was sunning himself in Horsemonger Lane for calling George the Fourth a fat Adonis of forty, and the like crimes, he composed a political work—in a spirit which would probably in those days have sent him to Newgate. The book was printed, but the publishers lacked courage, and it was only to be had in secret. Only a few copies are extant. Of late years he had returned to politics; as a writer for the *Ballot* under Mr. Wakley, and as sub-editor of the *Examiner* under Mr. Fonblanque; returned to find his opinions popular in the country and triumphant in the House of Commons. Of his efforts as a journalist we need not speak. He found *Lloyd's Newspaper*, as it were, in the street, and he annexed it to literature. He found it comparatively low in rank, and he spread it abroad on the wings of his genius, until its circulation became a marvel of the press.

"We have neither time nor heart at this moment to draw the portrait of the deceased. An ampler biography will not long be wanting, in which those who knew and loved him—and those who know him best loved him most—will be able to paint him as the index and interpretation of his work. Yet even at a glance, the depth of his insight, the subtlety of his analysis, the vividness of his presentation, must strike every one who reads. His place among the wits of our own time is clear enough. He had less frolic than Theodore Hook, less elaborate humour than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood. But he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points,—and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolution. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humour. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman, who, after scraping the door for an

hour with his latch-key, leans back and exclaims, 'By Jove! some scoundrel has stolen—stolen—the keyhole!' comes as near farce as any of his illustrations. His celebrated definition of Dogmatism as 'Puppyism come to maturity' looks like a happy pun—but is something far more deep and philosophic. Between this, however, and such fancies as his description of Australia—'A land so fat, that if you tickle it with a straw, it laughs with a harvest'—the distance is not great. In his earlier time, before age and success had mellowed him to his best, he was sometimes accused of ill-nature, a charge which he vehemently resented, and which seemed only ludicrous to those privileged with his friendship. To folly, pretence, and assumption he gave no quarter, though in fair fight; and some of those who tried lances with him long remembered his home-thrust. We may give two instances without offence, for the combatants are all gone from the scene. One of those playwrights who occupied Old Drury, under the French, against whom he waged ceaseless war of epigram, was describing himself as suffering from fever of the brain. 'Courage, my good fellow,' says Jerrold, 'there is no foundation for the fact.' When the flight of Guizot and Louis Philippe from Paris was the fresh talk of London, a writer of no great parts was abusing the Revolution and pitying Guizot. 'You see,' he observed, 'Guizot and I are both historians—we row in the same boat.' 'Aye, aye,' says Jerrold, 'but not with the same skulls.' Yet such personal encounters were but the play of the panther. No man ever used such powers with greater gentleness. Indeed, to speak the plain truth, his fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say No. His purse—when he had a purse—was at every man's service, as were also his time, his pen, and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling, somebody would get sixpence of it from him. He had a lending look, of which many took advantage. The first time he ever saw Tom Dibden, that worthy gentleman and song-writer said to him, 'Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?'—'Oh, yes,' said the author of 'Black-Eyed Susan,' 'I have all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea.' A generosity which knew no limit—not even the limit at his bankers—led him into trials from which a colder man would have easily escaped. To give all that he possessed to relieve a brother from immediate trouble was nothing; he as willingly mortgaged his future for a friend as another man would bestow his advice or his blessing. And yet this man was accused of ill nature! If every one who received a kindness at his hands should lay a flower on his tomb, a mountain of roses would rise on the last resting-place of Douglas Jerrold.

"The deceased died, after a few days' illness, from disease of the heart, at his residence, Greville Place, Kilburn Priory, on Monday, the 8th of June. No first-class portrait exists of the deceased. Mr. Macknee, of Glasgow, painted him, but the likeness is a failure. Two or three others tried their hands, with even less success. Mr. Mayall and Mr. Watkins have made fair photographs of an extremely difficult face. Dr. Diamond has also obtained some excellent studies—taken only a few days before his death. But the only art-memorial which completely and truly represents Douglas Jerrold to the many who are left to mourn his decease is Baily's bust—now in the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures."

On Monday last the mortal remains of Douglas Jerrold were committed to the earth, in Norwood Cemetery, in presence of a large concourse of gentlemen known to literature and art, who had come together to indulge a generous sentiment at the grave of an honoured friend. Among others present were observed Mr. Serle, Mr. Frank Stone, Mr. George Cruikshank, Mr. Bayle Bernard, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Westland Marston, Mr. Tom Taylor, Mr. Heraud, Mr. Augustus Egg, Mr. Bradbury, Mr. Evans, Mr. John Leech, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. James Hannay, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. Augustus Mayhew, Mr. Albert Smith, Mr. Kenny Meadows, Mr. Shirley Brooks, Mr. Robert Bell, and Mr. George Hodder.

The pall-bearers were Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Horace Mayhew, Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., and Mr. Bradbury; whilst the gentlemen who occupied the mourning coaches were Mr. Jerrold's eldest and youngest sons, W. Blanchard Jerrold and Thomas Jerrold, Mr. Henry Mayhew, Mr. Copeland (brother-in-law of Mr. Jerrold), and the three medical men, Dr. Wright, Dr. Quain, and Mr. Cleveland, who attended the deceased in his last illness. To many persons it will be interesting to know that the grave of Douglas Jerrold is immediately opposite to that of his very dear friend Laman Blanchard.

SOME THOUGHTS UPON THE SPIRITUAL IN ART.

By C. A. Duval.

No. II.

Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting may almost be classed, in a consideration of this kind, under the same head, for though each has its own individuality, all express themselves by correspondences of form and colour. I am inclined to believe that architecture is the immediate link between music and the other arts. Like music, its correspondences are extremely occult—what people call far-fetched, symbolical. If we glance over the manner of building amongst different nations, and in different periods, we cannot help being impressed even to a sense of awe with its fulness of meaning. Geology has been aptly named the stone book in which is writ the history of the earth's creation. Architecture has its books also of many sorts, and amongst them stone, in which we have largely and minutely stated that most momentous history of all, how from the original dust the mind of man, storey by storey, generation after generation, has been building itself up towards heaven. The savage, the rudiment of humanity, whose mind is but a seed, and who sympathetically burrows in the earth, or makes a nest amongst the trees, and the child of Nature, as he is called, (forgetful that the highest development is the best and truest nature), who pitches his tent in the desert, or makes his wigwam in the forest, laid the foundation of our mightiest temples.

As water dripping through rocks for countless ages, carries with it portions of the secret riches through which it has flowed, and therewith of some dark and naked cavern makes a grotto gorgeous and starry, so the continual penetrating of the spiritual through nature into the human mind has, with symbols, types, and correspondences, filled it with images of beauty and of truth. Ages of darkness have passed since the first stalactite of thought was formed that now glitters "the corner stone of the temple." The progress, the aspiration of the human soul towards the Divine, which in itself is a correspondence of its ultimate destiny, may be traced step by step; and although each step, so far as we know, may not invariably and in accordance with time have been upward, yet, taking the whole history of architecture, from the mounds of earth common to all quarters of the globe, and heaps of stone, and what seems the first attempt at arrangement, cromlechs, to the simple pyramids of Central America and Egypt, the massive structures of India, the wild and imaginative Moorish, the pure and exact Grecian, and our own Gothic, more full of intelligence and fervour than all put together, we have clearly and distinctly an ascent.

The analogies and correspondences in architecture, as I remarked before, are very much hidden; there are a few in that order originated, or, at all events, perfected by Christianity—the Gothic—which are sufficiently plain to everybody. The round arch represents the rainbow, and spiritually, Hope; now the point in the Gothic arch changes the character of this from passive to active, for a point corresponds with excitement, emotion, the power or act of willing. The point, then, in the Gothic arch makes Hope active, and symbols Faith and trust. But the spire is the distinguishing characteristic of Christian architecture: columns and towers are altogether different things. Its first type was the mound, and then the pyramid. But look at the relative proportions—the pyramid, heaping material on material, can scarcely find a base broad enough on which to raise itself; while the spire, corresponding with its name, aspiration, representing your own hands, with the palms pressed together in prayer, ending with a point, springs from earth, and pierces the air like a cry.

In sculpture and painting the correspondences are much plainer than in music or architecture, but they are more limited in the one than in the other. Sculpture is the link between architecture and painting. Colour, so all-important in painting, is not essential in architecture, although it may be used with advantage in making its meaning clearer; but in sculpture it is wholly out of place, for it reduces it at once from allusion to gross imitation. It is difficult to believe, although proved beyond the possibility of doubt, that the Greeks often painted their statues, led thereto, perhaps, by the same sort of superstition which paints, and decorates with silken robes and gems the images of saints and martyrs and still more divine persons in our own day,—a practice, to the true artist, suggestive chiefly of the idols of Polynesia.

Go through any wax-work exhibition—that in Baker-street, London, for instance—where the figures are got up with a fidelity of imitation infinitely surpassing anything to be found in the Belgian churches;—in some of these you have not only the form but the colour and the actual clothes,—they are so deceptive that at the first glance you believe them to be alive. What is the result? Disgust. And why? Because deception is not the aim of art, and least of all that of the sculptor, for in sculpture there is more of purity and of the exclusively spiritual than in either painting or architecture; first, because its object is man, who is himself the most perfect manifestation of the spiritual; and secondly, because of the absence of colour. White corresponds with purity. The statue is the material apotheosis of man and of his passions—man purified; but this is true only of marble, not bronze, for there is an affinity between this metal and violence—force—which mars its effect spiritually. Imagine the "Venus" in bronze, or Baily's "Eve at the Fountain," or John Gibson's "Psyche borne by Zephyrs;" yet a marble zephyr is rather heavier than bronze. It is the colour which gives individual character to both. Make the zephyr white and semi-transparent—make it marble, and it will once more float. Bronze is a lower type—it represents the earthy. Hercules, the Titans, Fawns, Satyrs and Bac-

chantes, and that disreputable individual, Jupiter, though chief of all the gods, may with propriety be made of bronze; but Apollo—no—for he was the god of song; nor the Muses, for they are his chorus; nor the Graces, for they impersonate amiability; nor should our heroic men (except warriors) be otherwise than marble, for they are heroic not because of the earth but of the spirit.

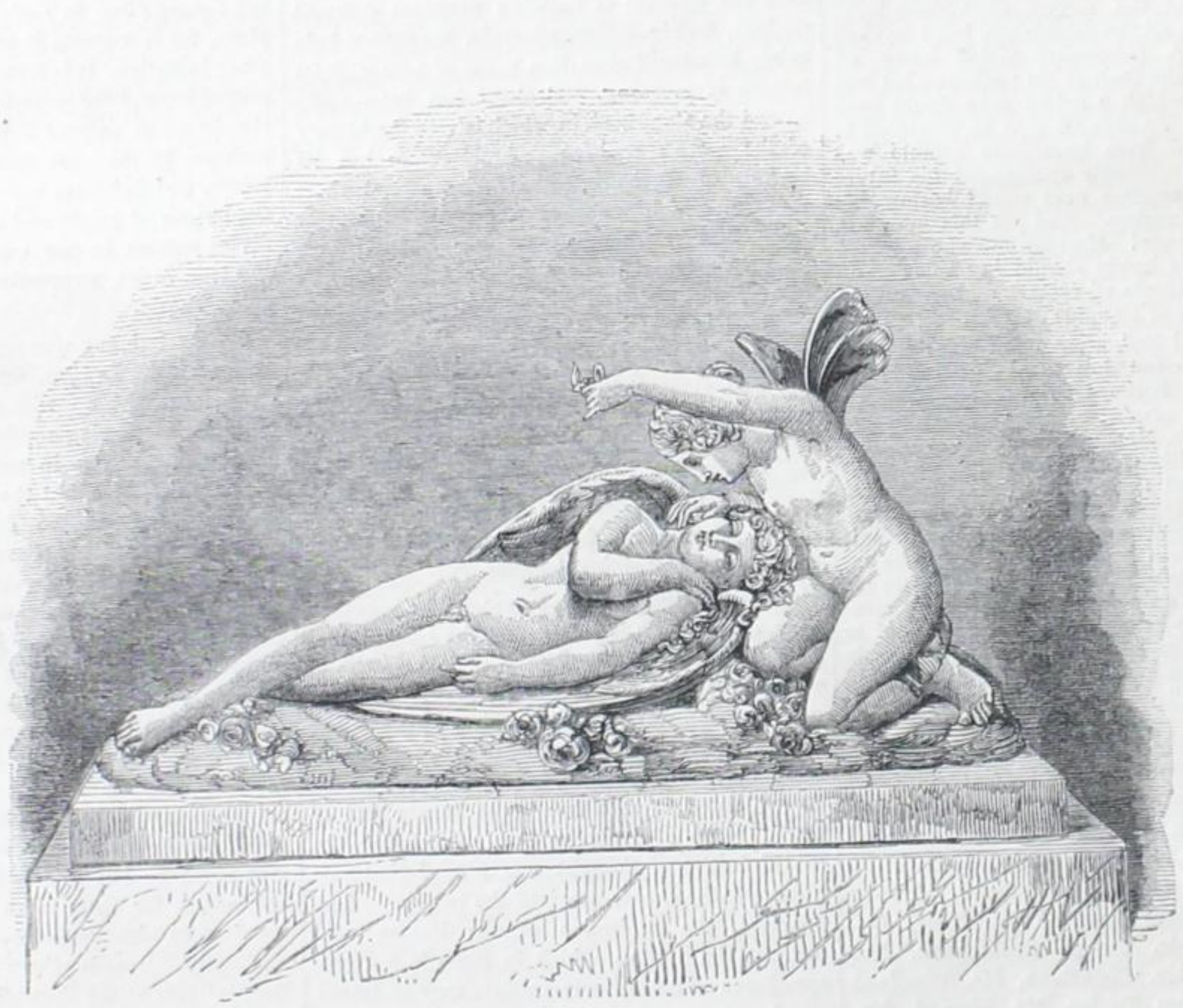
All the efforts of sculpture are concentrated in the correspondences of form, as exhibited by animal life. This is its boundary. The vegetable and mineral kingdoms belong to architecture; but here sculpture stops—if it attempts more it becomes a hybrid, barren decoration. It is to this very concentration, probably, that it owes its wonderful power. What comes within its reach it grasps completely, and imprisons in the stone.

STATUETTES BY E. AMBROSE.

Among those numerous fascinations in white marble, the conspicuous attraction of the centre nave of the Great Hall, will be found a couple of statuettes, an illustration of which we present to our readers. The leading idea of these two beautiful groups is taken from the "Metamorphoses of Apuleius." Most of us who have thumbed over the old classic pages, remember the pretty fable—how Psyche, the personification of the human soul, is beautiful among the beautiful, even to the excitement of jealousy in the breast of the Goddess of Beauty. Cupid is thereupon ordered to inspire Psyche with love for some one of mortal mould; but poor Cupid—not the first messenger who has made a similar mistake—falls in love with the beauteous object of his mission. "He loves and he rides away,"—and there to that little corner of the transcendental world he carries with him his idol, strictly forbidding her to enquire into "his position and character," as ladies are inclined to do. Sleepless, we are told, is curiosity in the breast of woman, and Psyche has two jealous sisters, who induce her to believe that Master Cupid is, to make use of a somewhat familiar phrase, "no better than he should be;" that he is, in short, "an ugly monster." Consequently, when the little fellow is asleep, she takes a lamp and there lights up the sweetest of fancies, the most lovely of the demi-gods. Trembling amidst her excitement, she lets fall a drop of hot oil on the shoulder of the immortal;—hot oil appears to affect his dreams, as it would those of humanity. Cupid awakes, censures his fair mistress for her mistrust, and vanishes from her presence like the shadows of a magic lantern. Alas for poor Psyche! She wanted faith, and has lost her love. Despair follows her; she would throw herself into a torrent, but the winds hold her back; she wanders about from temple to temple, until arriving at the palace of Venus, she is there retained, and treated as a slave. But Cupid still loves and aids her in secret,—comforting and assisting,—and at last, finding Venus in a more than usual happy mood one sunny morning, Psyche is received into the glorious company of the immortals, and united to Cupid for ever. It is believed they have lived a tolerably comfortable life, with now and then a little wrangle, for even love will find fault with his "dear *soul*" sometimes.

In the first of these groups we have the "first love" of Cupid for the fair Psyche; in the second he is waking her from that lethargy into which she had fallen after indiscreetly opening the box presented to her by Proserpine, on the occasion of an unpleasant and forced visit made to Hades, in which box she had expected to find a portion of divine beauty.

This very graceful myth is as gracefully rendered by the sculptor. There is evidence in the groups of genuine poetic feeling, of a creative fancy, and the detail of both is carefully and skilfully executed. Mr. Ambrose is young in his art, has risen from a very humble position in life, and made remarkable progress. It is but a very short time ago that he was found by Sir — Deane, father of Mr. J. C. Deane, Chief Commissioner of the Art Treasures Exhibition, making somewhat rude attempts at the carving of small images in wood. He found friends in the city of Cork, of which place (if we are not mistaken) he is a native,—sought opportunity of study in London, exhibited at the Royal Academy, and now ventures upon a Manchester verdict, which, we learn, is to be in his favour—the statuettes being likely to remain among us.



"CUPID AND PSYCHE."—E. AMBROSE.

"Videt omnium ferarum mitissimam dulcissimamque bestiam ipsum illum Cupidinem formosum Deum formose cubantem."—*Apuleii Metamorphoseon, Lib. V.*

"She sees the most mild and sweet of all wild beasts, even the beautiful God of Love, Cupid himself—softly, soundly sleeping."—*Metamorphoses of Apuleius, Book V.*



"CUPID DISCOVERING PSYCHE."—E. AMBROSE.

"Psychen accurrit suam; detersoque somno curiose et rursum in pristinam pyxidis sedem recondito, Psychen innoxio punctulo suæ sagittæ suscitat."—*Apuleii Metamorphoseon, Lib. VI.*

"He runs up to his own Psyche; and dispelling the sleep from the prying fair, and again concealing it in its ancient seat—the box, roused Psyche with an innoxious touch of one of his arrows."—*Metamorphoses of Apuleius, Book VI.*

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

No. IV.

By H. Ottley.

THE VENETIAN AND PADUAN SCHOOLS.

The Venetians were early labourers in the field of art. When they escaped from their persecutors on the mainland to what was to be their future island domain, they took with them all the remains of art they could collect—household and sacred relics many of them,—and very soon afterwards began to employ Byzantine artists, whom they imported direct from the East, in the building and decorating of their chambers, palaces, and other public edifices. Thus was Greek art firmly located in this little sea-girt sanctuary for ages, whilst the rest of Italy was groaning under foreign oppression; the natural consequence being, that the influence of this art, modified in its characteristics by the introduction of the Gothic element, reigned in this island republic in greater splendour than in any other part of Europe, and to a comparatively advanced period, long after it had begun to give way in Florence. As early as the beginning of the 13th century a Greek artist named Theophanes founded a school of painting in Venice, which is probably the earliest in Italy.

In Padua, at the beginning of the 14th century, the arts received an amazing impulse in the important essentials of poetic conception and design from the personal influence of Giotto, whose magnificent frescoes of the "Life of the Virgin," in the Arena Chapel in that city, are to this day considered unrivalled monuments of genius. The school of Padua, however, was not formed till early in the 15th century, when Squarcione, an artist of some merit, and a most laborious worker, set out upon the plan of importing from Greece all the examples of classic art he could collect, as well as copies of those he could not remove, as the means of instruction; and he gathered a numerous body of pupils around him, whose works had an important influence upon art, not only in Padua and Venice, but throughout Italy. Amongst the great men produced in this school was Andrea Mantegna (b. 1431, d. 1517), remarkable for his careful and beautiful style of execution; but his figures, being almost wholly founded on the models of ancient statuary, have too often an artificial air much to their disadvantage. He carried the art of foreshortening, already attempted by Masaccio at Florence, to perfection, and delighted in employing it on all occasions. He also taught the principles of this art to Gian Bellini, his brother-in-law, and even, as supposed, to Correggio. Amongst the works by Mantegna, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, may be particularly remarked a very beautiful "Pietà," the small picture of "Judith, with the Head of Holofernes," the "Triumph of Scipio," much after the fashion of the celebrated "Triumph of Cæsar," which is at Hampton Court; and "Christ in the Mount of Olives," the general style of which, both in composition and colour, will be observed as remarkably similar to that in a work on the same subject by Gian Bellini which is hung near it.

One of the earliest masters of the genuine Venetian school, but who yet showed an advance upon the crude severity of the Gothic style, was Andrea Murano, who lived in 1400. Bartolomeo and Antonio Vivarini were pupils of his, and made great advances in expression and freedom of drawing. But still the prevailing character of this Venetian-Gothic school was that of solemn sternness, with great severity and elaborateness in details, and all that gorgeousness of decoration and costume which, in those days, were considered essential to the treatment of religious subjects. An illustration of these remarks will be found in the works of Carlo Crivelli, who was a contemporary of Bartolomeo, and some specimens of which are in the Art-Treasures Exhibition. The reader will remark on the one hand the excess of stiff and costly display of furniture and apparel in the picture of the "Madonna and Child Enthroned, with St. Peter Receiving the Keys," and, on the other, the extremely painful and somewhat extravagant treatment in the "Pietà."

The true founder of the Venetian school was Jacopo Bellini (b. 1405, d. 1470), who received instruction from Gentile da Fabriano; in grateful remembrance of whom he christened his eldest son Gentile. His younger son, who was the best artist of the two, and the most eminent of the family, was named Giovanni, or Gian. These men, though their style was dry and mannered, exhibit in their works a fine and accurate touch, conscientious feeling, and a real love and understanding of colour.

The astonishing success of the Venetians in

respect of colour may be accounted for by a variety of concurrent circumstances. Commercial relations threw them much into contact with the Flemings and the Germans, and from them they acquired the secret of a richer style of colouring than was in vogue elsewhere—from the former, indeed, came the art of painting in oils (introduced or improved by the Van Eycks in the 15th century), which produced greater brilliancy, transparency, and permanency of colour than could be attained in distemper. Add to this the favouring local influences of sky and water, a broad and gorgeous expanse of sea and sky blending in the extreme of the horizon, over all of which played a bright and gorgeous light, reflected with all the endless modifications of the prism, and we may easily conceive how, with the Venetian painter, colour became as it were the very essence of the beautiful—the life's breath of imitative art. This natural art, combined with severe principles of drawing, the Bellinis brought to a certain state of perfection which only awaited the hand of genius to turn it to the grandest account; and this it soon found in Giorgione and Titian, pupils of Bellini, but who owed to their own inspiration all that most distinguished them above their surrounding compeers.

What Giotto, Masaccio, and Fra Bartolomeo prepared the way towards effecting, and Michael Angelo and Raphael afterwards perfectionated in design and form, Giorgione and Titian accomplished for colour. Giorgione led the way in this great revolution, and inculcated his new principle to Titian, which the latter afterwards adapted to his own purposes, and modified according to his own views. The leading idea in Giorgione's theory was to reverse the order of patient labour in which art had hitherto been practised, under the mode derived from Florence. Instead of ending with colour, he began with it; formed the complete conception of the appearance of every object he intended to represent in his mind, and with his brush and paint alone produced that effect, in completeness—not progressively—by the boldest touches. He aimed particularly at giving roundness to his figures, and a warm glow to his colours, which itself would assist to inspire the mixed sentiments of poetry and passion that he desired to awaken. Titian acted on a like principle; but very different were the works of these two artists; dissimilar, indeed, as the men themselves.

Titian—gay, sparkling—loving life and nature, and seemingly beloved by both in return—the very impersonation of the *mens sana in corpore sano*—seeing the good in all, the beautiful in all—dipped his brush in the sunbeam, now in the silver ray of early dawn, now in the glorious golden effulgence of the noontide hour, now in the glowing hues of evening; but still the sunshine, always the sunshine, poured in upon his canvas, bathing all in light and colour.

Giorgione, of a melancholy and jealous temperament, conjured up pensive idyls from the recesses of a soul upon which the sun never shone,—imbued them with a light, gorgeous, and mysterious in effulgence, but which, unlike that of Titian, which seemed to fall upon his work from the sky around and above, smouldered and struggled as it were beneath and behind his canvas. Giorgione died of plague at the age of thirty-three (1511). As he painted chiefly in fresco, for the adornment of public buildings, he has left comparatively few easel pictures behind him; but these are highly and justly prized. There are one or two good specimens of his hand in the Exhibition,—the finest of which are "The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of St. John the Baptist" (what a cold, speaking beauty in the heads of the daughter of Herodias and her attendant!) and a "Music Party," consisting of a youth and two ladies seated in a landscape, with a beautiful background—a sort of subject the artist was very fond of in his lighter moments.

Titian, on the other hand, carried on his cheerful, active life till the ripe age of ninety-nine, dying at last (1576), like his early fellow-pupil, miserably of plague; and his works, in many of which he was assisted by his son, are legion, in every class of subject,—historical, mythological, imaginative, and portrait. A fine and numerous display of his works is in the Art-Treasures Exhibition; amongst which will be particularly remarked a replica, in a reduced size, of his celebrated altar-piece of the "Death of Peter Martyr," considered his *chef-d'ouvre;* the celebrated "Titian's Daughter holding up a jewelled casket on a dish" (already given among our illustrations); the "Rape of Europa;" and several marvellous historical portraits,—that of Ariosto, one of his very finest.

The neglect of design by the Venetian masters of this school, has been already remarked upon; it was the result of the impetuous character of the two great men who originated it, who, despising the apprentice-work of drawing, dashed off their conceptions at once in colours upon their canvas. The effect of this process in the hands of such men as Giorgione and Titian was certainly astounding, inimitable; and, with their correctness of eye and intuitive power of hand, in drawing itself they were very generally free from error, though their designs were perhaps less perfect than they might have been made by the aid of preliminary studies, after the practice of the Florentine and Roman masters. But whatever the amount of their individual successes in this particular, they were attributable wholly to their individual merit, and afforded nothing for the instruction of their contemporaries and successors; and as, besides, they failed to bequeath to the world the mystery of their peculiar magic in colour, it is not to be wondered at that as a school the art of Venice sooner declined than that of any other part of Italy.

Amongst the pupils of Titian, however, must be mentioned with respect, Jacopo Robusti, called (on account of his father's business of a dyer) Tintoret (b. 1512, d. 1594), who aspired to supply a deficiency which he observed, in common with others, in his great master. Driven from his studio by the latter, in a fit of jealousy, he retired to a humble apartment, and inscribed over his door, "The design of Michael Angelo, and the colouring of Titian." Tintoret, with a vigorous hand, and untiring labour, produced some effective works, the effect of which, however, was often aided by the trick of introducing the light of a candle or lamp, so as to give strong contrasts of light and shade; in which, it must be remarked, he neither copied the grand simplicity of design of Michael Angelo, nor the equally grand simplicity of colour of Titian.

Bassano (b. 1510, d. 1592) was a painter of a second-rate merit, who yet produced many pleasing works after a fashion peculiarly his own. He was very happy in the cattle, and objects of still life, as well as all sorts of pots and pans, &c., which he introduced into his numerous scriptural subjects, very much after the character observed in Flemish art. His female figures were usually painted from his numerous daughters; and it is observed that he seldom or never showed their feet.

Paul Veronese made a spasmodic effort at meretricious display—the display of the stage, delighting in gay companies, with gorgeous furniture set out upon broad and stately terraces, with high arches or other architectural structures overhead; the whole aided by the peculiar effects of a bright atmosphere, taken at a low point of horizon; but these tricks were sufficient only for their day,—and after Veronese, Venetian art quickly subsided into a second rank with a merely decorative purpose.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

We give below the returns of the admissions into the Palace from the day succeeding the opening up to Saturday the 13th inst., and shall continue the record in subsequent numbers:—

	Season.	Half crown.	Shilling.	Total.
May 6th	6,000*	1,995		7,995
May 7th	3,587	2,214		5,801
May 8th	5,000*	1,482		6,482
May 9th		No return.		
May 11th		"		
May 12th		"		
May 13th		"		
May 14th	3,835	3,495		7,330
May 15th		No return.		
May 16th	5,332	2,479		7,811
May 18th	1,164		3,235	4,399
May 19th	1,433		3,768	5,200
May 20th	1,261		5,370	6,661
May 21st	3,727	3,375		7,102
May 22nd	1,836		4,332	6,168
May 23rd	2,573		5,318	7,891
May 25th	1,123		3,795	4,918
May 26th	3,772		4,803	8,575
May 27th	2,959		6,374	9,333
May 28th	5,044	3,635		8,679
May 29th	1,534		4,778	6,312
May 30th	2,899		6,803	9,702
June 1st	798		8,716	9,514
June 2nd	914		9,484	10,398
June 3rd	984		6,913	7,897
June 4th	2,806	2,797		5,603
June 5th	1,258		10,266	11,524
June 6th	1,471		7,082	8,553
June 8th	578		4,919	5,497
June 9th	984		4,889	5,873
June 10th	1,379		5,892	7,261
June 11th	4,837	3,652		8,489
June 12th	1,123		5,081	6,204
June 13th	2,955		6,208	9,163

Amongst the nobility and persons of distinction who visited the Palace during the period included in the above return, were:—

The Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort; Earls Carlisle, Fitzwilliam, and Cawdor; Lord Overstone; Lord J. Russell, M.P.; Baron J. Rothschild, of Paris; Baroness Rothschild, Baroness Goldsmidt, Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe, Mrs. Gaskell; M. Fould, French minister of finance, and Madame Fould; M. Prosper Merinée, General Fleury, aide-de-camp to the French Emperor; Lord Suffield; the Bishops of Manchester, St. David's, and Chester; Hon. Charles Howard, Sir John M'Neil, Lord and Lady Hatherton, General Sir Harry Smith and lady, Lord de Tabley, Judge Haliburton; Townley Townley, Esq., high sheriff of Lancashire; Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P.; Sir John K. Shuttleworth, Sir Walter Trevelyan, Sir G. J. Palmer and lady, Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, Sir Willoughby Jones, Sir Walter James, Sir Cusac Roney, Sir J. Lethbridge, Sir Charles Fox; Sir J. Potter, M.P.; J. A. Turner, Esq., M.P.; W. N. Massey, Esq., M.P.; J. Kershaw, Esq., M.P.; Mr. A. H. Layard, Dr. Waagen; Dr. Piper, of Berlin; R. S. Holford, Esq., M.P.; Alderman Wire, Mr. Wentworth Dilke, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Alaric Watts, Mr George Field, &c. &c. &c.

* The returns marked thus are estimated.

THE QUEEN AMONG OUR ART-TREASURES.

By W. Blanchard Jerrold.

Only a few days after these pages are submitted to the public, the Queen, accompanied by a brilliant court, will be in the midst of the Art-Treasures Palace, Old Trafford. A warm welcome awaits her—a welcome to dull which let not a word be said. There are points for consideration, in this visit, however, which it would not be well to pass by. We have already, in the columns of this journal, drawn the attention of the English public to art-patronage. We have endeavoured to show how this patronage is exercised among our nearest neighbours; and to raise up a contrast between the official neglect of art in England and the measure of reward extended to it by the French Government. Englishmen, undoubtedly, long for the time when British art shall be fairly and honourably acknowledged abroad. They need not the officious insolence of foreign criticism to teach them that there is a wide difference between the taste of the masses in France and that of the masses in England. They are fully aware that in France government art-manufactories exist, where bodies of artist-workmen are created, to produce, not pictures, but household gods of perfect form—colours arranged to please and educate. It has been urged against the Sèvres manufactory of porcelain, for instance, that it does harm; because it sends forth fine art works if you will—but works to be sold under cost price to the public. The loss is stated at from 20 to 25 per cent. on many of the Sèvres china sales. And, undoubtedly, when a government, that cannot care for profit, comes into active competition with private enterprise, and undersells with impunity by reason of its superior position, some harm is done. But the harm in France cannot be felt, since the sale of Sévres china is limited, and never enters into competition with manufacturers who produce for the middle and working classes. On the other hand, the good done is indisputable. The public taste is educated; because private manufacturers are urged by the example of Sèvres to produce, at a cheap rate, art-manufactures that will find their way even into garrets. More attention is paid to art, in manufacture, among our neighbours—bacause the masses are taught first to respect art, and then to appreciate it. Let us consider the numbers of French working men who can draw a little; let us watch the vast crowds that block up, every Sunday, the brilliant galleries of the Louvre; let us note the beautiful groups of flowers, and fruit, and game, painted upon shop doors in Paris; let us remark the exquisite taste displayed along the broad line of the Boulevards; let us observe the incomparable taste with which even the dapper little *fleuristes* arrange their artificial flowers; and then ask ourselves how it is that all this feeling for art is produced. It is not native to the soil. It is not a matter of race. Art is the fruit of serious culture—of long and enlightened sacrifices. It is chilled and blighted by neglect. It disappears under oppression, or contempt. Then why, we repeat, in free England, does native art bow the head before the art of France? Why do our manufacturers still travel to Paris in search of patterns? Why are Lyons silks preferable to English silks? Why is French furniture more tasteful than ours? Why does a French lady wear a shawl more gracefully than an English lady?

The answer may be found in any Parisian *salon*. Here it is. Art, in France, is respected before wealth or rank. The man of letters, the worker at the easel, the discoverer in a laboratory, are figures which the masses of Frenchmen respect, and respect intensely. They *fête* them, they ennoble them, they decorate them. They cry: "Way there, counts, and viscounts, and barons—way for the men who keep our country great—way for the men who have created immortal works!" And it would go ill with the fellow who scoffed at this enthusiasm. It will be now asked,—and how has this respect for intellectual force been created? Our reply is,—it has sprung from the general appreciation of art; from the Sèvres, and Gobelins, and other state manufactories. It has sprung from the free drawing schools; from the clear way shown from the plough-handle to the Institute, for all who have the strength to bear the journey. It has been sneeringly said of M. Horace Vernet (if we remember correctly), that he is the most decorated man in France; but, to our minds, this fact redounds to the honour of continental states. When our English artists handed in their names to the catalogue compilers, in 1855, they were surprised, no doubt, to find that they had no honours to append to them—whereas all the French and German artists of note were officers or commanders of various orders. It was said that this absence of state recognition had a dignified effect; but we beg to assure our readers that the effect was undoubtedly to the disadvantage of our countrymen. More—when honours were given to our artists abroad, the English government forbade them to wear their ribands—they were not in the service of the crown. Had they been treasury clerks, instead of consummate artists, they would have been worthy to wear a star upon their coats. We are not discussing the value of decorations, be it understood. We simply assume this position, viz.—that, whereas there are various orders of chivalry; whereas the Garter, the Bath, the St. Patrick, and the St. Andrew, do exist in this country, and whereas to belong to any of these orders is held to be a great social distinction, the state should so far recognise intellect—as shown in letters, art, and science—as to consider it worthy to wear a riband. The riband is a symbol of honour; yet the state says this honour must be confined to servants of the crown—in other words, to the aristocracy.

The effect of this neglect of letters, science, and art, by the government, is easily perceptible. Every day we hear that literary men and artists have no social status. The attorney is legally an esquire; but the best genius of his time is an unrecognised gentleman. Not only does a liberal government decline to afford him the honour of wearing a star given to him abroad—it absolutely declines to honour him at home. This question is one that we urge at this present moment, because the time is opportune. The literary man who wishes to assure himself an honourable social status, goes through the dreary farce of eating twelve terms and hearing a few lectures in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. Shall he not, with his brother, the artist, soon learn that state acknowledgments are as open to him as to a booby *attaché*, or a younger son of a colonial secretary? The point is a serious one, and one that, we trust, will strike Her Majesty and her consort, as they wander amid the art-treasures at Old Trafford. They will here recognise glorious painters, who were the honoured friends of princes, and who went on splendid embassies—their genius the fair pledge of their honour. Contrast Rubens, if ye please—ye who wail over the degeneracy of modern art—with the first living English painter. The contrast is an honest one. Does it place us, of the great nineteenth century, in a brilliant light? The growth of letters and the development of science make up our claims upon the gratitude of posterity. Yet to whom have the honours of the state been accorded? Can the most devoted admirer of oligarchical splendour find fault with the portion afforded to the titles he worships? Has a single star been taken from the bosom of a deceased lord to decorate that of a mere man of genius? We talk thus, in the light that comes to us from the story of Rubens. The salt still freezes the air between the coronet that smiles upon the pen. And shall this be? Shall the Art-Treasures Exhibition be sent home to baronial halls and turretted castles, leaving no lesson behind it? The Queen among these Art-Treasures is, we would fain hope, a picture full of promise. The state must recognise the genius native to English soil; or let the intellectual classes fall away, to lean exclusively upon the people. Wo! to England, on that day, when the coronet shall stand at bay with the pen and pencil. For the leaning of the time is towards an intellectual standard of merit. The herald's college is a crumbling institution. Titles are not worth so much now-a-days as formerly; and if men still turn to watch a duke in the street—to wonder how the feet of his grace can condescend to press the pavement common to all—it is because in England, all that is worthy—or if not all—most that is worthy, has been put aside by the government. High prices are paid for works of art—men of letters realise large sums of money by their writings; but they are not on a par with the pettifogging attorney, they are not up to the government estimate of the youngest treasury clerk.

It would be well for all of us—for the people as for the aristocracy—if these contrasts should strike Her Majesty in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, at Old Trafford, next Wednesday.

THE MERE ARTIST.

We must not contest with the gods their seats of eternal tranquillity. They may regard all that passes on this earth as a game fore-ordered by them. But man, subject to all human necessities and frailties, ought not to be amused by any painted drop-scene; he ought to retain that holy earnestness without which art degenerates at last into mere juggling and buffoonery. Play—for ever play. Sophocles did not play; Æschylus, still less. These are all inventions of modern times, which are little or nothing worth. David sang hymns of bolder flight than even Pindar, and governed a kingdom to boot. What do you govern? It is good and praiseworthy that you should examine (or, as you are pleased to call it, make yourselves masters of) all, from the hyssop that groweth on the wall, to the cedar of Lebanon—every phenomenon and variety of nature; only you ought not, meanwhile, to lose sight of man,—the crown of all phenomena, in his moral, inborn greatness. When I think of Nero, how he set Rome on fire, and touched the lyre while he gazed on the conflagration—aye, he too *played!* It is a splendid picture! What does it signify to Nero's architect that women and children shed tears of desolation over their burning city? That is an old story. He, for his part, draws the plan for the rebuilding of Rome, and if his drawing looks well on paper, and does not get rubbed out, that is all he cares about. All will be executed "in an improved taste," and people ought to be grateful to the world's master for bringing about such a reform. Here then we have a pictured, and a real Rome. The difference is not so great. We are artists, gods, Neros; and be we how we may, or what we may, it is always the right:

"Denn Recht hat jeder eigene Charakter
Es gibt kein Unrecht als den Widerspruch."

Herder.

SCULPTURE.

We present to our subscribers this week another specimen of illustration from the sculptures to be found in the Art-Treasures Palace, at Old Trafford; one of a series which we are preparing, and shall give from time to time throughout the period devoted to the Exhibition. The present drawing is after Mr. Theed's beautiful figure of "Ruth," which may be considered most fortunate in the delicate expression of that simplicity of character which we cannot fail to associate with the name of the "Moabitish damsel." She is evidently in the ripe fields of corn, standing before Boaz, with that modesty of demeanour of which we read.

"Hearest thou not, my daughter? go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens.

"Let not thine eyes be on the field that they do reap, and go thou after them: have I not charged the young men that they should not touch thee? and when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels, and drink of that which the young men have drawn."



"RUTH."—W. THEED.

This, there can be little doubt, is the text Mr. Theed has chosen to illustrate, and admirably has he accomplished his task. The natural flow of the drapery, the graceful *pose* of the figure, and gentle expression of feature, are all harmoniously blended into a work of great artistic merit. The drapery is worthy of particular attention, for it presents evidence of a conscientious study in a department too frequently neglected. The folds are full and massive, yet far from obtrusive; rather indeed heightening the general grace of the figure than merely enfolding it. Another point worthy of notice is the head-dress, which will be found quite in keeping with the rest. Mr. Theed has in the Art-Treasures building "Narcissus" and "Rebekah," the latter the property of our tasteful neighbour Samuel Ashton, Esq., and both of which are works of great merit. These are the character of subjects to which he has principally devoted a talent which has found recognition among the most critical of our modern patrons of art. Some fine monumental groups are added to his list; and he has further modelled two bas-reliefs from English history, for the Houses of Parliament.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

No. III.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

In a past day of connoisseurship, when art-excellence was supposed to have begun and ended with the old masters, Peter, or, as he insisted upon styling himself, Patrick Nasmyth, was the only living landscape man generally admitted to the companionship of Cuyp and Potter, of Ruysdael and Hobbema. Honest, plain-sailing attempts to imitate nature were looked upon with suspicion, and the expression of original ideas was regarded as a rude innovation on certain set rules of picture-making, supposed to have been irrevocably made by the old masters. But Nasmyth, who founded his style directly on the works of the Dutch masters, but, like all imitators who follow the letter instead of the spirit, took their worst part; who contracted the blackness of Ruysdael and Hobbema, exaggerated their dotted mode of touching into mere mechanical minuteness, and entirely missed the fresh green distances of the former, or the sunlit glades of the latter; he, aided certainly by his attendant magicians, the picture dealers, found the "open sesame" to those wondrous dining and drawing rooms, hung round with the pictorial spoils of a dozen continental palaces, rendered creditably aristocratic by pedigrees dating from the Baberini or the Aldobrandini. Let us examine the works of this fortunate man. No. 131, "Waterfall," is an important specimen as regards size, and as a piece of clever handwork is certainly attractive; but there is no separation of parts, no distance, no atmosphere. From the foreground to the farthermost hill all seems upon one plane, and cleaves together with the imperturbability of worsted work.

130, "Landscape"—The Ringwood Picture—and No. 137, "Landscape," are far better works. In both pictures we have the masses of tree work telling directly against the sky, which of itself necessitates relief and contrast. As pieces of colour they are agreeably toned, with a nice variation of olive and brown hues. The trees are carefully touched and respectably drawn, but they look scraggy and sectional, and their foliage is deficient in wealth and umbrageousness.

170, "Scene in Sussex," is certainly very delicately touched. The large leaves in the foreground are well painted, and assist in giving the idea of relief and distance. Altogether we are not disposed to assign a very high rank to Nasmyth's landscapes. We cannot discover in them the invigorating freshness of out-door nature, or those magic touches, those dancing lights playing and sparkling among the leafy umbrage, or those felicitous effects of reflected light which are the charm of our modern school. His works "smell of the lamp,"—they give the idea of a man who wrought so much of a picture *per diem* as an imposed task rather than as a labour of love. Those who look at painting as painting, who judge of one artist's productions by comparing them with those of another, will doubtless find ample to satisfy their judgment in his pictures; but those who are accustomed to compare art with nature, and who have educated their eyes in the woods and fields rather than the picture gallery or auction room, will, we fancy, accord him but an inferior position among our landscapists.

Sir Augustus Wall Callcott is represented in the Art-Treasures Exhibition by seven oil pictures. They are all well-considered works, remarkable for their refinement of detail. Every separate object in them seems to have been completed by a course of laborious thought, and slowly-developed inspiration. There is nothing like energy in his work—no ready interpretation, no spontaneous ebullition; but then there are no marks of undue haste, or inert carelessness. His late pictures are mostly made up of half-tint, varied with points of black and white, and positive colour; and his deepest shadows are seldom carried beyond grey or brown. His works, therefore, of necessity look thin and

weak in juxtaposition with the bolder and more energetically expressed fancies of some of his cotemporaries. His best work here, and it is one which truly exhibits the fancy and feeling of the artist, is 278, "Italian Landscape," exhibited in 1832 with the following title:—"A Scene suggested by an effect seen after heavy rain in the Ligurian Mountains, near Sarzana." A breadth of shadow quite unusual with the artist is thrown across a fine range of hills, while a gleam of sunshine smiles out on the distant mountain gorge, and flecks the belt of trees and the broad road with gleams of light. Extreme delicacy of colouring is the charm of this picture. The grey tones are especially beautiful. 270, "Landscape," was, we believe, exhibited in the same year as the preceding; it is one of his classical subjects, made from the usually-approved materials, viz., decayed temples, fallen columns, ruined walls, and statuesque peasantry. It has exquisite feeling and fine atmospheric effect, but its pale thin shadows render it quite ineffective as an exhibition picture. There are two of Callcott's favourite river scenes here. No. 207, "Scheldt, near Antwerp," is very unsatisfactory at a first glance; there seems a want of balance in the masses of light and dark. The former preponderates sadly too much. The idea of shadow appears to be carried little farther than half-tint; therefore the minor lights, such as those on the figures, tell for nothing. Then, again, the parts are too uniform in their finish, and the eye in vain seeks for some vacant space, as a relief from the constant excitement. Taking the picture in detail, it exhibits intense thought, and uncommon care bestowed on its finishing. The figures, indeed, err on the side of being too well painted; they look too much like separate studies. Note those gossiping market-women being rowed across the near part of the river. With No. 308, "View on the Medway," we think no one will quarrel on the score of conscientious painting, the vessels, &c., being made out with an indurateness that fairly rivals Cooke, that literal depictor of ropes and masts and spars. How we sigh in looking at it for a little of the Turner freedom and vigour, of the eloquent blotching of David Cox, or the simple vigour of old "Jock Wilson." Talking of John Wilson, let us ask, how it is that no specimen of his powers is to be found in these walls? In his best time he produced some marine subjects which for truth to nature could hardly be excelled. His coast scenes were distinguished for simple purity of colouring; and sometimes a land scene, in the shape of an old mill, or a river side, escaped from his pencil, which rivalled the Dutch masters, not in imitative finish, but in powerful colouring and truth to nature. The absence of a specimen or two of this man is certainly a great omission.

William Collins is a name which will keep its place in the annals of British art. He was a modernised sort of Gainsborough, without his dash of hand, but with more of identity and truth. He seldom painted landscape *per se*, but it generally formed so large a portion of his pictures that we may fairly class him among the professors of that department. He liked country life; cottage doors, with happy children gambolling about them, or engaged in some rustic occupation; and deep hollow lanes fringed with rough paling, and aged forest trees with their luxuriant foliage meeting in a green canopy overhead. 246, "Rustic Hospitality," (see engraving), is one of these happy scenes. The aged wayfarer, seated on the log of timber, looks jaded and weary. The dog regards him with suspicion; and in the sweet group of children, laden with the cottage hospitality, the three stages of bashfulness are amusingly illustrated. The landscape is bounded by a closely-wooded lane, which shuts out all but a very small portion of the sky, and the sunlight penetrates with difficulty through the rich leafage. It has been very minutely studied, and is painted with an amount of care which verges very nearly on timidity. The colouring is full and deep, though inclining too much to warm brown hues. This picture was painted for W. Marshall, Esq., of Ullswater, in whose possession it appears still to remain. 299, "Boulevard at Paris," is a good specimen of Collins's purity of colouring and delicacy of style. The greens are fresher and purer than is usual with him. Of Collins's coast scenes, a class o



"RUSTIC HOSPITALITY."—COLLINS.

subject to which he was extremely attached, we have several specimens. No. 227, "Cromer," has some capital work in it, but the artist scarcely takes us out of doors, from the very peculiar gloom he has thrown over the scene. The sunset itself is pallid, and the cold, purple clouds very watery-looking. The best part of the picture, to our taste, is the sand gradually sloping towards the water, and the group of boats upon it, though there is much rich colouring in the foreground. The two fisherboys, one employed in scraping fish, have much ease of character. 238, "The Gossips," the property of Mr. Samuel Ashton, is a very pearly, brilliant bit of colouring, with more of genuine daylight than the artist often conveys. It represents three fisherwomen having a gossip on the beach. No. 611, "The Fish Auction," is a capital bit of character. An old fisherman is deciding the buyers of the lots by the fall of an oyster-

shell. The background of sand and cliff has been well studied, but is, as is too frequent with the artist, much too hot. William Collins was a true student. He wrought as one enamoured of his task, and never parted with a picture until it had received the last perfection of which it was capable. If there is little of the dash and fire of genius in his works, there are certainly none of "the random blindfold blows of ignorance." He was accustomed to paint up everything strictly from nature; his pictures are therefore throughout equally studied and equally finished—no masses of flat space, with here and there a salient point, but grace and beauty continued to the smallest particulars. He did not equal his friend Wilkie in delicacy and completeness of finish or in purity of colouring; but it is no small matter to have come only second to such a man, which he certainly did. His life has been tenderly and truthfully written by his son. It presents a picture of one whom difficulties could not deter, nor success deteriorate. He had precarious health, and died comparatively early. The description of his last illness, when his mind incessantly wandered to those green lanes and shadowy copses he loved so much—and he continued planning pictures, and talking pictures, to the last—is among the most touching records of human nature.

We find here one specimen of George Chambers, No. 607, "A Ferry-boat going before the wind on a rippling sea." It is an admirable piece of quiet grey colouring, and is full of life and motion.

Poor George Chambers! We remember his early fame in London, so quickly, yet so surely won; his love for art, his earnest study, and, alas! his frail constitution, which his friends saw gradually giving way, long before his early and premature decease.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

No. V.

By H. Ottley.

THE ZENITH OF ART.—I. LEONARDO DA VINCI AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

We pause to consider the condition of art under those three great men, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, at the end of the 15th, and in the early part of the 16th century,—that is, the attributes of the schools of Florence, Rome, and Milan, when at the zenith of perfection.

To begin with Da Vinci and Michael Angelo. A striking contrast presents itself in the natural bent and mode of practice of these two great masters, which throws great light upon their whole career, and the character of the examples they bequeathed to posterity. Michael Angelo never copied from a model, but resorted always to his own ideal. Leonardo was very careful in selecting the models from whom he painted his figures, having regard to their rank, character, and the circumstances in which they were placed; and his niceness in this respect often delayed him in the completion of his grandest works.

Michael Angelo, whose natural predilections were for sculpture, and who was with difficulty persuaded by Pope Julius the Second to undertake the painting of the interior of the Sistine Chapel, was at the time in this embarrassing position, that he knew little or nothing about the technic difficulties in the use of colours, never having painted a figure in fresco, whilst for oil painting he had a thorough contempt, being, as he said, "only fit for women and children." Nevertheless, having undertaken the task, he at once set himself to work with his usual impetuosity, locking himself in, in order that he might be the sole witness of his success or failure. The first subject he attempted was that of "The Deluge;" but he had no sooner finished it than before his bewildered eyes it became covered with a mist, the result of some exhalations from the stucco, which had not been properly prepared. Nothing daunted, he began again, and succeeded in producing those stupendous creations of high suggestive poetry which stand out like monuments to after generations.

Leonardo was of a totally different temperament—deeply thoughtful, untiring in research nexorable in his requirements of perfection, and, therefore slow of performance. Yet, as to Michael Angelo's daring, improvising hand we owe those marvellous designs, which no further application of colour could improve,—to Leonardo da Vinci's patient and philosophic research we owe our first knowledge of the proper treatment of colour, which he taught to Giorgione, the founder of the school of Venice—our first glimpses into the mysteries of atmosphere and *chiaroscuro*, which afterwards Correggio improved to perfection.

These two great painters differed also materially in another respect; in the total absence, on the part of Michael Angelo, of the softer and winning qualities, which the other possessed in a high degree. But, on the other hand, for this defect Michael Angelo was compensated by an excess of all those qualities calculated to command submission, to coerce the mind, and to inspire awe. Michael Angelo's principal works in painting are those in the vault of the Sistine Chapel, and the celebrated "Last Judgment," occupying the end wall of that building. The former are a complete epic in themselves,—in various compartments are representations of the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, &c.—in short, the whole story of the Old Testament—surrounded, or supported, by colossal figures of the prophets and the sibyls who foretold the advent of Christ. These latter figures—statuesque, sombre, mysterious in aspect—produce an indescribable effect upon the beholder. Sir Joshua Reynolds said that Michael Angelo's figures had nothing earthly about them, were not like human beings, a remark which has challenged a good deal of hostile criticism. The observation, perhaps, was not very clearly expressed; but the intention of it was probably this, and in that sense was intelligible and true, that Michael Angelo did not paint human beings as he found them deteriorated by the accidents of life, but elevated to an ideal standard of majesty and power, such as, had they been uninfluenced by the passions and weaknesses of humanity, they might have attained. That extraordinary work, the "Last Judgment," has given rise in its time to a violent contest of conflicting opinions; some pronouncing it the most masterly creation which ever emanated from the painter's art, others condemning it for its extravagance and unworthy treatment of a terrible and sublime mystery. There is, perhaps, some truth on both sides of the question. For boldness of design, and fertility of invention, for vigorous handling in all its parts, for the perfect knowledge of anatomy displayed in the figures, thrown into every possible variety of attitude, it certainly stands alone, unapproached by any other work. On the other hand, it must be avowed that it is utterly devoid of that solemnity and religious tone which alone could reconcile the Christian mind to the representation of such a subject. Here the artist dominated over his subject; the humility and singleness of purpose of the old religious labourer were gone.

Michael Angelo's first work of importance was the celebrated "Cartoon of Pisa," intended as the design for a fresco, and which he prepared in competition with one by Leonardo da Vinci, neither of which works was carried to completion. This extraordinary production, which is well known by the engravings published of it, represents an incident supposed to have occurred in the war between the Pisans and the Florentines. A body of Florentine soldiers are bathing in the Arno, when the alarm of an attack is suddenly sounded; and they hurry on their clothes and prepare to meet the enemy. The life and energy thrown into each individual figure composing this group, the admirable study of anatomy displayed in it, made it at once the marvel of all the artists of the day, who flocked from all parts of Italy to study and copy it. The influence of its example, however, was not altogether salutary. It set that fashion for anatomical display which was subsequently indulged in bad taste, and to excess.

Michael Angelo has not been properly understood nor thoroughly appreciated, even by those who have most written and discoursed about him. Perhaps this may be accounted for by his very gigantic proportions, and by the fact of his works in painting being few, and only to be judged of out of Italy by means of copies on a reduced scale, or from engravings. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fuseli, and others, have paid their homage to him, but still not equal to his due; and their observations have been stereotyped, and repeated parrot fashion, till people hardly knew where they got them. On the other hand, there have been too many writers who have disparaged his merits, either by bestowing faint and hesitating praise, or (on some few occasions) realising the poet's observation, that "fools rush on where angels fear to tread," by disputing his claims in a flippant, unfeeling manner, showing equal want of modesty and judgment. What are we to think, however, when we find an accomplished writer, an accepted authority in art-criticism and art-history—M. de Piles—drawing out a table of the relative degrees of merit of the great masters of modern painting, under four distinct heads—composition, design, colouring, and expression,—and putting Michael Angelo as inferior, by fifty per cent, in three out of four of these particulars, to a French artist of third-rate merit—Le Brun to wit—and as only equal to him in the fourth? Yet it is by *dicta* of this kind that too often the unthinking public are guided. In this table—which, by the way, it is satisfactory to observe, the compiler states he made "rather for his own amusement than to bring over others to his opinion"—we find that out of twenty degrees,—which, according to the De Piles scale, constitute the sum of excellence,—in composition Charles Le Brun had 16, Buonarroti only 8; that in design they were about equal, Buonarroti being conceded 17, as against 16 in Le Brun; whilst in colour Le Brun had 8, Michael Angelo only 4; and in expression, Le Brun 16, and Michael Angelo only 8. Now by those who read and admire the works of Michael Angelo most devoutly, his very highest distinguishing quality is considered to be expression—the power of suggesting or expressing a grand train of ideas, not by means of grimace, not by theatrical attitudinising, but by mystic, abstract creations of much loftier range, wherein the ideal inspiration beams through features which almost disdain arti-



NIELLO, "THE ADORATION OF THE KINGS," BY MASO FINIGUERRA.

culation—figures which suggest movement and power by their very repose. In this it may be added that Michael Angelo truly studied the ancients, who as a rule (we mean in the best classic times, not referring to works of later date, such as the Niobe and Laocoon) refused to disturb the symmetry of their features by an attempt to express violent emotions. Yet if any one still doubt the claims of Michael Angelo in respect of expression, let him contemplate the sybils which support the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, his famous "Pietà," and his awfully grand monument to Lorenzo de Medici, which scowls down upon us, in the words of Rogers, "the most real and unreal thing that ever came from the chisel," and a fine cast of which is in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Let him turn also to a picture in our Art-Treasures Exhibition—turn to it with the reverence due to the prejudices in favour of a great name, and if he do not become spell-bound before it, if he do not study it long and earnestly, we shall be much disappointed. This picture, No. 107 in the new catalogue, and the property of Mr. Labouchere, was formerly attributed to Ghirlandajo, the master of Michael Angelo, but is now considered to be by Michael Angelo himself, being probably one of the earliest dawnings of his genius. It does not perhaps come up in grasp of purpose, in ideal sternness, to the great works which he produced in the zenith of his fame; but for pensive sublimity of expression, it takes the most commanding range of any work of the kind which we can call to mind. It represents the Madonna with the Infant Christ, and St. John, with four angels holding scrolls, or rather with two angels only, other two having been effaced, or, more probably, left unfinished. In the centre sits the Virgin Mary—the figure precisely of that youthful type which Michael Angelo also carried out in his "Pietà." She holds an open book in her hand—the Book of the Prophets—which she has been reading, and which has revealed to her the secret of her mysterious destiny. Standing, leaning against her knees, is the Infant Christ, seen in profile, who with curious finger points to a passage in the fatal book, the import of which, judging from the extraordinary significancy which fires the eye, he appears to understand—foresees his doom, and at once prepares to resign all the joys of childhood untasted. The Virgin Mother would gently withdraw the book from his reach, and looks another way, with an aspect of unspeakable sadness and resignation. A little to the right is St. John, who, looking full out of the picture, is wrapt in thought, as contemplating some sublime mystery which has just been revealed to him, and which he knows he is ordained to foretel to man. His full, high, well-developed forehead admirably assists this intention. The two angels to the right, again, stand in pensive attitudes, reading a scroll, with an expression as if they understood more of the mystery than the others, and were thoroughly resigned to its import. But all powers of description are vain when applied to such a picture, which must be seen and studied to be appreciated.

Another work in the Exhibition, though not immediately by the hand of Michael Angelo, but after his design, is "The Scourging of Christ," by Marcello Vanusti. We are preparing a copy of this work, and shall give it in an early number. The original design was prepared by Michael Angelo for the famous fresco by Sebastian Piombo, for "St. Pietro Mortoris," at Rome. It is a stern, terrible performance—the more terrible from the very simplicity of its composition.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGRAVING.

By H. Ottley.

No. I.

COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING.—THE NIELLO.

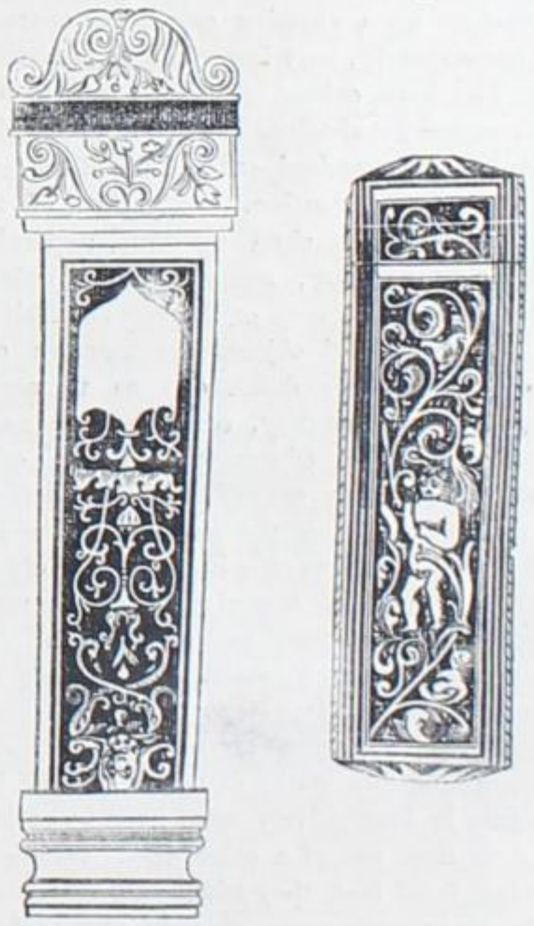
In the Art-Treasures Palace is a very fine collection of works in a most interesting department of art—that of engraving, for the collection of which we are mainly indebted to the ample resources and discriminating taste of Messrs. Colnaghi, of London. Those who have a few hours to spare for really improving study, will do well to betake themselves to the transept galleries, where these gems, in rarity and splendour unsurpassed by anything of any other class in the Exhibition, are displayed; let them make the most of an opportunity which will probably never occur again, for the investigation of an art peculiar in its characteristics and attributes, and which in some of its most important conditions is now extinct or in abeyance. In this last observation we allude to the working mind, which is apparent in the productions of the early periods of the art, when Maso Finiguerra, Marc Antonio, Albert Durer, and other artists of eminence, engraved their own works, and often adopted engraving, not as a means of copying works already executed in painting, but as the original vehicle for their creations. Those times, unhappily, are passed away. Hogarth was the last artist of eminence who applied himself to the graver. Since his time engraving has been used simply as the means of producing copies of popular pictures, and the feeling for effect, which is an essential to the true artist, is too often wanting in its professors.

Engraving—restricting ourselves to its two grand divisions—is performed either upon plates of copper or steel, in which the lines which are to print dark are cut into the material; and upon blocks of wood, in which the lights are cut away, leaving the lines forming the design to compose a surface of relief. We shall in the present article speak of the origin and early works in the art of copperplate engraving, which ranks first in importance, though not the earliest of the two in date of origin.

The invention of this art is attributed by Vasari to Maso Finiguerra, a Florentine goldsmith, who flourished in the middle of the 15th century. This view of the case has, however, been disputed by certain writers, who have endeavoured to show that the art was of German origin; that is that it was known and practised in Germany earlier than in Italy. But the balance of opinion appears now to be settled in favour of the claims of the latter. Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, in an "Essay on the First Century of Italian Engraving," published as an appendix to the third edition of Kugler's Handbook of the "Italian Schools" of Painting, sums up the argument in these words:—"By the investigations of Zani and Ottley,* the fact may be considered historically decided; and until German diligence shall bring to light some native work bearing earlier date than 1452, we might place Maso Finiguerra the first name in the catalogue, not of Italian engravers alone."

The origin of this art, like many others which have been of the highest importance to society, is said to have been the result of accident. It was the practice of the goldsmiths of old, when they engraved designs upon their works, to rub a black powder, generally an oxide of silver, nto the incised lines, in or ler more clearly to bring out the effect of the pattern; and it appears that, in the case of Maso Finiguerra, one of these ornamental works, so rubbed in with black, came into contact with some molten sulphur, when an impression of the dark outline was produced upon the latter, which suggested the idea of printing upon paper. At first this practice was resorted to sparingly, and chiefly as a means of *proving* the designs on the articles of luxury embellished with engravings; but afterwards it became more general, and plates were engraved for the express purpose of taking off impressions from them for distribution.

The engraved plates first mentioned, which were treated in the way described, were called *niellos*, from their black colours; in Latin *nigellum*, and in Italian *niello*. The articles so embellished were very numerous, and various in their form and purpose, as church plate, snuff-boxes, watches, sheathes for swords and scizzors, buttons, and other small articles. Illustrating the present article are fac-similes of two small niellos, of this early period, for the embellishment of needle-cases. But the most important use to which the art was applied was undoubtedly that for the decoration of church plate. Amongst these was the *pax*, or dish upon which the sacred wafer was borne at the ceremony of the communion; and the designs executed upon these were generally of great interest, and often employed the hands of the first artists of the age. Baccio Baldini and Sandro Botticelli were amongst those who, about this period, assisted in the decoration of works of this class. The lavish fancy and untiring diligence bestowed upon them may be judged of from the specimen which we engrave, which is copied from a photograph intended for Messrs. Colnaghi's collection of gems for the Art-Treasures Exhibition. It represents "The Adoration of the Magi," and is considered on all accounts one of the finest examples of the kind extant. Waagen says, "'The Adoration of the Three Kings,' from Maso Finiguerra's niello, surpasses all others in point of size, beauty, invention, and execution. In the richness of the composition the artist has evidently taken for his model the exquisite picture of Gentile da Fabriano, now in the Academy of Florence." It is the property of Mr. Holford, who from his rich cabinet has contributed several other important specimens of early engraving.



"Niellos, or Needle Cases.—16th Century."

* "Early History of Engraving." By W. Y. Ottley. 2 vols. 4to. 1816.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. VI.

By J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A.

In introducing the works of William Hunt to the notice of our readers, we feel called upon to make some special observations of a practical and theoretical character on the word "colour." We prefer doing this at once, because it is a word that will often occur in our future notes, and is, perhaps, of all words used in art-criticism, the one least understood, and respecting which so many mistakes are made. How often in this same Art-Treasures Exhibition, as we move along listening to the various expressions of opinion, do we hear precisely the best and truest colourists pronounced extravagant; and those whose truth is only so far correct because it has a low aim and a limited range, are pronounced the most faithful. We know how truly our readers will remember the many savage onslaughts they have heard on the "false" colour of Holman, Hunt, Millais, and Turner, and how Creswick, Wilkie, Webster, and others, are quoted as models worthy of imitation. We have no wish to pronounce these latter false lights; but their truth is limited in its grasp, and no more secures the intense reality of the three former artists than the song of the sparrow can be said to realise the varied notes and volume of the lark or nightingale. Let us, therefore, endeavour to show why errors of judgment are made, and what hopes the present aspect of art gives of an approach to a juster estimate.

To estimate colour properly we have to consider,—

1st. The local colour of objects.

2nd. Colour alighting on objects; its duplication, giving us the local as well as the transmitted hue.

3rd. The condition of the space between the eye and the object seen,—its colour, its density, its transparency.

4th. The nature of the surface of the coloured object,—that is, its texture, its smoothness, its deadness, or its vitresency.

There are yet other conditions that enter into the whole inquiry; but we shall obtain enough here to clear up a question somewhat obscure, and, consequently, very imperfectly understood.

1st. The local colour of objects, by which is simply meant the absolute hue or hues by which an object is characterised—as the pink of the rose, the blue of the gentian, the yellow of the daffodil. From the child upwards, supposing vision to be ordinary, and not under colour-blindness, as in the case of the late Dr. Dalton, the local colours of objects are known; and although there are differences as to actual measurement of intensity, there is none as to particular character of colour. We none of us speak of the deep carnation of the daffodil, the delicate yellow of the gentian, or the rich blue of the rose; we only in degree see objects paler or stronger in regard to the universally accepted colour of any particular object. We are thus particular in stating this simple fact because it has a very large influence in determining judgment when engaged in painting, or in examining the works of others. Mark how this rule is instinctively acted upon by children in their first use of a colour-box. Seeing the absolute local fact, they admit only this, and in pure conscientiousness give to every object, regardless of either distance or other extraneous influence, the positive local truth. So with a low range of artists, who seem desirous of ignoring all disturbing influences; whilst in the critical judgment of an unpractised eye on works of art, everything is considered *as being near the observer*, and as presenting no truth excepting that which abides locally.

2nd. Colour transmitted. This speaks of another truth, rarely recognised, except by artists who have obtained a certain knowledge of the subtilties of nature's operations. The child is oblivious to such a condition,—whilst the artist of limited capacity sees it but vaguely; and much of our free-spoken criticism seems to be pretty much in the same dull way. Nevertheless, this transmission of colour, this interlacing of chromatic beauty, is among the especial fascinations of art, and one of the great facts of nature. All neighbouring things show this sympathy—red rays start off from objects of this colour, and encounter yellow rays, and thus a third colour is produced by interlacing, and a perfect chord is produced. Isolation of tint, the most deadly enemy to gradation and union, is the worst form of colour. Nature gives us harmonious blending, which leads to softness and wholeness of effect. A good colourist, therefore, adds to a knowledge of local hue the fact that this primal colour is broken and mitigated by the sympathy of neighbouring tints.

3rd. The condition of the space intervening between the spectator and the object viewed. When we look upon a scene only partially lit by a waning moon, we are, even the most unreasoning of us, quite aware that objects have lost much of what we know to be their local colours; we look upon almost impenetrable blackness. The least observant amongst us is aware of this, and yet the fact is not more decided than all the intermediate gradations of influence which space exercises in subduing the intensity of local peculiarities. This intensity is coloured by the medium through which we see it—is, indeed, altogether changed by this medium. We have seen the glacier of Grindewald in a fresh summer's morning, in all its cold, splintery, sharpness; at noon softened and rounded by the warm exhalations of a glorious but humid day; and again in the evening bathed in a scarlet blush so wondrously beautiful that the "practical mind" has experienced something very like an involuntary reverence before such a gorgeous presence.

4th. The surface character of coloured objects. Here we find a fourth element, moulding and and modifying the chromatic character. Every surface has its own power to give or withhold rays of its local colour. Surfaces highly polished are full of the rays from neighbouring objects—dead and even surfaces give us the highest and truest impression of their own colour, and so on through the whole of nature's changes. We never can be said to see an object in its strict integrity—we see it always leagued with other effects between which and itself there are liberal interchanges.

We have thus four peculiarities which govern colours in works of art, without a recognition of which such art is imperfect. This fact of the imperfection of art, unless controlled by these four elements, brings us to another consideration upon which we desire to dwell for one moment.

Lecturers on colour, and writers on the laws of colour, are perpetually dwelling upon another aspect of the colour question, viz., chromatic arrangement, or the way in which certain colours should be placed together, and the relative superficial quantities of each, to secure a proper harmonious balance. This is all very well—very just and proper; but we have no doubt that the most execrable colourists have known and acted upon these laws with the exactest nicety, and yet, from the absence of the higher knowledge previously indicated, have found no place among the true men.

We have instances in the Exhibition of British Art-Treasures abundantly showing how this has militated against the perfect realisation of great works. Ample evidence may be found in the "Macbeth," by Maclise. Here we have the result of a powerful imagination, an exuberant fancy, accompanied by great learning—and yet a picture in which, so far as colour is concerned, we can take no pleasure. It fails in every one of the conditions essential to true colour, though writers on colour whose theory extends only to questions of quantity and juxtaposition, may take huge comfort from this picture—true colour is, nevertheless, altogether absent.

Imperfectly as we may have touched upon this subject, it is necessary to turn to the works of William Hunt, whose doings in art have mainly led to our remarks. Although this painter possesses other powers, and some of these in great strength and perfectness, he is essentially a colourist. Of this the subjects chosen are in themselves sufficiently indicative. We have, in all, some thirty of his productions, and out of these a large proportion of what are usually denominated still-life works—that is, studies of fruit, flowers, and other objects, whose chief charm is that of colour, or its modifications. The other drawings, though full of qualities of a far more important character than that of colour, are yet wondrous instances of its realisation, and contain some of the very highest reaches of chromatic splendour. Their range is, however, somewhat circumscribed, especially as to space, which is never such as to tax Hunt's power over recession and aërial grandeur. What his success might be in this direction it is impossible to ascertain from any of his works that have come under our observation.

No. 518 affords an opportunity of noting one of the very highest reaches of the artist, as regards that quality for which he ranks among our first artists—we allude to the faculty of imitation. The objects are exceedingly simple—nothing more than two small bunches of grapes, a rough yellow-green pear, and a background of broken moss-covered earth. The contrast of colour is exceedingly accurate, looking at it as chromatic science; but taking it in the larger sense as colour, with definite conditions of light and space, it becomes a bit of actuality. Nothing can exceed in beauty the tone and quality of the shadows; we seem to look through them. This is peculiarly the case with the deep undercuts of the shelving bank. Similar remarks will apply with equal force to the drawings 528, 532, 533, and 543. There are, however, some peculiarities requiring a special word, as, for instance, the painting of the peach in 533, which, with its cast shadow on the sand, is a reach of success great even for Hunt; the grapes, in the same drawing, are most noticeable, as giving a condition differing from those in 518, viz., the disturbed *bisque* bloom. Look, also, at the grapes in 528, with their deep purple resting against the rich moss. Particularly worthy of attention is the plum in this work; nothing can exceed its rich and ripe plumpness. In 532—"Apple-blossoms, Cowslips, and Bird's-nest"—we see the artist revelling in a class of subjects which he has made quite his own; and although there is more intricacy than Hunt usually indulges in, there are yet high

reaches of colour—beauty and imitative power—a view of reality not often accomplished. What can exceed in beauty, in refinement, or, indeed, in all executive qualities, the bird's nest? The above subjects, purely of inanimate life, are all suggestive of the exquisite feeling with which the artist looks on nature.

Hunt, however, is equally great in directions demanding infinitely more thought and power of observation than painting banks of broken earth moss-covered, or bunches of grapes, or knots of cowslips; and this brings us to a series of pictures matchless in skill and full of original thought. The following numbers will include works in this section:—545, 535, 541, 529, 522, 539, 526, 527, 523, 521, 536, and 530. These drawings exhibit Hunt as a humourist, and as one keenly sensitive to the ridiculous. Look, for instance, at No. 521, where we have a sturdy mother *screwing* up the curl-paper of her daughter with ordinary fire-tongs. In this drawing what wonderful power of facial expression, and how thoroughly the incident is told. The girl's face and hands, even the minute action of the feet, all humorously indicate the "mortal agony" of the moment; whilst the mother is utterly regardless of physical suffering in the determination to add to her daughter's natural beauty, and send her forth the envied of her playmates in general, and of mothers in particular. Hunt's humour is sound and healthy—we always feel that the victim of any joke will laugh the loudest a few hours hence. This is abundantly seen in the work we have just noticed. Nos. 526 and 527 are again evidences of this artist's humour. Here we have the "Attack" and "Defeat," represented. Instead of the demolition of Mamelons and Malekoffs, we have a country yokel attacking the outworks of an immense pie, the destruction of which is tolerably certain; whilst in the "Defeat" we see nature giving way under the giant effort,—the citadel has surrendered, the pie is demolished, but the conqueror is conquered in return; he has "licked the platter clean." The exertion has been great, and he is in the land of dreams. He is evidently dreaming of that crust and its luscious contents. In the "Attack" the boy's head is inimitable—all the strength of his sturdy young blood, and all the energy of his well-fed muscles, seem concentrated in his tightly compressed lips. Note, also, the close observation of the artist indicated in the drawing of the forefinger of the left hand as it essays to press the fork against a refractory bone.

It is impossible, without more space than is at our disposal, to allude further to this series of works. We can only name them as in every way successful, and as demanding, because deserving, the closest attention.

The great power possessed by Hunt as a colourist in the highest sense of that term must not be overlooked, nor his accuracy in texture. In the former quality, rich as it may be, there is nothing like violence or extravagance. His most vehement hues are toned and softened with a subtilty scarcely attained by those of our artists who rank as great colourists. It has been observed by some of the deepest read in human character, that sound and healthy humour is generally accompanied by a keen sense of the pathetic. Let Hood and Dickens stand forth as evidence; and scarcely in a less degree this same painter, William Hunt, who side by side with his "broad grins," presents us with subjects in which are interpreted the finest touches of pathos. As instances, we may call attention to 524, "The Orphans," three melancholy girls, the very presentment of despondency. Nos. 519 and 522 each contain indications of the artist's sympathy with the unfortunate.

Humour without bitterness, love of kind, sympathy with the sorrowful—presuppose a belief in good, and in a righteous Providence, inevitably leading to a ready perception of the beauty and holiness of a devout mind, a feeling admirably sustained in 531, "Devotion." Features so full of divine love, an expression so tenderly reliant, few artists have pourtrayed with greater truth.

We have left ourselves but little room to treat further of this artist, but cannot conclude without alluding to his interiors, especially No. 525, "The Laboratory," which is remarkable for its minute imitation, and a fine realisation of broad light and of space.

To Hunt must be assigned the place of a great colourist, not only in the circumscribed sense of securing a proper balance of quantities of tints and tones, but as possessing the still higher faculty of rendering the conditions that modify and regulate colour. That he is a great executant none will be bold enough to deny; that he is a man of genial humour and fine feeling these little truths which he has gathered from every-day life sufficiently indicate.

HANS HOLBEIN IN ENGLAND.

By H. Merritt.

When Sir Thomas More was chancellor to King Henry the Eighth, the famous painter Hans Holbein arrived at his door with an introduction from no less a personage than Erasmus. The introduction consisted of a terse Latin epistle, and a portrait of the writer, painted by the bearer, forming an ingenious mode of recommendation which Sir Thomas could hardly resist. Two reasons are assigned for Hans leaving his native city, to wit, an empty purse and a termagant wife, each sufficient in its way, but we are inclined to believe that the former was the real motive, for the painter was wellnigh necessitated to beg his way to England. We all know how common it is for a genius to lie neglected in the place of his nativity. It was with young Holbein as it is with the young Smiths and Joneses, who happen to evince tokens of genius in our own cities; as we have been reminded an indefinite number of times, the prophet is without honour in his own country.

It was a good thing for Holbein that he got admittance to, and won the good graces of, Sir Thomas More. The family of the chancellor at once sat to the painter; and when as many pictures were completed as the minister needed for his own palace, he managed to let the king his master into the secret. Either by accident or design, his majesty came in, and cast his eyes along the gallery, living as it were with the forms and visages of persons familiar to him. We can fancy his burst of astonishment. The minister, with all due subjection, laid the entire collection at the king's feet, for him to pick and choose; but the wily monarch, at once surmising that the bird which had laid the golden eggs was not far off, immediately enquired for the artist, and without ceremony installed him court painter, with a pension, exclaiming, with characteristic sagacity, that since he had got the painter, Sir Thomas might keep the pictures! Here was good fortune bursting upon Holbein, like a gleam of sunlight.

We find no reason to suppose that Hans had any difficulty in adapting himself or his pencil to the taste of his new employer. He was one of those bluff, jovial fellows this king could appreciate, and who could make himself very accommodating. Trivial anecdotes of his early career are remembered, which, as Walpole remarks, are not so important in themselves as to bear repeating, but which are very descriptive of the esteem in which the man came to be held of whom such anecdotes could be thought worth preserving. Illustrating a work by Erasmus, Hans rudely enough wrote under the figure of an old student the name of Erasmus the author; and the author, with very little of the spirit of repartee, wrote under a fellow drinking the name of Holbein the painter. Certainly the author's repartee had most force, for the young limner was not altogether free of the vice indicated by the rebuke. Indeed the whole career of Holbein, up to the period of his arrival in England, must have prepared him for the presence of a monarch whose sentiments were never known to err on the side of delicacy and refinement.

Holbein's business was chiefly to paint the portraits of people about the court, and he certainly succeeded, for every person of note, from the king to his jester, came from the court studio bearing the stamp of truth and genius.

Of the portraits in the Exhibition at Old Trafford, some wear an air of mournful interest in the eyes of those who, for the first time, gaze on the features of the victims of the huge nuptial tyrant. What the painter's feelings were as he parted with queen after queen, and with the great men who had honoured his pencil, we know not; we only know that he continued to employ his skill in delineating each new favourite selected to fill up the blank which the executioner had made. Callous, perhaps, like his master, he continued to paint on, immortalising those whom beauty and learning could not save from the block. He recorded facts. We only know the people of that eventful period through Holbein's pencil; and, doubtless, we know them well.

In the Gallery of Ancient Masters will be found a few of the finest and most elaborate examples of Holbein's art. The portrait of Henry the Eighth is a triumph of portrait painting under difficulties. The over-gorged king, big too with conceit, leers on the passer-by just as he might have done in life. In the same department we have a worthy companion in the equally elaborate portrait of Francis the First. In both these pictures the painter aspires to an equality with the works of Leonardo da Vinci himself. There are points of excellence, of sublimity, in the works of Leonardo which perhaps no other painter ever reached; nor had the German any of those lofty aspirations which influenced the Italian; but in painstaking care, and in skilful elaboration of details, he had few rivals. Of this the two pictures cited are instances in proof. Nor was he frequently defective in drawing. The features are articulated with a precision, and the muscles and bones indicated with a nicety, which always denotes the consummate master. These remarks will be further established by an appeal to several other examples placed in the British Portrait Gallery. No. 16, "Queen Catherine Parr," in whole-length, and the whole-length of the "Earl of Surrey" (17), are examples of his larger works. Some discussion has taken place respecting the genuineness of the Surrey picture; but the visitor may rest assured that it is genuine. The doubt arose from the fact of the colouring having been a little impoverished and altered in tone by cleaning,—no uncommon thing with old paintings, as formerly most people

thought themselves competent to the critical task of cleaning pictures.

No. 50 is another interesting work by Holbein, being the portrait of "Queen Jane Seymour." "The Father of Sir Thomas More" (51) possesses great force of expression, and may be taken as a masterpiece. To these may be added, "William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury" (66), and "Sir Thomas Gresham," founder of the Royal Exchange, numbered 67a. Others may also be pointed out as not to be overlooked. The celebrated specimen, 173, of "Viscount Falkland," is specially deserving of study; as are also the "Duke of Monmouth" (174), the "Earl of Clarendon" (175), "Lady Jane Grey" (53), "Sir Henry Guildford" (52), and several others indicated by the catalogue. As it is more than improbable that such another assemblage of Holbein's works will again be got together, it may not be out of place here to suggest to the visitor the advantage of paying a marked attention to these interesting relics of the past.

Perhaps no artist entertained fewer thoughts of the future than Holbein, and no man furnished more themes for discussion to the antiquary, or better illustrations to the student in history. His industry and versatility were alike remarkable. He monopolised all the sitters of his time whose faces were worth rendering on canvas; and when we regard the labour bestowed upon those pictures, whose authenticity admits of no manner of doubt, we are amazed that any one pencil could have produced such a multitude of works, all so ably and so conscientiously finished. No wonder that a monarch so shrewd as Henry the Eighth should have awarded his protection to a worker and artist whose untiring zeal and ability in his profession commanded the respect of every beholder, and distanced every competitor; and we can readily understand the reception which the enraged nobleman received who demanded the life of the painter as the price of an insult. "Out of seven peasants," said the king, "I can make seven lords, but not one Holbein!"

It is to be regretted that the Exhibition does not possess one work of the master's illustrative of his skill in composition. Notwithstanding that his merit in this respect was very small, still such a picture as that belonging to the Surgeon-Barber's Company would have formed a centre of attraction; and one would have thought that a few months of exhilarating sunshine would have tended to improve the tints of a picture which for centuries has hung mouldering in the murky atmosphere of the city of London. Still we must permit of some degree of anxiety for a gem which time has rendered so precious. As a mark of the esteem in which this picture has been held, we may relate th



"WILLIAM WARHAM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY."—HOLBEIN.

report that the late Sir Robert Peel (an accomplished connoisseur) paid an annual visit to the hall of the Barber's Company for no other purpose than to inspect this one treasure.

Of all the old masters Holbein at least has found adequate publicity. His works have been multiplied by the graver, and sown broadcast over Europe. So early as the reign of Charles the First, the careful Hollar etched a vast number of his subjects, consisting of historical pieces, "The Dance of Death," plans for buildings, and elegant designs for the handles of swords and

daggers. Everybody seems to have consulted the ingenious Hans. We find carvers and gilders appealing to him; his fancy is called into play to furnish patterns for jewellers and goldsmiths; and even the bookbinders and clockmakers could not get on without his assistance

Of the books which have received embellishments from the same source we may mention the large number inserted by Lodge, in his series of portraits; and also those which adorn "Birch's Lives;" while Tindal and Rapin were no less indebted to Holbein for illustrations. In the reign of George the Second, Virtue brought out prints of the chief subjects of our painter, including that of "Edward the Sixth granting the Charter to the Bridewell Hospital," and one representing the family of Henry the Eighth. Chamberlaine, in the time of George the Fourth, published two distinct series of portraits of the artist's chief sitters. Indeed the prints engraved after Holbein may be numbered by thousands. Of "The Dance of Death" there exist more than twenty editions; of the "Picture Alphabet" there have been not less than twenty-four separate issues; while the illustrations to Erasmus's "Panegyric on Folly" have multiplied in a corresponding degree. Time has had the effect of increasing rather than of diminishing the interest attached to the productions of the man who came poverty-stricken to our shores; and we may say that the life and fame of Hans Holbein present to the young and aspiring student an encouraging instance of success consequent upon hearty and well-directed exertions.

Of the style of Holbein we have little to say, nor have we any comparison to offer from among the pictures of the present time. His clear, pure, even tones of colour are quite opposed to the careless, muddled, complexity of tints we too frequently observe in the works of modern masters. Although not overladen with paint, Holbein's pictures are never poor and washy, but possess a firm texture and wholesome hue. Ornamental robes, studded with jewels and decorated with embroidery of silver and gold, are rendered crisp, sparkling, and like the realities. The backgrounds are commonly of a bluish cast, sometimes green, and always with the hard, firm look of enamel. The fastidious worker is everywhere apparent. In the selection and preparation of the panels even, and in the grinding of the pigments, we trace the careful supervision of an experienced eye. Of the allurements which may be woven out of deep sombre shadows and sudden flashes of light he lived in utter ignorance; yet he was often forcible, without exaggeration; and if he failed to flatter the vain, or to approach the supreme loveliness of some of his fair models, he at least rendered them comely to our eyes, apart from the quaint habiliments by which they are so often disfigured by a delicate and fastidious manipulation.



"FETE CHAMPETRE."—WATTEAU.

TO THE QUEEN.

THE ROYAL MOTHER WELCOMED IN THE ROYAL BABE.

1.

Welcome, welcome, Royal Lady,
As to nature breathing May!—
Thy coming, in the Come already,
Hear us sing to-day, to-day:
Queen of England, Queen of Races,
Mother of a nation's joy,
Hear us sing two Guelphic faces,
Angel-girl and angel-boy.*

2.

Welcome, Royal Babe!—thy coming
Gives our sky another star!
Welcome, type of noble woman,
Welcome, welcome from afar!
Angel from the blest dominion
Calm of everlasting joy,
Come, on gently fluttering pinion—
Kiss thy sister, angel-boy.

3.

When thou cam'st to angel-brother,
Daughter of a royal line,
Bent the gracious Virgin Mother
Meeker o'er her Child divine?
Gave the Christ-child in the manger
Her pure soul a purer joy
Than thy mother's, thou, fair stranger?—
Kiss thy sister, angel-boy.

4.

Royal Father, Sceptred Mother
Love thee more than words can tell—
Come to sister, come to brother,
Little stranger-angel, hail!
Welcome, heaven-descended creature,
To the clime of troubled joy!
Welcome to thy Brother-Feature,
Angel-girl to angel-boy!

5.

Angel-Boy, oh! take thy sister,
Take her to thy little heart;
Kiss her as the angels kissed her,
When she said, "I must depart!"
Kiss her till thy Royal Mother
Feel her soul o'erflow with joy;
Angel-sister, kiss thy brother,—
Kiss thy sister, angel-boy.

6.

Leopold, four years a ranger
In the poor domain of time,
Beatrice, one moon a stranger
From the beatific clime,
Overshadow each the other
With the immortal wings of joy;
Angel-Sister, clasp thy brother,—
Clasp thy sister, angel-boy!

June 25th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

* The Prince Leopold and the Princess Beatrice.

ART-TREASURES STATISTICS.

THE attendances at the Art-Treasures Exhibition last week were as follow:—

	Season.	Shilling.	Half-crown.	Total.
June 15.....	1,176	6,130	...	7,306
,, 16.....	1,283	5,282	...	6,565
,, 17.....	1,351	7,314	...	8,565
,, 18.....	4,262	...	3,553	7,815
,, 19.....	1,036	6,116	...	7,152
,, 20.....	1,827	5,464	...	7,291

Amongst the distinguished persons who attended during the above days were:—His Royal Highness Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, M. Fould, the French minister of finance; Sir R. Peel, Bart, M.P.; Lady Emily Peel, Sir J. Swinbourne, and the Hon. Colonel Dawson.

ART EDUCATION AT OLD TRAFFORD.

The enthusiasm of the nation is appealed to, and ought to be aroused, by the rich treasures here brought together, to allure the senses and inform the intellect. If the end of art be high enjoyment, then, the present exhibition is a grand success. All that can minister to delight in an interior at once architectural and pictorial, decorated and adorned with works of poetic beauty; all that can feast the eye with lovely forms, or delight the ear by pleasant sounds, here seeks to minister to the refined epicurean sense of high civilisation. It is not, however, because this exhibition is a gorgeous spectacle, but rather because it is an educational museum that it now merits our special notice. It is educational because at once chronological, historical, and international. It is chronological in the arrangement of the schools—historical, as including a series of works more consecutively complete than the world has yet seen under one roof in any one city. In the art of painting, for example, it extends from Duccio and Cimabue, in the latter end of the thirteenth century, down to our own times in the second half of the nineteenth. Thus extending over time, it becomes historical; by the wide sweep it takes over space, it is no less international. The national arts of India, China, Byzantium, Italy, Spain, Germany, France, Holland, and, lastly, of our own country, are here brought together for mutual comparison or contrast. Under this one roof, within the survey of a few hours, are collected the arts of hostile races and nationalities, of rival civilisations or barbarisms, of divers or repellant faiths—Pagan and Christian, Roman and Protestant; all these arts here peacefully—shall we not say beneficently—meet together, offering for our present instruction all the beauty and the truth which has given to each an immortality of fame. The language of art through the eye differs in this from the language of the tongue, that it has never suffered division by the confusion of Babel. Thus do we find in this building the divers nations of the earth brought together, each speaking the same tongue, to all alike intelligible and eloquent—the one common language of art expression. It is true that this language has fallen into divers dialects and idioms, according to the wants and the ideas of varied peoples; yet however modulated, and in some instances corrupted, this universal art-language does, especially in an exhibition like the present, still attest the essential unity of humanity, and confirm the truth that God made of one flesh all the dwellers upon earth. In what sense, then, is this collection educational? Because it teaches by that example which is stronger than precept. The public have heard much of pre-Raphaelitism and post-Raphaelitism, and have probably formed no very definite idea of the meaning of the terms. Let them come here, then, and reduce the vagueness of words to the positive evidence of their senses. They have heard of the ideal beauty of Italian art, and of the literal truth of the early German; let them come to the saloon where these two nationalities are on opposite walls contrasted, and then determine the character and the value of the qualities which, in the works themselves, have thus been the subject of praise or censure. They may have been told that our English school of portraiture is too much under the sway of Vandyck—too little under the influence of Holbein. Let them cross over, then, to the English gallery; examine well the characteristics of our portraits, and returning to Holbein, judge whether, and in what degree, this painter is entitled to be our present instructor. Lastly, they may have heard some few years since, that the influence of the Carracci school in this country was too great; that it was still extending, and ought to be diminished. Let them, then, now, put this hearsay charge to the more certain test of ocular demonstration. This exhibition, therefore, if rightly used, ought to disabuse the public mind of much false specious teaching. Criticism in the fine arts is perhaps necessarily vague and subject to fallacy, and the evil is the more specially inevitable, because the language of words shadows forth but indefinitely the objects of vision. Here, then, are the objects themselves, which, if rightly used by the thousands who crowd the exhibition, may yet do more for art-education in this country than the establishing of a professor's chair, or the publication of a pretended Novum Organum. Such an exhibition is, so to say, specially vital, and what belongs to the dead past, must, as much as possible, be vivified into the living present. Its assigned local habitation is Manchester, and therefore the world has the greater right to expect that this grand movement and concourse in the arts should conduce to some practical results. For this end we want no recondite dissertations on the schools; no German-like scrutiny into dates and authenticity; no auction-mart estimate of monied value; but we need to be shown what relation the art of former days holds to the necessities of our own times, that so what in us is false may, by the voice of history, stand reproved, and that which is true receive the sanction of authority. Such a collection as the present might thus become the instructor of our national school of art, which seeking, like the school of the Eclectics in Bologna, to combine existing and approved excellences, might form an English art epoch suited to the wants and commensurate with the knowledge of this nineteenth century, as the school of the Caracci was representative of the collective art-tendencies in the sixteenth. Vital and self-originating as our national art essentially is, still in its onward advance, not in its decay, it need not dread the term eclectic. For us that word does not mean servile compilation or adaptation; it implies nothing more than the using as educators those art-treasures which we possess, teaching us how best we may study nature, and in what method we may more surely and fully mature in still higher works the national genius with which we are endowed. If it be desirable that the models for our imitation be thus selected by a wise eclecticism, still more needful is it that our taste be expanded to a wide catholicity. To appreciate, and in order to profit, from the diversified treasures here brought together, we must free the mind from all narrow art-sectarianism, and make our perceptions wide in their inclusive sweep as the collection itself is extended in scale. We do not say that every object in this building merits unexceptional admiration, yet we may fairly assert that no work is wholly destitute of merit, or devoid of instruction.—*Blackwood.*

TURNER'S "SLAVE SHIP."

It is a sunset on the Atlantic after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain-clouds are moving in scarlet lines, to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges, the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold and bathes like blood. Along this fiery path and valley the tossing waves, by which the swell of the sea is restlessly divided, lift themselves in dark, indefinite, fantastic forms, each casting a faint and ghastly shadow behind it along the illumined foam. They do not rise everywhere, but two or four together, in wild groups, fitfully and furiously, as the under-strength of the swell compels or permits them; leaving behind them treacherous spaces of level and whirling water, now lighted with green and lamp-like fire, now flashing back the gold of the declining sun, now fearfully dyed from above with the undistinguishable images of the burning clouds, which fall upon them in flakes of crimson and scarlet, and give to the reckless waves the added motion of their own fiery flying. Purple and blue, the lurid shadows of the hollow breakers are cast upon the mist of the night, which gathers cold and low, advancing like the shadow of death upon the guilty ship as it labours amongst the lightning of the sea, its thin masts written upon the sky in lines of blood, girded with condemnation in that fearful hue which signs the sky with horror, and mixes its flaming flood with the sunlight, and, cast far along the desolate heave of the sepulchral waves, incarnadines the multitudinous sea.—*Ruskin.*

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the interest excited on the inauguration of our Art-Treasures Exhibition by the Royal Consort, Prince Albert, there will be a still greater influence spread throughout the country to view the wonders and glories of art here congregated, after the visit of Her Majesty, which took place on Tuesday last. Vast numbers in this country—and we suppose the feeling is not confined to the English people—are sure to follow in the wake of royalty, whilst those who love art for its own sake will be faithful in their devotion as before, and their advocacy of art-influences, and their admiration of the great national work at Old Trafford, will meet with a more profitable recognition. There has been an evident progress in public estimation since the opening of this wonderful collection,—the people are daily learning to comprehend the magnitude of the undertaking, its many difficulties, its noble results; and we shall be greatly mistaken if the crowds do not increase from week to week throughout the period—comparatively brief—over which the Exhibition can be extended.

The welcome of Her Majesty to Manchester was in accordance with our acknowledged loyalty of feeling. From the mansion of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Worsley, where the Queen and her suite had arrived on Monday night, to the Palace of Art at Old Trafford, a distance of not less than nine miles, there was displayed on the part of the people a demonstration of enthusiasm in every conceivable form that must have touched the heart even of one accustomed as is the "Royal Lady" to warm expressions of good feeling wherever she appears. The cortège left Worsley Hall at nine o'clock, in the following order, preceded by two dragoons in advance.

The Earl of Ellesmere in his private carriage; the carriage of the Right Hon. the Earl of Burlington, lord-lieutenant of the county; the high sheriff of the county, Charles Townley, Esq., and the deputy sheriff, T. Birchall, Esq.; the first state carriage containing Mr. Gibbs, tutor to the Prince of Wales, and Lieutenant Cowell, tutor to Prince Alfred; second carriage, with Colonel Phipps and General Grey; third carriage, with the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., and Baron Moltke; fourth carriage, with Lady Churchill, and Miss Stanley, maid of honour; fifth carriage, with the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, Princess Alice, and the Duchess of Sutherland, the mistress of the robes; then followed a portion of the Yeomanry surrounding the royal carriage, in which were seated Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, His Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.

At the boundary of Salford and Pendleton, the carriage of Stephen Heelis, Esq., Mayor of Salford, containing his worship, accompanied by Mr. Charles Gibson, town-clerk, joined and headed the procession through the borough, falling out of the line at Albert Bridge, the boundary of Manchester and Salford, and proceeding direct to Old Trafford. The royal cortège was now conducted by the Mayor of Manchester, James Watts, Esq., who, in his private carrige, drawn by four fine horses, and accompanied by Mr. Heron, town-clerk, had been waiting the arrival of Her Majesty. Here, also, the procession was joined by other carriages; the first containing the Earl of Wilton and Viscount Palmerston; the second Mr. Thos. Fairbairn and Lord Ward; and the third Mr. Fairbairn's brother and members of his family. It would be quite impossible, in the brief space we can devote to the occasion, to give anything like a detailed description of the various decorations exhibited on the line of route. The triumphal arches, the banners and bannerets, the wreaths of flowers, the "purple and fine linen" hanging from window frames, the bright faces, the good humour (amidst occasional heavy showers of rain), the roar of voices that followed the Royal party in one continuous peal, must be left to the warm imagination of our readers. It was something to remember—something which we trust *will be remembered* by those young members of the Royal House who added to the interest of the occasion, and who will have gained the knowledge, that there is a true and a great heart in the people over whom it may be their destiny to reign.

Let us suppose Her Majesty arrived at the Palace, amidst cheers that almost out-voiced the royal salute of twenty-one guns booming from an adjoining field. She has left the tastefully-decorated reception room,—every eye is eagerly turned to the northern extremity of the central nave, which is radiant with gay costume and those bright smiles peculiar to Lancashire beauty. Not a vacant spot is to be seen, except that line of crimson floor cloth; and now along this passage the procession is passing, preceded by the Mayor of Manchester and the Town-clerk. The royal party have taken their places on the daïs; the Queen in the centre; the Prince Consort to her left hand; next to the Prince, the Princess Alice, and still further to the left the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred. To the right of, and next to, Her Majesty, stands Prince Frederick William of Prussia; his betrothed, the Princess Royal is at his right. The whole group are dressed very simply. Her Majesty's dress is of black silk brocade, with six flounces. Her Majesty's bonnet of white tulle, with white flowers. She wears a transparent jacket, trimmed with velvet and with white ruche round the sleeves. The gloves are black. The dress of the Princess Royal is very similar, and she appears to be in very good humour, conversing with her intended more than once during the proceedings at this stage.

During the approach of Her Majesty to the daïs, the National Anthem has been in course of performance. It is interrupted for a few moments, whilst the royal party assume their stations on the daïs, and is then resumed and completed. At the close of the anthem, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, the chairman of the executive committee, is presented to Her Majesty, and reads the following address:—

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.—The Address of the Executive Committee of the Exhibition of Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom.

May it please your Majesty,—We, the Executive Committee for conducting the Exhibition of Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom, humbly approach your Majesty with sentiments of devoted loyalty and attachment to your person and throne. We tender to your Majesty our grateful acknowledgment, not only for the early encouragement which your Majesty and your illustrious Royal Consort extended to our undertaking, but for the munificent, valuable, and most instructive contributions which are to be found in this Exhibition through your Majesty's favour. Deeply sensible that the duties of royal patronage in no way demanded so marked an indication of your Majesty's approval, it is most gratifying to us to acknowledge how great a part of our success is due to the influence of the royal example upon others, and with honourable pride we would venture to regard this ceremonial as the crowning evidence of your Majesty's continued confidence in the disinterestedness of the promoters of the Exhibition, and in the national usefulness of their aim.

The achievements of the genius of all countries, and the productions of ages of thought and patient research, which are gathered within these walls, speak convincingly of the wealth, the lengthened prosperity, and the present social happiness of the country which possesses them.

The suggestion of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, that these treasures should be so arranged as to instruct the mind as well as please the eye, has been adopted; and we sincerely hope that the example of your Majesty's presence here this day, at so early a period after the opening of the Exhibition, will appeal powerfully to all your Majesty's subjects, and induce all ranks, high and low, to gather here those lessons which nothing else teaches so forcibly as art,—to the ignorant, refinement—to the proud, humility. We most cordially and respectfully thank your Majesty for the especial favour of this visit; and we fervently pray that health and happiness may long attend upon your Majesty, your Royal Consort, and every member of the royal family.—On behalf of the Committee,

THOMAS FAIRBAIRN, Chairman.

Mr. Fairbairn then presented the address to Her Majesty, who, bowing, handed it to Sir G. Grey, from whom she received a copy of the following:—

I thank you sincerely for the assurance of your attachment to my throne and person, and for the affectionate wishes for myself and my family which you have expressed in your loyal and dutiful address.

The splendid spectacle presented to my view on this occasion affords a gratifying proof both of the generous munificence with which the possessors of valuable works of art in this country have responded to your desires and encouraged your efforts in the attainment of this great result, and also of the enlightened taste and judgment which have guided you in the arrangement of the treasures placed at your disposal.

I learn, with great pleasure, that the contributions which it has been the happiness of myself and of the Prince, my consort, to offer to this Exhibition, have enhanced its value, and have been conducive to the success of an undertaking of such high national interest and usefulness.

I cannot doubt that your disinterested exertions will receive their best reward in the widely-diffused gratification and the elevating and refining influence produced among the vast numbers of every rank and station whom the position of this building, in the midst of a dense and industrious population, invites to a contemplation of the magnificent collection of works of art displayed within these walls.

The above was read by the Queen. Mr. Fairbairn, the Chairman, followed by the Mayor, Mr. W. Entwisle, Mr. Heron, Mr. Stern, Mr. E. Potter, and Mr. Thomas Ashton, then had the honour of kissing her Majesty's hand.

Mr. R. B. Armstrong, recorder of the city, now drew near, in his black gown and full-bottomed wig, and read the following address of the city corporation:—

To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

May it please your Majesty,—We, your Majesty's most loyal and faithful subjects, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of the city of Manchester, humbly approach your Majesty, to offer, as the representatives of the inhabitants at large, the homage of an ardent and devoted attachment to your Majesty's person.

We tender to your Majesty our sincere and heartfelt congratulations upon the recent auspicious birth of a princess, and the assurance of our unfeigned thankfulness to Divine Providence for having graciously preserved a life invaluable to your Majesty's family, and to the whole of the British nation.

We venture most respectfully to assure your Majesty of the gratitude felt for the gracious patronage and support ever afforded by your Majesty to all efforts made for the improvement either of the moral or physical condition of your people, and we hail with feelings of delight the gratifying evidence now afforded in the august presence amongst us of your Majesty, accompanied by your illustrious Consort, and other members of the royal family.

We most respectfully offer to your Majesty our congratulations upon the approaching alliance between Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal and his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, believing that such alliance will not only secure the happiness of your Majesty's daughter, but will also perpetuate a cordial and friendly feeling between the two great nations so deeply interested in the future destiny of the illustrious individuals about to be united.

We fervently pray that your Majesty may long be spared in the enjoyment of every domestic felicity, and be permitted by Divine Providence for many years to come to confer the blessings of a beneficent reign upon a truly loyal and grateful people.

Given under the common seal of the corporation, this 17th day of June, 1857.

The above address having been read, was delivered into Her Majesty's hand by the Mayor of Manchester, who wore his scarlet robe and official chain and badge. The address was very handsomely mounted in silk velvet and gold. It was immediately handed over to Sir George Grey, and the following reply was then delivered by Her Majesty:—

I receive with great satisfaction the assurance which you have on this occasion offered me, of devoted attachment to my throne and person.

I thank you sincerely for the warm interest which you have expressed in all that concerns my own welfare and that of my family, and for your congratulations on the approaching union of my eldest daughter with the prince of an illustrious house, which, while it affords to them, under God's blessing, the best prospect of happiness, will, I trust, also be conducive to the interests of this kingdom.

I have the greatest pleasure in again visiting Manchester, not only because it enables me to mark my cordial approval of the valuable and interesting Exhibition which has been opened with so much success within these walls, but also because it has given me another opportunity of witnessing the gratifying proofs of the ardent loyalty and attachment of the inhabitants of this great seat of manufacturing industry.

You may be assured that there is no object nearer to my heart than to advance the best interests and permanent welfare of my loyal and faithful people.

The Mayor of Manchester now knelt down on one knee before the Queen, on the steps of the daïs, to receive the honour of knighthood, and Her Majesty receiving Sir Harry Smith's sword from the Lord Chamberlain, lightly touched first the left and then the right shoulder also of Mr. Watts, and bade him rise as Sir James. The honour of knighthood, we learn, had also been

offered to Mr. T. Fairbairn, and to Mr. Heelis, the Mayor of Salford; but the two gentlemen last named respectfully declined the distinction. Mr. Alderman Watkins and Mr. Alderman Nicholls were allowed to touch the Queen's hand with their lips, and the city authorities withdrew to make way for the Mayor and Town-clerk of Salford, who now approached the royal presence. Mr. Heelis, the mayor, unrolled the scroll placed in his hand, and read from it the following address of the corporation of Salford:—

To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

We, your Majesty's dutiful subjects, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the borough of Salford, in the county palatine of Lancaster, approach your Majesty with feelings of devoted loyalty and attachment.

We present our respectful but hearty congratulations on the recent auspicious event,—the birth of a Princess.

We are gratified at seeing in your Majesty's company on this occasion, your Royal Consort, and several junior members of your family, together with a Prince, to whom one of them is soon to be united, and though that event will cause the first inroad upon a happy domestic circle, yet as it has your Majesty's approval, and will take place under circumstances which promise much happiness to the parties more immediately concerned, we cannot withhold our congratulations and the expression of our earnest hope that the utmost anticipations of such happiness may be fully realised.

We regard your Majesty's presence amongst us, in connection with the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, as a renewed token of the deep and anxious interest constantly evinced by your Majesty in the welfare of your subjects, and in whatever may tend to promote the improvement, elevation, and refinement of their intelligence, position, and feelings.

That your Majesty may long see your care and solicitude for their welfare gratefully acknowledged by a loyal, prosperous, and religious people: that you may enjoy every blessing and happiness of which your exalted station is susceptible, and that you may eventually attain a higher and more enduring crown, is our earnest prayer.

Given under the common seal of the said mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the said borough, this 30th day of June, 1857.

STEPHEN HEELIS, Mayor.

Her Majesty graciously replied as follows:—

I am much gratified by the assurance of devoted attachment which you have conveyed to me in your address, and which I receive as an additional proof of the universal feeling of loyalty prevailing within and around this great city.

I sincerely thank you for the affectionate wishes which you have expressed for my happiness, and for that of my family.

It affords me the highest satisfaction to be present on this occasion, and to assure you of the deep interest which I feel in the success of an undertaking which reflects so much credit on its promoters, and is so well adapted, not only to delight, but to instruct and improve, all who visit the valuable treasures of art collected within this building.

The Mayor and Town-clerk of Salford then kissed the royal hand, and retired. Mr. E. R. Langworthy had the same honour.

At twelve minutes to twelve the royal party quitted the daïs, and were conducted to view the galleries of modern and ancient paintings, the Coronation Anthem being performed as Her Majesty moved away from the transept.

After passing nearly two hours in the ancient courts, and those of the modern masters, the illustrious party left the building soon after three o'clock, meeting with renewed enthusiasm on their return to Worsley Hall.

The musical portion of the programme was after the following order:—

PROGRAMME.

1. "The Coronation Anthem" ..... *Handel.*
2. "The Marvellous Work," from the "Creation;" soprano solo, Madame Claro Novello—and chorus .... *Haydn.*
3. Air, from "Jephtha." "Deeper and deeper still" ..... Mr. Sims Reeves ..... *Handel.*
4. First chorus from the "Hymn of Praise" .... *Mendelssohn.*
5. "Luther's Hymn," soprano solo, Madame Clara Novello ..
6. Air, "In Native Worth," from the "Creation" ..... Mr. Sims Reeves ..... *Haydn.*
7. The "Hallelujah Chorus" ..... *Handel.*

Mr. Charles Hallé acted as conductor; Mr. H. Walker presiding at the organ.



"THE VALE OF TEMPE-"—DANBY.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

No. IV.

By PEREGRINE SKETCHLY.

FRANCIS DANBY is the oldest associate of the Royal Academy. He was elected more than thirty years ago. How it is that he continues to hold only the lower grade is best known to himself and the gossips; it is sufficient for us to note the fact.

The evident idol of Danby's mind is the ideal; his imagination wanders among the classic groves of Arcadia, the gorgeousness of ancient Egypt, and the miraculous and supernatural portions of Holy Writ; or if he does take up a subject from everyday nature, it is only to invest it with some extraordinary or ideal effect. It is understood he even fears to chill the warmth of his imagination by sketching or colouring from nature, and that his mode of study is "to sit on rocks, and muse o'er flood and fell," or to loll on the banks of some broad river, and watch the sun's decline with the eye of a philosopher and a poet, just as Claude did before him on the banks of the Arno or the Tiber.

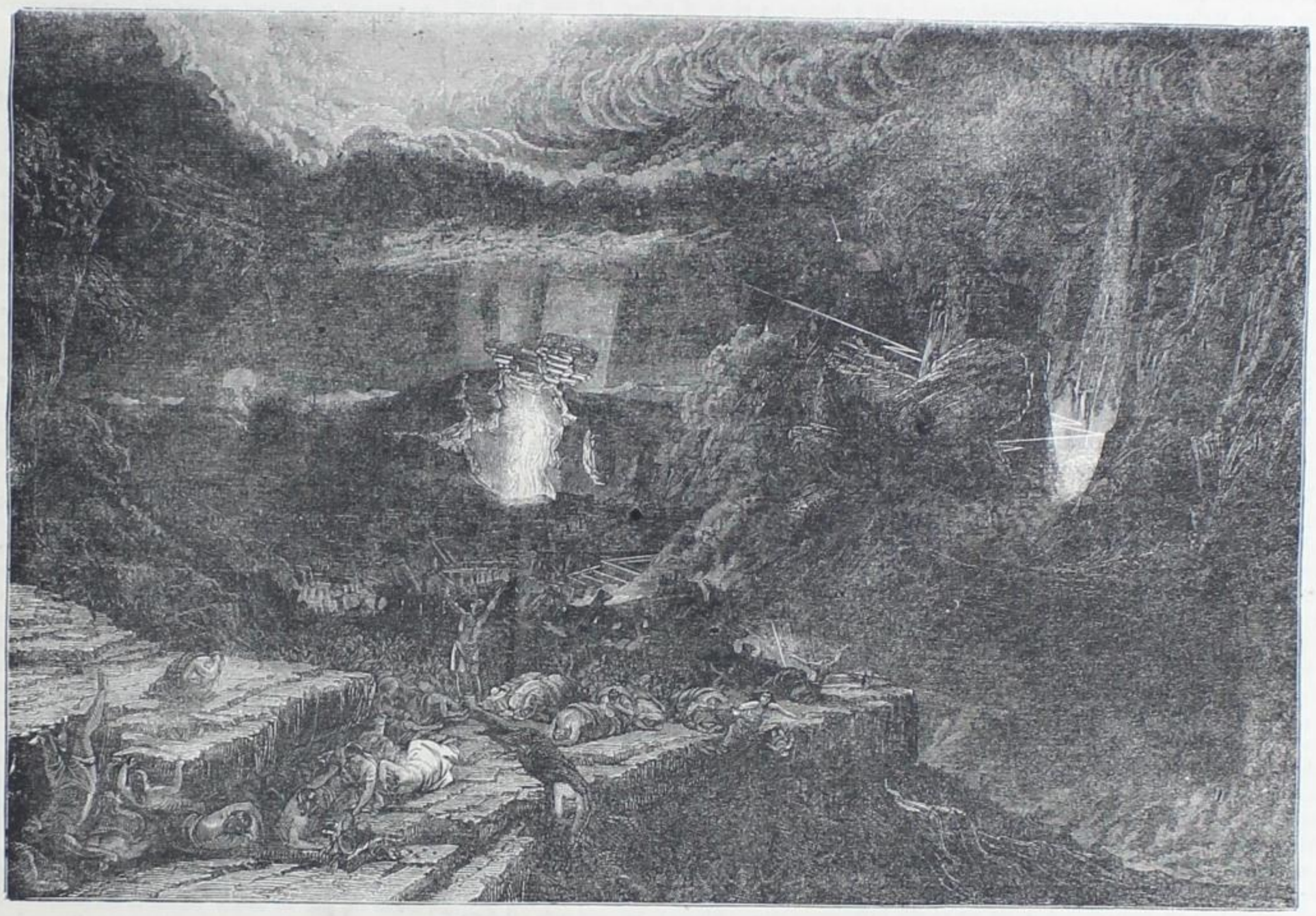
He is represented on the walls of the Art-Treasures by four of his best works. Here is his marvellous twilight poem (197), "The Evening Gun." A ghostly-looking vessel is moored in the solitary water—its naked masts and yards standing out black and stark from the gold-and-crimson-flushed sky. The dusky shadows of evening have gathered over the broad waters. All seems silent, still, and soundless. Then comes the sudden puff and cloud of smoke from the vessel's side, and imagination readily supplies the booming report, reverberating in distant echoes, till all again is silence, and night draws her sable pall over sky and earth. In 559, "The Vale of Tempe," the delicate, clear radiance of the newly-risen sun is glowing over the Thessalian valley. It looks like one of those favoured spots where the heat of summer is tempered by a distant sea breeze—where milk and honey flow without labour and without pain, and where happy shepherds pass the live-long day in singing, dancing and piping. 578, "The Lake of Zurich," is another of those hushed evening solemnities of which our artist is so deeply enamoured. The sun, hid from view by rich and dense masses of foliage, shoots a farewell crimsoned ray on tower and convent and fortification, on to the ferry-boat, and across the calm lake, to the distant buildings on its farthest margin. This is one of the few modern

pictures which sets one thinking, and in which we lose sight of artist-craft in the fullness and glory of the conception.

Danby's fourth picture is 395, "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." It was exhibited in 1828, and we find it modestly described in the catalogue of that year as, "An attempt to illustrate the Opening," &c., as though the artist evidently felt he was going somewhat beyond the prescribed boundary of subjects amenable to the laws of art, and that to display the remorse and sorrow of a world on canvas was out of the reach of the possible. It is, nevertheless, an appalling scene; the mighty men of the earth, in the midst of the great day of His wrath, are calling for the mountains to fall on them and hide them, the sun turns to black, the moon to red, and lurid bursts of lightning split and rend the rocks. All this is rendered with a poetic spirit, which must impress very strongly the mind of the imaginative spectator.

Danby's picture naturally brings John Martin to mind. Who, that is old enough, does not remember the furor created, some thirty years ago, by his "Belshazzar's Feast" and "Joshua"—their ovation in London, their triumphal progress through the provinces. It seemed as though a genius, at once full-blown, matured, and perfected, had burst upon the world, whose style and ideas were so novel, so mysterious, so stimulating, that admiration was compelled rather than solicited. He speedily became the prime favourite of the people, and they placed him on their highest pinnacle. Time and imitation speedily diminished the wonder; it was found that the painter could only repeat himself, and the world gradually became of the authoritative graduate's opinion,—"he who copies himself has the worst original." After a subsidence of many years, Martin's works have lately again formed a theme for a new generation, and the multitude have flocked, as of yore, to gaze, to wonder, and to admire. Martin's genius is represented at Old Trafford by 422, "The Fall of Babylon," and 289, "Clytic." The former is well known, and was one of the peripatetic art-wonders of its day. It has that astonishing, yet artificial, infinity of space which the artist knew so well how to produce by the incessant multiplication and succession of uniform parts, and by placing the inhabitants of Lilliput in the courts of Brobdignag. "Clytic" is an imaginative landscape, in which space is gained by similar means, such as large rocks coming in contact with miniature trees, &c.

The pictures of William J. Müller are a source of admiration and regret. He was one of the most promising and versatile geniuses our modern school has produced. He could equally find inspiration in an English village, or among the Welsh rocks, as in an oriental temple, or an Egyptian desert. So in interior painting, he is one day among the poverty of a peasant's cottage, another in a palace rich with Louis Quatorze ornamentation. His great power lay in his mastery over colour and *chiaroscuro*—the one rich, deep-toned, and brilliant; the other marvellous in the magic with which his strong points of light are detached from the midst of shadow. His last picture (302), "The Baggage Waggon," is here; it was painted for the Manchester Exhibition, and sent there with the modest price of 90 guineas attached to it. By a singular oversight on the part of our connoisseurs, it remained on the walls unsold for several weeks, and was ultimately bought by a picture dealer who happened to be passing through the town. We have been informed that the picture has since brought 500 guineas. This "Baggage Waggon" picture is remarkable for its fine daylight effect. It is one of those days of alternate sunshine and shower, and the sky is full of billowy white clouds rolling into the fell darkness of the passing storm. The marshy foreground is lit up by a fine burst of sunlight, but the ground looks so dry and parched as to give no indication of the recent shower save as it is shown by certain little pools in the hollow places of the road. 305, "Gillingham, on the Medway," is a Constable save in intensity, study, and finish; its light and shade is very fine. 309, "Welsh Landscape," is also an effective piece of light and shade, and wholeness of effect. The colouring is grey and subdued, and the greens not carried nearer to nature than what mixtures of blacks and ochres will produce. 290, "Sphynx," and 310, "Memnon," though small works, are rich in imagination and golden glow of fancy.



"OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL."—DANBY.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The year 1758 was perhaps the most lucrative of his professional career. The account of the economy of his studies, and the distribution of his time at this period, is curious and instructive. It was his practice to keep all the prints engraved from his portraits, together with his sketches, in a large portfolio; these he submitted to his sitters; and whatever position they selected, he immediately proceeded to copy it on the canvas, and paint the likeness to correspond. He received six sitters daily, who appeared in their turns; and he kept regular lists of those who sat, and of those who were waiting until a finished portrait should open a vacancy for their admission. He painted them as they stood on his list, and often sent the work home before the colours were dry. Of lounging visitors he had a great abhorrence, and, as he reckoned up the fruits of his labours, "Those idle people," said this disciple of the grand historical school of Raphael and Angelo, "those idle people do not consider that my time is worth five guineas an hour." This calculation incidentally informs us, that it was Reynolds's practice, in the height of his reputation and success, to paint a portrait in four hours.—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

SOME THOUGHTS UPON THE SPIRITUAL IN ART.

By C. A. Duval.

No. III.

In painting, to which sculpture immediately leads us, there is a wide field for the exercise of the intellect—the widest, in fact, with the exception of that manner of conveying ideas by words, usually called poetry. All that the eye sees, and more, are included in the record it may make. With materials more plastic than the sculptor's—as flexible, and with a range of combination as boundless as the musician's—more essentially representative than the poet's—all nature is spread out before the painter where to choose. Every tint between the two opposite poles of colour—light and darkness, or black and white, with their mysterious correspondences—all varieties of form, from that impressed upon the grossest matter to "such stuff as dreams are made of," and what we imagine of the disembodied spirit "so wan and transparent of hue that you might see the moon shine through"—nay, the very form and pressure, the body and texture of the atmosphere itself, with all its wondrous affinities, are his. Earth, ocean, air, yield all their treasures; even time and space are compressed within his wish. His worlds have not to be created out of the "formless and void;" the elements are all assorted to his hand. How then is it that, with such materials, he has not done more? But do we understand what he has done? A picture is essentially subjective as well as objective; to draw forth all its meaning we must be in correspondency with it—the flower has honey only for the bee.

That miserable idea "that art is the imitation of nature according to certain principles of taste," has misled too many. Few know anything about "certain" or uncertain principles of taste, but all know something of imitation; hence, the commonest definition of a picture is a looking-glass. It must be "true to nature;" but all do not see nature with the same eyes. Extreme and servile fidelity in copying the outside—the surface—is enough for those who see no farther than the surface; but others wish to find in this exterior the hidden meaning, the spiritual use, the inner life, which the form ought to indicate, and with which it should correspond. If art be a mirror, let it be a magic one, and reflect the invisible: this is its highest office. But for one who believes this, fifty believe it is mere imitation, and, therefore, the majority of our painters are mere imitators, and no more. Artists, like other men, cannot exist in the solitude of the unknown; they must have recognition—appreciation—without which there is no companionship; and if we cannot see from the elevation on which they stand, they place their horizontal line lower, and descend to accommodate the shortness of our vision.

Imitation, no doubt, is necessary in painting, but only as words, as language—the language with which all are familiar. But mere imitation is no more art than mere words, whether in prose or verse, however accurately descriptive, are poetry; it is no more art than the cries of the farmyard on the violin are music, or the wax figure in a barber's shop is a piece of sculpture. It is in the judicious application and use of the mysterious analogies and correspondences that are to be found by those who seek them in light, shade, form, colour — analogies and correspondences that point out the representative nature of the material or figurative world, and its connection with, and dependence on, the spiritual or real—that the true artist is to be distinguished from the pretender; and, unless he has an insight into these, unless he feels and understands that "the flesh is but the clothing of the spirit," and unless he can make those similarly gifted with himself feel and understand it also, whatever may be his merely executive power, however cleverly he may handle and imitate textures, unless he can do this, he is not an artist, but an upholsterer in paint.

And yet painting might be the shallowest and most superficial of arts, if we were to draw our conclusions from the number of competent judges of it; in fact, it would almost seem that the only necessary qualification is, to be born. An acquaintance once told me that the best picture he saw at Chatsworth was the representation of a violin, which appeared as if hanging from a nail in a door by a piece of string. It was the most wonderful thing; so natural; it looked as if you could put your fingers under the strings and scrape the resin dust from the sounding-board. This man represented the great majority of art-judges, and, it must be confessed, the great majority of art-manufacturers also, for the true taste either to originate or discern a great picture is equally rare. The true taste or discernment is to be acquired only after long and painful study, and diligent seeking and inquiring into the way and manner divine intelligence operates through matter. That we have great pictures there is no doubt; still less that they are little understood. Amongst thousands of descriptions of pictures by tourists, artists, poets, philosophers, and newspaper critics, is there anything like a real history of the meaning of any one picture? Let us take Correggio's well-known picture in the Dresden Gallery, the "Nativity." We have all heard and read of the raptures with which its carnations and pearly tints have fired the imaginations of those learned in "tints" and "carnations." We know, too, and deplore, that shortly before Wilkie saw it, it was skinned—that is to say, the upper coating or glaze of paint rubbed off—by some ignorant picture-cleaner. We have all, too, heard that the light in the picture comes from the child—how few know why!

The picture represents a newly-born child lying in its mother's lap, and around stand and kneel many people, who seem to take a great interest in it. The scene is a stable, indicated by the introduction of an animal's head—a cow or a horse, I forget which—and a manger; but about these things I am not sure, and only know that it is a stable, which is sufficient to point out the lowly condition and poverty of the parents. This, you will say, is a Dutch picture. Not exactly.—If it were, the animal would have been a fac-simile of hair; the fodder would have been discriminated as hay or straw, or clover; and the textures and folds of the clothes would have exactly represented linen, woollen, or silk. Instead of this, I have only a general idea that the colouring was pure, and, before it was spoiled, harmonious; at present it is too cold properly to represent the subject. I know also that all the forms are full of grace; and amidst the poverty and lowliness there is nothing vulgar or mean. But why are the people shading their eyes as they look upon that infant? Why do all the shadows, emblems of falsehood and error, fall from him? How is it that whoever is turned towards him is lighted up as by a sun? In features and proportions he is a lovely human child; no halo circles, no ray of glory crowns his head and marks him as a prodigy and a marvel; he is, *simply*, the only source of light in that picture; and the meaning seems to me to be this—light corresponds with truth. "In him was life, and the life was the *light* of men; and the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not." It is this idea which makes it one of the most perfect examples of the spiritual in art that the world has yet seen.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS AND HIS FLESH PAINTING.

Experience about this time dictated the following memorandum respecting his art:—"For painting the flesh: black, blue-black, white, lake, carmine, orpiment, yellow-ochre, ultramarine, and varnish. To lay the pallet: first lay, carmine and white in different degrees; second lay, orpiment and white ditto; third lay: blue-black and white ditto. The first sitting, for expedition, make a mixture as like the sitter's complexion as you can."—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

RAPHAEL AND HIS SCHOOL.

It seems an ordinary law of Providence that individuals of consummate genius should be born and flourish at the same period, or at least at short intervals from each other, a circumstance of which Velleius Patereulus protested he could never discover the real cause. I observe, he says, men of the same commanding genius make their appearance together, in the smallest possible space of time; as it happens in the case of animals of different kinds, which, confined in a close place, nevertheless, each selects its own class, and those of a kindred race separate themselves from the rest. A single age sufficed to illustrate tragedy, in the persons of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; ancient comedy under Cratinus, Aristophanes, and Eumolpides; and in like manner the new comedy under Menander, Diphilus, and Philemon. There appeared few philosophers of note after the days of Plato and Aristotle, and whoever has made himself acquainted with Isocrates and his school, is acquainted with the summit of Grecian eloquence. The same remark applies to other countries. The great Roman writers are included under the single age of Octavius; Leo X. was the Augustus of modern Italy; the reign of Louis XIV. was the brilliant era of French letters, that of Charles II. of the English. This rule applies equally to the fine arts. *Hoc idem*, proceeds Velleius, *evenisse plastis, pictoribus, sculptoribus, quisquis temporum insiterit notis reperiet, et eminentiam cujusque operis artissimis temporum claustris circumdatum.* Of this union of men of genius in the same age, *Causas*, he says, *quum semper requiro, nunquam invenio quas veras confidam.* It seems to him probable that when a man finds the first station in art occupied by another, he considers it as a post that has been rightfully seized on, and no longer aspires to the possession of it, but is humiliated, and contented to follow at a distance. But this solution does not satisfy my mind. It may indeed account to us why no other Michael Angelo, or Raphael, has ever appeared; but it does not satisfy me why these two, and the others before mentioned, should all have appeared in the same age. I am of opinion that the age is always influenced by certain principles, universally adopted both by professors of the art, and by amateurs; which principles happening at a particular period to be the most just and accurate of their kind, produce in that age some supereminent professors, and a number of good ones. These principles change through the instability of all human affairs, and the age partakes in the change. I may add that these happy periods never occur without the circumstance of a number of princes and influential individuals rivalling each other in the encouragement of works of taste; and amidst these there always arise persons of commanding genius, who give a bias and tone to art. The history of sculpture in Athens, where munificence and taste went hand-in-hand, favours my opinion, and it is confirmed by this golden period of Italian art.—*Lanzi.*

THE DUTCH FLOWER PAINTER.

JEAN VAN HUYSUM was born at Amsterdam, on the 5th of April, 1682. He was the son of Juste Van Huysum (himself a flower-painter), and the eldest of four brothers, all painters, who had converted the paternal dwelling into a kind of picture bazaar, where amateurs could supply all their materials for the work of room-decoration.



Jean did not confine himself to a trade which could have contributed so little to his reputation. When he reached maturity, and was master of his own time, and able to yield to his tastes, he devoted himself entirely to that close imitation of nature which alone could lead to perfection in his art. He studied the works of Mignon, and of David de Heem, then considered as first in the art of flower-painting. He soon imitated them in the richness and vividness of their tints, and in their precision of touch; and eventually surpassed them in the art of grouping, and disposing of the lights and shades so as to produce the best general effect. He at length became celebrated for the grace and delicacy of his pencil. The effects he produced being something quite new, caused a sensation among the amateurs, who had not hitherto dreamed that the talent of a flower-painter could go beyond mere imitation. Those who were cultivators of flowers hastened to offer to the artist their rarest and most beautiful specimens. His pencil seemed not only to bring the flowers to life again; it gave them new brilliance—a new charm. The most distinguished men, either in rank or wealth, sought to procure his works, and Prince William of Hesse was one of the first and most zealous of his patrons, ordering several pictures, for which he paid liberally. But it was in France that the merit of this gifted painter became the most justly appreciated, and it was from France that his reputation, well established, spread to the principal courts of Europe. Count de Marville, the French minister, bought, for himself, two of his pictures, and two others for the Duke of Orleans, paying for each 1,200 Dutch florins. The price of Van Huysum's works, numerous though they became, increased from day to day, but the favours of fortune never induced a less careful study in the execution of his masterpieces.

About the same time Van Huysum painted ten pictures, which were sent to London, whilst several more were ordered by the Prince of Hesse. The King of Poland, the Elector of Saxony, the King of Prussia, almost all the German princes, and the richest commoners, were desirous of possessing some of his talented works. In the midst of this great demand from private individuals, several pictures were offered for sale by auction, for no other artist added to perfect finish such remarkable facility of production. Anxious for the preservation of his pictures, he neglected

no means for securing in them, by the preparation of his colours, the transparency and permanency which are among the principal merits of this kind of painting. He appeared to make a mystery of his chemical proceedings, or at least of his manner of working in any stage of his painting; and to more completely effect this object, no one was admitted into his studio while he was at work—not even his brothers. It is said that he would never have any other pupil than a Mademoiselle Hauermann, and that he at length dismissed this young artist, her talent and rapid progress having roused his jealousy.

Nothing would have been wanting for the happiness of Van Huysum if his repose had not been troubled by domestic annoyances, particularly the ill-conduct of his son. He became distrustful, unsociable, and separated himself from the world, which, at length, appeared to forget the man, although his pictures still continued to be sought after with the same eagerness. He died on the 8th of February, 1749.

Jean Van Huysum did not confine himself to the painting of flowers and fruit. He painted also landscapes with figures; but these are more noted for neatness of execution than originality of style.

Some of the best works of this master are in the Louvre — among others, two fine pictures of flowers, two of fruit, and four small landscapes. Two specimens will be found in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, Saloon H, Nos. 1009, 1010—the property of R. S. Holford—and from one of these we take our present illustration. Mere imitation is not, of course, among the highest faculties of the artist, and, consequently, Huysum can only be estimated to the limited extent of his powers; but in these he showed a fine taste in grouping and colour, and proved himself in this respect superior to every other artist in the peculiar department he had chosen for study. He generally arranged his flowers in elegantly-shaped vases, on which were presented, in bas-relief, subjects in harmony with his own character of work, and finished in the most delicate manner. His fruit pieces are less successful than his flowers; but even among the latter there are certain pictures which have a high reputation, particularly those painted upon a clear yellow ground, as distinguished from his early productions, which were backed by a dark shade of colour.

THE

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

No. VI.

By H. Ottley.

THE ZENITH OF ART.—II. MICHAEL ANGELO (CONTINUED). — HIS INFLUENCE UPON ART.



Michael Angelo never voluntarily applied himself to painting;—sculpture was his chosen field,—and, judging by what he has left in this way, we almost regret that he was not suffered to indulge his bent more continuously. It has been boldly asserted, by his more ardent admirers, that in some of his sculptures, as his "Pietà" and "Moses," he surpassed the ancients;—of their kind, these works were certainly not surpassed by anything the ancients did; but then they were of a class and character peculiarly their own. What mighty creations would he have produced in this way, enough to stock the whole art-world, if he had not been continually interrupted and thwarted! When we compare the cold propriety of Thorwaldson, and the theatrical caprices of Canova, with the "Moses" or the "Pietà," or even the Lorenzo Monuments of Michael Angelo, we feel that we have passed from an age of giants to one of pigmies.

The great fresco of "The Last Judgment" was painted by Michael Angelo at an advanced period of life; and it was only at the earnest solicitation of the pope, Julius the Third, who, attended by ten cardinals, visited him in person for the purpose, that he was induced to undertake it. He was eight years about this work, which was completed and exhibited to the public in 1541. The artist was then sixty-seven years of age. It was originally intended that the space at the opposite end of the chapel should have been occupied by a companion piece, representing the Fall of the Angels, but this plan was not carried out.

The ill effects of the taste for nude painting, which the celebrated "Cartoon of Pisa" originated, has been already alluded to. This taste was still further promoted by "The Last Judgment," the *déshabillé* of which did not pass without occasioning some little scandal amongst the arbiters of taste at Rome, who, in those days, were not over-scrupulous in matters of propriety. A well-authenticated anecdote connected with this subject affords a curious illustration of the manners of educated society, and the tone of mind which then pervaded it. The luckless individual who put himself most strenuously forward in opposition to Michael Angelo's anatomical display was the Pope's master of the ceremonies, who denounced it vehemently as unworthy of a sacred edifice. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of Michael Angelo, he revenged himself upon the officious Polonius, by introducing his portrait into the picture, representing him with asses' ears, fully equipped in his robes of office, and entwined with a serpent—Dante's attribute of Minos—performing the functions of master of the ceremonies in the infernal regions. The unhappy monsignore in vain appealed to the Pope to be released from this unenviable position; the Pope only laughed, and replied, that he could not interfere, it being beyond his jurisdiction. "Had you been in purgatory, there might have been some remedy; but from hell there is no redemption;" and thus the portrait remains to this day. We cannot wonder at religious art declining in Italy, when such was the sort of feeling mixed up with it.

Amongst the few works of painting executed or designed by Michael Angelo, are one or two of great interest in the Art-Treasures collection, in addition to the "Holy Family, with Angels," described in our last. "Christ with the Woman of Samaria at the Well," is one of three compositions which he made for the Marchioness of Pescara. It is in monochrome, of unpretending proportions, and hung where it is, in an extremely out-of-the-way corner, might escape the general visitor unless his attention were directed to it. In this work we recognise a grand simplicity of treatment very appropriate to the occasion, which was one not of action, but of thought. The "Scourging of Christ," another picture of very similar dimensions to the last, is a reduced copy by Marcello Venusti, of the famous fresco by Sebastian del Piombo, in S. Pietro in Montorio, at Rome, which was painted from the design of Michael Angelo. The general composition, so far as the three principal figures go, bears unmistakeable resemblance to one of Ugolino da Siena's predella pictures, which are to be seen near the entrance door of Saloon A. There is a terrible vigour in the action of the executioners; whilst, in contrast, the figure of the Christ is full of passive endurance, with a fine touch of sadness in the head. "The Silentium," by the same painter, also after Michael Angelo, is a sublime composition, — the figure of the Infant Christ lying asleep across the lap of His Mother, a perfect gem, both as to the attitude and the modelling of the flesh. A calm reigns over the whole group, admirably in keeping with the situation intended. The "Venus and Cupid," executed by Pontormo, after the design of Michael Angelo, is a grand idea,—the Venus, no namby-pamby beauty, to turn the brains of beardless youngsters, but of a colossal type, as one worthy to be the mother of a race of Titans.

Michael Angelo, whose influence survived, and was supreme at Rome, long after the death of

Raphael and the dispersion of his pupils, left an example which was copied to the extreme of mannerism by a long and ardent train of followers, with whom the "terrible" style and vigorous action of the great Florentine were considered the only requisites in art. It is a painful task to follow these fashion-mongers through all their various performances. A few examples in the Art-Treasures Exhibition will suffice to indicate the manner and extent to which the injudicious imitation of what was unapproachably grand in Michael Angelo operated to the prejudice of art. By Vasari, is a group of "Three Apostles," supposed to be engaged in reading and discussing the Scriptures; but who, instead of the position of repose which men of their sobriety of character would naturally adopt under such circumstances, are indulging in the most uncomfortable and *outré* efforts of attitudinising it would be possible for the most ingenious posture-master to devise. In the "Baptism of Christ," by Battista Franco, in which two figures of angels are quite gratuitously introduced to assist in undressing the Saviour, the same propensity for display is indulged in, and to even greater excess. There is not a single figure in it which is in a natural position; indeed it might almost be said, that they are all precisely in the least natural or convenient positions for the duties assigned them—those of the angels especially, one of whom kneels one way and turns round the other, and is awkwardly placed below the figure of Christ, whom he pretends to assist in undressing.

The most celebrated of the followers of Michael Angelo was Daniel Volterra, whose most famous work was the altar-piece of "The Descent from the Cross," painted for the church of the Trinita de' Monte, at Rome, and of which a reduced copy, the property of Mr. A. Darby, is in the present Exhibition. This was pronounced by Nicolo Poussin to be one of the three finest paintings in the world; the other two being the "Transfiguration," by Raphael, and the "Conversion of St. Jerome," by Dominichino. Yet looking at it impartially, with an eye to the occasion and purpose, does it satisfy the judgment—does it gratify the sight? The first idea that suggests itself is that it is too crowded—confused; with too many people in violent action, apparently helping one another, but in reality doing nothing. Look, for instance, at that man leaning over the right arm of the cross, and straining every muscle, with absolutely no purpose to serve; the one below him is in the same case, holding on from a respectful distance by a very slight fold of linen. The confused divergence of nearly straight lines from the centre, will be remarked at once as contrary to all principles of composition, and as most disagreeable to the eye. One portion, full of truth and excellent study, redeems the whole—unfortunately, though a subordinate incident, it entirely distracts the attention from the principal subject, namely, the group of the Virgin Mother, who has swooned away, at the foot of the cross, surrounded by the holy women who accompanied her; but this portion is supposed to have been the work of Michael Angelo himself. Rubens is said to have adopted the idea of his "Descent from the Cross" from this picture; but, if he did, he much improved upon it.

ACTION.—GRACE.

All actions and attitudes of children are graceful, because they are the luxuriant and immediate offspring of the moment, divested of affectation, and free from all pretence.—*Fuseli.*

REMBRANDT.

By H. Merritt.

Picture dealers, in spite of prejudice against them as a body, would appear to be indispensable agents in the upward progress of the art-student. The miscellaneous hardware dealer, who buys small daubs at two shillings a piece, to hang among his rusty files and hinges—the affluent pawnbroker, who flatters himself that he can distinguish a work of promise and genius from a got-up "furniture picture"—and the higher order of dealer, who will venture to buy what he is pleased to designate "little bits of colour,"—are perhaps each and all essential, as things go, in a monster city like London. In ten cases out of twelve, young painters, on their outset in life, are necessitated to do business with these men; and it would save them a vast amount of mortification if they learned to look at that fact in an ordinary business light, instead of regarding each descent into this picture market as a degradation. The ambitious student arrives in the metropolis hot with enthusiasm, never doubting that the doors of the wealthy and titled will be opened to receive him; the only question is, whether he will condescend to enter. Alas! he has to wait, and work, and starve, it may be, for twenty years, and then comes to think himself fortunate indeed if he finds himself a really welcome guest at the snug fireside of some kind-hearted merchant. He must live through long years before he will have occasion to visit the banker with that magical slip of paper denominated a cheque—receiving meanwhile his wages in shillings dropped reluctantly one by one from the dealer's hand, as if they were drops of blood from the heart, before he can command a just and substantial recognition of his abilities in whole shovelsful of gold at the bankers. The ordinary picture dealer is an ogre to the student. It is seldom we hear of a young painter coming from a picture dealer in high glee at the amount of encouragement he has received. There is, however, one instance of the kind upon record, and that referring to the subject of our sketch. Rembrandt Van Ryn, by a judicious friend's advice, carried his first performance to the city of the Hague, and, much to his astonishment, found a dealer who bought it for a hundred florins. What the subject of this early production was we know not; but, judging from the fact that our young limner practised his hand, morning, noon, and night, upon the peasants about his father's mill, we should conclude that it was of a rural character, and probably well painted. Now we undertake to say, that if young English painters went direct to nature, and painted from the life with the same earnestness as this Dutch miller's son is known to have done, and possessed modesty and talent in the same proportions, they too, like him, might sometimes be astonished at the large prices which their efforts would realise. Sickly, morbid productions of London attics, are what the dealer refuses to speculate upon, and finds no great difficulty in steeling his heart against. If he has no real fondness for art, he is at least usually far too shrewd to turn away a young Rembrandt from his door.

It will be said that Rembrandt was no ordinary genius—that he was the wonder of an age; but still humbler capacities may learn a lesson from him—for the most extraordinary thing in Rembrandt was his ordinary good sense. Having sold his picture for a much higher price than he had anticipated, and to a dealer familiar with the picture market and the public taste, he came to the conclusion that he might venture to go into business on his own account, which he speedily did, making choice of Amsterdam for his home, at the same time selecting a careful country girl for his wife. Here, then, we find our great and original painter settled down, at the age of twenty-four, in one of the narrow, busy, thriving thoroughfares of a Dutch city. It was now his object to make the acquaintance of his neighbours—the wealthy merchants who passed the greater part of their time on the shaded quays, inspecting the merchandise brought to their doors from all parts of the world. The idea of advertising, to a modern young painter, would appear the height of vulgarity. He learns "to labour and to wait," in a useless sense. He does not consult the public; he expects the public to consult him. This is false pride, for if the young man has any genius, the sensible connoisseur would be only too proud of his friendship. Rembrandt sought and employed every means of gaining publicity. In fact, like tradesmen of the present day, he reduced advertising to a system. Among the ingenious modes he adopted, one instance is worthy of relating. Dutch servants, for the reason that they spend a considerable portion of each morning in scrubbing the door-steps, and in washing down the fronts of their masters' mansions, come to be well known. Rembrandt had one of these inestimable treasures, who, among other failings, was accustomed to dissipate a few hours daily at the casement. The painter, it may be, felt the inconvenience of this indolent habit on the part of his domestic, and it suggested itself to him that possibly a picture might be a more economical mode of decorating the front of his house, and serve at the same time to make known his skill as a painter. Henceforth the portrait of his interesting maid-servant appeared at the window in lieu of the original. So great was the painter's skill that it was some time before the cheat was discovered; and the expedient answered. To surprise and excite a Dutch audience required a masterstroke. Zeuxis had a much easier task in deceiving the birds of the air with his painted fruit. The thing took, and the painter, by this means and others, became known to the citizens of Amsterdam, and to the polite inhabitants of every other city in Holland. Certain writers, whose delight is in disenchanting mankind, would suggest that this story of the servant-girl at the window is nothing more than a pretty device of the biographers; but besides being truly Rembrandtish, it happens also to be very well authenticated.

Whatever means were adopted to arouse the attention of the "Old Amsterdammers," certain it is that they took up with young Rembrandt heartily, and not only bought his pictures, but even looked up the brightest of their sons to enliven the painter's studio in the character of pupils. He obtained good prices for his pictures, and large premiums with the lads. This looked like business. Rembrandt's boyhood had cost the ancient miller, his father, something considerable. He was not taught by those three masters, Swanenburgh, Lastman, and Pinas, for a few florins. The time arrived when there was no urgent necessity for advertising from the window, and among others, the sign-picture was sold to an eminent collector for a good round sum. It was not only a great feat to excite the attention of a Dutch audience, but it required almost supernatural powers to keep up their interest, from day to day and from year to year.

We have seen a Dutch crowd settle down in a theatre and sit out tragedy and comedy, without being tickled in the smallest degree—paying the entrance fee, as it would appear, for the privilege of resting their limbs after the exertions of the day; and, certainly, Rembrandt must have displayed uncommon tact in keeping up an excitement among a public commonly so stolid and impassable.

Able politicians and members of the learned professions found it worth their while to maintain an intimacy with the miller's son. Burgomasters sought his company, and ladies of rank and fashion and beauty gossiped in the atelier of the so-called ill-bred painter, and even the niggard money-lenders of the day, Jew and Gentile alike, came to purchase the life and immortality, which the genius of Rembrandt could impart on the receipt of a specified number of florins. He made the friendship of the leading connoisseurs, and, moreover, became a princely collector himself. No painter took greater delight in his profession. His ample means enabled him to buy up rare and costly antiquities, and his studio came to present the aspect of a museum of curiosities, each of which in its turn did duty in manifold designs. He studied the finest works of Italian masters, in order to make himself a more excellent Dutch painter, and he succeeded. It may have been that the very stolidity of his employers helped to develop the more potent characteristics of our artist's compositions.

Seldom do we find Rembrandt dwelling in the calm sunless daylight. He revelled like an adept in the shadows of the night, peered wistfully into the solemn darkness, and drew order and system out of the portentous chaos. By the blaze of a torch, or wavering embers, he saw in the profound gloom immensity of space, and he learned to give tangible existence to the fleeting hues and transient effects of light and darkness with as much ease as ordinary Dutch painters transcribed the appearances of fixed objects.

Nor was there less of daring than of originality in the invention and introduction of this new style. Rembrandt's early pictures are instances of minute and careful manipulation. He did what few painters have the wisdom to do. He reserved the privilege of adopting a new style until he had enslaved his patrons to his will. For a time only his own particular friends came from his pencil invested with glories before unheard of in the world of art. In these exceptional cases he sported with gorgeous sunbeams and lonesome shadows, and carried the mind of the beholder spellbound, as far removed from everyday life as heaven is from earth. Meanwhile the wizard himself kept far removed from the sphere of these influences. He could traffic with the most experienced collectors in Holland. He knew every device of the market, and could drive a bargain with a keenness and relish which would have stamped him for a great merchant if he had not been a great painter. His industry was surprising. In addition to numberless works in oil, he etched, at intervals, nearly four hundred plates, and supplied the folios of half the connoisseurs of Europe. His execution, whether on copper or on canvas, was as rapid as it was bewildering in its effects. He found no competitor either in painting or in engraving. The money which poured into the lap of the penniless woman, whose good fortune it was to become his wife, would have supported a dukedom. The progress of such a man was of course sometimes clogged by envy and detraction, but certainly his life was not embittered by the malice of rivals, for rivals he had none. Of his meanness and cupidity much has been written, but we do not believe the half of it. That his wife was thrifty is certain, and moderate thrift is no crime. As we said, Rembrandt resorted to tricks of trade, but they were of such a kind as most traffickers in the fine arts continue to practise. For the exorbitant sums he is said to have exacted from the admirers of his productions, he might be defended on the plea that posterity has confirmed, and in some instances doubled, the estimate he entertained of his own worth. Of the charge respecting his fondness for low company, it may be answered, that in this he was only consistent, having himself derived his existence from a source not remarkable for extreme refinement, and having, in obedience to the dictates of his heart, married a homely country girl. Yet, notwithstanding that he found high life irksome in the extreme, we do find him often surrounded by some of the most fastidious men and women of his day. The assertions of his miserly instincts were baseless, for no sooner had the woman who had shared with him his successful career, left him in the world alone, than the accumulation of long years of unremitting toil—the heaps of gold stowed away in antique chest and cabinet, passed into other hands—we know not how. At his wife's death, as we learn from recent discoveries, his savings were estimated at 40,750 florins. Some twenty years later he sank into his grave a bankrupt. He could hardly be a miser, for he supplied his professional wants with reckless profusion, and left the world almost a beggar. He might have died a millionaire; and, as it turned out, he almost neglected to save fifteen florins to meet the expenses of his funeral.

The Exhibition at Old Trafford is remarkably rich in the works of Rembrandt; indeed they are far too numerous for particularisation here. There are examples of the various subjects in which he delighted, which the catalogue will enable the visitor to find without assistance on our part. Our object has been to do simple justice to one who laboured long and well for the glory of his art, and that for the greater period of his life, with a good sense not often vouchsafed to genius.

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his feet, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of man. The long, knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull, purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave.—*Ruskin.*

TITIAN AND VENICE.

In Venice, I see everywhere Titian; as in his pictures, I see, or rather I *feel*, Venice: not the mere external features of the locality, not the *material* Venice—buildings, churches, canals—but a spirit which is nowhere else on earth to be perceived, felt or understood, but here! Here, where we float about as in a waking dream—here, where all is at once so old and so new—so familiar and so wonderful—so fresh to the fancy, and so intimate to the memory; These palaces, with their arabesque façades and carved balconies, and portals green with sea-weed; and these tall towering belfries, and these black gliding gondolas, have we not seen them a thousand and a thousand times reproduced to fancy, in pictures vivid and real as themselves? And yet, every time we come upon them, though it were ten times in an hour, do we not feel inclined to clap our hands, and exclaim aloud, like delighted children when the curtain draws up at their first play? O! to make children of us again, nothing like Venice! And so it is with Titian's pictures: *they* make children of us again; they surprise us with the feeling of a presence; they melt us with a familiar sympathy; we rejoice in them as we do in music, in spring-tide, in the fresh air and morning breath of flowers. It is long before we can bring the intellect to bear on them, for the faculties of judgment and comparison are lost in the perception of beauty, in admiration, in faith unbounded. In them we acknowledge *that* "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." And where but at Venice could Titian have lived and worked? I know not well how or why it is, but colour, which seems elsewhere an accidental property of things, seems to be here a substance, an existence, a part of one's very life and soul:—colour vivid and intense, broken by reflected lights flung from glancing waters, and enhanced by strange contrasts of wide-spread sunny seas, and close-shut shadowy court-yards, overgrown with vines, or roses, or creeping verdure in all the luxury of neglect, each with its well and overhanging fig-tree in the midst. These court-yards, haunts of quiet seclusion and mystery, in which I should think is concentrated the Venetian idea of a *home*—how few who visit Venice know of their cool, silent, picturesque recesses! Yet, to understand and feel Titian aright, we ought to know Venice thoroughly,—its *cortili* as well as its canals; for it is precisely these peculiar, these merely local characteristics—this subdued gloom in the midst of dazzling sunshine; this splendour of hue deepened, not darkened, by shade; this seclusion in the midst of vastness; this homeliness in the midst of grandeur; this artlessness in the midst of art; this repose in the midst of the fulness of life; which we feel alike in Titian's pictures, and in Venice. And then his men and women,—his subtle, dark, keen-eyed, grand-looking men; and his full-formed, luxuriant, yet delicate-featured women—are they not here still? Such I have seen, as I well remember, at a *festa* on the Lindo; women with just such eyes, dark, lustrous, melancholy,—and just such hair, in such redundance, plaited, knotted, looped round the small elegant heads—sometimes a tress or two escaping from the bands, and falling from their own weight,—so like his and Palma's and Paolo's rich-haired St. Catherines and St. Barbaras, one would have imagined them as even now walked out of their pictures,—or rather walked *into* them,—for the pictures were yet more like *life* than the *life* like pictures. * * * * * * I am acquainted with an English artist, who, being struck by the vivid tints of some stuffs which he saw worn by the women, and which appeared to him precisely the same as those he admired in Titian and Paul Veronese, purchased some pieces of the same fabric, and brought them to England; but he soon found that for his purpose he ought to have brought the Venetian atmosphere with him. When unpacked in London the reds seemed as dingy, and the yellows as dirty, and the blues as smoky, as our own.—*Mrs. Jameson's Memoirs and Essays.*

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Benvenuto Cellini created, as every great artist does, by the force of his genius, an era in the history of his art. By his indomitable energy of character, his marvellous powers of invention, and the unrivalled excellence of his designs, Cellini elevated the simple trade of the goldsmith into an art capable of giving form to the beautiful and reality to the ideal, in no common measure. He may be said to have originated the *Renaissance* style in ornamental art, and to have been a worthy successor to the engravers of Greece and Rome. In place of the grotesque and unmeaning devices in vogue before his time, Cellini introduced the noble designs and perfect execution of a master. His chasings and carvings in the precious metals displayed before the delighted eyes of the connoisseur of his day, gems of classic grace and elegance, and of inexhaustible variety and beauty. In those days of gorgeous dress and equipment, when many a cavalier carried his whole heritage on his own and his horse's back, an article of jewellery, more than doubled in its metallic value by the cunning workmanship it exhibited, was a prize eagerly sought for even by kings and popes. It was something new to have the clasp for a girdle, or the golden ornament for a hat, representing Leda and the Swan, or Hercules and the Nemean Lion, or Atlas with his world-laden shoulders; and Pope Clement the Seventh fastened his cope with a button enriched with the exquisite little sculptures in relief of this Michael Angelo of jewellers.

Notwithstanding the world-wide celebrity of Cellini, but few of his works have survived to the present day. The winds and waves of time, which have swept over Europe during the three centuries that have passed since Cellini wrought in his workshop as depicted in our engraving, have relentlessly borne away many of these art-treasures. A work of art, in order to survive the chances and changes of time, must not only be of enduring materials, must not only be securely guarded from the rude hands of the iconoclast, but must owe its value solely to its merits as a work of art. The precious metals in which this artist has chiefly enshrined his genius furnished a temptation to the possessors of his works, in times of storm and stress, to turn them to "practical purposes," as our utilitarians would say. The Exhibition possesses at least two treasures claiming to be the works of Cellini—a bust of Como, Grand Duke of Tuscany; and the splendid shield in Damascene (or metal inlaying) contributed by her Majesty the Queen; but upon the authenticity of these many of the learned in mediæval art have ventured to throw a doubt. The British Museum, if we recollect rightly, possesses some of the rare chasings of Cellini's chisel; and no doubt collectors generally count them, according to their wont, all the more precious for their scarcity. Horace Walpole, that prince of collectors in his day, forgot to answer poor Chatterton's letter, but did not forget to recount among his most cherished treasures at Strawberry Hill the silver hand-bell, covered with microscopic carvings of natural objects, made by Cellini for Pope Clement the Seventh.



But Benvenuto Cellini has left us a work not less curious than the most intricate of his chasings, and far more characteristic of his strongly-marked individuality than the most triumphant product of his graver. We refer to his Autobiography,—a most interesting literary curiosity, exhibiting at once a vivid portrait of the man, proud, defiant, self-sufficing, subtle, and yet honest and earnest; and a graphic, almost pictorial representation of life and manners in the sixteenth century.

Benvenuto Cellini was born in Florence in the year 1500, of parents in moderate circumstances. In the flourish of trumpets with which Cellini prefaces his Biography, he traces his ancestry across

fifteen centuries to Florentius Cellino, one of Julius Cæsar's captains, who is said to have taken up his quarters at Fiesole, and bequeathed his appropriate name to the flowery banks of the Arno, where the fair city of Florence now stands. Consigning this myth to the tender mercies of the Niebuhrs of art-history, we proceed to the fact of Cellini's father's profession, which was that of an architect and engineer, for which he is said to have had considerable genius; but, being passionately fond of music, he devoted most of his time to that art, and, finally abandoning his profession, became one of the court musicians, an office of some consideration in those days. So highly did Giovanni Cellini estimate his new profession that he desired above all things to bring up his son to it, in spite of the decided taste the boy showed for drawing and design. It was not until he had attained his fifteenth year that Benvenuto succeeded in engaging himself to a goldsmith, under whom he had made hopeful progress, when a fracas with some soldiers, in defending the wounded honour of his brother, procured his banishment from Florence. He continues his art-studies at Bologna, and makes wonderful progress there and on his return to his native place, though it is sorely against his father's will that he does not become a musician. Ardent and full of youthful energy, he sets out for Rome, with a fellow-artist, at the age of nineteen. He works at a goldsmith's, and earns money, "part of which," he says, "I sent to the relief of my aged father, and the remainder I kept to support me while I studied the antiquities of Rome." After another quarrel or two, and a change of masters, he returns to Florence at the age of twenty-one, and pursues his art with increasing success, until his bravo tendencies again overcome his better judgment, and lead him into some street quarrels in which he makes a free use of his dagger, and is obliged to fly from the law. We next find this turbulent spirit at Rome, which city he enters just as Clement the Seventh is proclaimed pope. Cellini meets with extraordinary success at Rome, and is employed to reset her jewels by the fair Signora Porzia Chigi, who arouses all his latent gallantry and reverence, by her commendations of his genius, and still more by her gracious "Farewell, Benvenuto," after their first interview. His loyal and tender regard for this noble lady forms a bright spot in his history at this period. He is next employed upon a splendid piece of plate for the Bishop of Salamanca, with whom he engages in a characteristic altercation, refusing to deliver the vase until it is paid for, and defending his right against the Spanish servants of the bishop with a loaded fowling-piece.

Our artist now becomes quite in demand, receives orders from cardinals, and again Signora Porzia honours and delights him with her patronage. By her advice he opens a shop at Rome, on his own account, and works with his usual diligence and determination, but not without the recurrence of frequent quarrels, challenges, and duels, into which his untameable spirit, and his unbounded notions of his own importance, guided by the code of honour of that day, lead him.



Cellini next studies seal-engraving, and the still more difficult art of enamelling, with his wonted success. "This," he says, "was the peculiar indulgence of the Author of nature, and the effect of a genius so happy, that I could, with the utmost ease, learn anything I gave my mind to." He was now twenty-three years of age, and had fairly entered on his career, and taken his place amongst the artists of Rome. We find him meeting Giulio Romano and other pupils of

Raphael, at the festive board, and associating with them in an "ingenious Society of Painters, Statuaries, and Goldsmiths."

The meetings of this society are not very edifying—carousals, quarrels, and challenges alternating with artistic discourse; and Benvenuto takes his accustomed part in the former.

Occasion soon arises for the display of our hero's warlike propensities, and there are none of his adventures which he relates with more gusto than the part he took in defence of Rome, when besieged by the Duke of Bourbon; indeed, if we may put full faith in his account, he killed the duke with his own hand, and afterwards, when acting as bombardier at the Castle of St. Angelo, wounded the Prince of Orange, who succeeded in command after the duke's death.

After receiving the Pope's acknowledgments for his services, Cellini returns to Florence, and here, for the first time, meets Michael Angelo Buonarroti, whose praises of his skill greatly encourage the young artist. We next find him at Rome, again in the employment of the Pope, who appoints him Engraver to the Mint, and gives him orders for plate and jewellery.

Cellini's brother, who followed the profession of a soldier, was killed in one of the skirmishes with the city guard, so common in those times. He watches, with affectionate solicitude, the last moments of the brave young man, who, it seems, drew in the cause of a friend; and after erecting a monument to his memory, vows the vengeance upon his murderer which Cellini's fierce character, and the notions of honour and justice then prevalent, imperiously demanded. Not less characteristic of the morals of the time, even in the professedly highest quarters, was the reception given by the Pope to Cellini after he had fulfilled his vow, by assassinating the musketeer who had killed his brother. "When I came into the presence of the pontiff," he says, "he frowned on me very much, and with angry looks seemed to reprimand me; but upon viewing my performances (some gold ornaments) his countenance grew serene, and he praised me highly, telling me that I had done a great deal in a short time; then, looking attentively at me, he said, 'Now that you have recovered your health, Benvenuto, take care of yourself,'"—referring to the deep depression of spirits which Cellini suffered, and for which the Pope found fault with him before he had obtained this bloody satisfaction. After this easy absolution, Cellini obtained fresh orders in abundance from lords and cardinals, but his arrogant and intractable bearing makes him many enemies amongst his noble patrons. Competitors in his art trouble him not a little also, and even the wise man who expressed his foolish liking for a good hater, must have been contented with our hero's faculty in this way. Indeed, throughout his life, at his own showing, Cellini appears totally devoid of self-control, and while we admire his fine genius and his fearless spirit, and are touched by his warm impulses, he ever fails to win our esteem.

After the death of Clement the Seventh, Cellini finds favour with his successor Paul the Third, and is reinstated in his office at the mint. But his life continues of the same mingled yarn, occasionally stained with foul spots of blood, which must be charged not less to the lax morality of the age than to Benvenuto's untameable nature. For when he murders a rival artist, we find the Cardinal Cornaro justifying the act of vengeance, and screening the perpetrator from the power of the law.

The greatest misfortune of Cellini's life now befals him; he is imprisoned under a charge of robbery, a crime to which he never stooped, but which appears to have been made a pretext of by the Pope in order to control and chastise his proud spirit. Cellini was very hardly treated in this durance vile, in the Castle of St. Angelo, passing many months in a noisome dungeon, with nothing to alleviate his misery but his Bible, and the teeming visions of his imagination. He attempts to destroy himself, but is withheld by an invisible hand. He describes very pathetically his "earnest longings to see the sun, the golden orb of day," which he was at length permitted to do by the intervention of the Cardinal Ferrara, who procures his release from the Pope. He studies necromancy, goes to Naples, and pursues wandering loves, but works away at his trade, and makes money the while,—for whatever reverses Cellini suffers, or brings upon himself, his undoubted faculty and skill always stand him in stead for means of living and advancement. He soon returns to Rome, and reenters the service of the Pope, for whom he executes a medal in commemoration of a magnificent Well constructed by his Holiness. The device represents Moses striking the rock; and the motto is "*Ut bibat populus.*"

When about forty years of age Cellini goes to France. Francis the First receives him graciously, and employs him upon many important works, amongst others large silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, fountains, and a grand gate for the palace of Fontainebleau, all of which he executes with great skill, giving the utmost satisfaction to his royal master. He has the misfortune to offend Madame D'Estampes, the king's mistress, who persecutes him and patronises Bologna, a rival artist. This lady could ill brook the independent bearing of the indomitable Cellini. "I govern the whole kingdom," she exclaimed, "and yet such an insignificant fellow as this sets my power at defiance." Our artist appears to have designed some of his most important works at this period. He was ennobled by the French king, and continued in his service for some years. He then obtains leave to revisit Italy, meets Titian and Sansovino at Venice, and is "highly caressed" by these great artists. Instead of returning to France, he enters the service of Cosmo de Medici, who employs him upon several statues in bronze and marble, of which the "Perseus" in our engraving is one. It is of a large size, and stands in the Piazza, near the ducal palace at Florence. Cellini appears to have devoted the remainder of his life to sculpture and statuary, in his native city. He shared his good fortune with his sister and her children. Late in life he married, and, after providing for his wife and children, died at the age of 71.

Vasari, who was Cellini's cotemporary, thus concludes his notice of this artist in his "Lives of the Painters and Sculptors:"—"Benvenuto always showed himself a man of great spirit and vivacity, bold, active, enterprising, and formidable to his enemies,—a man, in short, who knew as well how to speak to princes as to exert himself in his art."

Cellini was buried with funeral pomp, the whole Academy, with the Company of Sculptors and a long train of priests, assisting at the ceremony.

R. M.

MUSIC IN THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

Play on ye banded choristers;—I coast
Ideal worlds divine without annoy,
Elysian Regions calm of solemn joy
Peopled with blessed souls, a shadowy host!
That sound of wail again;—oh! vain the boast
Of stoic strength of soul!—through tearful eyes
I gaze on buried past;—the dead arise;
I hold heart-commune with the loved and lost.

No self-adjusting manhood can prevent
A soul-burst of wild tears—subdued I hear
That wailing sound of sorrow too severe:—
Oh, joy of sorrow!—through time's gusty tent
I see afar as through a cloudy rent
Truth's everlasting pole-star sparkling clear.

June 30th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

IN PRESENCE OF A STORM-PICTURE.

Divine is the dominion of the ear,
Diviner not the kingdom of the eye!
Hushing thy soul to breathless calm, draw nigh
These silent-tossing trees, and thou shalt hear
October's melancholy voice austere;
Or dark November's fury shall arouse
The tempest slumbering in its mighty boughs,
Now rising with a roar, now whistling clear.

Then stirred to transport high thy soul shall climb,
On wings supreme, as of angelic might,
Above the transitory rack of time;
And in equilibration exquisite
Of stirless pinions float in fields of light,
Or circling, sweep the aerial fields sublime.

June 30th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

THE SOCIETY OF ST. LUKE AT FLORENCE.

In 1349 the painters associated themselves into a religious fraternity, which they denominated the Society of St. Luke, first established in St. Maria Nuova, but afterwards in St. Maria Novella. This was not the first that had arisen in Italy, as Baldinucci affirms: in 1290 there was a company of painters previously established at Venice, of which St. Luke was the patron, the laws of which, it is believed, are still preserved in the church of St. Sophia. But neither this, the Florentine, nor that of Bologna, can be called academies for design; they were only the results of Christian devotion, a sort of school, such as formerly existed, and still exist in many of the arts. They did not consist of painters alone; these always possessed the most elevated rank; but in the same place were assembled artists "in metal and in wood, whose works partook, more or less, of design,"—as is related by Baldinucci, in describing the Florentine association. In that of Venice were comprehended basket-makers, gilders, and the lowest daubers; in that of Bologna were included even saddlers and scabbard-makers, who were only divided from the painters by means of lawsuits and decisions. That unrefined age did not as yet acknowledge the dignity of painting; it denominated those artists master workmen, whom we now call professors of the art, and it called shops what we name studies. I have often doubted, whether the progress of the arts was so rapid among us as in Greece, because there painting, either from the beginning or a very early era, was considered as a liberal art; with us its dignity was much longer in being acknowledged.—*Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.*

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. VII.

By. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A.

Hitherto we have almost exclusively confined our notices to the more distinguished water-colour artists, to the men who have acquired a fame that will not soon pass away. A continuance of such names can scarcely be expected, for it is only under peculiar circumstances that the works of such men as Cattermole, Cox, Haghe, Hunt, and Haag are brought side by side in glorious competition. Lower down in the scale of art, we have still a large amount of that which in many minds passes for genius. Is it not somewhat strange, certainly it is somewhat sad, that the ordinary run of visitors to the galleries at Old Trafford are so little able to discriminate between the two faculties of talent and genius? Yet so it is, and wherever we see the largest crowd of visitors before a picture, and the greatest anxiety of observation, we are sure to find something indicative of trickery in art,—something striking in the qualities of surface and executive brilliancy. These are the works that command the most attention, and secure the largest amount of respect and laudation. This by the way. What we more particularly wished to say was, that, in the absence of such men as Cox and William Hunt, we have others who either exhibit to us only a high degree of talent, contradistinctive to the impulses of genius; or the works of men who are still young in art, and through whose efforts we can only see, as it were, a glimmering of what may ultimately blaze forth triumphantly, and become a light for the future in questions of taste and beauty. It must be acknowledged that to discriminate between talent and genius in art requires thoughtful consideration, because sometimes, we may say very frequently, we discover the two faculties closely allied. Still, by an earnest investigation of the compact thus made, and by a separation of the terms and bond of union, we at last see the great distinction. And as chance has led us to this question, or we have been brought to it by the names which we find in the catalogue of the Water-colour Gallery, to which we are now in duty bound to pay attention, we may as well endeavour to trace what it is that genius has in contradistinction to talent, and how nearly talent may resemble genius without *really* possessing one of her attributes.

Genius is creative!—creative in a sense utterly unknown to talent—creative as educing new things out of old, and thus exciting a perpetual surprise. It is, in its productive power, independent of story and material; it takes up that which talent, with its laws, its principles, and its formulas, has rejected as insufficient, and it transforms this, by the means of new powers—new insights, into something worthy of our veneration. With these charms, which genius thus throws over art, its doings are such as at once stamp them as the most truthful—such as set us wondering that we did not see the chosen way and the adopted plan long ago, so much does this great gift assert its propriety and its eternal fitness. Talent deduces laws and suggests principles, and building *upon* the results of genius, becomes respectable. Talent has to wait for the initiation—has to pause for the suggestions of genius; and gaining these, it goes in a respectable, business-like manner, with a stock in trade of new modes, and a capital of new ideas, all borrowed for the occasion.

Genius (and this is an outgrowth of its creative character) is self-sustaining, though in the very redundancy of its power it condescends to borrow, as we see in Raphael and Turner. It is, however, essentially self-sustaining; and by its early struggles with difficulties and requirements, it is ever ready to conquer the one, and immediate in its capacity to supply the other. It does this always through a creative novelty, by which it distinguishes itself from talent immeasurably; for talent has only a stock remedy, a conventional use of principle, upon which to depend for support.

Genius stands apart from its mere material agencies, and in this is perhaps the most opposed to talent. In works of art we do not, and should not, forget the human agencies; but we should not see, in the exercise of these powers, a mere mechanical trick, and then accept it with admiration and imitation. Although, in looking upon works by the great ones in art, we do not forget by whom they have been produced, yet we never think of the mode by which they are presented. We know that a work is by Raphael, or by Michael Angelo, but we cease at once to be curiously speculative as to the mode of composition, the trick of colour, or the skill with which each is manipulated or arranged. With mere talent, on the contrary, we are first startled by the appearance rather than with the thought of the work; we are pleased with the artist's skill rather than subdued by his expression of thought; we enjoy the evidence of his cleverness rather than feel the impress of his truth. There is higher skill, properly speaking, in the works of genius; but it is skill under the guidance of a higher object than itself—an object in relation with the human heart and its spiritual sympathies—an object so keenly felt, and so thoroughly pervading the artistic mind, that skill is only recognised as an inferior agent.

In art-genius may be said to be ever present memory. Talent goes on and on, ever repeating itself; whereas genius, once cognisant of nature's sudden and varied effects, retains a recollection so vivid, so vitalised, that their outward manifestation can at all times be produced, because at all times every—even the tenderest—shade and light, every tone and hue, can be summoned by memory.

These are among the manifestations of genius, the peculiarities of mind which separate it from talent; and bearing them in mind, we shall then have no difficulty in assigning, as we proceed, a proper place to the artist of these galleries.

We have four drawings by Naftel, an artist who a few years ago gave promises which have scarcely been fulfilled, though on the present occasion we find a certain degree of talent suggestive of no common capacity. Of his works by far the best is No. 550, "The Foxglove," an inapplicable title, as our readers will readily admit,—the leading object consisting of a rough river-bed, in which we see a collection of wonderfully-painted moss-covered stones of gigantic size. These huge boulders are mostly truthfully painted, and indicate a careful observation of the natural character pertaining to such objects; still we miss one fact, and that a vastly important one, viz., the wear and tear of a stream's tortuous windings. We apprehend that the stones have been studied from the mountain side, and a stream added is a necessary pictorial adjunct. The trees at the back, though a happy colour, are too conventional in form. 549 and 551, by the same artist, are inferior works, though with occasional glimpses of beauty, as, for instance, the distant clouds of 551, and the bit of hillside, so far as the painting of shadow is concerned, to the left of the same drawing. No. 552 is hung too high for a careful observation; but it has more of the "study-on-the-spot" look, and is so far an improvement on its companions; the glimpses of distant illumined forest, and peeps of distant sky, are especially good and suggestive.

There are six works by Hildebrandt, running from 553 to 558 inclusive. Hildebrandt's pictures are not very well known in this country, but the above works will prove a pleasant introduction. They are not remarkable for elaborateness of detail, but present an agreeable truthfulness in their general aspect. No. 556 is, perhaps, the most satisfactory; we have here a vast slope of Teneriffe, absorbed in a broad and admirably-painted shadow, with the snowy peak of the rock rearing its crest into a profoundly deep sky, with bars of cloud athwart the upper portions of the solitary hill. Although there is presented nothing more than a skilful shorthand of material, yet the whole work intimates a perception of its completest features. 554, again, though sketched with a wondrous celerity, is yet suggestive of far more labour than the artist has actually given to it. One of the passages in this work by Hildebrandt is marvellously successful. Let the reader conceal by his hands all but a narrow strip of the drawing, say half an inch in width, through its whole length, the height of this strip to be about an inch from the lower edge, and he will find an expression of distance that shows the painter's knowledge as well as facility of execution, whatever may be the paucity of detail. This drawing is altogether a delightful work, with more strength than is usual with the artist. 557 is another very delightful scrap—eastern in its forms, its tone of colour, and its feeling of heat and light. 558, "French Fishermen and Fish," presents Hildebrandt before us in a different capacity to that illustrated by the pictures already noticed. This may be called a figure picture, though the figures are treated with a pictorial freedom which scarcely belongs to severe figure drawing. The whole tone of the picture is exceedingly agreeable, and proves the mastery of the artist over tertiary hues. The sky is very fine, with a brilliancy subdued yet rich, the clouds being admirably drawn, and finely arranged to aid the general composition.

Nos. 564, 565, and 566, pictures by Mrs. Margets, exhibit art-capabilities of no ordinary character, and furnish material for much thought upon the paucity of occupation for the female portion of society, whilst further increasing our admiration for those who turn their abilities and opportunities to a good account. Mrs. Margets is one of the few, and in the works by her, hung on the walls of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, we see an instance of very successful results. No. 564, the most ambitious of her drawings, is not the most successful, though containing passages completely realising the effect proposed. This is especially true of the grapes, which will bear examination, even after a careful observation of the works of William Hunt, which hang near. The least successful portion of the picture is the ivory cup, which lacks resemblance to the material sought to be imitated. 564, a composition of still life, embracing the usual objects—fruit, goblets, vine-leaves, carpet, table, &c. We have at the outset a quarrel with this, on the score of a want of thought—free and original thought—in the choice of objects. We feel heartily sick of the arrangement of still-life pictures, which seem always to be a re-tumbling together of identically the same material, and this perverse reiteration is made more per-

verse by the adoption of the same pitch of light and the same pervading hues. This work of Mrs. Margets suffers from the same evil, scarcely redeemed by the excellence of the workmanship. Without doubt the best work by Mrs. Margets is 566, "The Bird's Nest." This is quite glorious, not only in its executive excellences, but in its general and particular arrangements of both lines and colours, and is only a slight remove from being a complete success; the one weak and failing point being in the lilac leaves, which are, to use a term more expressive than elegant, "flabby." The nest and ground upon which it rests are almost equal to Hunt. Mrs. Margets has a peculiarity which may be named as indicative of one of the broad aspects of her artistic character. She frequently indulges in huge masses of the same colour, and this wanting subtility of breakage. We have, even in the excellent "Bird's Nest," a large mass of lilac; in 554, a violent mass of scarlet in the geraniums, and such preponderating character will frequently be found to characterise her pictures.

Mr. Burgess is not seen in his pictures, Nos. 567 and 568. They are so hung that all attempts to examine them justly are out of the question. The "Cathedral of Chartres" seems to be a good drawing, and has certainly a sweet and quiet tone of colour.

The four works, from 569 to 571a, are scarcely worthy of the well-known talent of the painter, Miss Gillies. The forms are cut out, as the phrase is, and lack that melting and tender chiaroscuro which are always found in good light and shade and in good keeping. The general tone is cold, and the colours are isolated—in need of harmonious relationship with neighbouring tints. This fault is peculiarly obvious in 569, "From the old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence." In the drawing (570) "Morning Dreams," we have another and greater fault, that is, entire conventionality of pose of the figure, and a studious though weak artificiality of action, which is wholly destructive of vitality and real presence.

This notice, which treats of talent in its more circumscribed order, carries us through the works of several who are rather popular, than distinguished for qualities that will have historical permanence. Next week, in noticing the works of J. D. Harding, we shall take another aspect of art-thought and art-faculty.



"THE DYING MAGDALEN."—CANOVA.

CANOVA.

It was to Canova that we are indebted for the introduction of a purer style of composition in the sculptor's art than the last century had presented. Simplicity, expression, and a reverence for the truth as seen in nature, were the characteristics which he aimed at illustrating. His epoch fairly indicates the restoration of sculpture, and his works are the elements out of which that new life sprang. Canova was the son of an amiable man, himself a worker in marble, and at the same time practising to a limited extent as an architect at Possagno, a village of some note in the Venetian territory, and there the future great sculptor first saw the light, November 1st, 1757. The boy was placed, when about 14 years of age, in the studio of one Bernardi, surnamed Torretti, and on the death of this individual passed under the care of Giovanni Ferrari, where he first attracted the attention of his friend and patron Giovanni Faliero, a senator of Venice, by a carving in marble of two baskets of fruit and flowers, still to be seen in the "City of the Sea," and of which the citizens are no little proud. Here he also modelled his "Dædalus and Icarus," and with a recommendation from Faliero to the Cav. Zuliano, then ambassador from Venice to Rome, we find the young sculptor in October, 1779, on his way to the latter city. Zuliano was among the leading patrons of the fine arts, and his palace the rendezvous of artistic and literary men. In one of the fine saloons a large party of connoisseurs assembled to look upon "The Dædalus and Icarus;" they were struck with the simple beauty of the work, and encomiums were liberally bestowed,—none more warmly than by Gavin Hamilton, our English artist, who admired, advised, and encouraged the young artist, and whose kindness Canova was ever ready to acknowledge, when, in after years, he referred to his early career. Having obtained a government pension of 300 ducats per annum, for three years, Canova returned to Venice, but soon after established himself in Rome, and there produced a group of "Theseus and the Minotaur," the success of which led to his being appointed to execute the monument of Ganganelli (Pope Clement the Fourteenth) for the Church of the SS. Apostoli; and before completing this he commenced his famous monument to Rezzonico (Clement the Thirteenth), placed in St. Peter's, and acknowledged to be among the finest efforts of his genius. The Angel of Death, and the two lions at the base, are remarkably fine and bold in thought. His "Cupid and Psyche," his "Hercules hurling Lycas," "Theseus with the Centaur," "The Graces," the statues of Napoleon, and of Letizia, mother of Napoleon, are, perhaps, the most celebrated of his productions, along with the very beautiful piece of work, "The Dying Magdalen," now in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, the property of Lord Ward, which we have chosen for our present illustration. Canova was sent to Paris by the Roman government, to take charge of the works of art which the Allies had decided should be restored to Italy on the fall of Napoleon; and at this period the great sculptor visited England, where his reception proved a source of great satisfaction to him, and through life he never spoke of this country or its people but with the warmest feelings of admiration, which, he would add, extended to gratitude. On his return to Rome, after executing satisfactorily the commission he had undertaken at the desire of the government, he received a patent of nobility, and was created Marquis of Ischia, though his modesty always forbade him using other than the simple title of Antonio Canova, in social intercourse. He died in October, 1822, at Venice, after a few days' illness. "Canova," says the authority from whom we have gathered these brief particulars, "was rather below the common stature, and latterly stooped as he walked. His features were strongly marked, but of fine form; his nose aquiline, and his eyes deeply set and full of expression. The general character of his countenance was extremely pleasing and prepossessing, a smile usually playing about his lips, indicative of the good-nature and kindness of disposition for which he was eminently distinguished. Of most amiable and conciliating manners towards his brother-artists and competitors for fame, he was also the liberal supporter and encourager of students of rising talent. He gave pensions to several whose means were insufficient without such assistance, and established out of his own purse a handsome premium for sculpture in the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, of which he was 'Principe,' or perpetual president."

KNIVES AND FORKS OF THE XVI. AND XVII. CENTURIES.

Amongst a variety of most interesting objects for domestic and personal use in "Wall-case A," we select for illustration an elegant knife, fork, and spoon, contributed by William Tite, Esq. The handles are carved in ivory,—the knife and fork with *amorini* and clusters of fruit; the spoon with a terminal figure of Cupid. At the period of the *Renaissance* such elegant presents



as these had superseded the "Postle spoons" and quaint Gothic forms which had so long prevailed, and the works of the Italian artists were greatly in vogue. The fork has two long prongs, and calls forth a few remarks from the circumstance that it was probably about this time first introduced into this country, although used for some time on the continent previously. Knives and spoons were the only implements with which food had been hitherto conveyed to the mouth, except some occasional assistance from the fingers. A writer in the time of Elizabeth ("Fynes Moryson's Itinerary") tells us, "At Venice each person is served, *besides his knife and spoon*, with a fork to hold the meat while he cuts it, for they deem it ill manners that one should touch it with his hand." Another writer, about fifty years later, describes the manner of using forks, and adds, "I myself have thought it good to imitate the Italian fashion since I came home to England." (Thomas Coryate, A.D. 1608.) There are also several jointed fork-spoons of about the same date, in the collection; the former having three short curved prongs,



which fit into as many loops on the bowl of a spoon, and are removable at pleasure, so often as the service of the one or the other is required, one handle serving for both.

In the same case may be noticed two large knives,* which were formerly used for the purpose of clearing the table of the *debris* at the conclusion of a meal. One of these, contributed by Sir John Boileau, has a very large flat blade of brass, engraved with flowers and coats of arms, dated 1610, with a solid crystal handle; the other, a steel blade and handle, decorated with *Renaissance* ornaments. They were termed *voiding knives*, by means of which all the bones and scraps left upon the trenchers, or scattered about the table, were swept into a basket called a *voider*. These large wands were frequently also made of wood. In some instances we find them engraved on both sides with a grace, set to music, for the commencement and termination of a repast, with amatory verses, names, dates, &c. There are frequent allusions to them in old plays The voider was also called a maund or alms-basket, and had its charitable uses in great men's houses, either to supply the poor with food, or to send to those who were confined in gaol for debt, and could not afford to purchase any.

There is a great variety of these ornamental knives and forks, carved in boxwood and ivory, in cases H and I, and in the Government contribution, case U. We would especially direct attention to an exquisitely-carved ivory knife in



case I, belonging to the Right Hon. the Earl of Cadogan, known as that of Diana of Poictiers. It is mounted in gold, and set with precious stones; the handle is formed of a figure of Mars; the sheath has in high relief Juno, Minerva, Venus, Cupid, and other figures. It is a work of the 16th century, and was sold at the De Bruge sale, in Paris, 1850, for 2,000 francs, or £80, at that time considered a high price; but the scarcity of such *bijous* of art, and the better appreciation of them by noblemen and gentlemen of taste, have considerably enhanced their value, as exemplified in the sale of the Bernal Collection in 1855, a result at which the public

* It was formerly the custom at weddings to present the bride with a pair of knives, which were worn suspended from the girdle. There are two interesting examples of these bridal knives of the 17th century exhibited by J. Mills, Esq., of Norwich, one of which contains also a large bodkin, with sheaths and tassels of tapestry and bead-work. The custom is alluded to in Dekker's "Match me in London:"

"See at my girdle hang my wedding knives."

And in Halliwell's "Poetical Miscellanies," time of James I., Mrs. Hide wins, in a lottery, a pair of knives, with this couplet:

"Fortune doth give these pair of knives to you,
To cut the thread of love if 't be not true."

generally ought to feel grateful, when the owners so liberally contribute their art-treasures for the gratification of the million. It may be as well to state, having referred to the Bernal Collection, that a very large proportion of that important assemblage of curiosities is at present in the Exhibition, many having been sent by private individuals, whilst that portion purchased by the Government is placed in five cases on the north side, lettered Q, R, S, T. and U. The curious may also, by reference to the labels, ascertain the price given for each specimen. C.

THE TWO EXHIBITIONS.*

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

By Charles Swain, F.R.S.L.

SCENE.—A Room in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, engaged by Haydon for the Exhibition of his two important pictures—"The Banishment of Aristides" and "The Burning of Rome."

Haydon, solus. The world may say I've failed; I have *not* failed:
If I set truth 'fore men they will not see,
'Tis *they* who fail, not I:—my faith holds firm,—
And time will prove me right; meanwhile I feel
As martyrs feel who suffer for the Truth!
Art should illustrate principle; give strength
To virtue; lift the soul to God!
It has a higher province than to deck
The walls of lordly owners; than to be
Mere furniture for mansions. Art—High Art—
Should foster the intelligence of nations!
Illustrate the best government for Man!

[*Enter Lady* Ethgrove *and Party.*]

Lady E. Bless me, not a creature—I declare:
How vastly awkward—'tis a change indeed
To leave the General for Mr. Haydon.

Party. A change indeed.

Lady E., to Haydon. You see I've called,—I promised you I'd call.
The Pictures?—ah, I see;—how forcible!
Especially "The Burning"—or, in fact
I scarce know which is best, both are so good.
The Banishment of . . . Let me see the bill;
Of Aristides—hum.

Haydon. Your ladyship, I fear me, hurried here
From metal more attractive—General Thumb?

Lady E. Oh, such a treasure, such a little dear;
Ladies were offering guineas for a kiss.

Haydon. Indeed?

Lady E. So I was told: though, faith, I offered none:
Charm'd as I am, I must perforce away;
These pictures quite enamour me,—but still . . . .

Haydon. Your ladyship prefers the General.

[*Walks about.*]

[*Enter Lord* Lovel.]

Lady E. Ah, my Lord Lovel, have you seen the "rage,"
The wonder of the world?—so perfect too—
From crown to heel a miracle of form!

Lovel. A miracle?

Lady E. General Tom Thumb—you must indeed go *there;*
The whole world's hurrying *there*, nothing is heard
But sayings, doings, speeches of Tom Thumb!

Lovel. *Dwarfs* suit not with my humour—when I pay
'Twill be for seeing Giants.

[Haydon *stops in his walk and regards Lord* Lovel.]

Lady E. You'll go, I know,—come, see him for yourself;
Say yes—but "yes"—and straight we will return;
Though, faith, we've spent the whole long morning there.

Lovel. Excuse me; nothing less than man-gigantic!
Not an inch less than nine full measur'd feet
Would tempt me to attend.

Lady E. You'll see—you'll change your mind—we go with crowds;
Where fashion is, there go the fashionable!
And 'tis the fashion to admire Tom Thumb.
Adieu, I'm sure you'll go;—quite certain, sure, you'll go.

[*Exeunt Lady* Ethgrove *and Party.*]

Lovel to Haydon. You seem annoy'd—yet wherefore thus annoy'd?
What need to fret at mere frivolity?
If weak, 'tis harmless. . . .

Haydon. Not quite so harmless as your lordship deems.
This puny prodigy—this wondrous mite—
This dwarf—this minikin—this scrap of flesh—
This mole—this turnip-radish of a man—
Attracts in myriads, while I gain in units:
Last week twelve thousand hurried to the show,
One hundred honoured *me* with their regard:
Twelve thousand to one hundred;—desperate odds.

Lovel. Your name and service will survive the time:
You are the prophet of a new Art-creed;—
It taketh years to inculcate the "New"—
The "Old" had its believers ere we came,
And will have when we're gone.

Haydon. The world's a riddle—and success an epigram:—
Forty-two years I've battled for the cause
Through harassments, anxieties, and loss;
And what is the result?

Lovel. A great result, and greater yet to come:
The Elgin Marbles gave fresh force to Art,
And your impassion'd advocacy made
Them known and loved; when scorned and misconceiv'd.

Haydon. Kindly remark'd, my lord; spoke all like *you*
My heart—and more, my *home* had suffer'd less.

Lovel. The years to come shall pay for sorrows past;
Meanwhile let patience minister to peace!

Haydon. The years to come!—I hear the knell of Hope
Dolefully ringing 'neath that spectral veil
Which hides the future! In my dreams I hear
Nothing but dirges:—Hope loves *youth*, not age!

Lovel. There's Goodness in connection with all life;—
Open the door and let the Angel enter.

Haydon. Goodness! The revelation of God's love;
Yes, I have faith in *goodness*, though unfound!
And equal faith in Evil influences!
No man more earnestly beseecheth God
For strength in weakness, for support in grief,
For aid to finish greatly what his mind
Greatly conceives, than I!—Ere canvas find
A line upon its surface, my heart's prayer
Ascends to Him who is the Help of all!
To Him, who grasps eternity, and holds
All nature in the hollow of His hand.
Then, in such mood, I feel that I could seize
E'en Samson by the throat, and conquer him!
Nothing's too vast—too high—too difficult;—
I walk the level of colossal thought,
And mate with Heroes in the world of Art.

Lovel. Proceed; I'm all attention.

Haydon. This for a time;—but other modes take place;
The glory narrows to a final speck,
And darkness thick as Erebus succeeds:—
Out of this mist of horror, comes a breath—
A whisper—*scarce a voice*—a small thin tone
That shakes me like a reed, and makes the air
Quiver as if with dread; I try to think
Of home, of children, all endearing things
That gladden labour through the task of life;
But still that breath grows hotter in mine ear;
The darkness thickens—and an *utterance*,
More dread than any *presence* man ere saw,
Chafes my roused spirit into hate and scorn!
Infects me with a pride beyond all pride;—
Intense disdain—unequall'd arrogance—
Unmatch'd assumption of transcendent powers:—
Ambition, vast as was the Morning Star's
Ere quench'd in night, possesses every nerve:
I feel the world would crush me if it could,
But that its malice lacks the needful might;
And then I brave the worst it can perform!
Mock its opinions—crucify its idols—
Unmask its falsehoods—and expose its shams—
Counters that would be coins; mere dross for dupes!
All tongues against me;—I, against all tongues!
Till life appears a mesh, from which to 'scape
Were paradise—and then . . . . . .
I dare not think what then!

Lovel. Tis but the penalty of shatter'd nerves:
O'erwrought imagination,—you need rest;
Freedom and relaxation: quit the town
And pass a month with me at Loveltower.
Let Nature turn physician, and prescribe
As only nature can; whose power's supreme.

Haydon. There's a prescription everyone must take,
Sooner or later, and that sombre draught
With me seems close at hand:—
A grave-like phial!

Lovel. Come, come, be glad: discard this monkish mood;
Nature's a queen whom God himself hath crowned,
Grace, Beauty, Sweetness, are her maids of honour;
They bear her train rich with the vernal gold
And diamonds of the Morn; and forth she moves
With Power and Grandeur for her ministers:
A thousand servants wait upon her steps,
And kings are her retainers! Come, we'll change
This scene for one of woodland life;
I'll be the prompter, at whose magic call
Prisons are changed to palaces;—you'll return
Strong to achieve; and Fame will banquet you!

Haydon. Fame is a myth! a ghost that wanders *ruins!*
A phantom that deceives, misleads, and mocks;
What sorcery compels me to pursue
This vision?

Lovel. Fame is the star of intellectual life,
Without it effort dies—existence pines;—
Fame, or the hope of fame, hath led to deeds
Which elevate the world—say nought 'gainst Fame;
Fame is to Mind what Love is to the Heart,
The Goddess of its worship; and its wealth;
You have no heresy 'gainst Love, we hope.

Haydon. Love is the law of all things visible:
From love doth emanate the beautiful,
And from the beautiful springs Form!
Form—the exponent of all majesty!

Lovel. We carry beauty and proportion with us;
The visual eye asks guidance from *within*,
And as that cometh is its power increased:
Some men see *form* the first, the colour next;
Mere outline hath to them a grander charm
Than harmony of tone or grace of hue:
Others would sit unquiet if there hung
A picture out of square, and forthwith rise
Compell'd by impulse to adjust it right.

Haydon. *Taste* is the gold of life, where'er 'tis seen,
Though but in cottage-home, it lends a light
Not wealth itself, if wanting taste, can match.
Art, as a teacher and a benefactor,
As yet is unacknowledged—had I power
Schools of Design I'd build in every town.

Lovel. You pause.

Haydon. Hear you the wheels—fast-rolling to Tom Thumb?
Hear you the inmates hurrying to the scene?
They crush—they scream—they faint. Your lordship finds
The number here needs no arithmetic.

Lovel. Methought you had forgotten "such small deer!"

Haydon. Who feels for *others* can forget no step
By which their happiness may be involved;
Failure in this, neglected, exhibition
May bring down desolation upon those
I'd gladly die to serve; but wherefore grieve,
'Tis but one heartache more:—let me proceed.

Lovel. Schools of Design, you say . . .

Haydon. Schools of Design I'd have in every town;
Make Art an element of education,
Common to all, the lowliest born of man:
A new community should spring around,
Refined, improved, advanc'd in social worth;
"Design" ere long would forth reveal itself
In every mercantile, industrial craft;
Iron and wood, nay e'en the Potter's clay
Would offer forms of elegance and taste.
A graceful style adds nothing to the cost;
'Tis odds if *more* material goeth not
To mould the vulgar than the graceful form!
A *saving!*—there's attraction in the word,
Could I but prove this to the Government:
What say you?

Lovel. Petition Peel.

Haydon. I have; and he most courteously declines:
Yet Peel means well, and has a heart to feel;
Would fain do right—and yet is slow to act:
Melbourne but shrugs, and shakes his laughing sides,
And says—"What need to paint the House of Lords?
Many might say, too much Art there already!
Schools of Design? What, *more* designing men?
Call you this, Haydon, serving well your country?"
So with a joke, he laughs at argument,
And quits the question.

Lovel. I promise you assistance; and for this
Close doors, and come with me; I have a scheme
Perchance may make a fortune:—Meanwhile deem
My house a debtor by your sojourn there.

Haydon. Had not your lordship better ask Tom Thumb?
If *he* were absent—*I might then succeed!*

Lovel. The river of success runs ever clear!
All flock to see what all can understand.
If I read Shakspere—it is plain to sense
I read to what's Shaksperian in the man!
If he be wanting in dramatic taste
I might as well harangue the Monument!
'Tis thus with Art.
Come, staying here doth but embitter thought.
Away at once.

Haydon. Embitter thought?—
Thrice happy they whose expectation's small,
And hope but little if they hope at all!

Manchester, July 4, 1857. [*Exeunt.*]

NOTES FROM T. TAYLOR'S LIFE OF HAYDON.*

Advertisement.—"Haydon's New Pictures.—On Easter Monday next will open for exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (admission 1s., catalogues 6d.), two large pictures, viz., 'The Banishment of Aristides, with his Wife and Children,' to show the injustice of democracy; 'Nero Playing with his Lyre, whilst Rome is Burning,' to prove the heartlessness of despotism."

"April 4th. It rained the whole day. Nobody came except Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maulé, and Hobhouse. Twenty-six years ago the rain would not have prevented them; but now it is not so. However, I do not despair.—6th. Receipts, 1846, £1. 1s. 6d.; Aristides. In God I trust, Amen.—7th. Rain. £1. 8s. 6d.—8th. Fine receipts—worse. £1. 6s. 6d.—13th. Easter Monday. O God! bless my receipts this day, for the sake of my creditors, my family, and my art. Amen. Receipts (22), £1. 2s.; Catalogues (3), 1s. 6d.: £1. 3s. 6d.

"They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb (exhibiting in another room in the same building). They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a rabies, a madness, a furor, a dream."



THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

No. I.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

If there be one artist of modern times who more than another possesses the elements of genius, it is Daniel Maclise. In invention he is boundless, in expression powerful, in execution unflinching, in matter profuse. Pity it is that he indulges these strong powers in their most vehement and exaggerated sense; an unwise prodigality leading him too often into overstrained action, unnaturally contrasted attitude, and overwrought expression. It is sorrowful to behold his decadence as a colourist. We have a clear recollection of Maclise's early works—of his "Puck Disenchanting Bottom," "Captain Rock," &c., exhibited in 1832-3. They were well, if not finely, coloured; and it is grievous to turn from the remembrance of these pictures to "The Challenge Scene from 'As You Like It,'" (a work of 1855), with its raw, crude, discordant hues.

534, "Snap-apple Night," one of our artist's earlier works, is the interior of a barn-like cabin, with a dancing, carousing, whisky-drinking crew, revelling in the savage fun and frolic of an Irish merry-making. There is plenty of humour here, some of it of rather an uproarious kind. There is life and action too, but it is natural, probable, and unrestrained. The colouring, also, is clear, varied, and possible, and one is tempted to wish the painter had always adhered to so unforced a mode of expressing his ideas. 522, "Macbeth," is a grand, impressive work. One looks with a feeling akin to horror into the grim, cavernous, torch-lit crypt, where the banquet is set, and the rude thanes start up in wonder and dismay. A noble figure is that of Lady Macbeth. She looks masculine and inhuman;—but with what a noble, overaweing port she motions with one hand the "worthy thanes" to sit, while the other grasps Macbeth's shoulder with the fierce clutch of a lioness! The figure of Macbeth himself is an example of the artist's tendency to exaggerated and forced expression;—one touch more and it would become ridiculous. His reading of Banquo's Ghost has been often canvassed. He appears to have adopted it as a sort of compromise between the real presence of the theatre and the fancy-filled vacancy of the guilty one's imagination. To our idea the empty chair, and the scared look of the murderer, would have been more impressive. 579, "Fitting out Moses for the Fair," and 585, "Moses' Return from the Fair," (of the latter of which we give an illustration on the opposite page), are, to the general spectator, two of the most attractive pictures in the Exhibition. They are subjects everyone knows, taken from a book everyone has read. It has been the fashion lately with certain clever critics to decry pictorial illustrations to the "Vicar of Wakefield." "It is hackneyed, flat, stale," say these novelty-mongers; "the public are tired of it; why cannot our artists enlarge the sphere of their reading?" &c. There is, to our thinking, more of affectation than truth in all this. The "Vicar" is a book new to every fresh generation, and the good man and his family are familiar friends in every household; and the attention bestowed on these two pictures of Maclise's, denotes its hold on the feelings and affections of the masses. We sincerely hope our artists will not submit to be coughed down, but that those who are able will still continue occasionally to give us a scene from this excellent book. In both these pictures the tale is remarkably well told; the going-out Moses looks as verdant as the gross of spectacles with which he was so egregiously duped; and the Vicar must have been simple indeed to trust his property to the owner of so dupeable a frontispiece. Olivia and Sophia are doing their best to make the lad presentable, and the mother is covering the table with a profusion of victuals in true country rough-and-ready style. But the "Return,"—there the scene is changed. The gross of green spectacles lies on the table. The Vicar holds up a pair with disappointed and deprecating glance, while his wife purses up her mouth, and lifts up her hands in wondering vexation. Olivia and Sophia look sorrowfully towards the bad bargain; and there stands Moses, poor lad, the unsuspecting dupe, vainly endeavouring to open the eyes of his friends to the advantages of his acute bit of trading. There is some excellent still-life painting in these pictures. In the well scrubbed deal plate-rack, the straw hassocks, the mirror, and the unhappy spectacles themselves, Maclise has shown himself a master of imitation. The colouring of these works has been, with some justice, objected to as crude and untrue; but texture is the main thing they want; the surface lacks variety, and a less uniform smoothness of effect. 591, "The Author's Reception by the Players," from Gil Blas, exhibits Maclise's power of invention and grouping—his wonderful execution of rich costumes, piles of gold and silver plate, and the various accompaniments of wealth or extravagance. The scene is not a pleasant one to contemplate, and the scorn of the poor author shown by these pampered, luxurious creatures, rather makes one's blood boil. No wonder poor Gil Blas became in such society, as he himself expresses it, "a pert, brisk coxcomb." We remember this a very brilliant, though perhaps crudely coloured picture. It now has a faded look; the gorgeous dresses have become dull, and the complexions of the ladies look like peaches with the bloom rubbed off. We have not much inclination to dwell on 612, "Scene from 'As You Like It.'" Its raw, discordant hues are most oppressive, and some of the attitudes much overstrained. The best figure in the piece seems to us that of Orlando; his cool, calculating eye measuring the strength of his opponent, who has evidently been accustomed to succeed by the mere exercise of physical power, is powerfully given.

A WORD TO PHOTOGRAPHISTS.

Photographic artists have sacrificed everything like truthfulness and accuracy to rapidity of execution. It is obvious that a lens of large aperture and short focus will imprint a picture in a much shorter time than a lens of equal focus but of small aperture. Now artists have clung pertinaciously to the employment of large lenses, simply on account of their rapidity, and the clearness of the pictures they produce, although it has been demonstrated again and again, that large apertures cannot possibly give accurate representations of "the human face divine," or of anything else. Sir David Brewster has shown that a lens of three inches aperture gives no fewer than one hundred and thirty dissimilar pictures of a sitter, which are all huddled and jumbled together in the monstrosity which it produces. When lenses of nine, twelve, and thirteen inches aperture are employed in photography, can we wonder that people are disappointed with the hideous representations which are handed them, or be surprised at the numbers of photographic failures we daily witness? Nature points out to us the simple rule which, in this department of art, ought to be followed. From infancy we have seen every object through an aperture of one-quarter of an inch, the diameter of the pupil of the eye; such ought therefore to be the aperture of the lens employed in taking all photographic pictures, for this plain and palpable reason, that if we employ a larger aperture it produces not such a picture as we have been accustomed to see, but such a picture as we would have seen if possessed of a monstrous eye of the dimensions of the lens employed.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

SOME THOUGHTS UPON THE SPIRITUAL IN ART.

No. IV.

By C. A. Duval.

One reason why we have not more great pictures, besides that they are rarely understood or appreciated, is, that the union of qualities required in the great artist is rare. He must have an eye to see, an imagination to conceive, a judgment to discriminate—to adopt or reject—and a hand to execute; that is, he must have the perception of the naturalist, the fervour and enthusiasm of the poet, with the patience and perseverance of the analyser, the manipulative niceness of the mechanic, and an *instinct* for colour. There are, it is true, great artists who are not colourists. Retzch, the illustrator of "Faust," "The Song of the Bell," &c., is an instance, and therefore, it is said, rarely paints. Some may think Ary Scheffer is another, but there are early works of his that glow with richness; the cold and neutral tints he delights in now are purposely chosen, because they suit the supernatural nature of his subjects and his sculpturesque mode of treating them, and preserve their homogeneity.

Some of the analogies of colour seem to me very plain, viz., red, yellow, and blue, the three primitive colours, correspond with the three primitive elements of man, the animal, the moral, and the intellectual,—with passion, affection, and judgment. In the "Transfiguration," Christ rising to heaven is clothed in blue and yellow; no particle of the animal clings to him. Purple, which is a mixture of red and blue, is appropriately regal, for it represents knowledge and power, or force, and corresponds with pride and isolation; its contrast is yellow, affection, the opposite of isolation. Orange—red and yellow—represents force and affection, and corresponds with ambition and desire of power; it harmonises with purple (pride), and contrasts with knowledge (blue). Green—blue and yellow—(intelligence and affection or friendship) corresponds with advice and persuasion; it harmonises with every colour; its contrast is red (force). Pink is the colour of love, for it is made up of purity and intelligence (white and blue), with a dash of the animal (red). Black is the garb of mourning, for it represents loss and annihilation; grey, humility, also indifference. These I suppose to be the generic meanings of the colours, but they are modified by their various gradations.

The idea or sentiment, to be properly conveyed by a picture, must be borne out by its tone—the tone and the idea should answer to each other; as "the sound is the echo of the sense," the colour ought to be the reflection of the thought.

One of the most successful realisations of this is Hunt's "Scape-goat." There is a great difference of opinion, even amongst artists, about the character of this work, some regarding it as sublime, others as ridiculous. My attention was directed to it when exhibited at the Royal Academy by one who assured me it was most absurd, and would afford a good laugh; but I found that I could not laugh in such a *presence*. The first impression, that it was strikingly original and odd, that it was not a pleasant picture, was soon changed into wonder and admiration at its greatness. I will endeavour, although with not much faith in the possibility of conveying adequately in words the representation of a picture, to give to those of your readers who have not seen it some notion of it.

A goat, by no means a pretty goat, but one

spent, starved, exhausted, weighted with misery, has staggered in search of water into the incrustations of the Dead Sea, where there is no water for him, but only bitterness and death. The beams of the sun—setting behind the spectator—made lurid by the mists of the earth, stream high above the wretched animal, and splash with crimson the distant rocky mountain ridge at the other side of the lake, while he is lit up by reflected light from that strange shore—a shore whitened with salt as with snow—and through which protrude the skeletons of former scape-goats. No sign of life, animate or inanimate, is there except himself. A scarlet fillet, emblem of the sins of a people, burns like "coals of fire" on his head, and from his mouth seems to be escaping a last faint cry. With wan and pitying face looks down the moon upon that scene of utter desolation. The effect to me was solemn—almost dreadful—symbolising the wrath of God.

Another picture in which the tone is a perfect reflection of the idea, is Wallis' "Death of Chatterton," in the present Exhibition.

Morning is breaking, cold and grey, over the busy haunts of struggling life; the wreaths of filmy mist that glided, ghost-like, in the darkness, are vanishing with the crowing of the cock; and with them you may fancy glides the spirit of the lifeless form that lies upon a pallet in that sordid garret. What a story of blighted ambition, withered hope, isolation, and contempt of life! The colour which forces itself upon your observation—purple—is the only colour appropriate. It represents the intellectual and the animal; the moral element of the man was small. See how all the yellows, that correspond to or represent that, sink into greyness! Mark, too, the rose-leaves, fallen almost in the bud. The puff of smoke, the last exhalation of the candle that lighted up the deed and the agony of death, drifts into space; and beside him, torn into fragments, are heaped up the sibylline leaves—the fatal gifts of his genius and his destiny. Compare this picture with Correggio's "Magdalene," the woman inappropriately clothed in blue, in the other gallery—well drawn and beautifully painted; but which of them tells of that toil of thought people call the "inspiration of genius?"

Murillo's "Virgin" (641) is another instance; her drapery is blue and white, emblems of the intellectual and the pure. She is not ascending into a sky—a sky is not what the painter meant; that golden flush around her symbolises the glory of the Eternal.

I do not believe that even the greatest masters, particularly when at work, go deeply or analytically into the colours they use; it is a matter of instinct. And I hope it will not be supposed that I believe I have got the key of the riddle, when I mean only to pick the lock. These ideas are thrown out, not for the pleasure of dogmatising, a prevailing method of art-criticism now-a-days; not with the intention of elevating art into a religion, or grafting it upon religion, which has been done to affectation, as in No. 325, amongst the modern works—and to sterility, as may be seen in any number of Nos. at the other side of the gallery; but to show that it is a craft and mystery, in which lies far more than meets the eye. I do not mean to imply that people should not criticise pictures unless they are fully initiated; everyone has a right to express an honest opinion; but, inasmuch as opinion has a personal as well as an intrinsic value, it would be well if criticisms were bold—not anonymous. Wearing the mask is in itself a temptation to use the dagger,—"How oft the means to do ill deeds, makes ill deeds done."

It is more especially incumbent upon the professional man, when he has to speak of the works of his brethren, not to hide under the impersonal *we*. He may be Jupiter or he may be Jeames—he may wield live thunder or only rattle tinfoil. Let him stand forth, at all events, that we may see whether he is a real strong man, or only a mythical one, slaying with the jaw-bone of an ass.

I have spoken of Hunt's "Scape-goat" as a great picture; there is another in this Exhibition about which there is much diversity of opinion—"The Awakened Conscience." Some people quarrel with the subject, and others with its execution. If it deters one human being from folly and crime, the subject has not been badly chosen. It is a very readable and thoughtful picture. There is no sympathy sought for the wrongdoer; he is evidently not a man of strong passions, but of weak resistance; he doesn't interest you. Unlike that immortal work of Ary Scheffer, the Rimini Picture—where you lose, in profound pity for that undying, fatal love, the recollection of its guilt—you turn from this in disgust. What it wants in poetic beauty it gains in moral force. It is not a poem, but a sermon. Everything is sought to be made sternly realistic; but exactly where it should culminate, it fails—it sinks; the woman is an ugly woman, and a dirty. There was no necessity to indicate the stain upon her character by dirt upon her face and hands. All the marvellous truth in the delineation of the furniture, the glimpse of garden in the looking-glass, the cat and the dead bird—because of this—remind us more of a doll-house for a doll, than of a room where there is a living woman with a living soul. Her expression is right well conceived, but her skin is only dirty paint; it is not flesh, as seen in reflected lights—nor flesh in any light.

There are two pictures, "The Tribute-money," (No. 536), by Rubens, and "Christ Teaching Humility," (No. 680), by Ary Scheffer, which, by their contrast, show how necessary it is that the colour should be the reflection of the thought. In "The Tribute-money" Christ is clothed in red, and is thereby vulgarised and animalised; in the other He is in white. Look at these two—go from one to the other, and say if colour has no character or meaning.

And now one word with respect to Turner. Let us be honest and fearless. No man has painted better, and no man has painted worse pictures. Those who remember his "Napoleon at St. Helena, the Rock Limpet," and many of his illustrations of (I presume his own poem) "The Fallacies of Hope," will, I think, bear me out when I say that many of them were below criticism. There are some fine works of his in oil here, and some by no means fine; but his real greatness is seen in his water-colour drawings. They strike me as very wonderful—not for their little, but for their great truths—not for their fidelity to the visible, but to the spiritual truth that underlies all nature. There are in them constant violations of actual fact—Mr. Ruskin notwithstanding—such as making the light shine upon objects when it is behind them, and yellowing the face of the country until there is not as much green to be found in forty miles of it as would colour one of Moses' green spectacles. But the space losing itself in the distant blue, the mirror-like effect in the water, its liquidness, the haze, the sunlight and the storm-shadow, and the multiform and gorgeous phantasm of the skies, make them dream-pictures, or pictures of the earth as the disembodied spirit might see it. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that he drew the figure vilely, which he himself has acknowledged, by cutting out a print of a dog and pasting it upon the canvas, and then painting over it, in that beautiful picture, "The Thames, at Barnes, Surrey." He was a great generaliser because of his immense knowledge of detail, although he had not the power—and wouldn't take the trouble of acquiring it—of delineating animal forms. In this he was wide as the poles from the pre-Raphaelites, who do, at all events, conscientiously draw what they see, or try to do so, often successfully. Nevertheless, with all his faults, exaggerations, and mistakes, he was great amongst the greatest. There are spots even on the sun.

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. V.

Whilst Reynolds was gathering laurels and accumulating wealth,—sending forth glowing canvasses of portraiture, and now and then a pleasant fancy,—there came to London a young painter, full of enthusiasm for his art, who had found many friends and patrons in the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and who possessed no small amount of self-confidence. George Romney was 27 years of age when he exchanged the hills and lakes of Cumberland for the streets and squares of the metropolis, ambitious to place his name among the great ones of his time. He was married to one who appears to have been an amiable woman and a faithful partner, and he had two children; but these were incumbrances which ambition could find excuses for throwing aside, so they were left to the enjoyment of the brilliant landscapes and the healthy breezes of the north, to a cottage and lean fare, whilst the husband became the fortunate companion of wealth, beauty, fashion, and intellect for upwards of thirty years; and not until health had given way, and years had brought infirmity and the necessity for a nurse, did he again turn to her he had deserted, "a sadder and a wiser man." But he is now in London, full of energy and industry, contending with the giants of those days,—Reynolds, Wilson, West, Gainsborough,—and successfully contending, it must also be said, not alone in the painting of portraits, but in the higher branch of art, which calls for fancy and imagination, and no small amount of intelligence. Saving a little money out of the proceeds from "portraits at five guineas," he visited Paris, and there studied the Orleans Gallery and Rubens in the Luxembourg, besides gathering a certain amount of technical knowledge from the living artists whose works he professed to hold in but slight esteem. His fame advancing, we find him with a fine studio in a richly-furnished house in Great Newport-street,—and there he first fairly startled his competitors and delighted his friends by a portrait of Sir George Warren and his lady, with a little girl petting a bullfinch, which has not frequently been surpassed for natural grace and sweetness of expression. This was followed by "Melancholy" and "Mirth," illustrative of Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso." Versifiers—among them his friend Richard Cumberland—lavished praises; and those who wished to be handed down to posterity, to be admired or quizzed, as the case may be, by children or grandchildren, came with well-replenished purses to his studio. But he still felt that there was yet much to see and more to learn. Rome was then, as now, the great wellspring whence the ambitious artist hoped to draw forth inspiration; and leaving an income of

twelve hundred a-year, gathered in Newport-street, he left England (1773) with a letter of introduction in his pocket from the Duke of Richmond to the Pope.

"The ardour and activity of Romney at this period of his life," says his biographer Hayley, "were so great and incessant that I am persuaded he must have executed many drawings and paintings during that residence. He devoted himself to intense and sequestered study." His most successful effort we are left to suppose to be the one described by the painter's son. "It represents," he says, "a naked female in the character of a wood-nymph reposing at full length upon the ground, with her back turned towards the spectator. The forepart of her body is raised, and resting upon her right arm and elbow; and she is contemplating her beautiful face in a brook. She lies upon a drapery of white linen and a pink robe, which gives a rich warmth of colouring to the whole. The background is a wild forest." There was another of his productions in Rome about which we have the following story:—"He had the audacity," says Allan Cunningham, "to attempt to paint a picture of Almighty God, and failed where no man could succeed. Under the title of 'Providence brooding over Chaos,' there appeared neither more nor less than a venerable man, floating, with a long beard and outspread arms, on a cloud, with abundance of darkness and obscurity below. When, years afterwards, Lord George Gordon and his mob were purging the Catholic chapels, and plundering the houses of opulent professors of that religion, Romney became alarmed lest they should mistake his 'Providence brooding over Chaos' for some idolatrous object of devotion, and so pillage his establishment: it was, therefore, removed to a back apartment. Long afterwards, at the sale of his pictures, it was knocked down by the auctioneer's hammer under the name of 'Jupiter Pluvius.'"

Lodging in the Jesuit's College at the time when that order incurred the suspicion of the Pope, Romney was only saved from having his brains blown out by his presence of mind in calling out that he was "English." From Rome our artist went to Venice, and having laboured hard, and secured what he conceived to be the object of his sojourn in the classic south, he returned to England in the summer of 1775, and soon discovered, by numerous commissions and flattering compliments, that his former talent had not been forgotten, and that his present experience was about to be duly estimated. He removed to a large residence in Cavendish Square, — years after the residence of the accomplished Sir Martin Archer Shee,—and here, in the prime of life, his health improved, his mind enriched by foreign study, and business crowding upon him, we naturally anticipate that he would have turned his thoughts to that lonely and deserted wife, whom he had left so many years ago, and who would as gladly have shared in the struggles of his early fortune as she would have been happy in the enjoyment of his present successes. But she came not,—she was evidently not desired. Romney passed in society as a gentleman free from such incumbrances as wife and family; but there was a viper at his heart which preyed upon him unceasingly, and which finally brought him to repentance, if it could not ensure reparation. "The man in Cavendish Square," as Reynolds used to call him, was a sorrowful though a successful man. "He used to tremble," says Hayley, "when he waked every morning in his new habitation, with a painful apprehension of not finding business sufficient to support him;" and when a sitter disappointed him, "it was his custom," adds Cunningham, "to take up a waste canvas, and make sketches of historical works. When he had studied till he mastered the conception and detail of a subject, he dashed it rapidly out on the canvas. He could make a sketch fit to work from in the course of an hour. He sometimes painted directly from invention, but never with a copy before him, for he never made a finished drawing for a picture." It was about this time that Romney painted the picture (125), "Lord Stanley, thirteenth Earl of Derby, and his sister." The quaint costume of the period, when young boys were transformed into elderly gentlemen, and that pleasant simplicity of character which the painter has contrived to throw into the features of the little lord and lady, combine to make this work one of those agreeable productions we are not soon weary of looking at. It is peculiarly English in character, though a striking contrast to the richness of colour and the depth of shadow adopted by Sir Joshua. We see in it the undoubted origin of the two factions that were mustering their forces in the two squares,—Cavendish and Leicester. "I am of the Romney faction," said Lord Thurlow. The "Serena" (100) is another picture peculiarly characteristic, and is intended as an illustration to Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper;" but the good folks of the period we are now referring to had very small sympathy for the poetic, and not only many sketches, but even large pictures were thrown aside, or even destroyed, over which Romney had bestowed much thought as well as labour. Then, again, like many of his brethren, the first love of a subject cooled down into distant respect, and the bold and dashing sketch was all that the world was permitted to see of the anticipated picture. His "Shepherd Boy Asleep, watched by his Dog," was "laid aside, because his errand-boy, who served as a model, had to be dismissed for misconduct." The "Girl mourning over her Fawn" was "tossed into the corner, when in a very finished state, for want of a fawn to work from." The "Milk-pail overturned by a She-goat" was "left incomplete, for want of a suitable goat." "I could enumerate many other unfinished fancy pieces," says the Rev. John Romney, "in all stages of progress, which, from divers impeding causes, were suffered to accumulate in every corner of the house: no picture, however, was set aside from any difficulty in the art itself." That we may judge how artists were paid in those days, Robinson, one of his pupils, tells us, that in the year 1785 the receipts from his sitters amounted to £3,635,—"the charge for a head having gradually risen from two guineas to twenty; a kit-cat from three guineas to thirty; a half-length from four guineas to forty, and a whole length from six guineas to eighty;" and he further states that "he mostly painted a gentleman's three-quarters portrait in three or four sittings, especially if no hands were introduced. The first sitting was three-quarters of an hour; the others about an hour and a-half each. During the spring months he frequently had five sitters a day, and occasionally even six." Our modern young aspirants will thus discover that work was as necessary in those days as in the present. No wonder the painter wrote: "My health is not at all constant; my nerves give way; and I have no time to go in quest of pleasure, to prevent a decline of health." He was forced, however, at last, to retire annually to the country for a summer month, generally selecting the residence of Hayley, at Eartham, where he met Miss Seward, Charlotte Smith, the amiable Cowper, and others of less note. "When they gathered together," says Cunningham, "at the breakfast table, the ordinary greetings were Sappho, and Pindar, and Raphael;—they asked for bread and butter in quotations,"—a piece of harmless absurdity from which the worthy biographer desires to exclude the singer of "The Sofa."

The Boydell Shakspere was now suggested, and Romney called in to aid in its illustration. He painted two pictures for this work, "The Tempest," and "The Infant Shakspere, attended by the Passions." In the former he deserted his original design, at the request of the Boydells, a circumstance which he never ceased to regret. Perhaps it would have been as well for his reputation had he listened to the advice of Lord Thurlow: "Romney, before you paint Shakspere, do, for God's sake, read him."

Among those who sat to our artist more frequently than any other, and whose features he, perhaps, most loved to contemplate, was the fascinating Emma Lyon, afterwards known as the Lady Hamilton whose name has been so thoroughly linked with that of the great Nelson. We see her here in the gallery (83) as a "Bacchante," with a "world of witchery" in the bright face, and we are told that the picture was painted for the Prince of Wales, at the period when the charming Emma was about to become the wife of Sir William Hamilton. She was "the divine lady" of poor Romney, who tells Hayley "she performed in my house last week, singing and acting before some of the nobility, with most astonishing powers."

In the year 1792 Reynolds died. Romney found himself still more pressed with work, yet, in the midst of great mental dejection, he contemplated several magnificent designs from Milton and Shakspere, but they were never begun, and his health was gradually but surely giving way. He had now reached sixty-four years, and the old demon of nervous dejection still kept him company. He had removed to Hampstead Hill, and there still lingered over the easel. "He dashed in, with a trembling and uncertain hand, a scene from 'Macbeth;' half painted a portrait of himself, with spectacles on; complained of a swimming in the head, and a paralytic numbness in the right hand; and then renounced the brush for ever."

The excitement naturally arising from a successful artistic career now passed away—friends no longer came in crowds,—the associations of the "great world of London" were painful. One summer morning in the year 1799, Romney took a seat in the "North Coach," and a few hours after found himself once more among those early friends at Kendal who had first lent him encouragement, and welcomed back by his forsaken wife and son, the latter now a minister of the Church and an amiable man. Still sinking in health, home became a blessing; and resolving to remain, he purchased a house, and ordered the sale of that at Hampstead Hill. In his letters to Hayley, he speaks warmly and gratefully of the attentions of his wife. Lady Hamilton arrived in England, and expressed a wish to see him, but he offerd a courteous refusal. His brother, Colonel Romney, between whom and himself there was much attachment, returned from India, and hastened to Kendal, where he found the wreck of the poor artist. "Brother," he said, "do you not know me?" "Romney looked eagerly in his face," says Cunningham, "burst into tears,—half articulated some words of recognition,—and then, and for ever, forgot him and all else that loved him in the world." He lingered on in a state of complete imbecility until the 15th November, 1802, when he passed away, and all that remained of the talented but mistaken Romney was laid in the grave a few days after, at Dalton, the place of his birth.

THE OLD MASTERS.

Albert Durer.

Albert Durer holds an important rank in German art; a position correlative to that of Raphael in Italian art, of whom he was a cotemporary. Born at Nuremberg, in 1471, he was early placed as a pupil under Michael Wolgemuth, a German painter and engraver displaying almost to excess that rude and fantastic character of Gothic art which had hitherto prevailed. Durer was the first who endeavoured to wean the art of his country from this barbarous and extravagant style, and to infuse into it an earnestness and dignity appropriate to scriptural subjects, as well as a more natural and graceful treatment as to character, combined with greater amenity in the expression.

Albert Durer was perhaps better, he is certainly more generally, known as an engraver than a painter. Like many of the great artists of his time, he eagerly availed himself of an important art, then but recently introduced, for the purpose of producing in greater number copies of his conceptions. His engravings are very celebrated, and highly esteemed; they exhibit greater care and technical beauty in the finish than was displayed by the Italian engravers of the same period, who directed their almost exclusive attention to rigorous fidelity in the design; and it is considered that, being seen in Italy, they exercised a considerable influence upon the art of that country. He has been supposed, until very recently, to have engraved on wood as well as on copper; but Zani and Bartsch, in their later publications, express a decided opinion that in the wood engravings bearing his monogram, Durer (following the practice of many other artists of his time) only executed the design, and that the work of cutting was performed by others, of course the most eminent hands he could find, and doubtless under his personal inspection. Allusion has already been made to the influence which the works of A. Durer exercised over the art of Italy. His fine series of engravings, on wood, of the "Life of the Virgin," were so much admired that Marc Antonio imitated them on copper, and published them at Venice, much to the annoyance of Durer, who undertook a journey to that place in search of redress; all he could obtain, however, was a decree of the Senate prohibiting Marc Antonio from imitating his monogram on the plates.

But A. Durer, with all his earnest aspirations after the truth and modesty of nature, could not wholly escape from the tendencies of the genius of his country; and in many of his works, as in the celebrated print of "Melancholy" (124 in the Catalogue of Engravings), herewith engraved, and also in his no less celebrated "Knight Death and the Devil," he indulged in that fancy for allegory, with accessories of necromancy and *diablerie*, which has ever been essentially Teutonic. The "Melancholy" is a purely allegorical design, but one in which a great number



of accessories are brought to bear with surprising effect; much in the way that it was done at a more advanced period by our own Hogarth. "It is impossible," says a recent writer, "to express the spirit which pores over mystical and ill-defined thoughts with greater force than is done in the powerful female form crouching in the foreground; the confused mass of objects and instruments spread around her, serves to enhance this impression of whimsical and ill-directed efforts." It were needless to go into details, which will reward the curious inspection of the beholder; but the sleeping cherub and dog, the disorderly arrangement of the numbers on the board, and the irregular cubical figure upon which a sort of map of the world is traced, are incidents in one great vision of morbid and ill-directed fancies.

It remains to say something more of Albert Durer as a painter, for in that capacity he executed some noble works, in which, combined with a characteristic sharpness and dryness of outline, is a style of colouring so rich, so full of juice and body, as has hardly been surpassed by the best schools of Italy. Fuseli states that the colouring of Durer went far beyond his age—that he as far excelled Raphael in that particular as the other surpassed him in every other respect. Durer visited the Netherlands towards the latter part of his life; and on seeing the works of Flemish art, and the greater amount of simplicity and nature exhibited in them, sighed over the comparatively crude style in which he had hitherto indulged, and resolved to adopt a different style of painting. Two years before he died he painted two pictures, containing four masterly figures of the Apostles, two in each, which he presented to the council of his native city, Nuergrem, and which, having been afterwards appropriated by the Emperor Maximilian, are now in the Munich Gallery. These are generally considered his grandest works. In association with these figures he endeavoured to symbolise the various temperaments or qualities of the human mind, which might be supposed to be brought to bear in association with a study of the Divine Word—the studious and the phlegmatic, searching for and ruminating over the truth; and the sanguine and the choleric,—the former deeply inspired by revelation, and boldly proclaiming its importance; the latter preparing to enter the lists, sword in hand, to enforce its doctrines. The whole was intended as a demonstration in support of the sacred authority of the Scriptures; and is of importance and interest as the first effort of what may be termed the art of the Reformation, which afterwards indulged in some singular conceits.

In the Art-Treasures Exhibition, A. Durer is favourably represented by an important work,—a grand altar-piece, in three parts, of the "Madonna and Child with Saints," the property of Her Majesty;—and a portrait of an old man, supposed to be his father, painted in a delicate brown tint; and, with all its dryness, exquisitely soft and natural in flesh treatment and in expression. The portrait of A. Durer, which accompanies the present article, is also copied from one by his own hand.



PRE-RAPH.

TO THE CHILD WITH DOVES,

IN THE HERTFORD GALLERY.

SWEET soul of innocence and childly grace,
Daughter of holy Art, who can behold
Thy heavenly look and doubt the doctrine old
That children are of the angelic race?
Blind is the soul that, looking on thy face,
Beholdeth not the Cherub in the child;
Surely on thee the Eternal Father smiled
When angels caught thee in a last embrace.

I would I were thy brother!—would thou wert
A living child that thou might'st talk with me;
That I might set thee, Darling, on my knee,
And take thee gently to a brother's heart!
Dear little Daughter of divinest Art,
He loves no living child who loves not thee.

July 7th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING,

TO A LIVING CHILD.

ONLY mutation is perennial here;
Gone is the present swift as summer showers,
Transient as bell-strokes are the flying hours,
Swift as an arrow comes remote to near;
Too blessed creature to some heart too dear,
Soon shall the years thee from thyself estrange
Through cycles of inevitable change
That ripes life's green leaf to the dropping sere.

Yet better is it that we come to this,
Since Faith's clear eye can see in withered old
The Angel gently stirring to unfold
His wings impatient from the chrysalis,
Presentient of the beatific bliss,
Even while encumbered with the mortal mould.

July 7th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

DANTE'S PORTRAIT IN THE BARGELLO AT FLORENCE.

[THE following interesting letter in reference to the Dante Portrait has appeared in the pages of our able contemporary, the *Athenæum*.]

"The history of the Bargello portrait is this:—I had returned from St. Croce, where I had been seeking that portrait mentioned by Vasari, and which I found had been destroyed by him, and much besides, for his own *baroque* altars. My books were on my table, and I had a visit from a Piedmontese refugee, named Bezzi, who had brought me a letter from my friend Eastlake. I told him of my disappointment; but added, that there was one hope yet, the Chapel of the Palazzo del Podestà, which had been whitewashed. He seemed so interested, that I proposed our joining to get it recovered: his joy made me ask him if he had ever heard of it, and *he said he had not;* I showed him my authorities,—Villani, Filelfo, Vasari, &c. The next day he called to ask if I had any objection to admit Mr. Wilde, an American friend of mine and his, to join us in the undertaking, and I agreed to it. The editor of Filelfo, the Abbate Moreni, had mentioned a Signor Scotto, who was willing to undertake the job. We found him too engaged and too old; and he recommended Signor Marini, with whom we made an agreement for 240 scudi, to clear off the whitewash of the chapel, whether he found Dante or not. Signor Bezzi drew up our petition (being an Italian), and it was granted after some hesitation, and Marini went to work. He made two holes in the wall, to hold two beams for his scaffold; luckily Dante was not there, or he would have been destroyed. I was obliged to threaten not to pay him if he made any more holes. He did not, but used trestles: after he had worked for some weeks the Government stopped us.' The Government, it would appear, was jealous of foreigners doing that which should have been done by itself; but as a beginning had been made, and an example set, it did, what it is much to be wished that our own Government would do in analogous cases to preserve the remains of early Art among us, it ordered the work to be continued at its own expense, and on the terms which had been originally agreed to. And now the fair city of Florence was living in anxious expectation of a real vision of Dante's person, such as he had been seen upwards of fine hundred years ago, when, in the lover's day of early manhood, he appeared 'the observed of all observers' among the most accomplished and bravest of her sons.

"At length the vision came: Dante was brought to light, but only again to disappear, and make his loss more felt.

"Signor Bezzi had previously returned to England, and Mr. Wilde had also left Florence. Mr. Kirkup says, in his letter, 'I went to see it, and found a large hole where the eye had been. What a pity, said I; '*era un chiodo,*' replied Marini. How could he tell? He had drawn it out, instead of cutting it, and had brought away a bit of the wall about three inches by two. This hole went on crumbling away by the wiseacres putting their fingers in it, '*Oh c'è una buca!*' After a year they employed Marini to fill it, and paint a new eye, which he did too small, and too near the nose, and then touched up the rest of the face to match it, to the great loss of likeness and colour. He likewise changed the form and colour of the capuccio; and as Dante was dressed in red, green, and white, the colours of Beatrice in the 'Purgatorio,' and of the *giovane Italia* of the present times, the green was changed to chocolate colour; and so it remains, till some one shall be allowed to take off his mealy tempera paint, by applying a wet cloth. The original fresco seemed as hard as an enamel, and the colour of Guido, and as good.' It would have been a cruel case indeed, if our friend had not been able to take for himself the likness of Dante before the manipulations of Signor Marini had transformed the poet into somebody else. Fortunately he did so; and, at the price of a morning's liberty, shared with Allighieri the honours of his prison—they were locked up together.

"Thus Florence, after all—ungrateful Florence—was denied her poet's likeness, no less than the possession of his bones. Unable to obtain from Ravenna his mortal remains, she made herself an image of his person, and crowned and honoured that: now the very face which Giotto painted for her—Giotto, the honoured friend and associate of Dante—was hers no more. Signor Marini had taken it away, and was unable to restore it. It would seem that *green* is a very odious colour in the eyes of Tuscan authorities: they make war upon it everywhere, not only in the Chapel of the Bargello, but also in the Duomo of Florence, a place of all places where one would expect it would be safe from harm; but no, Dante must have no *green* about him—there must not even be the symbolic colour of hope—the green is ordered to be changed into *blue*, and very blue indeed this colour looks,—the same transforming hand effected the alteration in both places.

"The portrait of Dante by Giotto was found, I think, in 1840. A second portrait, and by Orcagna, was discovered by myself, in 1845, in the Paradise, painted by him in the Strozzi Chapel, in S. Maria Novello. It is on the upper portion of the wall on the left hand side of the window: Dante is there represented as an elderly man, bowed down by grief, and in the act of prayer. Mr. Kirkup confirmed my observations on this figure, and pointed it out to Lord Vernon, who, I believed, had a drawing of it taken for his illustrations of the 'Divina Commedia.' Portraits of Dante by the great Italian painters are not uncommon: those by Raphael in the frescoes of the Vatican are well known. Recently, in 1855, I pointed out to my Roman friends one by Michael Angelo in the 'Last Judgment': it is high up in the picture on the right hand side, and occurs along with three other heads in a group of portraits of Virgil, Petrarch, and Ariosto. There is also a striking portrait of Dante in the 'Last Judgment' at Venice, by Tintoretto: others might be mentioned.

"In a more recent letter, received from my friend Mr. Kirkup, he remarks that it is curious how many memorials of Dante have lasted through so long a period down to his own time to be destroyed altogether at last,—even under his own eyes defaced and spoilt. Dante's door is one; *il Sasso di Dante* is another,—this was a block of stone, common enough in Florence, and called a Muricciuolo, the seat on which, it is said, the Poet often sat. It is now a marble slab, let into the pavement. A bit of the arch of the original gate of San Pietro is another: this was thrown down by a tailor, who built a lodging-house there; although he had promised Mr. Kirkup to let it remain on the front, with a suitable inscription which had been given to him. The greatest loss of all, however, is the irreparable injury done to the Bargello portrait in the destruction of the Poet's eye and the defacing of his physiognomy by the Signor Marini, so that the figure we now see is no longer DANTE ALLIGHIERI, though called by his honoured name."

"H. C. BARLOW, M.D."

WHAT Goethe says of poets must needs be applicable to painters. He says, "If we look only at the principal productions of a poet, and neglect to study himself, his character, and the circumstances with which he had to contend, we fall into a sort of atheism, which forgets the Creator in his creation."

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

SINCE our last statistical notice, many incidents have transpired at the Art-Treasures Palace worthy of mention, of which the most interesting has been the Royal Visit. The following is a brief record of the daily occurrences in the last week of June and the first week of July:—On Monday, the 22nd of June, there was a very large attendance of paying visitors, the returns showing an excess of a thousand over the admissions of the previous Monday. Earl Grey and the Earl and Countess of Harrington were amongst the visitors to the Palace. There were special trains from Leeds, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Liverpool, Southport, Birkenhead, Preston, and from North Staffordshire. On Tuesday, the 23rd, there was an increase of visitors as gratifying in the influx as Monday. Amongst those present on Tuesday, were Gen. Sir J. Burgoyne, Earl Grey, and George Roe, Esq., the chairman of the Great Industrial Exhibition held a few years since in Dublin. A special train arrived at half-past ten from Shrewsbury, consisting of 37 carriages, which brought fifteen hundred passengers, the principal portion of them being members of the Salop Providence Society. A large number of special trains arrived at the Exhibition station on Wednesday, the 24th of June. The largest number of strangers came from Liverpool, Halifax, Bradford, Southport, Leeds, Preston, Chorley, and Blackburn. A very interesting arrival from Halifax consisted of a special train which arrived early in the morning, and included 20 teachers of the Haley Hill Sunday-school, 50 teachers of the Copley Sunday-school, and 430 male and female students and tutors of the Halifax Working Man's College. E. Akroyd, Esq., M.P., the patron and supporter of the institution, paid the whole of the expenses of the special train, as well as the admissions to the Exhibition, and a good dinner, which was served in Mr. Donald's large dining room adjoining the second-class refreshment room. Sir J. Swinbourne, Miss Swinbourne, and Mr. Mulready, R.A., were amongst the visitors. The admissions to the Palace on Thursday, June 25, were rather under those of the previous half-crown day; the intense heat, doubtless, keeping many from the Exhibition. At eleven o'clock, 817 had entered, against 519 on the previous Thursday; at one, 1,828; at three, 2,573; and at five, 3,039, against 3,441 on the preceding Thursday. Amongst the strangers present was the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel. On Friday, the 26th ult., the only special train was one of 22 carriages from Liverpool, which brought the members of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. In the afternoon, the members of the society and their friends dined in Mr. Donald's refreshment room. A special train arrived at the Palace on Saturday, the 27th ult., bringing the workmen employed by the Rossendale Printing Company, at Rawtenstall. On Monday, the 29th of June, large numbers visited the Exhibition, many being attracted by the preparations in progress for the reception of royalty. In the afternoon, Lady Overstone arrived at the palace, and also Lord and Lady Ebrington, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., and Mrs. Gladstone. Tuesday, the 30th, was the Queen's day, the incidents connected with which have already appeared in the *Art-Treasures Examiner*. On Wednesday, the 1st of July, Her Majesty and the royal party privately inspected the contents of the building, and left the Palace shortly after two o'clock. Lord and Lady Palmerston, who had been present during the morning with Her Majesty, remained an hour after the royal party had departed, and were conducted round the palace by Mr. Deane. Lord Ward arrived shortly after two o'clock, and remained nearly two hours in the Exhibition. The Earl and Countess of Stamford, Lady Waldegrave, Lord de Malahide, Lord John Hay, Mr. Wentworth Dilke, and Sir R. Murchison, were also amongst the afternoon visitors to the palace. On Thursday, the executive committee received the autographs of the royal visitors, which are now exhibited in a glass case in the transept, and attract marked attention. The Queen's reception room is now thrown open to visitors, and is one of the most attractive features of the Exhibition. On Friday, the 3rd, the number of visitors nearly doubled those present on the previous Saturday; the returns showing that the large number of 9,252 had paid the shilling admission fee. On Saturday, the 4th, a fearful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain burst over the palace, and caused considerable alarm, but happily no appreciable damage was done to the valuable contents of the building. The total returns for the period over which the above notes extend, are given below:—

		Season.	Shilling.	Half-crown.	Total.
June	22.....	1,032	6,932	...	7,964
,,	23.....	1,140	6,372	...	7,512
,,	24.....	1,961	7,814	...	9,775
,,	25.....	3,620	...	3,186	6,806
,,	26.....	872	5,035	...	5,907
,,	27.....	1,639	5,721	...	7,360
,,	29.....	1,234	9,165	...	10,399
,,	30.....	9,324	4,909	...	14,236
July	1.....	1,850	...	2,094	3,944
,,	2.....	3,052	...	4,353	7,405
,,	3.....	1,281	9,252	...	10,530
,,	4.....	1,548	5,026	...	6,574

M. ABOUT ON ENGLISH ART.

By W. Blanchard Jerrold.

The very popular author of "Tolla," who in that charming performance caught all the warmth and all the perfume of the south, amused himself, towards the close of the year 1855, with criticisms upon the cotemporary artists of the world. The occasion for this wide and bold criticism was the universal Exhibition of Pictures in Paris, to which I have already referred more than once in this journal. I now propose to afford the reader an idea of M. About's critical powers, as applied to ourselves. Where he is not just, he is forcible; and where he is not even forcible, he is amusing. He opens his book by a clever vindication of commerce from a common charge against her. He holds that commerce does protect art; and he does us the honour to point to us, as well as to the history of the commercial republics—Greece, Italy, and Holland—in support of his position. We touch our hat, and press forward to gather his opinions on our favourite artists. He perhaps over-estimates our generosity when he declares that pictures often fetch £1,000 each in England; but it is true that the prices we do pay, when compared with those often given on the continent, are liberal. We are said to have an original way of patronising art, viz., by buying pictures; whereas in Germany, a good artist may want clothes, but is certain to be well provided with ribands. This, let it be understood, is not altogether true. It is rather an exaggeration of a weak point; just as when M. About informs his countrymen that English artists have no ambition to wear decorations, but crave fortune, and have a horror of dying of hunger, he simply brushes past the skirts of that rigid figure—Fact. Our artists are *not* content with bank-notes instead of honourable mention; nor with guineas instead of medals. There are not several millionaires among our artists—even estimated, as M. About no doubt estimates millions, by francs. The enthusiasm which they inspire among us is said to be a "metallic enthusiasm." And now for their works. M. About informed his countrymen that those French connoisseurs who, from having seen engravings only, had conceived a high respect for the British school, would probably be disappointed when they saw the originals. The first impression, he declared, was weak. The eye was not attracted by any presiding work, but was shocked by the intrusion of a certain number of eccentric canvasses, before it could pick out some twenty or thirty successful, careful, and irreproachably-executed pictures. In a second examination, according to M. About, he acquired the conviction that English painters had infinite *esprit*, learning, and skill. They abounded in nice ideas, and were great in the technicalities of their art; but their *naïveté* was superior to *esprit*, and strength was superior to skill. Who would balance, we are asked, the *esprit* of Sterne and the skill of Goldsmith against the genius of Shakspere and of Byron? "Well," exclaimed M. About, "the English school has several Goldsmiths, and, perhaps, half a Sterne; it wants nothing—save genius." This is strong law-giving, but then French critics start generally from one point—viz., the superiority of their countrymen in general, and of themselves in particular, to all foreign nations and individuals. Let us now follow our emphatic friend through the slaughter-house, or chapter, in which he has stabbed many of our reputations with his steel pen.

The boots of Mr. Lucy's "Cromwell" are well painted; but the remainder of his person is so trivial that, without the help of the catalogue, it would be impossible to say whether he was meditating or digesting. The most important work of the English school, however, is "The Trial of Lord Russell," by Sir George Hayter. The subject, according to M. About, is a political and domestic drama, little known in history. But M. About gives value to his criticism on this picture, with a just remark. He says that there is trumpetting in French heroism; that his countrymen have never known how to triumph like Hampden, or fall like Russell. Mr. Grant's "Ascot Meeting" is the work of a master; Meissonnier alone, in the wide world, could compete with him on this ground. Mulready's "The Wolf and the Lamb" is also a masterpiece. Mulready loves these innocent pictures, which cost the artist very little fatigue, and raise only slight emotions in the spectator. His colour, however, is beneath mediocrity. He (M. About) had been told that Mr. Mulready painted better in his youth than in later life. It appeared that artists lost their colour as they aged, like their hair. Now Mulready's faces were all apoplectic; the lives of his people were not worth a day's purchase. "Send for Doctor Sangrado," exclaims the critic, "there is not a moment to lose." His colour is inharmonious; to be content with it, it must be placed near a picture by Maclise.

M. About knows that the works of Maclise are as popular in England as the water colours of Lewis, and the wax figures of Madame Tussaud. To M. About, both Maclise and Lewis offer works that are simply details juxtaposed without thought or care for the general effect. Yet they are both men with *esprit* to the disadvantage of painting, for the beautiful has no more dangerous enemy than this *esprit*. Mr. Webster's "Village Choir" is interesting to collectors who wish to compare the varieties of the English type. The animals, by Landseer, have the same defect apparent in the human figures of his brother artists, viz., too much *esprit*. It is only in France and Belgium that artists know how to paint animals. "Have you seen a picture representing two little marmosets eating a pineapple?" M. About asks his countrymen. "Well, it is a two thousand pound picture!" In Mr. Paton's "Dispute between Oberon and Titania," it is easy to see, by the movement of the lips, that the quarrel is being carried on in English. The gambols of the little folk are carried on with prudery, and had the effect upon the critic of iced punch.

England has a few colourists, Mr. Knight, Sir C. L. Eastlake, Mr. Poole, and Mr. Danby, for example. These are four English *genre* painters, who have talent, and who paint with a brush, not with a nail. Of all English colourists, Mr. Knight most resembles the French. Colour, however, is so little cared for in England, that the kings of the day are the Pre-Raphaelite artists, of whom Mr. Millais, a young man, aged 24 years, is chief. Mr. Millais draws divinely, and paints learnedly. In his pictures even the grain of the drapery is reproduced. The clothier who had sold him cloth would know his own goods in the picture. This minuteness would be only mediocrity if the finish weakened the general effect; but Mr. Millais can paint a sentiment as well as a pair of gaiters, and a passion as well as a coat sleeve. The landscape about Ophelia has a melancholy sentiment about it, although the leaves have been counted. Mr. Hunt's "Strayed Sheep," and "The Light of the World," are two precious pictures, as illustrations of the point to which an artist's aberrations may lead him. This learnedly hideous painter ought to have a separate place. A chamber of horrors should be instituted for him, on the plan of that in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition. In conclusion, let us allow that M. About accords to the British school the merit of originality. He tells us that it is the only school in the world that does not borrow from the French. Perhaps this independence has some influence provocative of severity on the part of French critics. The British school flies, as they say in the ateliers of Paris, at small game; at least M. About tells us so. In England painting is, in the eyes of purchasers, the highest type of luxury; and, in the estimation of its producers, the highest development of industry.

We have thought it useful to afford our readers an example of the criticism to which English art is subjected on the continent. We promised them this example some weeks past, and have now partly performed our promise. We have yet to deal with M. Theophile Gaultier and others, in justification of the position which we have made bold to assume towards French criticism. It is confident, we repeat; seldom analytical; and fond of little points, rather than great, leading principles. It deals in prettinesses generally, flirting about a picture as coquettishly as a girl about a bouquet. More—it is based upon the narrowest idea of a national supremacy in art.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

Carve me, rapt Sculptor, from the impatient stone,
The Sun-God, or the buskined Sister-Power;
The comely Graces in their loveliest hour;
Or those who called the Sons of song their own.

Shape me diviner still, some sorrowing One
On contrite knees, imploring pitying skies;
Or Faith what time her heavenward-lifted eyes
Hold starry commune with the world unknown.

Children of holy Art, divinely pure,
Pure as the Maker, ere He fashioned Man,
Held in creative thought—the eternal mould,
Ye only have the life that doth endure:
The shadows, in the shadow-peopled span
Of th' real, vanish while we cry "Behold!"

July 14th, 1857. J. Cameron.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

FLIGHT FROM THE REAL TO THE IDEAL.

For ever would we fly from that we are!
Poor are the rich who find the world not poor;
Expectant of a world that shall endure,
The soul uplifts her eyelids on the far;
No clime-dividing mountain-range can bar
Her lofty flight—she soars from crest to crest;
Bear her to Mars or Mercury—the best
Were still to hope for in another star—

Condemn the discontents!—condemn the good!
Condemn the highest who e'er thought or wrought!
Condemn our grandeur in our discontent!
Condemn the exalting self-transcending mood!
Condemn the expansions of immortal thought!
Condemn the Sage, the Hero, and the Saint.

July 14th, 1857. J. Cameron.

THE OLD MASTERS.

RUBENS.

THE art of Germany—crude and fantastic in character—suffered a visible decline towards the end of the 16th century, under terror of the cruel wars which devastated the whole of Europe. In Flanders and Holland painting still survived, and was freely exercised, though its integrity was undermined by the influence of Italian example. It was at this time the custom for Dutch and Flemish artists to visit Italy, in order to study the Italian manner under Italian masters;—but Italian art itself was now on its decline, and what was borrowed from it was of the poorest kind of mannerism, which only afforded a temporary and factitious glitter. Lambert of Liege, Franz Floris, by some called the Flemish Raphael, Van Orlay of Brussels, Michael Coxis of Muhlin, Mabuse of Utrecht, and Anthony Moro of Amsterdam, were the leading practitioners in this new manner, which speedily degenerated into the merest insipidity.



STATUE OF RUBENS AT ANTWERP.

Things were in this unpromising state when a man of great and original genius came upon the scene,—destined to lay the foundation of a new school of painting, as original and distinct in character as any which had been created by the greatest names in early Italian art.

Peter Paul Rubens was the descendant of an old Antwerp family of the highest consideration; but,—his parents being driven by political troubles temporarily to quit their native city, was born at Cologne, in 1577, on the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, whence the names given him at the baptismal font. He received an admirable classical education; and at the age of nineteen he entered the school of Otho Venius, then considered the principal painter of the Flemish school. When he had reached his twenty-third year, however, his master told him he could teach him nothing more, and advised him to visit Italy, to perfect his style. Rubens adopted his advice to a partial extent. He visited Venice, Rome, Mantua (where he enjoyed the particular favour of the Grand Duke), and most of the schools of Italy, at the time when the influence of the eclectic school of the Carracci was at its highest; but, although he indus-

triously studied all that he saw, and copied many of the most important works for the Grand Duke, he refused a servile submission to anything that had gone before, and preferred establishing a style of painting entirely his own. Spain also he visited twice,—once in 1605, and again in 1628, when Velasquez was at the zenith of his fame, as painter of the court, yet still he refused to borrow anything from his native-born and vigorous style. From the very circumstance of his boldness and independence, his entire dissimilarity to all his predecessors, Rubens has been the object of a greater amount of conflicting criticism than perhaps any other painter before or since his time. Opie says:—"Rubens is not one of those regular and timid composers who escape censure and deserve no praise. He produces no faultless monsters; his works abound with defects as well as beauties, and are liable, by their daring eccentricity, to provoke much criticism. But they have, nevertheless, that peculiar property, always the companion of true genius, that which seizes on the spectator, commands attention, and enforces admiration in spite of all their faults;"—a very dry and timid view of the matter, which only shows that the Royal Academician did not understand Rubens, and had probably but a very meagre knowledge of his works. The same authority then charges him with extravagance and unmeaning dazzle, misapplication of powers, &c.; and we are told to inquire "why Rubens was content to want so many requisites to the perfection of art—why he paid no greater attention to elegance and correctness of form, to grace, beauty, dignity, and propriety of character—why every subject, of whatever class, is equally adorned with the gay colours of spring, and every figure in his compositions indiscriminately *fed on roses*." In answer to much of this, it may be sufficient to state that Rubens, endowed by nature with a fertile imagination, and by education with a rich store of subjects, indulged a boundless freedom in their treatment, and a lavish resource of all the healthy appliances of his art. Giving overwhelming importance to these two essentials—subject and treatment—any selection or fining down of materials which would necessarily enter into it,—any attempt, in short, at an abstract ideal, was considered beneath his notice. He painted men and women as he saw them, with the roundness, sometimes the clumsiness of form which he found in his Flemish originals, but with the true life's-blood of health glowing through their veins, and the light of intelligence firing their eye. He painted every description of subject—religious, historical, allegorical, landscape, portrait—and in all was pre-eminently excellent. In dramatic power he rivalled Raphael himself. Reynolds, more generous and more just than Opie, says:—"The productions of Rubens seem to flow from his pencil with more than freedom,—with *prodigality;* his mind was inexhaustible, his hand was never wearied; the exuberant fertility of his imagination was, therefore, always accompanied by a corresponding spirit in the execution of his work.

"Led by some rule which guides but not constrains,
He finished more through happiness than pains."



"HOLY FAMILY," BY RUBENS, IN HIS CHAPEL AT ANTWERP.

But Rubens' chief and distinguishing merit was in respect of colour, in which he fairly contests the palm with Titian, some very eminent judges conceding to him, upon the whole, a distinct priority over the latter. The difference between the two was chiefly in this—that Titian mingled and blended his tints in imitation of their generalised appearance in nature, under the effect of atmospheric influences, sometimes drawing a little in excess, perhaps, upon the powers of *chiaroscuro;* whilst Rubens dealt almost wholly in pure colours, laying each colour by itself in the place it should occupy, and then slightly mixing them by a touch of the pencil. Painting on a light ground, the effect of colours so laid on must be very brilliant, a characteristic which improves with age.

The pictures ascribed to Rubens in Smith's "*Catalogue Raisonné*" amount to about eighteen hundred. There is no doubt he was, when in the full tide of his popularity, much assisted by his numerous pupils, amongst whom the most distinguished are Vandyck (portrait and history), Jacques Jordaens (figures), Snyders (animals and fruit), Wildens, and Van Aden (landscape). It is not unnaturally remarked, that the works of his earlier time, painted soon after his return from Italy, are the most pleasing; for it was in them that his peculiar and finer qualities are most agreeably exhibited; in after years he became too sketchy and uncertain. The happiest examples of his happiest period are to be seen in the cathedral and other churches of Antwerp, and of these "The Elevation" and "Descent from the Cross" may be named as masterpieces of a peculiar merit, unsurpassed of their kind. In the last-named picture the marvellous colouring of the flesh of the dead Christ is exemplified in a remarkable manner, by being placed in juxtaposition with a pure white linen sheet, being one of the severest tests, as Reynolds observes, to which flesh-painting can be subjected. The wings to this picture are very beautiful, particularly those to the "Descent,"—one of which represents "The Visit of Mary to Elizabeth," (of which we give an engraving in the 127th page.) The composition is wonderfully original and picturesque, such as we expect to come only from young and fertile minds. The principal group is represented on the steps of the house, over an arch. The earnestness of the welcome given to the visitors is well expressed, the figures themselves having a dignified bearing suitable to their scriptural renown. The other figures are full of appropriate action;—the ass below, which a man is unlading, showing exactly the appearance of an animal fatigued with a long journey.

Amongst other remarkable works of this great master, though remarkable in quite a contrary sense to his grand religious pictures at Antwerp—remarkable, perhaps, we might say, as the very meanest upon which he employed his talent—are the series of allegorical representations in honour of Mary de Medicis, painted by her command, and which adorn the Louvre, in Paris. The distinguished position they occupy, bringing them under the notice of so many foreigners of all countries, renders it doubly imperative upon us to protest against the idea of these commissioned efforts fairly representing the genius of the great founder of the Flemish school.

Rubens came to England in 1629, and had the honour of negotiating the peace with Spain. He was also liberally rewarded by Charles the First, for painting the ceiling of Whitehall, and other works which he executed for him, and received the honour of knighthood, February 21, 1630. He died in 1640, at the age of 63, and was buried with great pomp under the altar of his private chapel, in the church of St. James. In this chapel, where rest the remains of the great painter, is an extremely interesting work by his hand—a holy family, with saints—containing portraits of himself and all his family, including his two wives and his children, and his father and grandfather. Himself he represents as St. George. The composition is a very pleasing one.

The city of Antwerp having derived wealth, as well as honour, from the renown of this great painter,—in 1840, the second centenary of his death, erected a colossal bronze statue to his memory, in the Place Verte, with the following inscription:—

PETRO PAULO RUBENS,
CIVI OLIM SUO
S. P. Q. A.
sumptib. publ. et priv.
P
MDCCCXXXX.

On two sides of the pedestal are bas-reliefs, the one representing Charles the First presenting the sword of a knight to Rubens; the other representing the visit paid to him by the Infanta Isabella, then Governor of the Low Countries. The figure of the painter is nobly conceived, and grandly executed, and does great honour to M. Geefs, the sculptor.

Rubens is liberally and well represented in the Art-Treasures Exhibition. Amongst the most prominent of his works there may be mentioned No. 553, "Juno Transferring the Eyes of Argus to the Tail of the Peacock," Nos. 558—563, six spirited sketches from the life of Achilles; 569, "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with the Beggar;" 579, "Queen Tomyris with the head of Cyrus;" and 21 (in the Hertford room), the celebrated "Rainbow Landscape," a lavish display of golden colouring.

PRE-RAPH.

"AUTUMN LEAVES."*

Dunkler Ocean umgürtet
Uns're Erd' und unser Leben.
Fluthen rauschen über Fluthen.
Morgenroth und Tag und Nächte
Auch die schönsten fliehn vorüber.

THIS is a poem put upon canvas by Millais, which everybody with a soul will understand. Let no one approach it with any merely technical conceptions, with any Raphaelite or Pre-Raphaelite prejudices or ideas; let him look at it as the production of a simple-minded man, who could feel strongly, and tell vividly what he felt. The picture is not of a moving accident or of a blood-freezing story; it is a picture for thinking hearts—translating into form and colour the intangible feelings that brood round the heart when lost in the meditation that is born of the season and the hour—autumn and evening. It is a very old story told in a very new way. Danby has attempted, and with success, to embody the same feelings in his picture of "The Evening Gun;" but the tone of thought is not so deep, nor, wanting human faces, is the interpretation of the thought so complete. It is an evening in the fall of the year. The sun has set; the great painter has departed, having "thrown his brush among the clouds." The intense purple, dying into deep black the fiery red and golden hues of an evening in later autumn, linger in the sky. Behind is the deep stillness of the unfathomable western heaven—a glimpse of an ocean of light which we gaze at, but cannot enter. The trees appear to feel some dim premonitions of sadness—they are beautiful still, but not with the gorgeous and self-satisfied beauty of summer. Four little girls have been gathering withered and fallen leaves. They have just set them on fire, and one is pouring a fresh basketful on the heap. Suddenly comes to them an impulse of deeper mood; they are touched by a half-sense of the time and their occupation. If the trees and the sky feel it, surely these children too? The prophetic spirit of life and of their life, dreaming of things to come, has laid his finger on their hearts; a motion and a feeling strike into them from the scene which holds them in; the immensity of the soul, and the sorrow of the soul, brood for a moment over these fair children. The faces of the two eldest are half upturned, as if in expectancy,—might not a spirit touch their brows, and answer the unasked question which fills their minds? The heads of the two younger are slightly bent; and the eyes of the elder of these two seek the ground. The spiritual eyes of the eldest girls are about to be couched; they turn towards the dawn of a new life. But this other has only a dim sense of what is coming. The youngest of all is perhaps not so deeply touched. She looks grave—she is grave, because her companions are grave. She still lives a life of oneness with herself; the simple looks of the happy village girl—happier than she knows, and sober in her present happiness—are just tinged with a gravity not unbefitting the natural blessedness granted to the morning of life.

The first wreaths of smoke. It is the beginning of the end of the summer beauty and pride. Must they go? And we go too. Slowly, unwillingly, as it goes, the eye follows each slow curve of the smoke; with the slow curving of the smoke wreathe and wind upwards half-formed thoughts—of sights which the eye has not seen, of sounds which the ear of man has never heard.

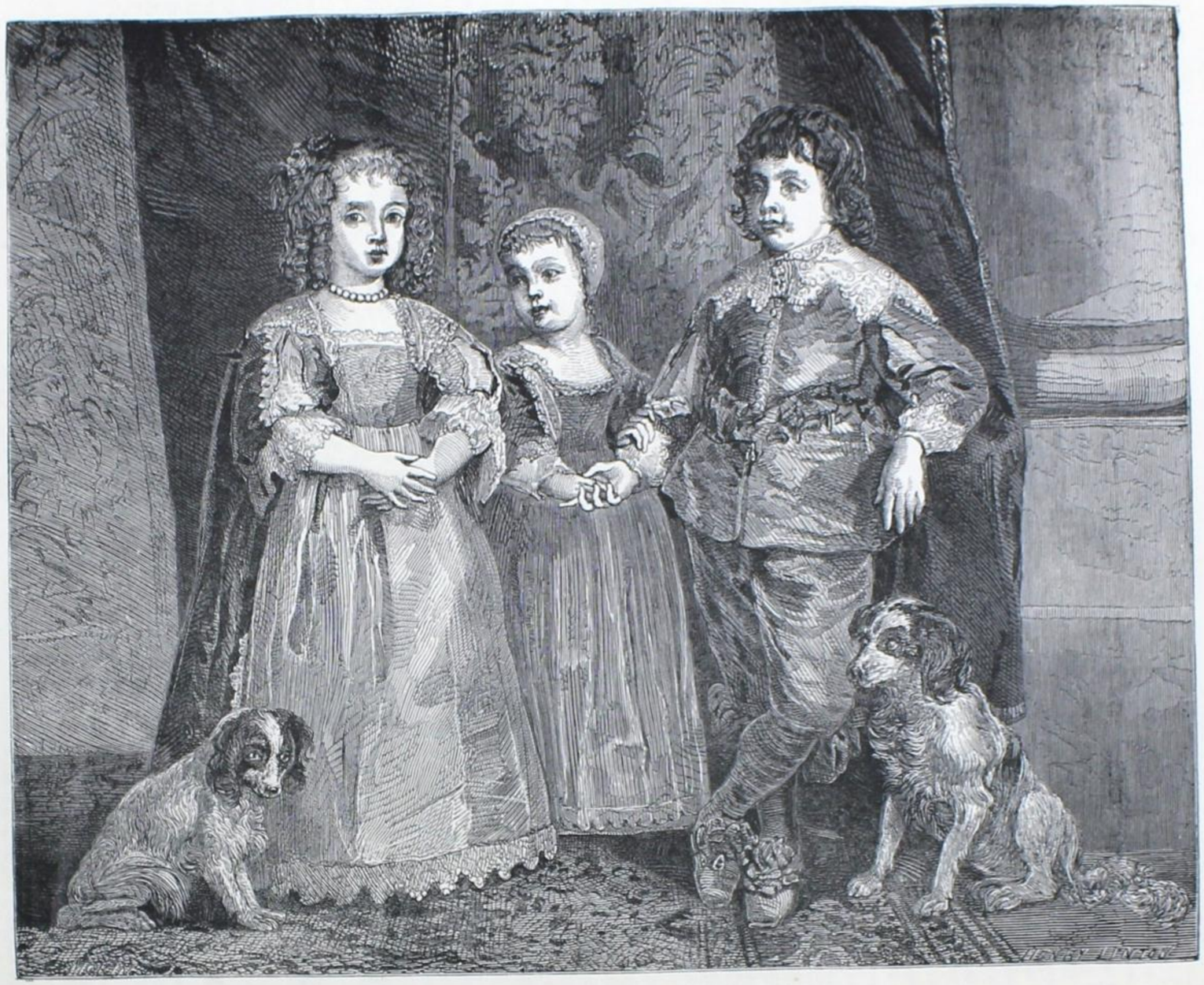
These things I saw in the picture; some will see many more things—and different. But everyone will see something; for this picture is a poem, has life in it, is a part of nature itself. Therefore, like all living things, it presents a new side to every new spectator, and remains of a quite impenetrable depth.

IGNORAMUS PIGER.

* "Autumn Leaves." Millais. No. 543.

COMMERCE AND THE ARTS.

Dr. Tucker, the famous Dean of Gloucester, asserted before the Society for Encouraging Commerce and Manufactures that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael. When Sir Joshua was informed of this he was nettled, and said, with some asperity, "That is an observation of a very narrow mind; a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure; the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences. It is therefore the highest degree of folly to set the means in a higher rank of esteem than the end. It is as much as to say, that the brickmaker is superior to the architect."—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*



"CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST."—VANDYCK.

"THE THREE CHILDREN OF CHARLES THE FIRST."—VANDYCK.

VANDYCK was the prince of portrait painters, and the portrait painter of princes. Probably no one artist ever produced the likeness of so many illustrious personages, illustrious by exalted birth, by achievement, or by position in society; and most of whom were historically interesting, as this famous son of Flanders, and pupil of Rubens; and none ever infused into his portraits so much of that refined dignity which bespeak gentle blood or high acquirement. Upon the whole, however, he was more successful with male subjects than female; for with all his fire and brilliant colouring, and marvellous external finish, he wanted the feminine softness which so charm us in Reynolds and Lawrence. He was remarkable for the beautiful drawing and finish of his hands, in which he has never been excelled.

Anthony Vandyck was born at Antwerp, March 22, 1598-9. He studied for some time under Rubens, and afterwards, like most of the artists of his time, went to Italy, where he remained six years, passing a considerable portion of his time at Genoa. On returning to his native country, he did not receive the extent of patronage which his ambition pointed to; and hearing of the magnificent patronage which Charles I. of England was bestowing upon the arts, he resolved to try his fortune in London. From some cause or other, unexplained, the royal patronage was not extended to him on his first visit, and he returned to Antwerp disappointed. On a second visit, however, which he made at the invitation of the king, through Sir Kenelm Digby, he experienced all the honour and encouragement his most ardent ambition could aspire to; being lodged amongst the king's artists at Blackfriars, where he was frequently visited by the king, who employed him to paint numerous portraits of himself, of his queen and children, as well as of the principal men of his court. In 1632 he received the honour of knighthood, at the court of St. James's; and in the following year a pension of £200 a-year was conferred upon him, with the title of "Painter to his Majesty." Later in life, the king conferred upon him the hand of Mary, daughter of the unfortunate Lord Gowry. His career was a bright and sunny one—a courtier himself, surrounded by courtiers. But he was rather a free liver—kept a sumptuous table, and indulged in habits of dissipation, which shortened his days. He died in 1641, when in the prime of life, and was buried in the old cathedral of St. Paul's.

It is not our intention, here, to review the principal works of the painter, who, besides portraits, painted historical subjects, though not with equal success; and was also eminent as an engraver. Our object for the present is with the beautiful group picture of the three children of Charles I., the property of Her Majesty, which is similar, with slight variations, to the one exhibited in the Art-Treasures Gallery, and a print of which, as here presented to us, is in the engravings department. The children of his patron here represented are, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the Princess Mary, afterwards Princess of Orange. It is a beautiful picture in composition and colouring. The easy and graceful bearing of the royal children, so perfectly youthful, yet with a certain unmistakeable air of dignity, are of the poetry of art. The two pet spaniels, one on either side, please us for their very quaintness, and that air of decorum and reserve which even dogs attain who breathe the atmosphere of courts. There are several replicas of this fine picture from the hand of the original artist, the most celebrated of which are those in the royal gallery of Dresden, in that of Turin, and in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton House. It has been engraved by Strauss, and by Le Blonde; and in lithography by Haefstängel.



"THE VISITATION." RUBENS.—(See 124th Page.)

PICTURE TALK.

POINTS OF CRITICISM.

No. IV.

By H. Ottley.

Besides the natural classification of pictures according to the countries and periods in which they were produced, and the masters who executed them,—being schools of origin, all painting is divided under certain grand categories, or schools, having reference to their subjects, and their mode of treatment. The principal divisions, according to the French Academy, are Historic Painting, Portrait, and *Genre*. Historic painting ranks first, and includes all subjects of scriptural and other history, as well as all poetic and imaginative subjects, in which a grand mode of treatment is aimed at. Portrait, of course, refers only to the actual representation of individuals, and, according to the mode of classification just cited, ranks next to historic painting. The third, and lowest school of painting, is that called *genre*—a very comprehensive term, though of no very distinct meaning, and includes every painting that is not purely historic or portrait.* It may be explained to mean all paintings in which representations of nature or natural objects, or the ordinary incidents of life, are the sum and substance, without any leading theme of higher abstract purpose. Thus it opens up a field of endless variety to the industrious and imaginative painter; and it is capable of subdivision into a great number of distinct classes, for which particular gifts are requisite, — as landscape, cattle-painting, domestic interiors, still-life, fruits, &c.

As actors, at the outset of their career, generally aim at high tragedy or genteel comedy — the two branches of what is called the "legitimate drama"—and often afterwards descend to burletta and farce,—so painters of all nations, with few exceptions, have at one period or other of their lives aimed at historical painting. though their natural gifts, and the scope of their education, fitted them more properly for humbler themes. The French during the whole of the 17th and 18th centuries had very high notions about the grand, or historic style, both in poetry and painting, though they never made much figure in it, the comedy of manners, and the little incidents of every-day life, with all their elegant and romantic accompaniments, being essentially the subjects adapted to the genius of the artists, as of the people of the country. Historic art demands grand subjects, of engrossing and universal interest, exciting sentiments of veneration; it demands also, therefore, for its enjoyment, that the faculty of veneration should be largely developed both in the artist and the spectator. Such subjects presented themselves readily, and such feelings prevailed universally, in the earlier periods of Christian art in Italy; but when high art was transferred to France, which was after the commencement of the decline in Italy, these themes and these sentiments engrossed mankind no longer. Scepticism and speculative philosophy had already invaded the hearts formerly devoted to the rigid dogmas and types of religion,—the allurements of natural beauty diverted the attention of the artist from the simple attributes of the most sacred subjects,—and a much more ambitious artistic treatment grew up as the art became more and more purposeless, and devoid of its old inspiration. An amusing story is told of Greuze, a very pretty painter of domestic and sentimental pieces, but who, not content with the humble sphere in which nature had destined him to exert his talents, aspired to the highest academic distinctions. By the rules of the French Academy, all the professorships and other places of honour are restricted to historical painters, and Greuze accordingly resolved to paint a historical picture, when proposing himself for admission as a member. The subject he chose was, "The Emperor Septimus Severus reproaching his son, Caracalla, with having attempted to murder him." The Academy having assembled and examined the picture, Greuze was called in, and informed that he was elected a member—but, horrible mockery! as a painter of *genre!* "We have considered your former productions," said the director, from the chair, "which are excellent, and we have shut our eyes to this picture, which is worthy neither of our body nor of yourself." Greuze was not a solitary instance of a *genre* painter losing his way in the mazes of the historical.

Landscape painting is comparatively a recent application of art. Early art was purely devotional; the Scripture incident or miracle was all that was required to be shown, and in showing it no accessorial matters were intruded; even the locality in which the event took place was merely indicated by a few simple lines. No backgrounds were introduced; and when, in course of time, some glimpses of landscape were given, in out-door subjects, the treatment was of the simplest generic kind,—the hard outline of some familiar scene in the neighbourhood of the artist's dwelling-place, painted crudely, after a conventional manner—conventional trees, conventional skies, without any attempt at actual realisation, either in form or colour, of the different objects, or of the general effects of light and shadow. Of course there was seldom any attempt to describe a particular period of the day, or season of the year. Those were incidents the poetry and force of which the artist had not yet learned to appreciate.

Titian was amongst the first to elevate the landscape setting of his historical pictures into importance; but even he very generally introduced the wild scenery of the mainland, which he saw from his window across the Lagune; and the study of landscape as the subject or staple for pictorial treatment had not even yet commenced. Towards the close of the 16th century, an improved style of landscape background was practised at Rome by Girolamo Muziano of Brescia, and by the two brothers, Matthew and Paul Brill, whose works were afterwards studied and imitated by the Carracci. But still the art was very far behind-hand in actuality of representation and discrimination of effects. The author of the "Italian School of Design"* has a note upon this subject, in which he refers to numerous small landscapes—which are ascribed, whether rightly or not, to Dominichino—between which the similarity in colouring, and in most other respects, is so great as to render it no easy matter to distinguish one from another, except that they vary in composition and dimensions. Of the conventional trees, &c., he says:—"The fault of the early landscape painters, of representing their young and old trees as alike vigorous in their growth, is, after all, I think, a fault more pardonable than that which may often be observed in the works of some modern landscape painters, and among others, in those of our admired Wilson, from the foregrounds of whose beautiful landscapes it is no uncommon thing to see two miserable sticks arising, apparently wanting even sufficient nutriment to sustain the scanty foliage with which they are furnished." And he then suggests that the modern landscape painters have been too neglectful in the study of their foregrounds, and, above all, have not finished them with a sufficient body of colour.

Niccolo Poussin, who came upon the scene after the descendants of the Carracci school had degenerated to the dead level of mediocrity, has the honour of having introduced a new style of historical painting, in which the landscape and its accessories were treated with an importance they had never commanded before. He was very fond of classic subjects, and of giving his pictures a classic character, by following antique models in costume, armour, architecture, bas-reliefs, &c. But he fell into the error, natural enough with one who had invented a new style, of indulging in it too freely, and to the prejudice of the general effect, and the larger purposes of art. In order to give importance to his landscapes, he very generally adopted what is termed "a long point of distance," the result of which was to make his figures of inconsiderable dimensions, besides being at so great a distance from the spectator that it becomes out of the question to pretend either to hear or see what is passing amongst them, or to discriminate the expression of their features. This was the very reverse treatment to that adopted by the great historical painters, and particularly by Raphael, who, placing the spectator at a "short, or near point of, distance," plunged him, as it were, amongst the very actors in the event going forward, creating a proportionately increased intensity of interest in his mind. To this must be added, that Niccolo Poussin was often unfortunate in his colouring, particularly in the latter part of his life, when he persuaded himself that that part of the art was of subordinate importance. His contrasts are frequently rude and discordant, and a dusky red tone prevails in the grounding of his pictures which is far from agreeable, and increases in intensity with age.

Paul Veronese, also in the degeneracy of Venetian art, made landscape and architectural decoration a principal feature in his historical works; but he was a poor scene painter, compared with Niccolo Poussin.

But it was to Gaspar Poussin, the brother-in-law of Niccolo, and Claude, and Salvator Rosa, who were cotemporary with Niccolo Poussin during a great part of his career, that we owe the elevation of landscape to the highest point of dignity and importance. We have not left ourselves space to dilate upon their merits on the present occasion; that would open up the full consideration of landscape painting—its various characteristics and requirements, which we will reserve for a future article.

Michael Angelo and Parmigiano both painted the "Three Fates;" but those of Parmigiano look as though they could never grow old, and those of Michael Angelo as though they had never been young.

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* The French Academy appear now to make a further division, recognising Landscape as a distinct class.

* "The Italian School of Design,' by William Young Ottley; fol., 1823.

PROPOSED ABOLITION OF THE PICTURE RESTORER.

[The following able letter from a gentleman who will be recognised as one of the contributors to our *Art-Treasures Examiner*, appears in the *Athenæum* of Saturday last. The subject is of much importance, and we doubt not will be interesting to our readers.]

THERE is a large shop-window in one of our leading thoroughfares, in which the medical profession is supposed to be satirized by a series of the worst-executed engravings ever pasted on a board. One print represents a number of surgeons and assistants performing an amputation with a zest only to be equalled by a crowd of cannibals at a feast. The object of the illustrations is, I need hardly say, to persuade the ailing public to take no physic save that sold by the owners of the establishment. Nothing could be more indelicate than the whole exhibition, reflecting as it does upon a body notoriously well educated, capable and humane, and quite free from suspicion of poisoning or of mutilating either in ignorance or wantonness. Yet thousands do believe something of the sort alleged against the faculty, or why do so many people avail themselves of the quack doctor? The picture restorers of London are not worse off than the physicians. Anybody may attack them and deny them either conscience or skill. As an unchartered body, they are perhaps open to freer imputations—and to a very free measure of which they are certainly subjected. Picture restorers even take the lead of the faculty, in having more respectable denunciators. Noble Lords and Members of Parliament may be found (as the other night in the House of Commons) throwing dirt at the restorers, who by this time are supposed to be so well covered and damaged, that if they are not permitted to restore the Old Masters, they may be excused if they attempt to restore themselves.

During the last century, collectors of ancient pictures have sprung up by hundreds, and thousands of old paintings have been imported from the Continent in every possible degree of obscurity and dilapidation; worm-eaten panels and decayed canvasses, bearing the handwriting of genius on their fronts in forms but dimly visible, and their once glowing colours buried beneath rust and mildew. The Old Trafford Exhibition affords at a glance a good idea of the extent to which this importation has been carried on; there are now as many relics of the Old Masters in England as would (to use George the Third's method of measuring Whitbread's hogsheads) fill a gallery extending from London to Manchester. Few houses of respectability are without an old painting of some sort, to say nothing of the numerous collections of European celebrity. Now it is plain that this mass of pictures will not take care of themselves. You cannot apply to Art the political maxim of *Laisser faire*—because time, decay, accident, and neglect will not obey the maxim. Something must be done. The question is, who shall do it? Shall the preservation of these Art-Treasures be left to the caprices of amateurs or the invention of housekeepers, or shall it devolve upon a class of men who make the preservation of pictures a study and a profession?

That the works of the old painters are imported in a precarious condition admits of no doubt. It may be asked, Why import pictures which need restoration? To this it may be answered, that there is no choice in the matter; that some of the noblest works of the great painters have come down to us in an injured state, and that we must take them as we find them. Many of the masterpieces of the old schools showed symptoms of decay from the hour of their creation, as in the case of the 'Last Supper' at Milan. In recent times another instance is afforded in the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and another still more recently in the pictures which constitute Turner's bequest to the nation. Hence, there is no difficulty in accounting for a class of persons who devote themselves to the art of restoration. Were it only for the ordinary decay, the film which a changeful climate, alternately hot and cold, moist and dry, leaves upon the surfaces of paintings, the restorer would be indispensable. Some paintings are particularly susceptible of injury. On pictures where the colours are fused and soft, and present a perfectly even surface, little dirt will lodge; but many pictures have a coarse, granulated texture, which affords inviting recesses to every stray particle of dust. Wherever there is a crisp touch in the wrinkled brow of an old man by Rembrandt or by Rubens, in the sandbanks of Salvator Rosa, or in the projecting sun's disc by Claude Lorraine, there is a receptacle for dirt. In the minute square hollows, formed by the threads of canvas, particles of dust smaller than the eye can see will lie unsuspected till the whole picture becomes tesselated in alternate squares of light and dark. Pictures are no exception to the general law of nature affecting such substances. They rot, warp, crack, blister, peel up, and discolour. Moreover, the fate of the finest pictures has been to fall into hands ignorant, parsimonious, and needy,—and one could readily enumerate instances where masterpieces have not only been treated with disrespect and indifference, but with the utmost recklessness. But perhaps the caprices of amateurs have been the most fertile cause of the injuries which disfigure so many paintings. One will varnish and varnish until he has covered his gems with a coating of gum as hard, thick, and opaque as cow's horn,—while another, hating the very smell of varnish, will belabour his old masters with dry rags until he has chafed away every delicacy they possess. It would, however, be of little use for one to trace how in a hundred ways the works of the old painters received their injuries. The opponent of restoration of the present day makes shorter work of it by charging everything upon contemporary restorers,—acting upon the principle of the Chinese law, which when the murderer is not obvious, hangs the first person caught near the body.

There was a period when, in England, an Art-relic was valued in proportion to the quantity of "rust, the precious *ærugo*," upon it,—a time when the rusty pot-lid would pass for a Roman shield, providing it was sufficiently rusty,—when pictures came in by ship-loads, to undergo a process of darkening and staining before the dainty *cognoscenti* would deign to look at them,—when the manufacture of lonely, moss-grown ruins placed the ornamental gardener on a level with poets and painters,—when statues were made to

moulder into worth:

—in fact, when everything was artificially antique, and "doubt and curiosity went hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned." In those days, when dilapidations were charms, restoration would have been an impertinence, and it did not exist as an art; and when, as in our own time, picture collecting first became a rage, ignorant and hasty restoration was beyond all question common enough. But is no distinction to be made between this class of incapable operators and the few who have devoted years of conscientious study to the mastery of the art, whereby works of genius may be restored and preserved? Are we to believe that while everything else has progressed, the treatment of pictures has continued mere "Vandalism," and the restorers no better than "Goths"—whose mission is to obliterate every vestige of genius from pannel and canvas—who burrow in glowing colours like "vermin"—who (according to the phrase adopted by Lord Elcho) "like harpies, fly at the face"—whose studios are "shambles"—and whose delight is in systematic and wanton destructiveness? Can it be possible that the superior advantages of modern study, the progress of mechanical arts, the spread of science and public criticism have tended to impair the judgment and skill of one class of workers only! Now that those noble and eminent connoisseurs of the House of Commons have had what Lord Palmerston called their "fling" at their favourite subject, and have ceased to extol each other's tastes for the Fine Arts, perhaps they might be induced to favour the Art-public with some explicit answer to the queries suggested by their protests against the restorers. The owners of old pictures have a right to have them cleaned if they are really dirty. The Sangrados and Morrisons may bleed, blister, and deplete, but the sensible part of the community never hesitate to call in the competent physician in the hour of need,—and in the same way, when the sickness of age, hard usage, or premature decay endangers the works of Art, a wise owner has recourse to a restorer who has knowledge, reverence, and skill to arrest the hand of death,—instead of abandoning the precious remains to the quick and certain Vandalism of time, damp, dirt, corruption, housekeepers, and amateurs.

I am, &c.,

H. MERRITT.

DAVID ALLAN.

The love of art, which seems in some as natural as flowers to the field, came accidentally, we have been told, upon Allan. When very young, some eight years old or so, he got one of his feet burnt, which kept him from the school, and likewise confined him to the house. His father, a man averse to idleness, said, with a smile, "You idle rogue, you cannot go to school, and are losing the little you know. Here, take this piece of chalk, and write on the floor." The poor boy did as he was desired; but, tiring of writing, he began to amuse himself with drawing figures,—rude, indeed, and uncouth, but which pleased his own fancy. From this time the chalk was seldom out of his hand: he drew houses, birds, and beasts; and before he was well enough to return to school, had made some attempts to delineate the human figure. All this seems, for a time at least, to have been unheeded by his family. His father married a second wife: and his mother-in-law had children of her own to attend to. It was left to the schoolmaster of the parish to find out the bent of Allan's genius; and the circumstances of the discovery were to himself otherwise than pleasant.—*Cunningham.*

PAINTING ON GLASS.

This place and period (14th century) remind me, that before I pass on to another epoch, I ought to say a few words concerning the invention of painting on glass, which was anciently likewise styled Mosaic, because it was composed of pieces of different coloured glass, connected by lead, which represented the shadows. We may observe glass windows that emulate well composed pictures on canvas or on panel; and this art is treated of by Vasari in the thirty-second chapter of the introduction to his work. From the preface to the treatise "De omni Scientiâ Artis Pingendi," by Theophilus the Monk, I find that France was celebrated for this art beyond any other country; and there the art seems to have been invariably cultivated, and brought by degrees to perfection. From the earliest ages of the revival of painting, the Italians wrought windows with different coloured glasses, as is remarked by P. Angeli in his description of the churches of Assisi, where the most ancient specimens are to be seen. In the church likewise of the Franciscan friars at Venice, we find that one Frater Theotonius, a German, worked in tapestry and glass windows, and was imitated by Marco, a painter, who lived in the year 1335. It may also be observed, that such windows over the altars supplied the place of sacred paintings in churches; Christian congregations, in lifting up their eyes, there sought the resemblance of what "they hoped some time to behold in the celestial paradise; che ancor lassù nel ciel vedere spera," and they often addressed their supplications to those images. In the fifteenth century Lorenzo Ghiberti, a man eminent in various arts, still further improved this, and ornamented the oval windows of the façade of the church of St. Francis, and of the cathedral of Florence, with coloured glass. In a similar manner he finished all the oval apertures in the cupola of the cathedral, except that of the Assumption, executed by Donatello. The glass was manufactured at Florence, for which purpose one Domenico Livi, a native of Gambassi, in the principality of Volterra, who had learnt and practised the art at Lubec, was invited to that place, as is proved by Baldinucci in his correction of Vasari. From this school apparently came Goro, and Bernardo di Francesco, with that train of Ingesuati, whose workmanship, exhibited at St. Lorenzo and elsewhere, has been much commended by the Florentine historians. (See Moreni, part vi., p. 41.) This art afterwards flourished at Arezzo, where it was introduced by Parri Spinelli, a scholar of Ghiberti. About the same time flourished in Perugia P. D. Francesco, a monk of Cassino, not merely a painter in glass, but a master in that city; and some conjecture that Vannucci profited by his school, though a comparison of dates does not favour such supposition. This art also flourished in Venice, about 1473, where one window was executed after the design of Bartolommeo Vivarini, in the church of St. John and St. Paul; another was erected at Murano; but the art of painting glass could not be unknown at this last place, where it originated. It is true that in process of time the Florentine and Venetian glass appeared to be not sufficiently transparent for such purposes; and a preference was given to that of France and England, the clearness and transparency of which was better adapted for receiving the colours, without too much obscuring the light. It had this other advantage, that the colours were burnt in the glass, in the manner described by Vasari, instead of being laid on with gums or other vehicles; hence they had greater brilliancy, and were more capable of resisting the injuries of time. This was a Flemish, or rather a French invention, and the Italians received it from France. Bramante invited from that country the two artists above mentioned, who, besides the windows of the Vatican palace, that were wrought with colours burnt into the glass, and destroyed in the sack of Rome, ornamented two in the church of St. Maria del Popolo, with those scriptural histories that yet remain perfectly brilliant in colour, after the lapse of three centuries.—*Lanzi's History of Painting in Italy.*

MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

No. II.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

The name of George Lance is associated with still life in all its attractive and varied phases of form, colour, and light and shade. We think of him in connection with tempting desserts of ripe melons, juicy grapes, downy peaches, pineapples, plums, filberts, and the like: with gorgeous piles of glittering gold and silver plate, rich with Cellini chasings, with vases of Bohemian and Venetian glass, globes of gold fish, richly embroidered draperies, and glossy marble slabs.

He was in his early days a pupil of Haydon's. In such propinquity for enthusiastic kindlings, he was induced to aim at higher things. Of this class is 542, "Melancthon's First Misgivings." It is the best of his more ambitious attempts. The monk Melancthon, in his cloister perambulations, encounters a sad abuse of the simplicity of monastic life in the person of the prior, who is sinking into slumber after a gorging meal, his sleek, unctuous skin and "fair round belly" telling, the while, of a life devoted to idleness, gormandising, and the things of this world. Well may he gaze on the shortcomings of his superior with sorrow and dismay. This



"MELANCTHON'S FIRST MISGIVINGS."—LANCE.

is a very admirable picture, the tale simply yet impressively told, and the work throughout very solid and firm. The artist's coming love is already shown in the admirable execution of the remains of the venison pasty, and the tankards and cups scattered about. 401, "The Village Coquette," is a somewhat theatrically-attired young cottager setting out for market with a basket of eggs. She has evidently made up her mind to break at least half a dozen hearts before the day is over. The picture is remarkably well executed, but we fear the heroine is no genuine rustic, but just a dressed studio model. In 400, "Fruit," we have Lance at home in his chosen legitimate style, with one of those luscious piles of autumnal fruit which one can hardly regard without a mental smack of the lips, and which a rich mellow background throws out in fine relief.

Gilbert Stuart Newton is but indifferently represented on these walls. He was by birth an American, and coming over to study his art on this side of the Atlantic, found his rising talent so rapidly appreciated, and the artistic atmosphere of England so much more congenial than that of his native country, that he decided on a permanent settlement among us. Newton and his cotemporary Leslie may be considered as the founders of the powerful school of *genre*

painting, which is the present pride and glory of modern British art. They had the wisdom not only to perceive but to anticipate the wants of the age. They felt it was no time for historical painting, properly so called, that it was not the fashion of the time to adorn the walls of churches, palaces, or public edifices with works of art; and that the necessity for pictures involving large space, severe treatment, and grave simplicity of treatment, was past, if indeed it had ever had healthy existence. They therefore adopted a class of subject which bore upon the manners and customs of past times, and added thereto every local circumstance of costume, furniture, &c., which could combine to render it a vivid presentment of time and place. Above all, they wrought upon moderate-sized canvasses. We shall have another occasion of speaking of Leslie. Of Newton we have to say that his artistic career was short. Soon after his election as an academician in 1832 (he had been made an associate four years before), and while he basked in the sunshine of aristocratic patronage, he was seized with that unfortunate mental malady which struck the pencil from his hand, and in a few years terminated his life. His picture of "Macheath in Prison," "The Reconciliation" (from the "Vicar of Wakefield"), "Lear, Cordelia, and the Physician," &c.,



"THE VILLAGE COQUETTE."—LANCE.

will long live in the memories of his admirers. The only picture at Old Trafford which gives a true idea of Newton's power is 285, "Shylock and Jessica." It was exhibited in 1830, and has been worthily engraved. Its colouring is bright, yet subdued, and there is throughout a masterly movement of the brush which completely fulfils its office, yet never descends to mere show-off or expertness. His reading of "Shylock" is a very dignified one; but there is a befitting air of cautious severity in his charge to the demure-looking "Jessica." 291 was exhibited in 1827, with the title of "The Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina." In the Art-Treasures catalogue it is called "The Casket Scene from Gil Blas;" a great misnomer, as no casket whatever is mentioned in the text. But indeed the catalogue of the modern galleries abounds with errors of this description. The picture is scarcely a favourable specimen of the master. There is too much of insipidity in the figures, nor is the colour at all equal to what he has done in other pictures. Still it is beautifully painted,—the accessories most satisfactory. 276, "The Student," is an exquisite little work, of powerful, yet subdued colouring. 236, "A Dutch Girl," is chaste and graceful, as were always Newton's interpretations of the fairer half of the creation.

EVENING LIGHT IN PICTURES.

Whatever beauty there may result from effects of light on foreground objects, from the dew of the grass, the flash of the cascade, the glitter of the birch trunk, or the fair daylight hues of darker things (and joyfulness there is in all of them), there is yet a light which the eye invariably seeks with a deeper feeling of the beautiful, the light of the declining or breaking day, and the flakes of scarlet cloud burning like watch-fires in the green sky of the horizon; a deeper feeling, I say, not perhaps more acute, but having more of spiritual hope and longing, less of animal and present life, more manifest, invariably, in those of more serious and determined mind (I use the word serious, not as being opposed to cheerful, but to trivial and volatile), but, I think, marked and unfailing even in those of the least thoughtful dispositions. I am willing to let it rest on the determination of every reader, whether the pleasure which he has received from these effects of calm and luminous distance be not the most singular and memorable of which he has been conscious, whether all that is dazzling in colour, perfect in form, gladdening in expression, be not of evanescent and shallow appealing, when compared with the still small voice of the level twilight behind purple hills, or the scarlet arch of dawn over the dark, troublous-edged sea. Let us try to discover that which effects of this kind possess or suggest, peculiar to themselves, and which other effects of light and colour possess not. There *must* be something in them of a peculiar character, and that, whatever it be, must be one of the primal and most earnest motives of beauty to human sensation. Do they show finer characters of form than can be developed by the broader daylight? Not so; for their power is almost independent of the forms they assume or display; it matters little whether the bright clouds be simple or manifold, whether the mountain line be subdued or majestic, the fairer forms of earthly things are by them subdued and disguised, the round and muscular growth of the forest trunks is sunk into skeleton lines of quiet shade, the purple clefts of the hill side are labyrinthed in the darkness, the orbed spring and whirling wave of the torrent have given place to a white, ghastly, interrupted gleaming. Have they more perfection or fulness of colour? Not so; for their effect is oftentimes deeper when their hues are dim, than when they are blazoned with crimson and pale gold, and assuredly, in the blue of the rainy sky, in the many tints of morning flowers, in the sunlight on summer foliage and field, there are more sources of mere sensual colour-pleasure than in the single streak of wan and dying light. It is not then by nobler form, it is not by positiveness of hue, it is not by intensity of light (for the sun itself at noonday is effectless upon the feelings), that this strange distant space possesses its attractive power. But there is one thing that it has, or suggests, which no other object of sight suggests in equal degree and that is,—Infinity. It is of all visible things the least material, the least finite, the farthest withdrawn from the earth prison house, the most typical of the nature of God, the most suggestive of the glory of his dwelling-place. For the sky of night, though we may know it boundless, is dark; it is a studded vault, a roof that seems to shut us in and down, but the bright distance has no limit; we feel its infinity, as we rejoice in its purity of light.—*Ruskin:* "*Modern Painters.*"

THE DUTCH PAINTERS.

It would be needless to prove that the generality of the Dutch painters copied from actual objects. They have become almost a bye-word for carrying this principle into its abuse, by copying everything they saw, and having no choice or preference of one thing to another, unless that they preferred that which was most obvious and common. We forgive them. They perhaps did better in faithfully and skilfully imitating what they had seen than in imagining what they had not seen. Their pictures at least show that there is nothing in nature, however mean or trivial, that has not its beauty, and some interest belonging to it, if truly represented. We prefer Vangoyen's views on the borders of a canal, the yellow-tufted bank and passing sail, or Ruysdael's woods and sparkling waterfalls, to the most classical or epic compositions which they could have invented out of nothing; and we think that Teniers' boors, old women, and children, are very superior to the little carved ivory Venuses in the pictures of Vanderneer; just as we think Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" is better than his "Sigismunda," or, as Mr. Wilkie's "Card Players" is better than his "Alfred." We should not assuredly prefer a "Dutch Fair" by Teniers to a "Cartoon" by Raphael; but we suspect we should prefer a "Dutch Fair" by Teniers to a "Cartoon" by the same master; or we should prefer truth and nature in the simplest dress to affectation and inanity in the most pompous disguise. Whatever is genuine in art must proceed from the impulse of nature and individual genius.—*Hazlitt.*

"THE GREEK SLAVE,"

IN THE MANCHESTER ARTS EXHIBITION.

Art thou a daughter of that famous race
That braved the Roman eagles in their pride?
Standing with fettered hand, and downcast face,
A slave—where art and industry abide.

Claim'st thou affinity with those that fell
The unconquered, save by death, at Marathon?
Fought, bled, and died they—time still rings their knell,—
Freedom, like them, is from their country gone.

There is such beauty stamped upon that brow
One might forgive old Priam's son the theft,
Deeming that Helen were as fair as thou,
Or she whom Hector 'mid her maidens left.

Comes there no answer now from Delphic shrine?
Perchance your oracle has fled in shame
That they, the brave in war, in art divine,
Have left a race degenerate—Greeks in name.

How are ye fallen, the beautiful, the brave!
That cradled art and science for a world!
Science, art, beauty, all were vain to save
When earth's proud empress from her throne was hurled.

But thou, fair creature, eloquently dumb—
While such as thou remain is there no sign
That once again thy country shall become
The home of art, of liberty the shrine?

Alas! the *soul*—the *soul*, that gave of yore
To painter, poet, sculptor, all their skill,
The halo of her genius flings no more.
Type of thy country stand'st thou—pale, and cold, and still.

July 14th, 1857.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

On Monday, the 6th instant, the workmen employed by Messrs. Ridgway, Bates and Co., visited the Exhibition, and there were special trains from Huddersfield, Liverpool, Shrewsbury, Chester and the Potteries. On Tuesday, the 7th, there were "specials" from Chester, Liverpool, Birkenhead and Ambergate. On Wednesday, the 8th, Lord Vernon, Hon. W. W. Vernon, and M. Jullien were visitors to the palace. On Thursday, the 9th, Baron Bramwell, the Marquis of Exeter and the Mayor of Salford were present. It was decided by the committee to arrange the Soulage Collection in courts. The Marquis of Exeter and the Bishop of Brechin were amongst the visitors on Friday, the 10th instant; and at half-past ten on the same day, about fifty of the Blue Coat Boys, from Aston, Cheshire, visited the Exhibition. Dr. Stewart, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, performed a selection on the organ, to the great gratification of the visitors. On Saturday, the 11th, there was a special train from Liverpool; and the Bishop of Oxford spent several hours in the building. During this week Prince Louis Napoleon and the King of the Belgians have visited the Exhibition. The returns for the week ending July 11th were as follows:—

		Season.	Shilling.	Half-crown.	Total.
July	6.....	1,050	6,475	...	7,525
"	7.....	1,049	5,757	...	6,806
"	8.....	818	7,417	...	8,235
"	9.....	2,724	...	3,102	5,826
"	10.....	945	5,664	...	6,609
"	11.....	2,058	6,063	...	8,121

THE EARLY DAYS OF ART.

During the earlier days of art in Britain, a painter was required to be cunning in other crafts: he was, as the records of Henry the Third tell us, carpenter, mason, glazier, house-painter, gilder, emblazoner, embroiderer, upholsterer, and tailor.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Artists.*

CAUTION TO ART STUDENTS.

The worst danger by far, to which a solitary student is exposed, is that of liking things that he should not. It is not so much his difficulties, as his tastes, which he must set himself to conquer; and although, under the guidance of a master, many works of art may be made instructive, which are only of partial excellence (the good and bad of them being duly distinguished), his safeguard, as long as he studies alone, will be in allowing himself to possess only things, in their way, so free from faults, that nothing he copies in them can seriously mislead him, and to contemplate only those works of art which he knows to be either perfect or noble in their errors.—*Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.*

ART VERSUS NATURE.

He (Sir Joshua Reynolds) staid in Rome till his judgment ripened, and gazed upon the productions of Raphael and Michael Angelo till the mercury of his taste rose to the point of admiration. He then concluded, that, as those works were the most perfect in the world, the paintings of antiquity *must* have been in character the same—in short, that the "grand style" had descended direct from Apelles to Raphael. From an anecdote in Pliny, of the painter and the partridge, he conceived that a lively copy of nature was held as a vulgar thing by the painters of Greece, and that they approached living life no nearer than the sculptor of the Belvedere Apollo. This theory, however, appears to be contradicted by the Elgin marbles, and by the poetry of the nation, which is full of graphic images of homely, as well as heroic life. These conclusions, and his constant admonition to study the "grand style," and think of nothing but what is heroic or god-like as a subject for the pencil, have helped to misdirect the minds of students, and beget a monotony of composition, through which nothing but strong and decided genius can break. Few men are born with powers equal to the divine grandeur of such works—and many a good painter of domestic life may attribute the laborious dulness of his historic compositions to the incessant cry of all academies about the study of the "grand style." Hear how Reynolds commends the absence of nature: "Suppose a person while he is contemplating a capital picture by Raphael or the Carracci, whilst he is wrapt in wonder at the sight of 'St. Paul preaching at Athens,' and the various dispositions of his audience—or is struck with the distress of the mother in the Death of the Innocents'—or with tears in his eyes, beholds the 'Dead Christ' of Carracci—would it not offend him to have his attention called off to observe a piece of drapery in the picture naturally represented?" What is it that drapery ought to resemble—and wherewithal shall a man be clothed that his garments may not look too natural? The living St. Paul himself was under no such apprehension; nor is it recorded that he failed in any of his missions because the heathen paid more attention to his clothes than his eloquence. The sentiment and character of the figure will dictate the drapery, and when these are strong, and true, and natural, they will always predominate over the accessories. Had he advised to clothe a figure gaily or gravely according to the style of the countenance and gesture, Reynolds would have spoken more in keeping with his own practice.—*Allan Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

EARLY ART IN ENGLAND.

Henry the Third, a timid and pious king, founded many cathedrals, and enriched them with sculpture and with painting, to an extent and with a skill which merited the commendation of Flaxman. The royal instructions of 1233 are curious, and inform us of the character of art at that remote period, and of the subordinate condition of its professors. In Italy, indeed, as well as in England, an artist was then, and long after, considered as a mere mechanic. He was commonly at once a carver of wood, a maker of figures, a house and heraldry painter, a carpenter, an upholsterer, and a mason; and sometimes, over and above all this, he was a tailor. Genius had not then come to the aid of art, and paintings and statues were ordered exactly as chairs and tables are now. Much of the undisciplined talent of the nation was employed by Henry the Third in the building and embellishing of his cathedrals and palaces; foreign artists, too, were imported; and the manufacture of saints and legends was carried on under the inspection of one William, a Florentine. Those productions take their position in history, and claim the place, if not the merit, of works of taste and talent. At best they were but a kind of religious heraldry: the most beautiful of the virgins and the most dignified of the apostles were rude, clumsy, and ungraceful, with ill-proportioned bodies and most rueful looks. That the religious paintings of that period were such as I have described them, there is sufficient evidence; that those of a national or domestic kind were similar in character may be safely inferred. There is no account of the nature of those paintings which belonged to the royal castle of Winchester, but we may conclude that they were not the same as those which aided the priests of the abbeys in explaining religion to an illiterate people. Walpole presumes—he says not on what authority—that when Henry the Third directed his chamber in Winchester to be painted with "the same pictures as before," they were of an historical nature. Historical, or religious, or domestic, the passage referred to by Walpole proves that the art of painting had been introduced early among us; perhaps it even countenances the tradition that it is as old as Bede. Vertue indeed urges, with more nationality than probability, the claim of England to early knowledge in art, and our acquaintance with the mystery of oil colours before they appeared in Italy. In sculpture considerable talent was shown before this period; but he who proves that equal skill was exhibited in painting has likewise to prove that the artists were Englishmen—a circumstance contradicting tradition, and unsupported by history. The early works of art in this island were from the hands of foreigners. It was the interest of Rome to supply us with painters as well as priests, whose mutual talents and mutual zeal might maintain, and extend, and embellish religion. There is no honour surrendered in relinquishing our claims to such productions; the best of them displayed no genius and exhibited little skill.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

When Voltaire called on Congreve, he addressed him as a dramatist of wit and imagination. "I am not an author, sir," said the retired poet: "I am a gentleman." "Sir," replied the sarcastic Frenchman, "had you been but a gentleman, I should not have visited you." *Cunningham.*

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

[If the following fragment of autobiography has the same interest for the reader it had for the writer, when he first listened to the story, he may find occasion to render other passages from the same experience. The personal annals of art afford many instances of similar humble beginnings. The incidents in this case are indeed new, but the spirit in which the early love of art has often been fostered by artists is happily not new. Future passages in this story will introduce the reader to principles of art. The hero, as we may term him, was a man of uncommon experience.—H. M.]

Chapter I.

Forty years ago, I, the owner of the fine collection of pictures you have so often admired, was a penniless boy, without prospect or hope in this world. I rose with the break of day, and seldom found my pillow again until near upon midnight. When not at school, I was constantly in the streets, running to and fro upon small errands, for a remuneration hardly paying for the bread which I daily consumed. Where my shoes came from was never satisfactorily explained. I am sure they came not out of my wages, which usually averaged only eighteenpence per week. There is less difficulty in accounting for the other portions of attire which then disfigured me, for I was a promising member of an ancient institution called "The Green Coat Boy's Charity School." I early and unconsciously became "a character" in the cathedral town where I lived. At the early age of twelve I felt and looked considerably like a patriarch, only that I possessed more activity of brain and limb than patriarchs usually manifest. What I mean is, that I was precocious—perhaps not morbidly so; but my demeanour, my questions, answers, and business tact were such as made some people insist that if I was as young as I gave myself out to be, I must have made good use of my time. One old scholar in particular, whom I had occasion to visit daily, used jokingly to maintain that my head never failed to remind him of a venerable tutor of his who had been dead just half a century; and he repeated this so often that he at length actually believed it himself, and took to addressing me as his "venerable preceptor." The antique coxcomb used to make me very indignant. Perhaps there is no worse habit than to be constantly annoying children in this way. One and the other perpetually becalling me in the same strain gave at last a sort of consistency to this banter, and in time I framed their remarks into ideas, and formed crooked images of myself, which haunted me at all times, and made me sensitively reflective by night and by day, until I took a resolution of escaping from the city of gothic buildings and gothic prejudices, which almost refused me shelter and wholly denied me peace.

Twenty minutes were permitted me between school hours and other duties, in which to eat my dinner; and not having a home available, it was my custom to make a frugal meal in the streets. Sancho Panza, we are told, preferred to eat standing, and either from habit or necessity I learned to do the same. It was also my custom to gratify my eye at the same time that I appeased my hunger.

In a quiet thoroughfare in the heart of the city, lived an excellent French artist, whose window usually contained about a dozen pictures, consisting, for the most part, of views of the gothic edifices and fine pastoral country around. It appeared to me truly astonishing how pencil and paper could be made so wonderfully attractive. A rustic bridge or ruined archway would hold me captive for the full period prescribed for refreshment. Perhaps if the pictures had been of a more complicated description, they would not have enlisted my attention half as much. From the first, a sort of vague notion entered my head that I might possibly one day be able to do something in the same way myself. Intently I gazed on each sketch, and anxiously noted each peculiarity of the style. The rugged bark of a decayed tree, or the crumbling stones of a ruined castle, rivetted me with interest; and the more I looked, the more the one idea of becoming an artist myself became fixed in my mind. For a period of nearly two years I took my stand at that window, and devoured each new production with no less avidity than my daily morsel of meat. I believe that from the first I should have begun pencilling on my own account, only that, in addition to want of leisure, I could not by any possibility procure either paper or pencil. In the absence of practice, therefore, I progressed in theory.

The shop of the artist was secluded, and seldom troubled by any other visitor, and the interior was so enclosed that no furtive glance could penetrate into the room. Hence it never occurred to me that my frequent presence could be of the slightest annoyance to any one. The display of drawings, so far as I knew to the contrary, might have been got up for me alone, so seldom did the few wealthy passengers condescend to stop before it to disturb the possession of my chosen post. One day, however, at the usual moment when I had taken my stand, and commenced inspection, a curtain within was hastily torn aside, and, lo! for the first time, the artist appeared. There was angry scowl upon his face, and he darted a piercing look at his humble admirer, which made me tremble from head to foot. At the same time he placed in the window a most atrocious caricature of myself. Perhaps I had not looked in a glass ten times in my life, but the likeness before me was not to be mistaken. There stood the little green-coated charity boy, with an enormous piece of bread eating on both sides of his mouth simultaneously, and forming, on the whole, the most ridiculous counterpart that could possibly be obtruded on my conscious eyes. Now it happened that at school I had been making rapid strides. In arithmetic I had scores of superiors; in writing I was nothing remarkable; but my almost inspired replies to Dr. Whittonburg, who came once a week to examine us in theology, went far to compensate for any deficiency in the two aforesaid accomplishments. I rose rapidly, and on the very day when the caricature of me appeared in public I had been promoted to the high rank of usher. My alarm, therefore, at the sight of the comical effigy knew no bounds. Naturally bashful and sensitive to an unusual degree, still I kept my ground, and stared at the abominable libel for a few moments, never doubting but that henceforth I should become the butt of half the boys in the town. The blood rose to my face at the idea. I who had admired, almost idolised the genius of this man, to become in return his victim! It was too bad. Did he know that I had just been elevated to rank and power—made usher over eighty boys of my own age and dimensions? The artist stood like a fiend mocking me. So I thought. I was mistaken. He had miscalculated the character of his visitor. The uncouth garb and ravenous state in which he had usually beheld me had excited his prejudice. He little thought that a charity boy could have a soul—a spirit proud and lofty as his own. A few moments made him repent that he had taken so much trouble to annoy me. He had anticipated from me a vulgar approval of his, for the nonce, thoughtless act, and he had the mortification to see tears streaming down my cheeks. I sought my bed that night in a state bordering on distraction. The caricature never left me. All night long I fancied I heard the boys jeering me, and one family of seven boys in particular—ruder than ordinary, whom I had often encountered, stopped my way in the street, and would not let me pass. In vain I tried to sleep. My character was gone. The place would soon resound with my name, and I should lose caste at school. I might perhaps have some few days' grace before the thing would become known. Could I do anything to induce the artist to remove the object of my annoyance? I could think of no expedient. I arose, as usual, with the sun, went to school, and performed my accustomed rounds; but when the hour of dinner came, I need not say that I found a new retreat. Far within a sequestered churchyard, removed from every eye, I sat down upon a tombstone and thought the matter over afresh. I determined to visit my accustomed haunt at dusk; and having formed that resolution, I grew more serene, and dispatched my food. Haply it might not be there; and I made a vow that if the enemy had been so far obliging as to remove the copy from the window, he should never after be troubled by the original. In accordance with this resolve I went in the evening, and stood some twenty yards off. The lights were not yet in the window, and I could not decide whether or no the nightmare of my slumbers was among the sketches. I approached nearer, until within a few yards, when the servant bringing in the candles set all my fears at rest. It was not there. I turned to go, when a hand grasped me gently by the shoulder. It was the artist himself, but how unlike the look I had seen the day before! He was all smiles.

"My young friend," he began, "why have you not been to see my pictures to-day? I have been all over the town for you. I want to talk with you. I have wronged you. I will ask you to forgive me. Come into my house. You shall take tea with me." And thus he went on, taking away my very breath for wonder.

Was this my enemy, who had robbed me of my rest, and almost broken my heart but the day before? In a few seconds I found myself seated before a cheerful fire, and had the gratification of seeing the caricature burnt, and of enjoying one of the most comfortable meals of which I had ever partaken, not even excepting my dinners after the manner of Sancho Panza. Tea being partially over, my host began.

"You are an artist," said he. I seemed gratified by his assurance, wondering at the same time how he came by a piece of information for which there was not the slightest foundation in fact.

"You seem surprised," he proceeded. "You do not employ pencils perhaps, and you may not be familiar with the smell of paint, but you are nevertheless an artist."

I began to be of my host's opinion. If it was possible to be an artist without having made pictures, it struck me that there might be some truth in his observations; but still I looked puzzled, and felt so.

"You," proceeded my new-found friend, "have more of the real artist in your soul than the whole population of this ancient city put together, not excepting the Archdeacon himself."

Not excepting the Archdeacon himself! I exclaimed inwardly. Why the Archdeacon is considered the most remarkable man living. I was lost in bewilderment more than ever.

"You shall become my pupil. I have decided that point. When will you come?"

All this time my host had been the only speaker. I had answered with my eyes, and the conversation was no doubt partly sustained by their assistance. It now, however, became my turn to use another vehicle of expression. I assured my patron that of all things I should like most of all to become an artist—(he smiled); but that I was poor, struggling for bread, up early and late, and knew not what it was to have a penny in my pocket, and that therefore I could not become an artist.

"We shall see," said the kind-hearted limner. "Can you not find leisure to take a daily lesson? You can come to my studio between school hours, and of an evening. What say you? Will you come?"

I explained that my school commenced at seven o'clock in the morning; that the hours usually allotted to meals were in my case absorbed by the occupation of errand-boy; that I took my food chiefly in the streets; that the only real leisure I had possessed for years had been spent at his window, as he had seen me; that if I gave up my situation I should starve, and that there was no help for it.

"We shall see," said he; "tell me, what is your salary?"

"One shilling and sixpence per week, and some very small trifles beside, upon very rare occasions."

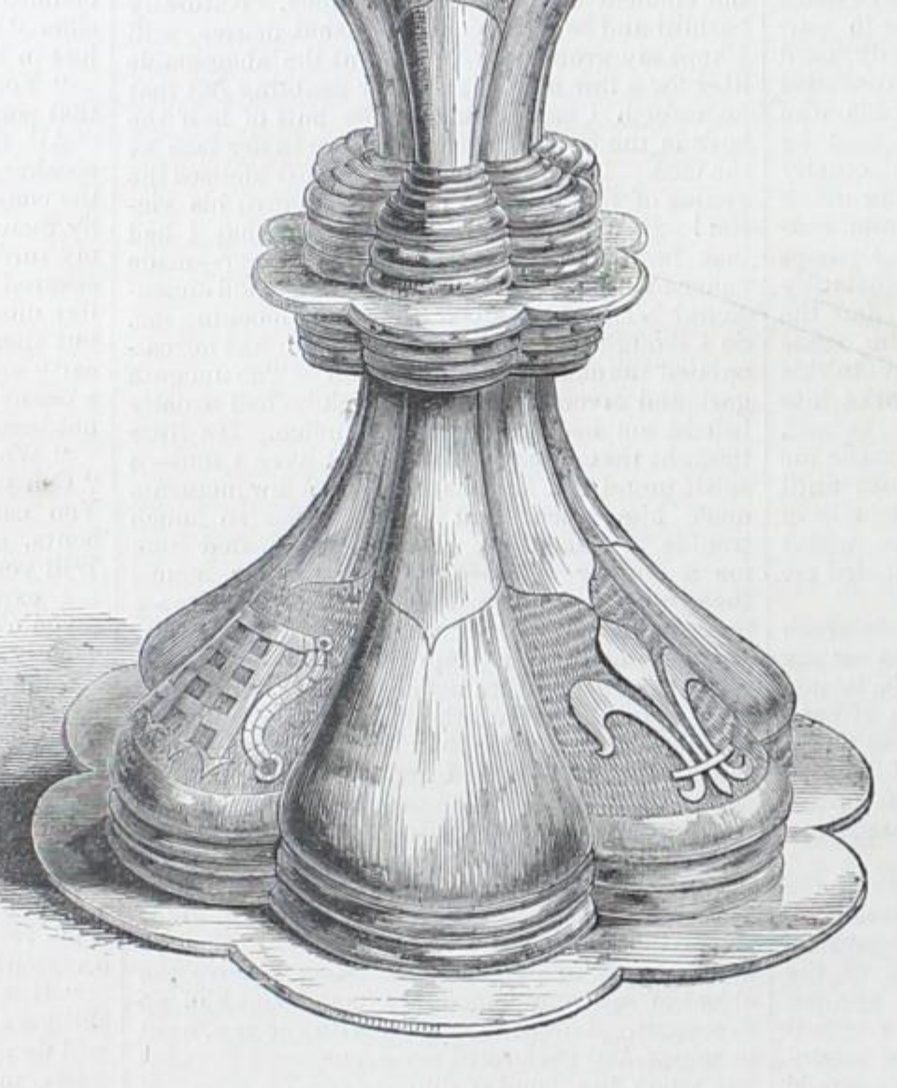
"It is settled," said he; "I will pay you two shillings per week. Become my pupil. You will do me honour, and may be you will one day repay me when I am old and poor. I am not rich now—far from it; but you shall share with me the little which I have."

(To be continued.)

THE LINE OF BEAUTY.

No Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than my Line of Beauty did for a time. Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people, till I explained it by publishing my Analysis. Then, indeed, and not till then, some found it out to be an old acquaintance of theirs, though the account they could give of its properties was very near as satisfactory as that which a day-labourer who constantly uses the lever could give of that machine as a mechanical power.—*Hogarth.*

THE SALER.



This vessel was formerly termed, in Latin inventories, *salarium*, or *salsarium*. In French, *saler*, or *salière;* hence, in modern phraseology, it is called salt cellar. In the metrical romance of "Richard Cœur-de-Lion," we are told

> "The king at meat sat on des*,
> With dukes and earls proud in press,
> The *saler* on the table stood."

Among the pieces of plate which adorned the tables of our ancestors, were the nef or ship, the spice plate, the standing cup or hanap, the almsdish, and the saler; the most important of these was the latter, as the rank and consequence of the visitors were usually marked by the position of their seats above or below it. It was generally placed in the centre of the table; above the salt the viands were of a more *recherché* character, and frequently the wine only circulated to this point, being also served in the precious metals; below, the trenchers and cups were of a coarser material. At an election feast given by the Drapers' Company, in 1522, a great distinction may be observed in the way the guests were entertained At the high board were set two salts with one cover, and two salts parcel gilt from the old store, and spice bread set before them; at the lower table they had "ayle and clared wyn in ashen cuppis;" but the high board was served in silver. They were of various forms; in the will of the Earl of March, 1382, he bequeaths "*un saler en manere d'un cheon*†," and "*un saler d'argent susorrez*‡ *en manere d'une lyoun*;"—frequently also in shape of a lofty tower. At Mercers' Hall is one of silver gilt, representing the White Tower; and another similar among the regalia in the Tower. In the plunder taken from Jack Cade (Kal. Exch. II. 219) temp. Henry the Sixth, 1450, is "j salt saler of silver and gilt castell-wyse, with iij small salt salers in iij corners and the fourth lakkith."

The salt cellar which we engrave is in Case G, contributed by Christ's College, Cambridge. It is like a cup, but has only a slight concavity at the top to receive the salt, and is something of the hour-glass form, with six raised volutes on which are engraved the Tudor rose, the *fleur de lys*, and the portcullis, compressed in the centre by a knob of raised mouldings. The cover has the same royal badges, and the foot is shaped in a hexagonal scroll. It is apparently a work of late in the 15th century, or beginning of the 16th.

In the same case are others of various design, surrounded by such an assemblage of plate as will probably never again be placed under one roof. We allude more especially to that previous to the 16th century, placed on the left of the Queen's Nautilus Cup, which forms the centre, principally belonging to the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, comprising mazer bowls, wassail horns and bowls, grace cups, &c. On the right are very fine examples of the 16th and 17th centuries, some of which we propose, in succeeding numbers, to lay before our readers. These salt salers were usually of silver gilt, but not unfrequently of gold set with precious stones. In the records handed down to us of the costly gold and silver plate in the treasury of King Henry the Eighth (Kal. Exch. II. 287), is described, "A *salte of golde* called the *mores-daunce*," the foot ornamented with great sapphires, rubies, and pearls; above, "v mores dauncers and one tabrert;" also garnished with rubies and pearls, "the lady holdyng the salt havyng opon her garments from her foot to her face, xxxiij pearls and x rubyes," the borders and knop being set with diamonds, rubies, and great pearls. This salt weighed 147 ounces. We may here also refer to the magnificent gold salt cellar made by Cellini for Francis the First, and which that celebrated artist minutely describes in his treatise on goldsmiths' work, the two principal figures of Neptune and Berecynthus being from 8 to 10 inches high, one of the few specimens extant which we can safely say was made by his hands, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute.

These costly articles were placed on the tables merely as a distinctive ornament, and not passed round to the guests; for this purpose smaller vessels were used, called trencher salts, from their standing near the trenchers or plates, and a number of these were provided for common use. Some of them may be seen at the east end of Case U.

C.

* The dais.
† *Un chien.*
‡ *Surdoré*, double gilt.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By H. Ottley.

No. VII.

THE ZENITH OF ART (CONTINUED).

III. RAPHAEL.

In Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo combined we find the essentials of grandeur of thought, and mastery of composition, both in design and colour;—in Raphael and Correggio, we have the graces of naturalness and expression, of dramatic action, and all the poetry of real life added to design; whilst by Correggio an additional charm was given to the *chiar-oscuro* of Da Vinci, and increased energy, variety, and beauty to the representations of human nature itself. Da Vinci and Michael Angelo are to painting what the Tuscan and Doric columns are to architecture; Raphael and Correggio are the graceful Ionic and rich exuberant Corinthian.

Raphael,—the gentle the "Divine Raphael,"—was born March 28, 1483, following Michael Angelo into the world after an interval of nine or ten years. Born at Urbino, Pietro Perugino was his first master. But although he followed him closely, reverentially, he soon surpassed him, as he was afterwards destined to surpass all other compeers. If there was ever an artist in whom propriety—the sense of propriety as to organisation, action, expression, was an instinct, it was



RAPHAEL.

Raphael. His creations seem to come from his hand as from a simple medium, without effort, without calculation, and to have remained without afterthought, correction, or modification, just as they fell upon the canvas. What best attests his marvellous versatility of invention and facile execution, is the great number of the works he produced in the course of a brief career, prematurely cut off as he was in his 38th year. In a quarter of a century of working life he produced, besides his large paintings in the Vatican, about two hundred and fifty pictures, and nearly six hundred drawings and studies. Although his favourite subject, and to which he flew with the ardour almost of a lover, in every available interval between other calls, was the Madonna and Child, of which he produced upwards of a hundred varieties, each more exquisite than the other; yet so universal was the scope of his mind, that it may be said that there was scarcely a class of human character or passion, scarcely a situation or incident in what may be termed the history or poetry of human life, which he has not portrayed, and his portraiture of which may not be accepted as types for the occasion. Take, for instance, his "Cartoons"—treasures of art happily through many vicissitudes preserved to this country, and copies of which in tapestry may be seen in the Exhibition; what a series of dramas do they present, in which the very action is, as it



"VIERGE A LA CHAISE."—RAPHAEL.

were, arrested and eternised at the bidding of the artist. Look at Ananias smitten by the hand of death, tumbling to the ground, and writhing—still writhing in the last expiring agony Then look at Elymas the Sorcerer struck with blindness; remark the hands helplessly extended, as if to feel the way, and the anxious, perplexed expression of the face. Every turn of the figure denotes not only a man afflicted with loss of vision, but one who has not been accustomed to his loss; one newly blind. Not to go through all the others, take the Healing of the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. Look at the cripple in the centre compartment, with his gnarled limbs and abject countenance; was ever a more touching representation of human deformity and affliction? yet from the attitude, the position of the right leg and arm, and of the left hand grasped and supported by the Apostle, we almost foresee the straightening out of his dislocated limbs which is about to be accomplished by miraculous agency. And then what a subtle and beautiful contrast is suggested between health and disease, between normal vigour and humanity debased by suffering, by the charming little episode in the left-hand compartment, of the woman walking forward into the Temple, with her little chubby son dancing along by her side! These are touches of a nature which approach the divine;—at their bidding flowers spring up from the naked soil, and refreshing showers fall upon the waste of thought, wearied and worn out by mere works of man. This last-described little group was adopted by Raphael from Bennazzo Gozzoli; but what of that? The flowers of the earth are numbered; it is in their selection, and the fascination of their grouping, that we recognise the hand of genius.

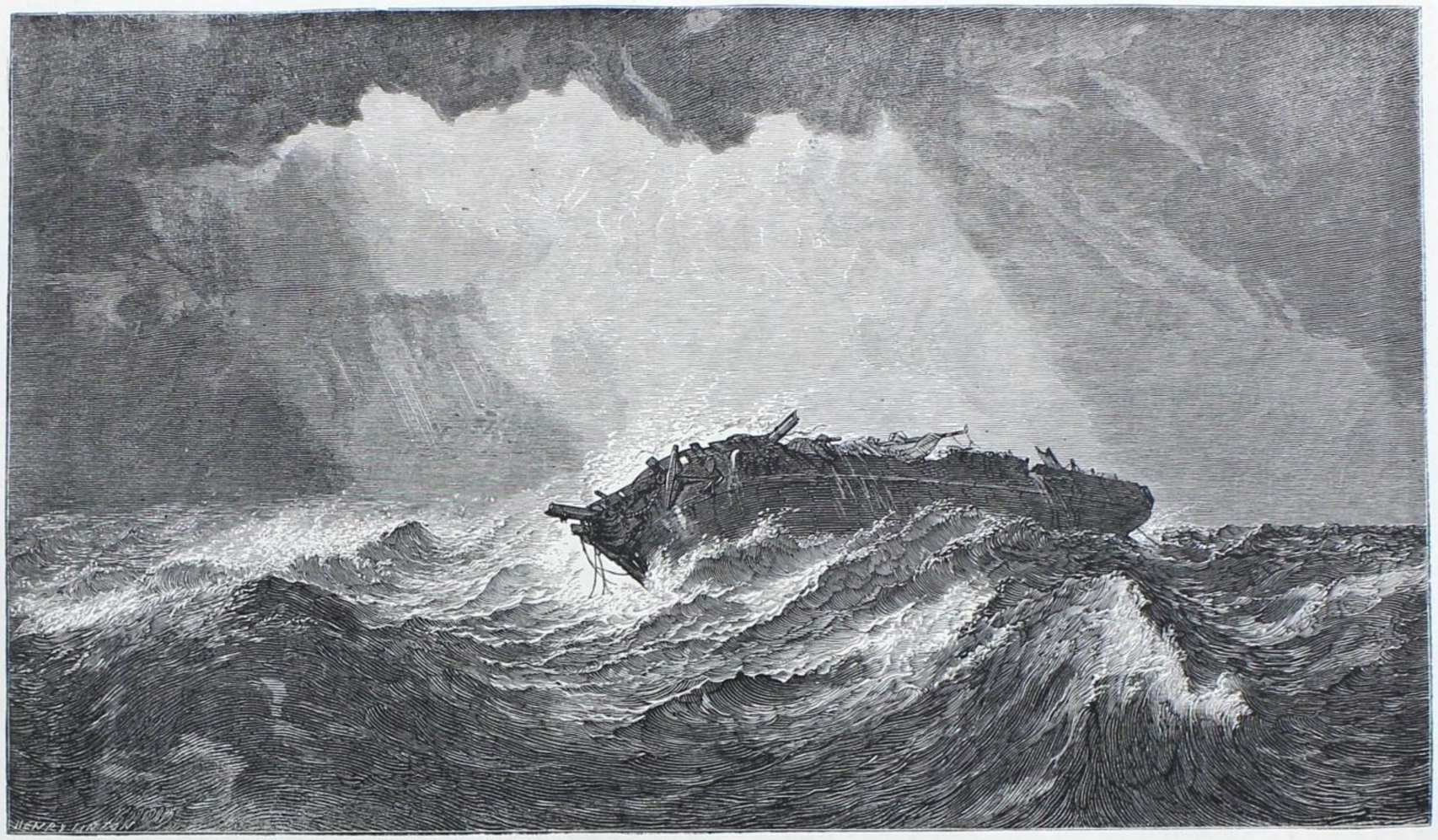
There is not a more striking exemplification of the effect of example acting upon a highly appreciative capacity than in the case of Raphael. During the first sixteen or seventeen years of his life, when he had not yet left the studio of Perugino, he painted so closely in his tame, dry manner, that the works of the pupil and of the master are hardly to be distinguished from one another. Afterwards, for a short period, he withdrew from the workshop of his master, whom he much loved, and by whom he was equally beloved, and began trying his youthful pinions in the regions of fancy, with only his own judgment for his guide; and most interesting are the works of this period. They include the celebrated "Coronation of the Virgin," painted for the convent of Eremitani; "The Marriage of the Virgin," a composition remarkable for its exquisite purity of sentiment, and the elegant propriety of all the figures; and a "Crucifixion," painted for the Dominican convent church at Città di Castello, and which is now to be seen (No. 123) on the walls of the Exhibition, being the property of Lord Ward. It is impossible to contemplate this work without feelings of extraordinary sympathy and interest. In every part of the study, in every line, we see the earnest devotion and painstaking industry of the single-hearted boy-painter, who in all humility loved and reverenced his subject, and with thoughts of ambition at this period probably far from his view, was satisfied if he came up to the requirements of those whom he had been accustomed to look upon as his superiors in art. In every line how we trace his docile adherence to the severe and almost ascetic prescription of his old master! Yet, through all these awkward swaddling clothes, how in the heads, in the holy grief of the Virgin, in the noble beauty of the St. John, in the sublime majesty of the Christ,—how, also, in the air of animation which appears to struggle for development in the figures,—how in all these points we discern the first movements of the giant mind which was so soon to change all, to create all, in art!

It was shortly after this period, namely, in 1504, that Raphael paid his first visit to Florence, where he saw the works of Masaccio, Fra Bartolomeo, and others of the Revival school. He immediately imbibed their inspiration, and going to nature as they did, began painting in a broader and freer style, with a richer and mellower tone of colour, which is known as his "second manner." Of this period are several of his finest Madonnas, including that known as "*La Belle Jardinière*," which is in the Louvre, at Paris; the Madonna del Passeggio, a copy of which is in the Exhibition, No. 155; and, indeed, the larger proportion of those here exhibited. Remark particularly the exquisite predella picture, "Christ on the Mount of Olives," No. 128; and two other predella pictures, Nos. 137 and 138, representing "The Agony in the Garden," and a "Pieta;" No. 139, "The Three Graces;" and the studies for the celebrated picture of "The Entombment." The last named, though not yet exhibiting the freedom which his hand subsequently acquired, is an admirable composition, indicating in the artist's mind, even thus early, that surprising accuracy of appreciation in all that concerns action or motive, which distinguishes the true artist, producing perfect fulfilment of intention, the fullest development of power, without anything in excess in the painter; and that precision, which in the dancer we call *aplomb*—such dancers as Taglioni, who was the impersonation of graceful action. We speak with all deference to M. Kugler when we say this, and dissent from his opinion, that "the composition wants repose and unity of effect," that "the movements are frequently exaggerated and mannered." The composition necessarily consists of two groups—that of the dead body of Christ borne to the sepulchre; and that of the Virgin, who has swooned away in grief at her bereavement. The two groups together constitute the unity of idea which the subject requires; without the weeping Virgin there would be none of the pathos which the situation naturally evolves; and in the treatment of this part of his subject Raphael has displayed that fine judgment which we have already remarked in him, as constituting the very essence of propriety. The weeping Virgin is not obtruded prominently forward as the principal object of the picture, as in Daniel de Volterra's "Descent from the Cross," and other vicious examples; the dead body of Christ, carried by two men, with St. Peter, St. John, and the Magdalen solicitously watching the proceeding, forms the principal group, occupying nearly the whole breadth of the picture. Quite on one side, and in the background, is the afflicted mother, who is just in the act of falling into the arms of two holy women;—there she is, "afar off"—mother no longer—the very space by which she is separated from the body of her Son indicates that her bereavement is complete and final,—like that in the widowed home, when the step of the last mourner passes from the threshold. Here then is unity of time and purpose; and unity, by sympathy, of action;—in the one group the strenuous exertion of stern and painful duty; in the other passive submission, of nature succumbing to a fatal and overwhelming affliction. In the composition of the whole this unity is further preserved by the regards which one of the women who support Mary cannot help casting at the solemn funereal procession,—whilst the other is wholly absorbed with sympathy for the suffering mother. Finally, as to "exaggeration" and "mannerism" in the action of the men bearing the dead body of Christ—could any two men carry a dead body with less redundant display of energy? Is there anything in excess, anything misdirected in their action? We submit not; whilst the *pose* of the dead body is acknowledged even by M. Kugler to be "extremely beautiful," to which we think might be added, as nearly perfect as any representation of such a subject could be supposed to be.

It was not until after Raphael had taken up his residence at Rome, where he was summoned to execute his great works in the Vatican, that he imbibed that taste for the antique which materially altered the prevailing character of his pencil. It was now that he gave fuller and loftier range to his fancy, became more and more daring in invention; at times emulating, in the action of his figures, the mighty creations of Michael Angelo himself. This is distinguished as his "third manner," and is admirably illustrated in his celebrated "Cartoons," already spoken of; in the greater part of his paintings in the Vatican, the best known of which in England are the celebrated "School of Athens," and the "Heliodorus;" and in that pathetic picture of "Christ bearing the Cross," called "*Del Spasimo;*"—and no one can tell what the unbridled freedom given to his hand might have led him to in time, had he not been suddenly and prematurely cut off in the midst of his daring career, when occupied in finishing his last great work of the "Transfiguration"—a picture which, by its boldness and originality of conception, and the admixture of strange, and truth to say somewhat incongruous elements, has challenged more diversity of opinion than perhaps any other effort of modern art. If it may be insisted that the unity of time is preserved in it, that of place is certainly disregarded, in the representation of the miracle of the Transfiguration going on in the upper part of the same canvas, whilst the abortive attempt of the Apostles to cure the possessed boy are going forward in the lower compartment. If the spectator is supposed to be present, looking on at the one event, he cannot possibly be present at the other also. Yet let us hesitate to condemn the works of genius simply because they do not exactly conform to our notions of propriety, recollecting some very proper remarks by Richardson—who, though but an indifferent portrait painter, and not a very elegant writer, was a sound and judicious critic—and which we will quote by way of finish to the present article;—"By the by," says this honest writer, "it seems to be a strange rashness and self-sufficiency in a spectator or a reader, when he thinks he sees an absurdity in a great author, to take it immediately for granted it is such. Surely it is a most reasonable and just prejudice in favour of a man we have always known to act with wisdom and propriety on every occasion, to suspend at least our criticism, and cast off illiberal triumph over him, and to suppose it at least possible that he might have had reasons that we are not aware of."

THE PORTRAITS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There is no evidence that Elizabeth had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome, and yet, to do the profession justice, they seem to have flattered her the least of all her dependants: there is not a single portrait of her that one can call beautiful.—*Walpole.*



"THE ABANDONED."—STANFIELD.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

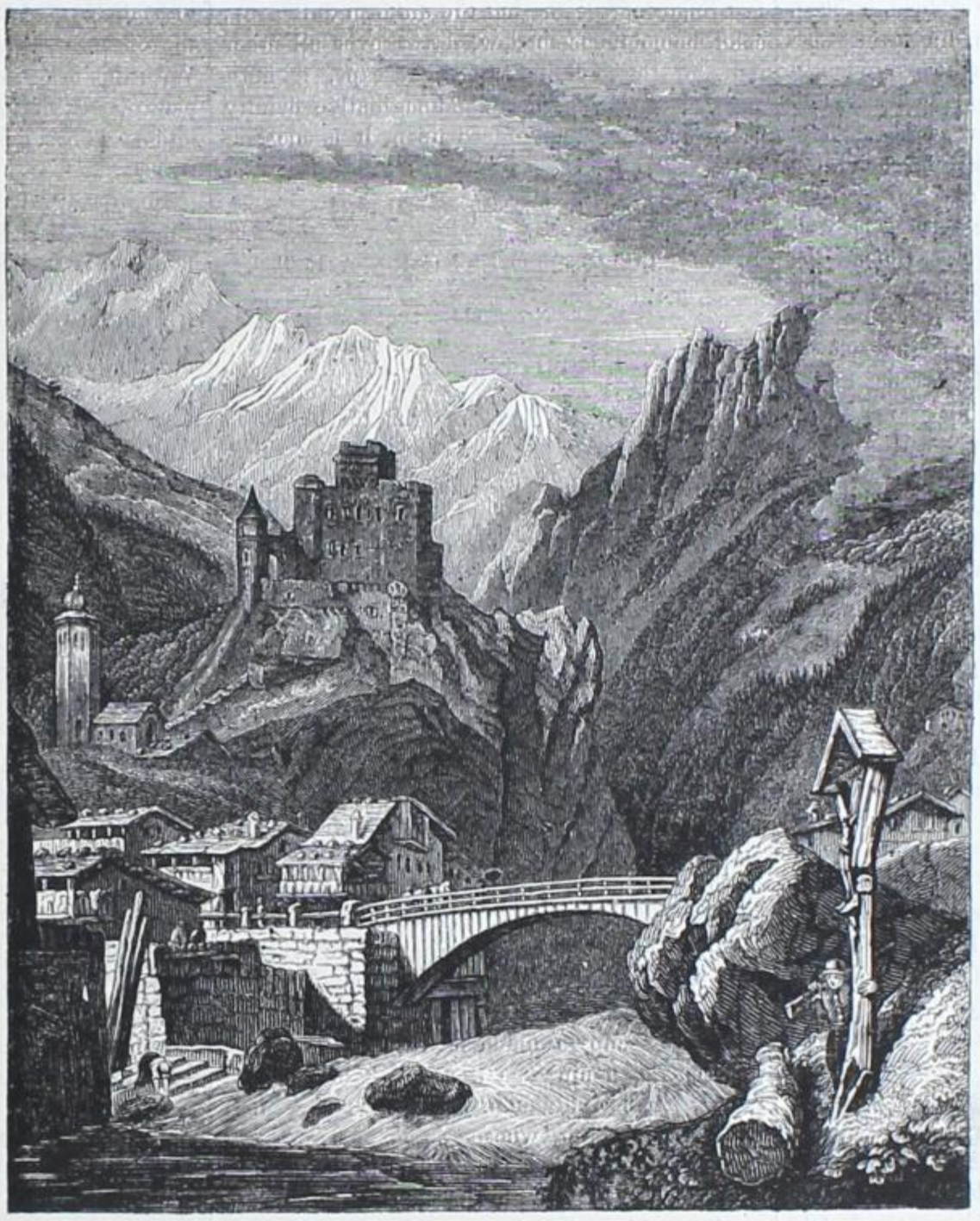
No. V.

CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.

Stanfield's early life was passed at sea, and his first known pictorial effort was made in painting the scenery for an amateur theatrical performance on shipboard. There is, we believe, no element so all-pervading as the true artistic; let it once become developed in the human mind, and adieu to all pleasures save those of contemplating nature, or standing before a canvas, brush in hand. It is therefore little wonder that we hear of our artist's early relinquishment of a seafaring life, and find him perambulating the streets of London as an art-adventurer, in search of luck and fortune. His first employment was as assistant scene-painter at the Coburg Theatre; and it was not long before his awakening talent placed him at the head of the scene-room. His effective and tasteful productions soon began to be spoken of in artistic circles, and the Londoners were attracted in crowds over the water to behold "the beautiful scenery at the Coburg." His services were next transferred to Drury Lane Theatre, and he remained there many years during the lesseeships of Captain Polhill and Alexander Lee. He had now gained extraordinary expertness and facility, and as a proof of his dexterity of manipulation, it is stated, that having met with an accident in his right arm, he painted the whole of the scenery for a new piece with his left hand. For the annual Christmas pantomime he usually produced a moving diorama on an extensive scale. Many will yet remember the one of 1830, "The passes of the Simplon," as an exquisite production of this class. The painter had scattered beauties round him with a prodigal hand; and, aided as they were by music selected by Tom Cooke from the operas of "Masaniello," "William Tell," &c., it was indeed a treat to dwell upon, and remember as one of the bright spots of past existence.

Mr. Stanfield was an early member of the Society of British artists; but his increasing fame led him to exhibit for the first time at the Royal Academy in 1829. His picture, a modest one, was placed in a tolerable position in the anteroom. In 1830, he followed it up with a fine picture of "Mount St. Michael, Cornwall," of which, as it is included in the Art-Treasures, we shall have to speak presently; and in the following year by a large work depicting the "Opening of London Bridge," a commission from King William the Fourth. Stanfield was now the first scene-painter in the kingdom, and an artist of generally acknowledged ability; moreover, he had achieved royal patronage. It was time, therefore, that the doors of the Royal Academy turned on their reluctant hinges, and admitted him to its coveted honour and glory; and in 1833 he was gratified with the title of associate, and shortly afterwards was admitted to the full academic rank. From then to the present time he has been one of the most industrious and regular contributors to the Exhibition; and his pictures have generally formed points of considerable attraction.

Stanfield is largely and variously represented at Old Trafford. Here is an early picture, 387, "The Wreck." It is small, but telling and vigorous. In the dead of night a good ship has succumbed to the elements; and the grey light of morning shows us a rocky, repulsive coast, with the dead body of a sailor just washed ashore, and the sea-birds wheeling round it in hungry expectancy. 377, "Mount St. Michael." This fine old ruin-crowned rock rises out of a troubled sea. There has been a wreck overnight, and some boatmen have put out from the little poverty-stricken fishing village at the base of the rock, to secure fragments of the masts and spars of the ill-fated vessel. It is a glorious work. In it Stanfield seems quite in his native element. He smells the salt water, feels the fresh strong breeze, and hears the seagull's portentous shriek. His brush moves with manly vigour. How he crests those waves with rippling foam, and sends them boiling and fretting and fuming over and over each other! How he rolls about those billowy clouds, opening from out the dun, stormy sky, and admitting a fitful gleam of light to pour on the stirring scene! We may note the absence of hard lines in this picture, and its superiority in point of colour over the artist's recent productions. 504, "The Abandoned," painted just twenty-six years subsequent to the preceding, is a picture of suggestive and poetic character. One shudders to see that wretched-looking, mastless vessel, drifting heedlessly along on the storm-tossed waves, and



"LANDECK."—STANFIELD.

the black curtain of cloud overhead, from behind which the watery sun throws a lurid light on the hopeless scene. To the inventive mind this picture will give ample scope for exercise; its possessor may imagine the terror of the crew, the throwing overboard of the cargo, the cutting away of the masts, the taking to the boats, and all those thrilling incidents so admirably wrought out by mystical, wonderful Mr. Wilkie Collins, in his "Wreck of the Golden Mary."

The remainder of Stanfield's pictures at Old Trafford refer more to land than sea. They are by no means of equal merit with the pictures we have just analysed, and in our humble opinion it is much to be regretted that he has not entirely devoted his talents to marine subjects. On the water he is free and unfettered; his pencil moves with ease, and he grasps his subject like a man fully possessed with the nature of his mission. On land he seems "cabined, cribbed, confined;" his outlines harden, his surface becomes falsely clean, and his greys too frequently heavy and leaden; his invention, dexterity, and general good scenic effect he never loses. These latter qualities appear in all their force in 483, "The Battle of Roveredo;" and 343, "The Passage of the Magra." The former is well and boldly painted, and the figures, though too tame in action, are vigorously done; but the landscape portion oppresses the eye from its indurateness of outline and lack of atmospheric effect. "The Passage of the Magra" has better general effect; there is something grand in the effect of the mountains and the clearing off of the watery clouds. The figures, too, are admirably disposed; but we must object to the leaden hues of the shadows. 353, "Dartmouth," is commonplace in every respect, and quite unworthy of the artist's name. 499, "Dort on the Maas." All one sees of Dort is a distant church, with a building or two, the subject proper of the picture being the broad, open Maas, studded with fishing craft and trading vessels, and its banks dotted with picturesque windmills. There can be no doubt of the excellence of manipulation displayed here. Everything is finished to the utmost of the painter's skill. Still the picture is unsatisfactory; there is too much superfine polish about it; everything is glossy and apparent. There is no mystery—nothing left for after discovery. In short, it is plain fact, without the slightest embellishment of fancy.

DAVID ROBERTS R.A.

This artist's career is a singular counterpart to that of Stanfield. He migrated early in life from Edinburgh to London, commenced metropolitan existence as a scene-painter, attained to great excellence in that calling, was a highly esteemed member of the Society of British Artists, and finally became a Royal Academician very soon after his eminent brother scene-painter had attained to that honour. His favourite subjects are exteriors and interiors of foreign cathedrals, where rich ornamentation abounds, and the gorgeous details and accompaniments of Catholic rites present rich and picturesque groupings. His interiors are most to our taste. 588, "Seville Cathedral," is more glowing and brilliant in colour than are his present works. It abounds in deep crimson, and rich juicy browns, and may well be characterised by that ultimate term—gorgeous. Here we have altar and shrine richly pierced and canopied—priest, vicar, shaven monk, and acolyte, jewelled crosses, banners, censers, and candlesticks mingled in picturesque array. The figures are beautifully arranged, but the artist has not quite forgotten the slovenly drawing of the scene-room; witness the legs of the gentleman in the foreground; some of the heads, too, are very curiously put on.

187, "St. Stephen's, Vienna," is a work of much later date. It is less glowing in colour than the preceding, but possibly more truthful. The drawing of the varied architectural details is identical, without being over-elaborated; and everyone must be struck with the admirable idea of space presented. 535, "The Giralda, Seville," is a rich piece of colouring in the early style of the artist. We now come to Mr. Roberts's large picture—434, "Rome"—a subject which appears to us quite unsuited to his powers, as it is, indeed, unsuitable for anything but a Leicester Square panorama, where deception, more than genuine pictorial effect, is aimed at. There is certainly something impressive in the red glow from the setting sun, touching the cupolas and campaniles of the Eternal City with its last lingering gleam; but the uniform dull grey, solid, monotonous shadow, drawn over all other parts of the buildings and landscape, is most wearisome. Just where the imaginative faculty seeks for somewhat to feed upon, it is most at fault.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. VIII.

By J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A.

In our last paper we endeavoured to define the meaning of two terms often used when speaking of works of art, and nearly as frequently improperly applied, or employed as though they meant the same thing. Thus a man is frequently spoken of as a man of genius, and as frequently designated by the same individual as a man of talent, with an evident feeling that the two words express the same power or quality of mind. We do not know with what success we have placed these terms before our readers, as indicating very different evidences of power; or with what relative clearness we have shown that most men have a talent some way which makes them useful or respectable, whereas genius is rare—God-sent—and shown to the generations of mankind only at very long intervals, and as a peculiar blessing and privilege; but we trust to have been sufficiently well understood.

There is yet another order of mind which may be said to occupy a middle situation, between the intuitions of genius and the facility of acquired power. This individuality is well represented by J. D. Harding, whose genius is undoubted, but whose fine skilful hand indicates the danger of permitting skill to degenerate into a mannered workmanship. We have on former occasions defined manner to be offensive when it implies one artist adopting the modes of another—inoffensive when it indicates individuality of character. Indeed it is almost impossible to be other than charming when it is a mode that merely indicates a true artist's own way of rendering the truths of nature. There is a necessity, however, to guard against another aspect of manner, and this is peculiarly needed when considering the works of Harding. This artist has a very obvious style—a style that has infused itself into half of the small artists of the kingdom; but it may be objected, that this manner has long since ceased to be Harding's deduction from a long and patient examination of the facts and phenomena of nature, and has rather become Harding's way of seeing Harding, for it can always be most accurately predicated how the lines of composition will run, and how the tints will combine or be opposed, whenever we are called upon to examine any of his works. Thus, with the artist who is a devoted student of nature we always expect to be able to recognise the man, but we never fail in our search after new truths or new presentments of old ones,—there is always a look of perpetual observation, as with William Hunt; whereas with Harding, who is, nevertheless, full of charm and beauty, we never come nearer unsophisticated nature than the dexterity and skill of the artist will permit us; and the latter show more emphatically than we like when the charms of the landscape world are what we seek, and not a parade of human skilfulness. Harding has permitted his natural genius to become clouded by his tricks of touch, and by the clever blandishments of his handling; and although it is undeniable that he has claims to the best of heaven's gifts, yet these are rather to be discovered by patient search on the part of the observer, than by resistless self-assertion. With this brief introduction, we may refer to his pictures, exhibited at the Art-Treasures Exhibition. These, ten in number, run from 572 to 581.

No. 572, "River in Scotland," is full of Harding's peculiarities, and may be considered a somewhat favourable specimen of the painter. It is a bright morning in autumn, and we have all the characteristics or local circumstances befitting. It is only, however, isolated and very small portions of the work that enable us to detect the highest qualities of close observation of nature, or a successful seizure of evanescent beauty. One of these is, however, introduced with peculiar felicity and delicacy. We allude to the relief—the luminous relief—of the most distant mountain, as it stands against the tender grey of the far-off cloud. Another point may be alluded to, not for its success, but rather for its comparative failure, because of its excellent motive. This is the air shadow thrown by the trees on the left, running through the centre of the drawing. This shadow, if successful, would have given firmness to the composition, and space likewise; but it fails, by having no influence upon the air between the spectator and the water below.

573, "Sunrise on the Bernese Alps." This scene, which includes a distant view of Berne, we very well recollect observing, though under an effect altogether different to the one adopted by Harding. It was a summer's evening—the sky perfectly cloudless, the air quite still—and we were taking in a flood of natural beauty with a truly joyous spirit, when, reaching the extremity of a gentle ascent, we beheld almost the same scene as Harding's drawing, but with the calm *green* sky above, and the "Bernese Oberland" all bathed in a roseate light;—not a sound; apparently not a single vibration of the air. Harding's treatment of the subject is unequal; the lower portion of the work is decidedly the best, and it would be difficult to imagine anything finer than the wreathing of the vapour as it lies in the hollows of the hills through which the Aar is winding its tortuous course. The least satisfactory part is the sky, which has a rent and troubled look not in harmony with the placidity of the other portions of the drawing. 577 is in some respects the best production by this artist in the gallery. Note the exquisite quality of light running over the whole of the hill as well as the buildings to the left, and the anticipation of this light again by the luminous haze through which the towers rise. Note this carefully, and observe how completely this bright upper air is not only behind these towers

but in front of them also—compassing them about. We are sure from all this that the space is light, and that the luminosity is not local but pervading. Then, again, do not overlook a repetition of the same feeling when the light steals up the slopes of shore further off in the distance. In this drawing we see Harding's love of the picturesque strongly intimated;—all the lines, and all the complicated spots of colour on the boats and figures, show the painter's attachment to irregular and picturesque arrangements. That portion of the drawing which gives us the least satisfaction is the water. We do not object decidedly to the colour, though this does look deep in its blueness, having seen the Lake of Geneva and observed the profundity of its turquoise colour; therefore we allow it to pass without observation, believing any colour possible, but we miss the translucency. All water that we ever saw, excepting accident for the moment rendered its surface impure, had this as an inseparable condition. 578, 579, 580, and 581, are all very important works; and we propose, in a rapid way, to indicate the especial points demanding admiration or challenging criticism. In 578, a "Harvest," we have the artist in his picturesque element; and the incident which gives a name to the picture is rather a peg upon which to hang an agroupment of lines and forms, all showing Harding's love of variety. The figures are not like the besom-makers of Cox, already alluded to in a former article; they do not appear there as so much real life—beings with a rough and active world's work to do. These are rather players at rusticity. As a strong instance of this, examine the man leaning against the white horse, and again the incident of the figures and cart behind. 579 is a charming treatment of a very ordinary subject, though the "art" is sometimes too obvious, as in the way the lines of the viaduct are made to arrest the attention of the spectator. The bit of cool distant sky and broken bank is by far the most skilful and most imaginative portion of the work. 580 exhibits the artist in a range of subject where he is almost matchless, viz., falling water. A waterfall is, of all things in landscape, the most difficult of successful accomplishment. It is of all objects the least tractable as a model; it is all motion and confusion. It is rather to be painted from an intellectual and scientific knowledge of what it is and does, than by careful imitation. Then, again, we are deafened by its thunders and blinded by its driving spray, and are awed by the resistless impetuosity of its everlasting motion. Our impressions, therefore, are educated into utter disbelief of all pictorial representation. We desire the thunder, and all is still; we anticipate our streaming hair covered with the tumultuous vapours, and, lo! our cheek is not moistened; we would stand in awe at the fearful plunge or the wild leap of the furious water, and, behold! it is motionless. Yet, with all these drawbacks, we find in Harding's waterfalls, and especially in the one before us, qualities which *suggest* all the elements of the real scene—all the truths, so far as art may present them, are given with a relish and force which we look for in vain in any other direction, except on the canvas of Turner. The distance in this work is charming, perhaps the best expression of delicate sunshine ever produced by the painter. The crowning drawing by Harding, however, is 581, though this is sadly injured by a characterless sky. "The Falls of the Tummel" is the finest possible evidence of water drawing. We see it in its gliding motion—then in the tremulous eddies—then its glassiness before it springs into the gulf below, like a "thing of life." This drawing should be seen, and ever afterwards remembered, for we owe something to an artist who can bring to us the mountain torrent in its living reality. There is one exquisite passage in this drawing, viz., the fragment of rainbow in the spray of the fall,—for its pureness and delicacy of colour, and for a high quality of impalpability which the artist has contrived to give to it. In the same drawing observe also the struggle of local colour and light upon the distant rocky hill.

From Harding's works we go to one by S. Hart, not worthy of even his limited power; and thence we pass on to the drawings of W. Evans, of Eton. 584, "Felling Timber," is an early work, and only valuable as suggesting a remnant of an older school of water-colour art. 585, "View on Lake Ogwen," is a far more important work, and, in certain particulars, is especially deserving of observation. What can be finer in conception, or generally more happy in manner, than the luminous base of the distant hill, with its slopes gradually creeping up into the storm-clouds above? No. 586 is less happy, though we have a most successful rendering of the driving rain as it traverses the heathery valley. The sheen of the swollen torrents, as they plunge down the distant mountains, is admirably true. The upper clouds are unskilful—they look brushy, and are too laminated for their situation so near the zenith. In 587 Evans is more cheerful;—he has left the ever-showery mountains of Scotland, and got to his delightful Eton, with its sunny meadows, its solemn groups of trees, and its placid stream. He here associates with the calmer character of scene such treatment as befits it, and throws a glow of genial and cheering sunshine over the whole. The same may be said of 588, though in this work the painter is not nearly so successful as in the former picture.

A HINT TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

It only wastes the time and dulls the feelings of young persons, to drag them through picture galleries; at least, unless they themselves wish to look at particular pictures. Generally, young people only care to enter a picture gallery when there is a chance of getting leave to run a race to the other end of it; and they had better do that in the garden below. If, however, they have any real enjoyment of pictures, and want to look at this one or that, the principal point is never to disturb them in looking at what interests them, and never to make them look at what does not. Nothing is of the least to young people (nor, by the way, of much use to old ones), but what interests them; and therefore, though it is of great importance to put nothing but good art into their possession, yet when they are passing through great houses or galleries, they should be allowed to look precisely at what pleases them: if it is not useful to them as art, it will be in some other way; and the healthiest way in which art can interest them is when they look at it, not as art, but because it represents something they like in nature. If a boy has had his heart filled by the life of some great man, and goes up thirstily to a Vandyck portrait of him, to see what he was like, that is the wholesomest way in which he can begin the study of portraiture; if he love mountains, and dwell on a Turner drawing because he sees in it a likeness to a Yorkshire scar or an Alpine pass, that is the wholesomest way in which he can begin the study of landscape; and if a girl's mind is filled with dreams of angels and saints, and she pauses before an Angelico because she thinks it must surely be indeed like heaven, that is the wholesomest way for her to begin the study of religious art.—*Ruskin's Elements of Drawing.*

NORTHCOTE'S YOUTHFUL DAYS.

It is supposed that he obtained the little instruction which he ever received from the minister of a dissenting meeting-house, a Unitarian, it is believed, of whose flock his father and mother were members. He has not said much about his parentage or his education, though he loved to talk about himself. "I never," he observed to Hazlitt, "could learn my lesson at school. My copy was hardly legible; but if there was a prize to be obtained, or my father was to see it, then I could write a very fine hand with all the usual flourishes. What I knew of history and heraldry has been gathered up when I had to inquire into the subject for a picture; if it had been set to me as a task, I should have forgotten it immediately." His scholarship was small: he not only knew no language but his own, but he even knew that imperfectly; and false spelling, in spite of extensive reading, adhered to him till the last. "Jack the Giant Killer is the first book," said he, "I ever read, and I cannot describe the pleasure it gives me even now. I cannot look into it without my eyes filling with tears. It is to me, from early impressions, the most heroic of performances. I remember once not having money to buy it, and I transcribed it all out with my own hand. Had I been bred a scholar, Homer, I dare say, would have been my Jack the Giant Killer." Money could not have been plentiful with Northcote in his boyish days, for the price of "The right valiant Cornish man" was only a penny.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

THE STEREOSCOPE IN OUR SCHOOLS OF ART.

There is one class of schools—schools of design—recently established in this country, which have already exerted a sensible influence on our arts and manufactures, and which are destined to exert a yet greater in refining the national taste by surrounding us with beautiful forms, not only in works of art, but even in the most ordinary domestic implements, in which it is evident the stereoscope is of the greatest value, and must lead to a new and improved method of tuition. In such schools of design the taste of the student is cultivated, and a correct feeling for art is endeavoured to be instilled, by his copying the works of the great masters of design in ancient and in modern times. Having conquered the elementary difficulties, and having acquired a correct taste, the student is required to express by various forms and combinations those ideas of simplicity or beauty which his mind can conceive. To secure the objects which such excellent institutions are designed to gain, it is necessary that the student be furnished with models of the highest excellence, but these to a limited extent only can be placed at his disposal. He cannot visit Greece or Italy, he cannot enter the halls and galleries of our nobles, or visit the various museums in which many valuable specimens are to be found. He must be content with drawings and modellings, many of them of great excellence, but necessarily inferior to the originals. The stereoscope is eminently qualified to supply what is wanted in such institutions. By it, and at a comparatively trivial expense, the finest works of art from all parts of the world can be accumulated in each of these institutions, not indeed in their actuality, but in a manner of far greater practical utility than if the richest treasures of art were assembled in one school. The student can study with perfect leisure and convenience the realities, standing out before him in all their perfection and beauty. The temple, the statue, the landscape, can be studied, not from the drawings of masters of the greatest eminence, but from the infinitely perfect drawings of nature herself; made, when combined by the stereoscope, to stand out in the most perfect relief and perspective in every part. It is easy to see how a single portfolio could, at a small expense, be filled with stereoscopic slides, which would be of equal, or rather of greater, value to the student of such institutions, than a collection of works of art which it would require millions to purchase, and the largest building in existence to contain.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. VI.

Poor Haydon! This is our unavoidable expression, whether we contemplate his pictures, his character, his life, or his melancholy death. *Poor Haydon!* we feel in the deepest, saddest meaning of the words; and the pity seems more and more to ally itself to contempt the longer we study the subject. *Poor Haydon!* He has left us a psychological study, full of instruction, of warning, and of suggestion. Like Jeremy Bentham, he has bequeathed us an anatomical subject, and he has laid it bare with his own scalpel for those who have eyes to see. We should not feel justified in using such strong language from merely an outside view of the man and his works; but Haydon has written his autobiography; and with this mirror of his inner life—more or less distorted by his self-consciousness, it is true—we are placed in a position to see him as he saw himself, while his works and his conduct amongst men illustrate his history, and explain to us why it was that his life was a failure, his character a chaos of inconsistencies, his pictures monuments of bold assumption, mighty energy, and weak self-glorification, and his death as saddening as it was fearful. With all his lofty aims, he never understood in what it is that the highest life consists. It is true he possessed unbounded ambition and noble aspirations; it is no less true that he worshipped Art with an energy of devotion rare even amongst artists; but, with all this intensity, his aspirations and his aims were for himself quite as much as for High Art—an expression that was convertible in his mind into "Haydon Art." He was a stranger to what Ruskin so truly characterises in the artist—as it is in the man—as "the greatest of all feelings—an utter forgetfulness of self."



HAYDON.

Haydon's Autobiography is, as we have said, the melancholy anatomy of a mind rendered morbid by its intense conceit of itself, and resolved, with almost Titanic energy, to carry out its own determinations in defiance of reason and judgment, regardless of right and duty, and with a deficiency of execution and conception which ensured failure, disappointment, and despair. Thus his whole life became a series of storm and stress, straining and struggling for High Art and her self-elected High Priest, B. R. Haydon. And yet Haydon's theories were not without value, nor his fictions unmixed with truth; on the contrary, there was a grandeur in his conceptions of which his best works were but faltering realisations, for his theory always outran his practice. Painter though he was, some of his most important services to art in England are, perhaps, comprised in his doctrine, that Art is a national concern; and in his discovery and elucidation of the value of the Elgin Marbles as models of muscular development and artistic truth.

The want of delicate perceptions which so often betrayed Haydon into outrages on good taste in his works, was still more mournfully exhibited in his conduct in life. His moral nature was laid waste by the pretence, the deception, the dishonesty which he practised, and his warm affections and mighty energy were as nought without the basis of truth. Instead of the verdict of "insanity" pronounced upon Haydon, and employed by the kindly critic as an explanation of his whole life, we are obliged sorrowfully to substitute that of a "seared conscience, and an ill-regulated mind," as the secret of his life and death.

Benjamin Robert Haydon was born at Plymouth in 1786. His father was the principal bookseller in the town; and both parents were well descended, and connected with old Devonshire families. At the grammar school of his native town, and afterwards at that of Plympton St. Mary, he obtained the usual amount of Greek and Latin; but neither the discipline nor culture he received were of a high order. At home he was subject to no regular training, and to no will but his own. At about fifteen years of age, Haydon was bound apprentice to his father, and made a few ineffectual attempts to fulfil his part of the bond; but a passion for drawing so completely possessed him that he conceived an absolute hatred for business, and, after insulting the customers, left the shop in disgust, never to enter it again. It does not appear that Haydon possessed sufficient genius for Art to justify him in pursuing it as a profession. But the whole torrent of his youthful aspiration and ambition poured itself out in this direction, and, without waiting to reason about it, he dashed on to the attainment of his wishes. As an example of this, we may mention that a severe inflammation of his eyes, which permanently impaired his sight, never occurred to him as an obstacle to his becoming a painter. His father at length gave an unwilling consent to Haydon's plans, and, after a sorrowful parting from his mother, he started for London, and commenced his career at the age of eighteen. He worked with undoubted diligence and ardent enthusiasm, drawing and anatomy filling up all his time. He soon became acquainted with Northcote and Fuseli, and still more intimately, as being about his own age, with Jackson and Wilkie, through whom he obtained introductions to Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont. In 1807 Haydon produced his first picture, "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt," which "was considered a wonderful work for a student," he informs us. This was, perhaps, the happiest period of Haydon's life. He pursued his studies with ardour, and his introduction into high life was a new delight. He fondly records Lady Beaumont's admiration of him, expressed to Wilkie,—"He has an antique head."

Haydon's next work was the celebrated "Dentatus," for Lord Mulgrave. During the painting of this picture, he was called on to bear the first great grief of his life—the death of his mother, which he describes very feelingly. While working at the "Dentatus," he began his studies of the Elgin Marbles, from which, he says, "I drew ten, fourteen, fifteen hours at a time;" adding, "Oh, those were days of luxury and rapture, and uncontaminated purity of mind!"

Haydon's next work was the "Macbeth" (241), in the Gallery of Modern Masters, at the Art Treasures Exhibition. It was painted for Sir George Beaumont, and the history of the artists' difficulties, disputes, doubts, and struggles with his patron, and with himself, while engaged upon it, occupies nearly forty pages of his journal.

About this time Haydon became acquainted with Leigh Hunt. Indignant at his treatment by the Royal Academy, Haydon took up his pen and made a furious onslaught upon it, in the *Examiner*. He saw his error when it was too late. "I was unmanageable," he says. "The idea of being a Luther or John Knox in Art got the better of my reason." Wilkie's shrewd advice was lost on him. "Hunt," said Wilkie, "gets his living by such things; you will lose all chance of it. It is all very fine to be a reformer; but be one with your pencil, and not with your pen."

Thus, at twenty-six years of age, Haydon commenced that series of disputes with the Academy

which embittered his whole life. It was an error in judgment; but a still deeper fault was the self-glorification which he sought, and which necessarily qualifies our admiration of his dauntless spirit.

Alone against the Academy, Haydon turned to his "glorious Art" for consolation, and commenced the "Judgment of Solomon" (280). At this he worked vehemently, and with "the hand of the diligent." This picture was begun without means, and when the artist was deeply in debt. Friends assisted him, and even his landlord, and the chop-house keeper where he dined, promised him two years' further advances. Indeed, throughout his life, Haydon was most generously sustained by friends and patrons, but learned, alas! to accept such aid with a "fatal facility." He became one of a brilliant set of wits, including the Hunts, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Barnes (of the *Times*), in addition to his artist-friends; and the anecdotes and traits of character he records of these cotemporaries form some of the most interesting passages in his journal. In the Exhibition of 1814, the "Solomon" proved a complete success, was sold for £630, and re-established Haydon's credit in the books of his tradespeople, as well as in the opinion of Fashion. After enjoying the glories of victory, he took a tour with Wilkie, "to see France and the Louvre," of which he gives a very lively description in his journal.

The next year—the memorable 1815—Haydon took casts of the Elgin Marbles; and Canova coming to England, visited his studio, and delighted Haydon by confirming his opinion on the value of these venerable reliques of ancient Athens. Canova's "*Vous êtes un brave homme*," was music to Haydon's ears, after all the sneers he had encountered by his devotion to the Marbles.

The Landseers, Bewick, and other young men became pupils of Haydon about this period (1816). It was then, also, that he met Shelley and Keats, and the latter affectionately celebrated the votary of High Art in a sonnet, associating him with Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt. as one

> "Whose steadfastness would never take
> A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering."

Wordsworth came up to town in 1817, and, with Charles Lamb, Keats, Monkhouse, and Richie, the African traveller, spent an "immortal evening" at Haydon's rooms—the unfinished picture of "Christ entering Jerusalem" gleaming from



"CURTIUS LEAPING INTO THE GULF."—HAYDON.

the walls in the firelight. "It was a night worthy of the Elizabethan age."

In the year 1821, at the age of thirty-five, Haydon's marriage took place. It proved a very happy one, and produced, for a time, a softening and elevating influence on his character. But his money difficulties deepened, and, indeed, seem now to have become the chronic state of affairs. It is true he had now the consolations of a home to support him under his trials; but with them came also fresh responsibilities, and before his first child was six months old, Haydon was in prison for debt. On coming out of the King's Bench, he began what he called his "Portrait career;" and began, also, "a series of violent epistolary assaults upon public men and ministers, in favour of public employment for artists," which, though unproductive of results at the time, may not have been without effect in procuring the decorations now in progress for the Houses of Parliament, in the competition for which he lived to partake, though without success.

In 1826, Haydon completed the "Venus and Anchises" (303). It was an order from Sir John Leycester; and the artist so far modified his feelings towards the Academy as to send it to their Exhibition. The "Mock Election" (421) represents a scene witnessed by Haydon in his King's Bench experience. This picture has led many critics to pronounce Haydon's genius, notwithstanding his high aims and assumptions, as more akin to the school of Hogarth than to that of Raphael. The poor painter had unfortunately fresh opportunity before long to study prison scenes, for in 1830 we find him again in the King's Bench. He had now a large family; and though he was making a thousand a-year, his habits were as thriftless as ever, and borrowing, pawning, putting off, and settling, became matters of constant recurrence.

Working thus from "hand to mouth," Haydon's powers naturally deteriorated; he repeated himself and slighted his work, but still struggled on. This struggling lasted for ten years. During this time he delivered his lectures, in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other large towns. They were effective lectures and very successful, and have since been published.

The painting of "Curtius leaping into the Gulf" was exhibited at the British Institution in 1843. Haydon's journal records,—"Out early in the morning, to glaze my picture of 'Curtius.' Found Etty in the hall, waiting, like myself, to go up. * * At the time I mounted to go up, and was looking at the 'Curtius,' I felt somebody tap my shoulder, saying, 'Well done.' I turned round and found Etty." Curtius's face is said to be the artist's own, and the subject is certainly one which he would naturally choose to illustrate his own life of devotion to Art and Fame, and we have therefore chosen this characteristic work for our own pages.

On the 22nd of June, 1846, Haydon concluded his journal, and having made his will, in which he besought the kindness of friends for his beloved wife and children, he put an end to his life in his own painting-room, where he was found by his daughter, stretched out dead before his easel. "Thus died Haydon," adds his biographer, "in the sixty first year of his age, after forty-two years of studies, strivings, conflicts, successes, imprisonments—appeals to ministers, to parliament, to patrons, to the public—self-illusions, and disappointments. His life carries its moral and its lesson with it."

R. M.

ART AND NATURE.

A FEMALE PORTRAIT IN THE ART-TREASURES.

Lucilla's "Likeness" this!—perchance in part;
Fair portraiture of Form supremely fair!
True to the life, 'tis said,—yet where, oh! where
The revelation of her rare desert?
Comes it within the omnipotence of Art
The eddying play of thought and feeling fine?
Can her apocalyptic power divine
Reveal the abyssmal depths of soul and heart?

Lucilla's Likeness this—oh! no, no, no!—
Is this the face that fixed the flying hour
On tiptoe to behold in vision clear
The holy fountains of the soul o'erflow
With love divine?—to feel the gracious power
Of guardian sister-angels lingering near?

July 14th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

THE MODERN ARTIST'S CONFESSION.

I never pray as those are wont who pray
By stroke o' the clock;—I fear the formal knees;
For I have seen appointed seasons freeze
The life of prayer, or chase it quite away;
But yet not seldom does a heavenly ray,
In lonely places, or amid the crowd,
Dart through the blackness of life's troubled cloud,
And fill my heart with love, as light the day.

Then with a mighty swell and surge of heart
I cast myself in soul before the throne,
And pray a liturgy in one great breath—
Oh! Father, kind and merciful thou art;
What have I done? I nothing, Lord, have done
For this joy-beam, oh me of little faith!

July 21st, 1857. J. CAMERON.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

ON Monday the 13th instant, Prince Napoleon and suite visited the Art-Treasures Exhibition. The Prince was received by J. S. Stern, Esq., J. Heron, Esq., and Colonel Hamilton, as representatives of the Executive Committee. After taking a general view of the contents, the Prince visited the modern masters, then the ancient masters, and afterwards the Hertford gallery, the water-colour galleries, the oriental court, and the general museum of art. The Prince was conducted through the Hertford gallery by Mr. P. M. Mawson, agent to the Marquis of Hertford. The Prince evinced considerable acquaintance with many of the examples in this gallery with which he was familiar before they came into the possession of the marquis. Large excursion trains arrived at the palace from Liverpool, Chester, Warrington, Birmingham, Leeds, Wellington, and Huddersfield. The Bishops of Manchester and Oxford, with several minor dignitaries of the church, visited the Palace in the afternoon, and dined at six o'clock in the first-class refreshment room.

Prince Napoleon accompanied by his suite of attendants, visited the Art-Treasures Exhibition at half-past eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, and remained about two hours in the Palace. The Prince inspected every department of the Exhibition very minutely, and expressed his great gratification at his visit, frequently exclaiming, "superb!" when his eye fell upon a particularly interesting object. Mr. Redford called the attention of the Prince to a remarkable cameo of Napoleon the Great, executed by Boscarini, by order of Marie Louise, on the 8th of December, 1806. This beautiful object was taken out of the glass case, and the Prince examined it with peculiar interest, and expressed a desire to become possessed of the gem. The Prince was particularly interested in an examination of the beautiful Napoleon miniatures in the Mayer collection. Shortly before leaving the Palace, the Prince partook of breakfast provided by Mr. Donald, in the royal reception room. Amongst the visitors at a subsequent period of the day were the Lord Bishop of Oxford (who spent several hours in a general inspection), the Bishop of Kentucky, Baroness de Rothschild, the Rev. Dean Newman, Rear-Admiral Lord George Paulet (of the *Bellerophon*), Captain the Hon. S. T. Carnegie, and Mrs. W. Windham. A special train arrived at the Palace in the morning from Chester, bringing about 400 passengers.

On Wednesday, Prince Napoleon arrived at the Exhibition at a quarter to nine o'clock, accompanied by four gentlemen belonging to his suite. The Prince was accompanied round the Exhibition by Mr. J. C. Deane, chief commissioner; Mr. Heron, town-clerk; and Colonel Hamilton, hon. secretary. The Prince first proceeded to the modern galleries, and stayed some minutes examining Sir David Wilkie's painting of "Napoleon Bonaparte and the Pope." The party then visited the Hertford gallery and the water-colour galleries, from which they passed to the oriental court, in which a considerable time was spent, the Prince appearing very much interested in his minute examination of the contents of this court. His highness then visited the ancient masters and the general museum of art. His highness frequently made known to those around him the great gratification he had received from his visit to the Exhibition. Wednesday was one of the most crowded days we have had since the opening. There was an extraordinary attendance of strangers, both by special trains to the Exhibition station, and by the ordinary trains to Manchester. A large special train from Pontefract, of 31 carriages, brought 1,100 excursionists, one from Leeds 500, and one from Liverpool 700. There were also specials from Disley, Chester, and North Staffordshire. The special train from Liverpool brought 700 of the workpeople of Messrs. Macfie and Sons, the eminent sugar refiners. We understand Messrs. Macfie and Sons generously defrayed the expense of the excursion. Among the distinguished visitors were the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, of Swithland Hall, Leicestershire, and Miss Danvers, Lord Eglinton, Lord Colville, Lord Selkirk, Sir P. Mostyn, Sir Maxwell Wallace, the Hon. Vernon Harcourt, Sir John Hippesley, and Sir Robert Gerald.

On Thursday, the King of the Belgians spent the greater part of the day in the Palace. His majesty left the Queen's Hotel shortly before nine o'clock, accompanied by the Princess Charlotte and the Comte de Flandres, attended by M. Van de Weyer, Belgian ambassador, and the following members of the royal suite:—The Countess de Goe, Madame Bevie, Colonel Moerkerke, Captain Burnett, Major-general Cust, and Dr. Roger. They arrived at the Palace soon after nine o'clock; and his majesty, on alighting, was received by Sir James Watts, Mr. Thomas Fairbairn (chairman), Messrs. T. Ashton, Joseph Heron, Edmund Potter, and S. J. Stern, of the executive committee; Mr. J. C. Deane, general commissioner; and Colonel Hamilton, secretary. We need scarcely say that his majesty expressed himself highly delighted with his visit to the Exhibition. Such expressions were, we believe, frequently uttered by his majesty; who added that, notwithstanding what he had heard and expected, he was surprised at the extent, variety, and great excellence of the whole, as well as by the beauty of the interior. Visitors were not admitted until eleven o'clock, instead of ten; but the police found no difficulty after that time in keeping clear the particular saloon or gallery in which the royal party happened to be. The Earl of Lanesborough, accompanied by the Countess and Miss Danvers, paid a second visit; and Earl Spencer, with Lord Alford, and several ladies, was also present. On this occasion Mr. W. T. Best, the talented organist, played for the first time on the organ of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, and, we scarcely need add, with a magic touch that brought forth all the resources of the intrument. He gave us Mendelssohn's "Organ Sonata," No. 5; an "Andante, with variations," by J. L. Hatton; Handel's "Fixed in his everlasting seat; and an "Andante," by Gade, with whose works there is little doubt we shall be better acquainted in this country. This formed the first part. In the second portion of his performances, Mr. Best substituted an original "fugue," his own composition, in the place of the "fantasia" he had announced. The fugue, of course, takes the form of Bach, and shows the skill of one thoroughly master of his subject. To this was added Handel's "Organ Concerto in C minor, Spohr's "Overture" to "The Last Judgment," concluding with Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in G major," a variety which fully displayed the power of the organist.

Lord and Lady Feversham and the Baroness de Rothschild were among the visitors on Friday.

Amongst the visitors to the Exhibition on Saturday was La Baronne de Meyendorff, a Russian lady of rank, who is now on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth House. The Baroness was accompanied to the Exhibition by Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P. and was received by Mr. J. C. Deane, general commissioner, who conducted her over the Exhibition. She pronounced the collection to be the most marvellous she had ever witnessed, and was particularly pleased with the superb pictures in the Hertford gallery, the chief of which were pointed out to her by Mr. Mawson, agent to the Marquis of Hertford. We hear that several distinguished personages from the continent are contemplating a visit to the Exhibition; amongst them the Queen of Holland, who is shortly expected at Manchester. An excursion train arrived from St. Helens, bringing the working-people employed by the Union Plate Glass Company.

The total returns of the week were as follows:—

		Shilling.	Half-crown.	Season.	Total.
July	13.....	8,608	...	993	9,601
,,	14.....	6,508	...	1,342	7,850
,,	15.....	8,791	...	988	9,779
,,	16.....		4,235	5,098	9,333
,,	17.....	5,747	...	873	6,620
,,	18.....	5,526	...	1,464	6,990



"ITALIAN BOYS."—F. Y. HURLSTONE. (See Page 147.)

THE OLD MASTERS.

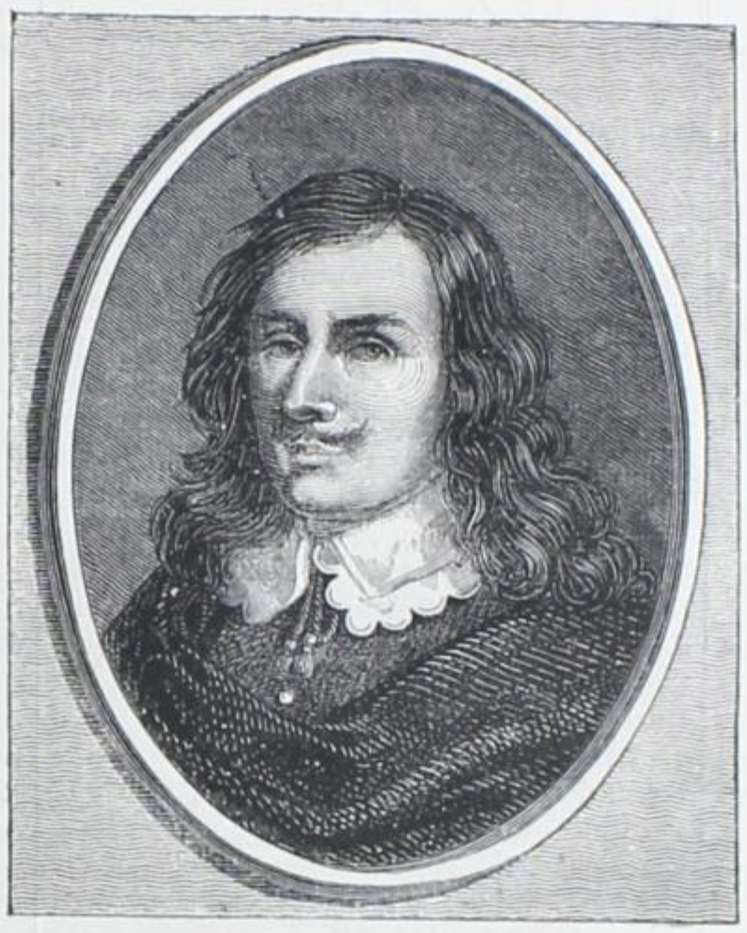
DAVID TENIERS, THE YOUNGER.

David Teniers the younger was the son of an artist of the same name, who in his lifetime enjoyed a considerable repute, though his fame was subsequently eclipsed by his more gifted son. The elder Teniers was born at Antwerp, in 1582, and died in 1647. He was a pupil in the school of Rubens, and, though he at first applied himself to historical painting, afterwards adopted landscape, and a peculiar style of *genre*, in which village merry-makings, scenes of fortune-telling, temptations of St. Anthony, and other like events, offered opportunities for the introduction of grotesque and fanciful objects, which were his favourite subjects. In these works he exhibited considerable humour; and he received good prices for them. His peculiar bent was followed by his son, who illustrated it with a greater variety of materials, and in a more finished and masterly style of execution.

David Teniers the younger was born at Antwerp in 1610, and died in 1690. He received instruction in painting from his father, and afterwards from Adrian Brouwer; and is said even to have had the advantage of some lessons in colouring from Rubens himself. Whether this be the case or not, it is very certain that Teniers adopted the free and facile mode of handling propounded by Rubens, the effect of which is the more remarkable when applied to the small miniature-like productions on which he chiefly employed himself. Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of this artist, says:—"His manner of touching, or what we call handling, has, perhaps, never been equalled. There is in his pictures that exact mixture of softness and sharpness which is difficult to execute." He painted sometimes so slightly that the surface of the canvas or wood is scarcely covered, and with such rapidity that he often finished a picture in a day,—and used to say jokingly, that, in order to contain all the pictures he had painted, it would be necessary to have a gallery two leagues in length.

The works in which Teniers, *the* Teniers to whom our present notice refers, chiefly delighted, and by which he is pleasurably known to all the world, are scenes of peasant life—the village beerhouse, with the jolly boors who love to congregate about it, drinking, dancing, smoking, and playing off rude practical jokes. The love of the humorous was the spirit which animated his pencil;—for the simply pastoral he had but few and slight regards, and for the beauties of landscape still less. The *locale* of his various rustic groups is chiefly taken from the small village of Perk, situate between Antwerp and Mechlin, where he had fixed his abode, and the streets and surrounding scenery of which were flat and monotonous in aspect. In his interiors he was particularly successful; and his brilliant technical skill in imitating various accessories, such as old casks, pots, baskets, and other utensils, as well as all sorts of articles of dress, equally as to material, colour, and make,—his general boldness and mastery of touch, and admirable *chiaroscuro*, were such as to throw all competition into the background. There are none who have ever approached Teniers in these particulars.

Teniers is most successful in subjects where the figures are few—two or three at the utmost;—the individuality of character is then preserved,—and a calm reigns over the picture which gives ample opportunity for studying its marvellous details. Teniers, however, did not always restrict himself to works of this class. Some of his pictures are of very large dimensions;—one at Schleissheim measures 13



feet 6 inches by 10 feet, and contains 1,138 figures; other village *fêtes* have upwards of 300 figures.

Independently of his productions in low life, in which he was so much at home, Teniers was a successful painter in a more general sense, insomuch that it is very probable that if he had not struck out the peculiar line of *genre* in which he reaped such high honours and rewards, he would have been a patient labourer in the beaten path of historical painting.

In his earlier days he produced some pictures of this class—for instance a "Holy Family," in the Schleissheim Gallery, which is said to have quite the character of the school of Rubens; several small pictures of the Life of the Virgin; and the "Seven Acts of Mercy"—versions of which are to be seen in the Esterhazy Gallery, at Vienna, and in the Louvre, at Paris. Nevertheless, the manner in which these subjects were treated by him showed that the tendency to the serious and elevated was foreign to his nature. This is strikingly shown in the "Peter Denying Christ," in the Louvre; and in the "Christ Crowned with Thorns," in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, No. 1022, Hertford Room, in which the personages are represented in costume of the artist's time, and engaged in the low pursuits of a Flemish guard-room.

Teniers' first patron, long before he had risen to eminence, was the Archduke Albert Leopold, then governor of the Low Countries, who appointed him his principal painter, and gave him the superintendence of his gallery, which contained some of the most celebrated works of the Italian, as well as of the Flemish school. He painted copies in small of many of these pictures, which were afterwards engraved and published in a folio volume, now known as the Teniers Gallery. He was considered very successful in imitating the peculiar styles of the different masters; and besides copying their works, produced several pieces of that class denominated *pasticcios*, in which the compositions were his own, but the style and treatment in imitation of different masters, as Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, &c.

The works of Teniers, though very numerous — known to exceed one thousand in number — always fetch high prices,—good specimens fetching from 300 to 1,500 and even 2,000 guineas. The celebrated "Bonnet Vert," at Mr. Harford's sale, in 1844, fetched 660 guineas; and the "Village Fête," in the Queen's private collection, is said to have fetched upwards of £1,500. At later sales even these prices have been surpassed. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition are several very fine specimens of *the* Teniers, although, by a curious mistake in the catalogue, giving "1582-1647" as the dates of his birth and death, they are all made to refer to the elder Teniers. Amongst the works which the visitor will particularly remark are — in Saloon B, 532, "His own Chateau," with portraits of himself and his three children, the property of the Rev. F. Leicester; 533, "A Guard-room," the property of the Earl of Warwick;—in the Hertford Room, 983, "A Guard-room," the property of Mr. R. Napier; 1021, "Four Boors at a Table," the property of Her Majesty; and 1022, "Christ Crowned with Thorns," from Lord Ward's Gallery.

Teniers was twice married; his first wife was a daughter of the celebrated painter, Velvet Breughel. He gave Don John of Austria lessons in painting; and the prince painted a portrait of the artist's son, which he presented to him in token of his regard. David Teniers had a younger brother, Abraham, who also painted under his instruction, and somewhat in his style, and whose works have sometimes been mistaken, by ill-informed and inexperienced persons, for those of his more gifted brother.

PRE-RAPH.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

No. VI.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

We have called Turner "King Turner," and who among painters has more of the regal character? Other men are content to reign over some circumscribed province. Claude devoted his life to expounding the beautiful—Gaspar, the romantic—Salvator, the sublime; Cuyp to the saffron-hued evening—Hobbema to the sunlit glade—Ruysdael to the forest and waterfall—Wilson to the fervid heat of summer afternoons—Constable to showers and rain-clouds—Callcott to broad, expansive rivers;—but Turner, King Turner, held universal sway over each effect of nature, class of scenery and composition, whether it depended on abstract idea or common association. His life was one course of intense devotion to nature and art. He studied, and thoroughly understood, the cause and effect of every separate change of weather, every phase of light and heat, every variation of every hour of the day, from the earliest dawn of morning to the latest gloaming at eventide. It is this extreme knowledge, brought to bear upon art, which constitutes the main source of his excellence over all other painters of land and sea. Those who profess to know most about Turner and his doings, tell us little about his mode of application to study. Was he in the habit of producing close, minute picture-studies from nature? We rather think not. We suspect he did *not* sit before a mass of rocks, or a group of boulders, to copy, with map-like accuracy, each pimple or wart, each roughness or excrescence, as though he were qualifying himself to be painter in ordinary to Oliver Cromwell; but that he studied the *drawing* of the said rocks or boulders, their geological structure, their colour and effect, not merely as a local matter, but as conditioned by the influence of sun and shade, by "the expression from above." Turner's strength, then, as we take it, consists in his close, continued, and deeply penetrating study of nature, buttressed by accurate, powerful, and intelligent drawing of individual objects and scenery. In his early days he studied, even imitated, the works of his illustrious predecessors, and severally emulated Claude and Wilson, Cuyp and Vandervelde. They had momentary influence on his style, but he soon found there was "more in heaven and earth than was dreamt of in their philosophy." "All that a man really excels in," says Hazlitt, "is his own, and incommunicable; what he borrows from others he has in an inferior degree."

Turner's artistic career lasted more than half a century; during the whole of that time he appears to have been a learner, always endeavouring to penetrate farther into the secrets of nature, and seeking some better mode of expressing her highest truths. It is this fact which renders the study of his productions so especially interesting. We may read his artistic life in his works, as in a book, and for this reason we think it better to distinctify them according as they mark peculiar epochs or transitions of style, rather than to put them in mere chronological arrangement.

We place his pictures, then, in two great divisions, viz.: his opaque era, and his transparent era. These we again subdivide. Firstly, when he used dull grey half-tints and deep exaggerated shadows—this we call his dark, or leaden period. Secondly, when a glimmering of natural colour came over him, when he revelled in cool bluish hues, and delicate atmospheric tints redolent of warmth and sunlight—this, his ultramarine period. Thirdly, when he wished to carry his love for light and heat still farther, and his canvas glowed with gold, and orange, and saffron—this, his golden period. Fourthly, when he called out still for light—light, and wore down his subjects to ghostly shadows shimmering in the all-powerful radiance—this, his light period.

The principal pictures in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, belonging to the dark or leaden period, are 232, "Dolbadern Castle," painted on the true old master principle of giving as much dark as possible, the light being husbanded up with Rembrandtish care; 198, "Dunstanborough Castle," where there is a fine rush of water breaking upon an iron-bound coast, and an exquisitely toned sky, but the same inordinate breadth of black, impenetrable shadow. Lord Essex's "Sea Piece" (609) is apparently a scene on the Thames, off the Isle of Dogs, with barges, fishing-boats, and three-deckers. It is a fine piece of light and shadow, with much of the Vandervelde colouring, but a feeling of motion which the Dutchman's works never possessed. 264, "Coast Scene," is an admirable specimen of water drawing. The tide is rolling and foaming on a shingly beach, while a small boat struggles manfully amid the hissing spray. 297, "The Falls of Schaffhausen." Here is water painting indeed; nay, it is the only real waterfall one ever saw on canvas. The hurried slip over the fatal precipice, the clear falling sheet, the foaming mass rebounding from the rocks and throwing up a misty cloud of moisture, show the marvellous mastery over drawing, and early-developed power displayed by this great man. And, lastly, that grand work (208), "The Wreck of the Minotaur," in which the sense of the overwhelming positively sickens one. The heavy lurch of the dismasted vessel, as she rolls sideways on the angry surf—the capsized boats, their crews clinging together with the agonising tenacity of a last life struggle—the boat tossed up for a moment on the crest of the wave—the black, despairful sky, and the boiling bubble of the water—fill the mind with strange emotions, and compel the most ardent admiration of the mighty wizard whose spells evoked them. Still, even amidst these glories, these achievements, the mind and hand of Turner were yet in pupilage. He appears to have wrought on the old received principle of thick, solid painting, with very slight, if any, glazings. His surface is, therefore, opaque and dull, with little recognition of the effect of reflected or refracted light. No. 229, "The Vintage at Macon," ought, perhaps, to have been placed with the preceding; indeed it was painted anterior to some of them, but we would rather regard it as a transition picture; for, though its general appearance is black and heavy, it bears certain traces of his second manner. As a grand classical composition of Claudish extraction, it has most imposing merit.

Of the second, or ultramarine period, an exquisite specimen is 266, "Walton Bridge." Here we notice the approach, nay the presence, of sunlight. It is true summer weather. The sky is bathed in rich, mellow light, the distance in delicate blue mist, and the cattle crowd to the water to steep their legs in the cool, refreshing stream. 294, "Sunrising through Vapour," we should also assign to this period. If anything could reconcile one to that utter impossibility, the pourtrayal of the sun itself, it is this picture. There is something in it really dazzling. How beautiful the vapoury blue haze, with the half-developed vessels seen through it, the gently approaching tide, of which we should certainly hear the softened dash, but for that busy, chattering, bargain-making group of fish-people in the foreground! Turner has here achieved the full luminous warmth of shadow which ever accompanies these vapoury sunrises. And now we come to our (would it were ours!) delicious, breezy little gem, 292, "Tabley Lake and Tower." It is a picture of wind—fine, healthful, wholesome, blowing wind. It stirs the billowy masses of the white-clouded sky, breaks the surface of the inland lake into very proper wavelets, sending them tinkling and tapping against the base of the tower, and fills the sails and bends the masts of those smart-looking miniature yachts. One can feel it, one can inhale it. How happy, how truthful the streak of sunlight thrown on the strip of park-like distance whereon reposes the family seat of the Leicesters and the De Tableys! equally truthful the blue shadow, across the water, and the appearance of fresh-water shallowness given to the nearer parts.

In the three last-named pictures it will be seen that more transparent colour is used. There is still much of thick, solid paint, pure in the lights, and mixed with grey in the shadows, but it is less palpable on the surface. The black foreground has given way to rich, warm glazings, which allow of something like pure blue to be used in the sky.

Onwards to Turner's golden period, when he finally laid aside opaque painting, and used his colour thinly and transparently on a white ground. Three glorious examples:—224, "Cologne;" 256, "Barnes Terrace;" and 295, "Pas de Calais." In the "Cologne" glad we are to find the sun-place outside the scope of view, from whence he darts his hottest ray athwart the venerable city, with its towers and fortifications glowing on the surface of the broad Rhine, with its bridge of boats (such perspective in that distant bridge!), and glistening in almost presumptuous richness of hue on the unctuous surface of the old Dutch passenger-boat. We have discoursed of light; now as to shadow. But where is it? The reflection of light has so crept into the heart of shade that it positively hardly exists, save in such luminous hues as tender violet, delicate blues, and indescribable greens. Yet the picture has full—yes, marvellous power. It is the triumph of transparent hues. "Barnes Terrace" is another of these liquid golden atmospheres. We don't exactly like the subject, with those formal tree-trunks, beautifully composed though they are. But what a picture this would be to hang in one's dining-room during a hard winter. A glance at it would take us into summer-time in a moment. "Pas de Calais" is the effect of summer warmth at sea. It is the most perfect piece of light imaginable. There are no black waves here, no weighing down with leaden grey hues. See how they bubble and glisten and reflect to their inmost depths—how the spray tosses and twinkles in the bright light! Then what a perfect piece of pantomime in the boats, between the sick lady, the anxious passengers, and the hollo of the seaman preparing to throw the rope!

We have one solitary example of Turner's latest, or light style—282, "Van Tromp." Here we have his passion for light carried to excess. Lighter the picture could not be; brighter it could not be—it rivals water-colours in their own peculiar properties. The subject is admirably felt, but one cannot easily accept its thin, unsubstantial brilliance as consonant with the power and depth of oil painting. The picture, 239,

entitled "Saltash," has, we must confess, "entirely bothered" us in carrying out our classification. It was painted during the leaden period; but in it the artist's genius seems to have anticipated his golden age; so rich, so full of light is it. Never at any time was he more successful in imparting to the feelings the dazzling, fervid heat of a lazy, do-nothing summer afternoon. The surface of this picture is marvellous—it might have been painted with butter.

There can be no doubt as to the influence the mighty genius of Turner has exercised over the school of modern landscape painting. It has, indeed, entirely changed its character, and the whole of what succeeding men have accomplished may be more or less remotely traced to his example. "Happy age, and happy artists, for so I may well denominate you, who have had the opportunity of purifying your eyes at so clear a fountain, who have found your difficulties removed, your crooked paths made straight, by so wonderful an artist!" So said Vasari of Michael Angelo, so re-echo we of Turner.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Recognition is no proof of real and intrinsic resemblance. We recognise our books by their bindings, though the true and essential characteristics lie inside. A man is known to his dog by the smell—to his tailor by the coat—to his friend by the smile; each of these know him, but how little, or how much, depends on the dignity of the intelligence. That which is truly and indeed characteristic of the man, is known only to God. One portrait of a man may possess exact accuracy of feature, and no atom of expression; it may be, to use the ordinary terms of admiration bestowed on those portraits by those whom they please, "as like as it can stare." Everybody, down to his cat, would know this. Another portrait may have neglected or misrepresented the features, but may have given the flash of the eye, and the peculiar radiance of the lip, seen on him only in his hours of highest mental excitement. None but his friends would know this. Another may have given none of his ordinary expressions, but one which he wore in the most excited instant of his life, when all his secret passions and all his highest powers were brought into play at once. None but those who had then seen him might recognise *this* as like. But which would be the most truthful portrait of the *man?* The first gives the accidents of body—the sport of climate, and food, and time—which corruption inhabits, and the worm waits for. The second gives the stamp of the soul upon the flesh; but it is the soul seen in the emotions which it shares with many—which may not be characteristic of its essence—the results of habit, and education, and accident—a gloze, whether purposely worn or unconsciously assumed, perhaps totally contrary to all that is rooted and real in the mind that it conceals. The third has caught the trace of all that was most hidden and most mighty, when all hypocrisy, and all habit, and all petty and passing emotion—the ice, and the bank, and the foam of the immortal river—were shivered, and broken, and swallowed up in the awakening of its inward strength; when the call and claim of some divine motive had brought into visible being those latent forces and feelings which the spirit's own volition could not summon, nor its consciousness comprehend; which God only knew, and God only could awaken, the depth and the mystery of its peculiar and separating attributes. And so it is with external Nature; she has a body and a soul like man, but her soul is the Deity. It is possible to represent the body without the spirit; and this shall be like to those whose senses are only cognisant of body. It is possible to represent the spirit in its ordinary and inferior manifestations; and this shall be like to those who have not watched for its moments of power. It is possible to represent the spirit in its secret and high operations; and this shall be like only to those to whose watching they have been revealed. All these are truth; but according to the dignity of the truths he can represent or feel, is the power of the painter,—the justice of the judge.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters, Vol.* I.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Sir Joshua had now reached his sixty-sixth year; the boldness and happy freedom of his productions was undiminished; and the celerity of his execution and the glowing richness of his colouring were rather on the increase than the wane. His life had been uniformly virtuous and temperate; and his looks, notwithstanding the paralytic stroke he had lately received, promised health and long life. He was happy in his fame and fortune, and in the society of numerous and eminent friends; and he saw himself in his old age without a rival. His great prudence and fortunate control of temper had prevented him from giving serious offence to any individual; and the money he had amassed, and the style in which he lived, unencumbered with a family, created a respect for him amongst those who were incapable of understanding his merits. But the hour of sorrow was at hand. One day, in the month of July, 1789, while finishing the portrait of the Marchioness of Hertford, he felt a sudden decay of sight in his left eye. He laid down the pencil; sat a little while in mute consideration, and never lifted it more. His sight gradually darkened, and within ten weeks of the first attack his left eye was wholly blind. He appeared cheerful, and endeavoured to persuade himself that he was resigned and happy. But he had been accustomed to the society of the titled and the beautiful—and from this he was now cut off; he knew the world well, and perceived that, as the pencil, which brought the children of vanity about him as with a charm, could no longer be used, the giddy tide of approbation would soon roll another way. His mental sufferings were visible to some of his friends, though he sought to conceal them with all his might. One read to him to charm away the time—another conversed with him—and the social circle, among whom he had so long presided, still assembled round the well-spread table. Ozias Humphreys came every morning and read a newspaper to him; his niece, afterwards Marchioness of Thomond, arrived from the country, and endeavoured to soothe and amuse him; and he tried to divert himself by changing the position of his pictures, and by exhibiting them all in succession in his drawing room, so that he at once pleased his friends and gratified himself. But a man cannot always live in society, nor can society always spare time to amuse him; there are many hours of existence which he must gladden, as he can, for himself. Cowper took to the taming of hares; and Sir Joshua made a companion of a little bird, which was so tame and docile as to perch on his hand, and with this innocent favourite he was often found by his friends pacing around his room, and speaking to it as if it were a thing of sense and information. A summer morning and an open window were temptations which it could not resist; it flew away; and Reynolds roamed for hours about the square where he resided in hopes of reclaiming it.—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

THE APPLICATIONS OF THE STEREOSCOPE.

There are few philosophical instruments which are calculated to be of greater practical value than the stereoscope, or which can afford a purer or more rational pleasure to the mind. The telescope and microscope open up to us worlds of surpassing grandeur and beauty, the one showing us the boundlessness of the universe, and the other unfolding to our view the infinite richness and variety of the works of the Creator. But these wonderful instruments, from their nature, as well as from the difficulty and expense of their construction, can afford pleasure and instruction to but a comparatively few. It is only the enthusiast in astronomy who has patience to watch night after night in our treacherous climate, and who has besides a first-rate instrument at his command, who can hope to be rewarded with an occasional glimpse of the wondrous celestial phenomena. And it is only the man whose wealth enables him to indulge in the luxury of an expensive compound microscope, or who can afford to purchase diamond or sapphire lenses, who can successfully prosecute researches into the domains of the microscope. The stereoscope, however, is an instrument which any person of moderate mechanical skill can construct for himself in a few hours, or which can be purchased for a few shillings, and which in its rudest and simplest form will perform almost as well as the most beautiful and finished instrument which art can produce or luxury demand. From this circumstance it is an instrument calculated to afford instruction and delight to all classes. The peasant in his humble cottage, who has heard of the wondrous monuments of antiquity, and whose mind soars above his condition, but who by stern necessity is chained to the soil on which he was born, can by the savings of a few days, through the wonderful power of this little instrument, cause the monuments of Egypt, and Assyria, and Greece, and Rome, as well as the labours of the most eminent sculptors from Praxiteles to Canova, to stand before him, and can drink into his soul the feeling and the beauty which they so eminently express. Though his life may have been spent in a dreary morass, or on the side of a lonely hill, the richest combinations of wood and water, and mountain, and sky, scenes of surpassing beauty in his own or in other lands, which he can never hope to see, can be made to pass before him, instilling into his mind the most glowing conceptions of the beneficence and power of the Creator of all things. The peer in his elegant saloons, and surrounded by every luxury, can recal the impressions he received, when in the freshness and vigour of early manhood he wandered to other lands in search of instruction and pleasure. The Rhine, the Alps, the classic ruins of Italy, and Greece, and Egypt, may successively arise before his view with little less than their former truthfulness and reality. The poor student, born with a feeling for art, but who, like many before him, had to endure the greatest privations and struggle with the greatest difficulties ere he could command the means to study the works of the great masters, the study of which he felt to be indispensable to his success, can at the outset of his career, by the creations of the stereoscope, have his taste corrected, his feeling for art refined, and can hope by diligence and study to arrive far more speedily at success in his profession. The classical student, too, who has devoted himself to the study of the literature of Greece or Rome, but whose circumstances utterly preclude the idea of his ever visiting the scenes amid which the men whose works he studies thought and spake, can gaze in his study on the Forum or the Acropolis; he can raise up as if by a magician's power the very locality in which Demosthenes thundered and Plato taught.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

TITIAN'S PORTRAITS.

It may be said of them that it is they who look at you, more than you who look at them.—*Northcote.*

FAYENCE OF HENRI II. (OF FRANCE).

CANDELABRVM. SIR A. DE ROTHSCHILD.

THE four fine specimens of fictile art, called the Fayence of Henri the Second, exhibited in Case E, South Aisle, are unique, *sui generis*, being of a distinct character and ornamentation to any other class of pottery. It is not known by whom these pieces were designed, or the locality in which this ware was manufactured, although we may reasonably surmise that it was produced in France; and from the devices and arms depicted thereon, infer that it was first ushered into existence under the fostering patronage of Francis the First, and continued increasing in beauty and excellence during a portion of the reign of Henri the Second, until its extinction. In corroboration of this may be adduced the circumstance that the emblems of these two princes alone are found upon it; a period, therefore, of about thirty years comprises the duration of this peculiar branch of manufacture.

The distinguishing characteristics are—in the first place, the body, or constituent parts of this ware, which is very light and delicate, and is of a pure white pipeclay, of so fine a texture that it did not require, like the ordinary Italian *faenza*, any coating of opaque coloured glaze or enamel, but merely a thin, transparent varnish. Its fabrication appears to have required great care and diligence, for it is supposed, from the examination of a fractured vase in the Museum at Sèvres, that the foundation was first moulded by the hand, not turned in a lathe, quite plain, and without the least relief or ornament, the rough surface hatched with cross lines, and a thin outer crust, or *engobe*, of the same clay laid completely over the whole vessel; the ornaments were then cut out of the field (in the same manner as the *champ levé* enamels) and coloured pastes introduced; the superfluous clay was removed by a sharp chisel, and the surface tooled to an uniform smoothness, it being subsequently baked and varnished. On carefully examining these specimens, it will be seen that all the furrows in which the coloured pastes have been inserted are depressed to a slight degree, as though they had shrunk in the furnace, thus differing essentially from the painted earthenware, which would rather produce a low relief. A section of the broken vase before referred to is a convincing proof that the coloured pastes were actually incrusted, the sharp angles presenting too regular an appearance to have been caused by the mere absorption of any colouring matter applied externally with a brush.

Secondly, the decorations are what is usually termed "*Renaissance*," introduced by Francis the First, in the commencement of the 16th century, and consist of interlaced scrolls and devices tastefully arranged with great precision, partaking greatly of the early Moorish or Arabian character, the colours employed being usually yellow ochre, and brown of different shades, with occasional touches of red, green, and yellow on the raised figures. Independent of the beautiful incrustations, the vessel was also richly decorated with figures, masks, garlands, mouldings, &c., in high relief, modelled with great care, and harmonising well with the groundwork.

The name of Girolamo della Robbia, a nephew of the celebrated Luca, has been suggested as the artist who designed and perfected this ware, as he was at that time in France, engaged by Francis the First in decorating the celebrated Château de Madrid with coloured earthenware; but the character of the Fayence of Henri Deux is altogether so different from his known productions, that we must still remain in ignorance of its real author. It is, however, probable that we must look for him among the numerous artists invited by the king to his court from Italy, who introduced the *Renaissance* style, which was the prevailing taste throughout the 16th, and the greater part of the 17th century, with certain modifications,—a wonderful and sudden revolution from the conventional Gothic school which so immediately preceded it.



This ware attained its highest degree of perfection in the reign of Henri the Second; and perhaps one of the finest specimens known, for intricate detail and great variety of ornament, as well as the elegance of its composition, is the candlestick here given in the woodcut. It was purchased at the sale of M. Préaux, in Paris, for 4,900 francs (amounting, duty included, to about £220), and is now in the possession of Sir Anthony de Rothschild. This candelabrum is of cream colour, which it acquires from the yellowish tinge of the glaze, the clay itself being perfectly white; the ground is covered in the manner before described, or *damascened* with Moresque designs, in circles running round the pillar, all varying in pattern. The prevailing tints are brown, sometimes forming the design on white, sometimes filling in the background only. It is in the form of an elegant pillar, standing on a broad pedestal, with three prominent divisions or stages, at the lowest of which are openings, showing within a pointed bracket; projecting from between these are three large masks, connected by green festoons. On the next tier are three *amorini* in full relief, standing on as many brackets, holding shields, which bear the arms of France, and the initials of Henry the Second and Diana of Poictiers (Duchesse de Valentinois). Between these are two rows of recesses or windows, the upper being six trefoiled arches of pointed form, enclosing I.H.S. in rays, the only indication of the Gothic taste throughout its whole design, which, comparatively but a few years before, reigned predominant, and any deviation from it would have been looked upon as little better than sacrilege. Above is a large boss, with six roses and three lions' heads, with green festoons, and small scroll brackets supporting the nozzle, round the upper part of which are the arms of France.

Standing in the same case, by the side of the candlestick, is one of the earlier specimens produced during the reign of Francis the First. It is an octangular salt cellar, with eight columns, and masks, shells, &c. in relief. On the top is a large painting of a salamander in the flames—the cognisance of that king; at the foot is an opening showing three satyrs bound together. This is contributed by George Field, Esq. Also, a fine ewer, with broad mouth, tapering towards the foot; the spout formed of an animal's head, with the body of a reptile reaching down in front of the vase,—probably intended for a salamander; on its breast was formerly a shield of arms, now defaced; and on the opposite side a satyr, with outstretched arms, grasping the cup, which forms the handle. And a tazza of the same ware, with dark brown and yellow designs. In the bowl are three intersecting crescents, the *impresa* of Henri the Second. The ground of this is indented with annulets. These two last are exhibited by Sir A. de Rothschild.

From the short duration of its manufacture, but few pieces of this Fayence are now known to be in existence. Sir Anthony de Rothschild is the fortunate possessor of five or six, and there may be as many more in private collections in this country. In France, the Count Portales, M. Sauvageot, M. Odiot, M. Huteau d'Origny, and the Museum at Sèvres, have in their collections some very fine examples; but the number altogether does not exceed thirty-six, and these can all be traced as having been purchased in France.

C.

"CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA," BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

We have already spoken at some length of the genius of Michael Angelo, and described his works, and those painted by others after his designs, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition. We have now much satisfaction in giving an engraving of one of the very few undoubted productions of his hand in this country, and which is exhibited No. 184 in Saloon A. This small picture, "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," will be remarked for the dignified simplicity of its composition, but, at the same time, for the powerful expression conveyed in the slight but appropriate action given to the two principal figures. The landscape partakes of the same singleness and purity of character, the few figures in the distance being just sufficient to suggest the neighbourhood of a populous city, without infringing upon the seclusion aud calm of the principal situation. This picture, which is painted in *chiaroscuro*, or plain light and shade, without colour, was formerly in the collection of the King of Naples, and was brought to England by Ottley, in 1811. It is now the property of the Liverpool Royal Institution.



RAEBURN THE PAINTER.

When the autumn of 1822 brought King George the Fourth to Scotland, Raeburn was in the 67th year of his age, and hale and vigorous; dividing his time between his studio, his gardens, his scientific experiments, and the pleasures of domestic society. He was desirous of welcoming His Majesty to the north, and was about to be presented, when he received the following unexpected intimation from Mr. Secretary Peel:—"I beg leave to acquaint you that it is His Majesty's intention to confer on you the honour of knighthood, as a mark of his approbation of your distinguished merit as a painter." He went nēxt day, accordingly, to Hopetoun House—the company in the grand saloon were of the noblest in Scotland—the King made use of the sword of Sir Alexander Hope, and the artist rose up Sir Henry Raeburn. In the opinion of all who loved the arts, the honour of knighthood had never been more worthily bestowed; there was no small rejoicing among his brethren in Edinburgh; and on the 5th of October they treated him with a public dinner, and, through their chairman, the venerable Alexander Nasmyth, declared that they loved him as a man not less than they admired him as an artist. He answered modestly, that he was glad of their approbation, and had tried to merit it; for he had never indulged in a mean or selfish spirit towards any brother artists, nor had at any time withheld the praise which was due to them when their works happened to be mentioned. In the following May the King appointed him his "limner and painter in Scotland, with all fees, profits, salaries, rights, privileges, and advantages thereto belonging."—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

THE DRINKING ARTIST.

Hurrah, hurrah! I laugh at ancient scars—
Forth from the blinding cloud of coward fears
I leap—and, lo! diviner golden years
Than blessèd the world before the birth of Mars,
Through cloud and storm and shattering shock of wars
Rounds the old rugged world to good and true;
The ennobling Arts await the better new;
Hail it, expectant, everlasting stars!
Oh! happy thought, full to the brim of joy,
Life-giving fountain of eternal youth,
Thou can'st assuage the soul's immortal thirst—
I drink, I drink the Man into the Boy;
I drink the social falsehood into truth;
The world into the world it was at first.

July 28th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

THE THINKING ARTIST.

Oft as the tender beauty of a day
O'erflows my heart with heavenly peace sublime,
Could wish of mine arrest the flight of time
That transient beauty ne'er should pass away;
Yet if it be a truth, as thinkers say
(Giants of thoughtful power), that time, as space,
Is but a veil that hides the Eternal's face,
Oh! wherefore wish its swiftest flight to stay?
The fleeting grace of morn, and noon, and eve,
Strikes to the eternal fountains in the heart;
Sad is the glad in all that *must* depart;
Over the flying time we needs must grieve,
Though hurrying us to see Thee as thou art,
Where shadows can no more the soul deceive.

July 28th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

THE DESPAIRING ARTIST.

Oh, vain endeavour!—I shall pull no more!
Be thou, my Boat, the plaything of the stream;
Man's strength is weakness matched with powers
supreme;
They touch the tiller to defeat the oar.
Life's lofty purpose stricken to the core,
Why wrestle with the fiercely-seething wheel
That spins me round without the hope to feel
The touch that shooteth to the wished-for shore?
Come then what will—I tilt thee from the thwart,
My weary oar; and thou, my giddy Boat,
Spin round and round for ever—sink or float.
Gone is the mighty promise of the heart;
The gods must have their way, howe'er men doat;
The helm and compass theirs, and theirs the chart.

July 28th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

ART-APHORISMS.

(Selected from Fuseli.)

GENIUS AND TALENT.

GENIUS has no imitator. Some can be poets and painters only at second-hand. Deaf and blind to the tones and motions of Nature herself, they hear or see her only through some reflected mediums of art; they are emboldened by prescription.

Let him who has more genius than talent give up as impossible what he finds difficult. Talent may mimic genius with success, and frequently impose on all but the first judges; but genius is awkward in the attempt to use the tools of talent.

SCOPE AND PURPOSES OF ART.

Imitative art is either epic, or sublime; dramatic, or impassioned; historic, or circumscribed by truth. The first astonishes, the second moves, the third informs.

Whatever hides its limits in its greatness—whatever shows a feature of immensity, let the elements of nature or the qualities of animated being make up its substance—is sublime.

Whatever by reflected self-love inspires us with hope, fear, pity, terror, love, or mirth—whatever makes events, and time, and place, the ministers of character and pathos, let fiction or reality compose its tissue—is dramatic.

That which tells us not what might be, but what is, circumscribes the grand and the pathetic with truth of time, place, custom—what gives "local habitation and a name"—is historic.

Corollary.—No human performance is either purely epic, dramatic, or historic. Novelty and feelings will make the historian sometimes launch out into the marvellous; or will warm his bosom, or extort a tear.

The dramatist, while gazing at some tremendous feature, or the pomp of superior agency, will drop the chain he holds, and be absorbed in the sublime; whilst the epic or lyric poet, forgetting his solitary grandeur, will sometimes descend and mix with his agents.

The tragic and the comic dramatists formed themselves on Hector and Andromache, on Irus and Ulysses. The spirit from the prison-house breathes like the shade of Patroclus; and Octavia and the daughter of Soranus melt like Ophelia and Alcestes.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

THE absence of any particular incident to attract visitors to the Exhibition resulted in a slight diminution in the attendances last week, and our usual weekly record of occurrences must from a similar cause be more than ordinarily brief and uninteresting.

On Monday, the 20th of July, Mr. Fairbairn, chairman of the Executive Committee, placed in the photograph gallery a Portrait of Lord Palmerston, which has been presented to Mr. Fairbairn by Lady Palmerston, as a remembrance of the visit of Lord and Lady Palmerston to the Exhibition. It is a touched photograph, taken from the original portrait by Patridge, and presented to Lady Palmerston, a few years since, by some of the members of the House of Commons. The members of the Nantwich Mechanics' Institution visited the Exhibition; and there were numerous special trains from the populous districts.

On Tuesday we noticed amongst the visitors, the popular historian, Thomas Babington Macaulay, the Very Rev. Dean Milman, of St. Paul's, and Mrs. Milman; William Perry Herrick, Esq., of Bean Manor Park, Leicestershire; John Naylor, Esq., of Liverpool (a liberal contributor to the Exhibition); and Colonel Wilbraham.

On Wednesday there were special trains from Derby, Macclesfield, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Wakefield, Halifax, &c. The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay and party, including Dean Milman and Mrs. Milman, were again present; and also the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford (Dr. Williams), and C. K. Mainwaring, Esq., a large contributor to the Exhibition.

There was only one special train on Thursday, and that brought about 200 visitors from Chester, and they were chiefly members of the Archæological Institute. Amongst the visitors were the Marquis of Chandos and the Lady Anna Gore Langton (the guests of Mr. E. Tootal, at The Weaste); the Lady Henrietta Allen; the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester (who accompanied the members of the Institute); the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Milman; Mr. Wyatt, the sculptor; and Dr. Lyon Playfair.

The task of gathering the Soulages specimens into one court has now been completed; the present arrangement enabling visitors to form a much better idea of the extent and value of the collection, by viewing the specimens in one compartment, instead of undergoing the fatigue of searching them out in different parts of the building.

Mr. Fairbairn, the chairman of the Executive Committee, has placed before the public the circumstances under which the collection was purchased by the committee. He observes: "The deed of purchase imposed upon us certain conditions and obligations which I am desirous of bringing prominently under the notice of my fellow-citizens, because the future of the Soulages collection is now in their hands.

"The conditions are these:—

"'1. Until the expiration of twenty-eight days next after the close of that Exhibition, the corporation of Manchester or any other person or persons who may be desirous to purchase the collection entire, for purposes of permanent public exhibition and instruction in Manchester, and will engage to devote it to such and no other purposes, shall have the pre-emption of the collection at the sum of fourteen thousand one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

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

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

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

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

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

On Friday we noticed amongst the visitors General Sir J. Burgoyne, Professor Ansted, Ary Scheffer, the artist, of whose works there are several valuable examples in the Exhibition, and Geoffrey Palmer, Esq., of Witheote Hall.

On Saturday there was a very good special train of Marcus's from Liverpool, one from Wrexham, bringing the Westminster Coal Mining Company's workpeople, and specials from Birkenhead and Huddersfield. Ary Scheffer, the distinguished artist, was again a visitor to the Exhibition.

The admissions during the week were as follows:—

	One Shilling.	Half-crown.	Season.	Total.
July 20.....	9,186	.....	941	10,127
,, 21.....	5,218	.....	713	5,931
,, 22.....	7,261	.....	993	8,244
,, 23.....	...	3,392	2,978	6,370
,, 24.....	5,238	.....	737	5,976
,, 25.....	6,579	.....	1,899	8,478

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter III.

THE CONNOISSEUR RESIDES IN THE CARVER'S MUSEUM.

Whenever it was practicable, which was frequently the case, the old carver and myself worked together. He liked somebody to talk to, who had no wish to interrupt his enthusiastic garrulity; and no one of any taste would desire more than to listen to the anecdotes of work and workers which stored his mind. He had passed his life in vaulted churches and cathedrals. He conceived that churches were made and allowed to decay in order "that they might be restored." With him restoration was an art. To model, cast, carve, and pick, were all the delights he had. The rubbish of the dark ages, apparently without form or purpose, came out crisp, sharp, and precise from his touch. He could see through an incrustation as thick as a wall. All the churchwardens of successive generations, with their lime and mortar and paint, had not been able so far to efface the handywork of the mediæval artist but that my master could recover it; and so far from blaming the "Goths," he owed them a debt of gratitude for the trouble they had been at to destroy. But for Vandalism, he used to say, he might never have been a restorer. Months past by and the chaos of mouldering architecture began to wear marks of intelligent design, and every day and hour of the work increased the friendship betwixt the patriarch and his assistant. In the dark winter I have seen the old man numbed with the cold, and have crept stealthily away from his side, and procured from his housekeeper some soup, coffee, or a cup of spiced ale, and then we have sat down together, removed from the chatter, banter, and boasting of the masons and labourers, and enjoyed such happy intervals of rest as only thoughtful and hearty labour yields. If I am asked what I think of those early days of my eventful life, I might be led to say that I could not wish to see them over again, and yet I was often so happy that words but ill express the serenity which took possession of me. There was in that union of the old and young heart something very strange—a reversal, as it would appear to observers, of the order of nature. In my very boyhood, Old Age singled me out, and, laying an attenuated hand upon my shoulder, exclaimed, "Thou art mine! sit thee down, and let us talk over the past." The respect and affection I entertained for my companion were not of that kind which every well-ordered child instinctively feels for grey hairs. It was long before I could comprehend the meaning of this difference in my case, but my experience has since explained it to me over and over again. The old carver's heart was still young. The heart of the true artist never grows old. Like the Greek gods, his sentiments ever retain the freshness and lustre of youth. I have witnessed many instances of this. Do we hear of great painters and sculptors retiring from their studios as the merchant retires from the mart? No! The sculptor lingers over the marble, and the painter before his canvas, until, on the brink of the grave as it were, the pencil or the chisel drops from his palsied hand. The pursuit of his manhood is the crowning glory and delight of his last days.

In addition to executing large commissions for the restoration of churches and cathedrals, my friend and master had established a manufactory of *terra cotta* ware, consisting of vases, gods, goddesses, heroes, and philosophers, chiefly after the antique, but some few of them from designs by a contiguous Italian named Albano. This Signor Albano lived with his daughter, in a cottage near the workshops, and acted in the capacity of foreman over a number of men, two of whom were also natives of Italy. The various casts in plaster or clay were distributed upon the floor, or in the garden, arranged in seeming negligence, yet in reality for the better effect which they thus produced.

My master's house contained several large rooms, which had been constructed, in a somewhat rude fashion, out of a spacious barn or granary, the outer shell, or original exterior, being preserved intact; the uncouth effect of dark beams and bricks being mitigated by a profusion of ivy, which had grown unmolested until it choked up the very windows. I found, on going to reside in this queer mansion, almost every available portion of space crowded with carvings in wood and stone. The housekeeper, indeed, found great difficulty in putting me up a bed. After much discussion, I was accommodated by an encroachment upon the largest lumber room—a grim example of Gothic genius, and a very limbo of wormeaten decorations. By the aid of a huge clumsy screen, mortar, and whitewash, we extemporised a very excellent domicile and study, into which we admitted sufficient sunlight by curtailing to some extent the trellis of dark ivy leaves without. In less than a week I felt as settled in my new home as if I had been born and reared in it. For a few nights only my slumbers were a little disturbed by the presence of a flickering light and constant rumbling among the carvings. It was an inveterate habit with the old carver to linger among his antiques long after I had gone to rest. The curiosities underwent a sort of nightly classification and labelling. It was the belief of their owner that every morsel contained in the museum would one day "come in," and under that impression the meanest fragment was preserved with miserly care.

In the more dilapidated buildings which received our renovating attentions, it sometimes became necessary to consult our crumbling stores for authorities, and they often would have been of great use in clearing up doubts as to the style, shape, and expression of certain griffins and other monsters which had been destroyed by barbarous zealots in olden times, but it somehow usually happened that the right monster was not to be found in its right place in our collection. The collector had a marvellous facility in confounding his dingy relics. However, at least one good came out of them,—they served to make my venerable instructor exceedingly happy and contented, especially at such seasons when no great work of restoration was in hand. I had some suspicion that the antiquary classified his faithful pupil with his antiques, for he made it a rule never to go to his bed without paying me a stealthy visit, to see if I was safe, and I wondered that he did not label me with the rest of his treasures. The window of my studio looked into the pleasant little garden where Signor Albano cultivated a few beds of herbs for salads, and some wallfruit. My window-sill was formed by an ancient wall or buttress, which in summer was covered by gillyflowers of the richest fragrance; and when not engaged in modelling, drawing, or carving, I was accustomed to read at this casement, for I had become a student in books, and my studies included not only works bearing directly upon my profession, but extended over a wide range of standard literature, both in prose and in verse. It was seldom I lay down at night without passing a brief period of meditation at my window. It was here that I summed up the actions of my early days. I was now happy, and could look back and smile at the little vicissitudes through which I had passed, and which my faithful memory retained in all the vividness of the realities. Often I thought of my first, great, absent friend, who taught me the rudiments of my art,—and of the old man who daily imparted to me something of the experience of his long life, and who cared for me as if I had been his own. It seemed that at this time I had nor want nor sorrow, only that sometimes a passing cloud would shut out the sunlight from my heart, and "pale melancholy" hold a momentary sway. Three years had passed, and during all that time I had scarcely been idle for a day. I had grown comparatively wealthy, and had laid up a store of art-treasures for the future. In addition to my library, I possessed many fine prints, which I had selected with infinite care from the folios of a printseller in the city. Moreover, I had a number of casts from ancient sculptures, which the Italian had given me. He had often and vainly tried to allure me from "mediæval barbarisms," as he termed our Gothic, to the glories of Greece and Italy; but I had so long dwelt among quaint examples of the monastic chisel that I was as averse to the graceful proportions of the Athenian masters as the owl is to the light of day. There came a time, notwithstanding, when the Signor, with his Dianas and Apollos, gained the victory over the griffins and goblins of the dark ages. Hitherto he had only invited me to his workshop, and while he confined his illustration of the beautiful to the inanimate stone and plaster, the conflict betwixt the Classic and the Gothic was uncertain. One night the sculptor invited me to take a dish of salad, prepared after the manner of his own country, in order that we might discuss the great art-question at our leisure. The Signorina was present, and what with the father's arguments and the daughter's charms, the whole subject of the Antique *versus* Gothic appeared in a far more interesting guise. That night the period devoted to meditation at my gillyflower casement was much longer than ordinary; that night the low music of the waving elms mingled with a solitary lover's sighs. At parting, the Signorina had with her own hand presented me with a basket of ripe peaches from her father's garden, and also with a piece of bright blue silk, ornamented with gold, which I chanced to admire, and which she told me had formed part of her holiday dress when a child in the sunny land beyond the sea. In return, I promised to paint her a picture at my leisure, and to introduce the precious relic of her childhood, along with the peaches, after the manner of a certain Dutch master, and with this intent I carried the fatal gift to my chamber. It secreted no deadly asp, such as was conveyed in a basket of fruit to Cleopatra, in her palace on the Nile; but in the folds of that blue mantle, and in the bloom of the ripe, luscious fruit I received from the Italian girl, there lurked an insidious poison which proved fatal to my peace of mind.

(To be continued.)

ENAMELS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

The art of enamelling was carried to a very great degree of perfection during the middle ages, and its history may be successively traced in the case before us (Case B) from the 7th or 8th to the 18th centuries. It may be divided into four distinct classes: 1, the *Cloisonnée*; 2, the *Champlevé*; 3, the Translucid; and 4, Painted enamels.

1. The *cloisonnée* enamels, which are now exceedingly scarce, were thus manipulated:—A flat piece of gold was cut of the form required, either as a fibula, a cross, locket, or other decorative ornament, and a rim or border fastened round it of sufficient depth to retain the enamel. Small thin bands of gold of the same depth were then disposed within, so as to form the outlines of the design, and at the same time separate the different colours; these were soldered on to the flat plate. The enamels were then placed in a powder into the interstices, and fused, after which it was allowed to cool, and the surface smoothed and polished. The specimens we have of this process in England are few; but it will be sufficient to refer to the celebrated Alfred jewel in the Ashmolean Museum; an ouche or brooch, found in London, now in the British Museum; and the pectoral cross, contributed to this case by A. J. B. B. Hope, Esq. The specimens extant range from the 7th to the 17th century.

2. The *champlevé* process was less expensive, more durable, and employed on larger objects, which were subject to more wear, such as crosiers, reliquaries, book-covers, and a variety of other articles used for ecclesiastical purposes. A piece of metal, usually bronze, was fashioned into the required form, the outline of the design to be represented engraved on the surface, and strongly gilt; that portion of the picture which was to contain the enamel being then cut out of the solid mass, leaving slender lines of metal, and the coloured pastes put into the cavities, fused and polished off as in the previous method. This process is as ancient as the *cloisonnée*, and extensively applied by the Romans and Saxons on fibulæ, vases, and ornamental vessels, some of which may be seen in Wall Case U; and we may also refer to the beautiful enamelled vase found about twenty years ago in a tumulus on the Bartlow hills, since destroyed by fire. During the 11th and 13th centuries, it was extensively practised at Limoges, and we have a great variety of specimens in this collection, showing both its beauty and durability.

3. The translucid enamels were executed in the following manner:—A thin plate of gold, or more frequently of silver, was procured of the requisite size, and that part intended to be filled with enamel cut or chased out, leaving the draperies and flesh in low relief, and the outlines engraved. It was then filled in with transparent enamels, through which the engraved design and lineaments were clearly seen. This process will be better understood by an inspection of the "Lynn Cup," also the "Crosier of William of Wykeham," and the "Savernake Horn," all of which are in this case. This style was in vogue from the latter part of the 13th to that of the 15th century.



4. Painted enamels: These differ essentially from all those methods previously described. The artist no longer required the raised metal bands to separate the coloured enamels, nor the burin to engrave the outlines of the draperies, features, &c. In the earlier specimens the copper-plate was first traced with the subject to be represented, then covered with a transparent ground or flux. The outlines of the figures were painted on this with a brush, in some thick, dark colour, and allowed to dry, which answered the same purpose as the metal in the before-mentioned processes, the background being filled or painted in, as well as the figures, with enamels of different colours; but this did not admit of tinting or shading, and the effect of light on the hair and draperies was indicated by touches of gold. These imperfect modes of representing the *chiaroscuro* were discontinued as the art progressed in the 16th century, as testified by the elegant productions *en grisaille*. The piece was repeatedly placed in the furnace during the operation, to harden one colour before another was applied. It is unnecessary to detail the various styles of successive artists until it reached its greatest perfection; my object has been merely to give a general idea of the four distinctive classes of the art of enamelling. It will be sufficient to refer only to a few amongst the numerous fine specimens before us of painted enamels, to show the various stages of the art—its commencement, its perfection, and its decline. For the first period (although the art had even then made great progress)—the 15th century—the rare triptychs painted by Mouvearni, belonging to Danby Seymour, Esq., and S. Addington, Esq. For its perfection, in the 17th century, we would draw attention to the elegant candelabra of Sir Anthony de Rothschild; the "Horn of St. Hubert," belonging to H. Magniac, Esq.; and the bason and ewer of the Earl of Warwick. Lastly, for its decline, in the 18th century, not the least interesting series of enamels of the Passion, from designs by Albert Durer, in Wall Case C, belonging to Lord Delamere. These surface-painted enamels were executed principally at Limoges, and nearly all the artists can be identified by their works.

Illustrative of the *champlevé* process we engrave a very fine Pastoral Staff-head. The lower part, or tip of the staff, is ornamented with diagonal corded lines, and dragons between, on blue enamel; the knob or boss has an openwork medallion of a bird with human head, the wings and trefoils being green, with red spots; the crook is quadrangular, with gilt scrolls on blue enamel, and small crockets round the outer edge; the volute terminates in a large trefoil, or flower, filled in with blue enamel, gradually fading towards the edge, which is white. This pastoral staff was discovered by the Marquis d'Aliancourt in the Abbey of Foigny, deposited in the tomb of Barthélémy de Vir, Bishop of Laon, who died in 1181. The effigy of this prelate, on the cover of the tomb, held a similar staff. It is in Case B, and contributed by H. Magniac, Esq. Several

interesting examples of these insignia have been preserved to our time, from the circumstance that it was customary to deposit the crozier, or pastoral staff, occasionally also the chalice and pater, in the tomb of the prelate to whom it had belonged.

A beautiful and most interesting pastoral staff, of about the same period, must be here noticed (it is in Case L, with other antiquities of the Douce Collection), for independent of the excellence of the enamelling, the figures and costume of which bear a striking analogy to those in the Bayeux tapestry, it has the following inscription:—"*Frater Willielmus me fecit.*" It was discovered at Chartres Cathedral, and attributed to Ragenfroi, Bishop of that see, who died A.D. 941; but the work is evidently not earlier than the 11th century. This relic was purchased by the late Francis Douce, and bequeathed, with the rest of his important collection, to Sir Samuel Meyrick. The name of the place where it was made is wanting, but this blank is filled up in another specimen in the Louvre—the fine cup from the Abbey of Montmajour, near Arles, on which is inscribed, "*Magiter (sic) G. Alpais. me. fecit Limovicarum*"—thus distinctly naming the town of Limoges, where the greater number of these *champlevé* enamels were made. It is of the 13th century.

C.

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. IV.

JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, A.R.A.

This artist is among the most modest and truthful of our modern *genre* painters. A delicate serenity of mind influences his choice of subject, and his phase of expression is natural and unexaggerate. His subjects are mostly selected from "the olden time;" but he does not seize upon that circumstance to intrude upon the eye with gaudy and preposterous costume, ostensibly "studied from the best authorities." The characters appear the personages themselves, and not, as is too often the case, a set of actors studiously costumed for their parts. It would surely be difficult to point out a more sweetly-imagined little work than 557, "Lady Jane Grey and Roger Ascham." The fair student sits in the light of an oriel window, communing with one of the great minds of Athens or Rome; not the sunny summer morning, not the sound of hound and horn, can tempt her from the classic volume. The expression of the lady is exquisite—a happy mingling of amiability and intelligence; she truly seems, as the poet says, "too good for human nature's daily food." The colouring of the picture is chaste and beautiful—the warm, sunny light thrown over the distant landscape, seen through the open embrasure, quite delicious. 549, "The Madrigal," introduces us to an ancient Tudor apartment, the walls gloomed with oak panneling. The daylight admitted through the heavy-stoned mullions of an oriel, streams upon a happy family party collected round a harpsichord. One of them has just struck the keynote, and the joyful strain already rises on the ear. The old squire appears to be keeping time with his whole person, and mayhap now and then joins in with a querulous note as the recollection of old times comes over his memory. Besides the quiet and quaint expression of the various personages, there is a peculiar charm in the colouring of this work which adds much to the sentiment. This we take to consist in the extreme depth of low-toned transparent colour in the shadows, the pure whitish grey lights, and the absence of everything in the shape of gaudy or vulgar costume. Mr. Horsley shows us in 404, "The Pet of the Common," that he is a bit of a humorist, "the pet" being nothing more or less than a young ass foal, which appears to be the admiration of the village urchins. One of them, a roguish-looking postboy, has, in the ecstacy of his delight, lifted the animal from its feet to give it a loving hug, to the great dismay of the mother, who is braying away most piteously. The tale is capitally told, and the colouring is bright, yet chastely toned.



"THE MADRIGAL."—JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, A.R.A.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. VII.

JOHN LINNELL.

Speaking of an artist's youthful enthusiasm, Mr. Thackeray says: "He is so fond of his art that in all the world there is no attraction like it for him. He runs to his easel at sunrise, and sits before it caressing his picture all day till nightfall. He takes leave of it sadly when night comes, and begins again next morning *da capo*. Of all the pieces of good fortune that can befal a man, is not this the greatest—to have your desire, and then never tire of it?" A delightful picture this, touched with the magic of a master's hand: a glimpse of hybrid happiness, compounded of the spiritual and the mundane, the contemplation of which charms the heart, and touches the feelings. Of the man who lives to ennoble his art, it is true to the letter. These ardent, engrossing, loving feelings are ever the accompaniments of genius, and lie at the root of success. But, however the painter's sensibilities may be awakened during the progress of his work, however his breast may glow with rapturous anticipations of fame and glory, one thing is certain,—his picture, when completed, must be, like any other base commodity, taken to market, and—sold. In default of sale, or of sale at a fair remunerative price, the most enthusiastic man must recognise a very stern species of reality. He is forced to adopt one of two alternatives—either to throw off sketchy, unworthy works; or to take to face-painting, and become one of the *terræ filii*.

Some cloud of this kind appears to have interposed between John Linnell and his ultimate destiny. He began, about forty years ago, to exhibit landscapes of home and English scenery, which combined complete and intelligent finish, and close study of individual nature, with astonishing power and fulness of colouring Unfortunately, he fell upon an age when connoisseurs considered the purchase of a work of cotemporaneous native growth as an amazing piece of condescension; and we fear that his honestly and conscientiously accomplished works—works, too, which rivalled the greatest of the Dutch school, combining the detail of Ruysdael with the dash and colour of Rubens—failed to secure for their author that ample reward which should have enabled him to stand before his easel with the enthusiastic feelings of Mr. Thackeray's hero. He, therefore, appears at a very early date to have almost relinquished landscape; and a recurrence of certain highly-finished cabinet portraits, year after year, at the Royal Academy Exhibitions, tell us how many years of his valuable life, which might have secured masterpieces of art to his country, were wasted in the comparatively ignoble employment of face-painting.

But, as clouds pass away before a southern breeze, so prejudice succumbs to advanced knowledge; and few artists have felt the beneficial influence of the extraordinary revulsion which took place in favour of British art some twelve or fifteen years ago more than John Linnell. He now shines the brightest light among all our landscapists, occupies the very pinnacle of success, and truly feels the effect of that golden tide which in the present happy day flows so steadily towards our sons of genius. The sums paid for his pictures are prodigious, nay, almost fabulous, when compared with the prices obtained for fine works only a few years ago. Yet who shall appraise the emanations of genius, or fix an ultimate value on the rare effusions of original thought!

The works of Linnell are distinguished above those of his cotemporaries chiefly by their power and fulness. Strong as are very many of our landscape men in other qualities, *all* their productions look thin and flat in comparison with his rich and deep transparency. He is a marvellous tree draughtsman, alike in the umbrageous denizens of the forest, stretching forward their lusty branches in uncontrolled luxuriance, as in the stunted growth of "hedgerow elms," wayside oaks, or pool-fringed willows. His massing of autumnal foliage is one of the grandest and most impressive achievements of modern landscape art: and his knowledge of the minute details of furze bushes, clumps of heath, and the accidental produce of common land, is quite unparalleled. His marly banks and rushy brooksides, too, are exquisitely studied. But his cloud-drawing—there he is great indeed! How he can fleck the broad azure with white billowy masses of floating vapour, magnificent in form, and intense in radiance; or steep the welkin with the blushing glories of the moribund day!

That our artist really did paint with skill in his earlier day is amply shown in the small picture called (we are at a loss to know why) "The Last Gleam" (481). This is a work of 1830, and is in reality a view of the lower range of Carnarvonshire hills, seen from across a wide space of common land, which affords "ample scope and verge enough" for a multitudinous and almost interminable flock of sheep, accompanied by their rustic drivers. Simple materials these; but the power, variety, and richness imparted to it, render it, as a landscape, perhaps *the* gem among the many precious jewels contained in the gallery. The sky, with its fleecy clouding, is an especially exquisite piece of work. A fine specimen of Linnell's recent productions is 475, "Crossing the Brook," (of which we give an engraving in page 162.) Here one looks down a rugged country lane, made before cuttings and embankments were thought of, on to a flat champaign country, and far receding distance. In its deep hollow runs a shallow stream, spanned by a rustic wooden foot-bridge, and on either side crumbling banks of sand and marl, fringed with trees of picturesque and straggling growth. It is a fine example of his treatment of familiar nature, exquisite in drawing, delicate in touch, and beautifully transparent in colour, without that imperious despotic tendency to gravelly brown hues, to which he is sometimes prone. For an example of this unfortunate species of exaggeration, see 471, "Ulysses Landing," which is besides a subject so out of the range of his powers—which consort best, as we take it, with the simple and unpretending—that we have scarcely patience for a protracted contemplation of it. Pass we gladly, therefore, to 584, "Sheepfold, Evening," which calls forth very different feelings. Here is, indeed, an ultimate fulness of rich juicy colouring, and such a sky! with a grand cloud-mass floating above the dusky landscape in magnificent array of gold and purple! The sheep are being driven to fold, the labourer returns home with his team, and the crescent moon appears above the horizon. Man's work is done, says the sentiment of the picture, and nature and he shall sleep alike.

It may seem strange to some that the name of the gifted Linnell is not found in the archives of that society which enrols among its members so large a proportion of the artistic genius of the age; in other words, that the initials R. A. have not long been appended to his name. The tale runs, that he sued for this honour in an early stage of his career, and sued in vain; and that in his matured strength, notwithstanding the understood belief that the Royal Academy would welcome him to their body with open arms and a hearty embrace, he declines to be placed again in candidature.

J. T. LINNELL.

This is an artist truly worthy of his sire. He has embraced the right path. He copies nature within and without; he copies her minutely, but he does it with intelligence. He can stoop to woo the harebell and the wild rose, and rise to the glories of sunlight—to "the expression from above." At present, his touch is formal, and his manner dry; but when his memory is stored with facts, and his mind thoroughly imbued with the minute beauties of nature, his mode of expression will doubtless become broader, looser, and more suggestive. In his 566, "A Landscape—Autumn," we stand in a dense nook of woodland, the luxuriant grass wild and unkempt at our feet, the wild flowers blooming around us, and the glowing hues of the evening sky peeping between the rich grove of trees, and throwing out their stems and leafage in crisp and forcible relief. Now here is a picture in which everything is distinctified in the most minute and delicate manner. You may name every bush and briar. Here is the hazel, there the woodbine, farther on a wild rose, then a bit of blackthorn, and so on. Yet is the wholeness of nature so well preserved, that these minor beauties do not intrude, but in their modesty steal winningly and insensibly on the "mind's eye" of the lover of truth and nature. 556, "A Morning in Autumn" is a scene on a south country farm, where the eye ranges over miles of arable and well-tilled land. The welkin glows with the brilliant yet tender hues of an autumnal sunrise, and warns man to return to toil and labour; and here are the farmer's hinds unpenning the sheep, and preparing for their work in the turnip field. The sky, in this picture, is certainly most gorgeous, but we think rather erring on the side of being too portrait-like; a little more looseness and dash of hand would have better realised the idea of motion, and the everchanging aspects of cloudland. And now we arrive at what is perhaps the most marvellous production of the artist, or, in its way perhaps, of modern art; it is 610, "Spring." Talk of Dutch finish! Why its sovereignty is entirely extinguished in this extraordinary combination of patient industry and enlarged intelligence. We are at the edge of a woody copse, with wild hyacinths and hazel bushes at our feet, and the gaunt brown tree-stems rising high above. Between them one looks on to the undulating surface of a corn-field, the fresh green blades rising above its furrowed surface. One side shelves down to the open country, while on the other is a brown copse, casting a thin and scattered shadow. The sky is bright and cloudless, and the young leaves of the season show transparent in the morning light. The painting of the corn-field is a most wonderful piece of work, the perspective drawing of the furrows quite inimitable.



"CROSSING THE BROOK."—LINNELL. (See Page 160.)

PAUL DELAROCHE.

In the modern French School of Art, few names occupy a more conspicuous position than that of Paul Delaroche; and very few indeed are the cotemporary artists whose whole career has been marked with a series of successes so brilliant, and, at the same time, so enduring. This long and unwavering popularity has been attributed in a great measure to the constancy of his own efforts after each of his triumphs to achieve one still greater. He never stopped for a moment to repose upon his laurels, but girded himself afresh for further struggles, as if the star of his fame were yet only an undefined speck on the horizon of the future.

Paul, or rather Hippolyte Delaroche, was born at Paris, in 1797. Educated in the midst of objects of art, of which his father and M. Joly, his maternal uncle, were among the most eminent judges and collectors of their time, the mind of the future artist received its earliest impressions from the finest models, and his ambition was awakened to endeavour to equal or surpass them. So, when urged to devote himself to such studies as would enable him to write the history of art, he declared at once his intention of studying its masterpieces, not for the purpose of describing them, but of adding to their number.

At first, however, his true genius did not reveal itself very decidedly, which may be accounted for perhaps by the following circumstance. His elder brother, a pupil of David, was then aspiring to the rank of an historical painter; and their father not wishing that a direct rivalry should exist between them, determined that Paul should seek eminence in another line, and placed him under Watelet, to study landscape, which he did for some years. But his brother having changed his plans, the younger Delaroche became free to enter upon the career for which he seemed destined by nature. He now became an *élève* in the studio of Gres, and it took some time to overcome the effects of the previous misdirection of his powers, and for his style to assume a settled character: consequently his first work, "Josabeth," in the exhibition of 1822, was subject to the reproach of exaggerated expression and incompleteness in the execution. With all its faults, however, it did not fail to attract attention by a certain novelty in the general effect. It even gained him the friendship of Gericault, whose "Raft of the Medusa," some three years before, had made a deep impression, and who was looked upon by the young painters of the day as the head and representative of the modern school.

In 1824 appeared his "Joan of Arc in Prison," and "St. Vincent de Paul." These two pictures, elegantly but somewhat coldly executed, were regarded as a sort of compromise between the rash innovations of the new school and the stand-still doctrines of the old classic. To their timely appearance at this epoch of French art, they were as much indebted as to their own intrinsic merits; for between the revolutionaires of the pencil and the stubborn conservatives of the past, as in all similar cases, a sort of *juste-milieu* party, more numerous and influential than either, had arisen, and by this party the young Delaroche was regarded as a powerful ally, and his new pictures hailed with an admiration which at any other time would have been dealt out with more reserve, and qualified by more critical acumen. They were certainly stamped with more unmistakable tokens of high pictorial talent than their predecessors. All previous indecision had disappeared; the light of deep thought played more life-like and unconstrainedly over the canvas; yet they revealed but faintly, in



DELAROCHE.

comparison with his after-works, the easy and unaffected grandeur of his mind.

The "Death of the President Duranti," and "Miss Macdonald assisting the Pretender," raised his fame still higher, and by their intrinsic merits alone made a lasting impression on the public. These works are completely free from the theatrical affectation and system of posture-making followed by the French painters in the last and early part of the present century.

M. Delaroche also possessed the high moral qualities which accompany true artistic greatness. He did not devote his powers to the illustration of any particular party in politics, or to pamper the pride of any sect in religion. He was never tempted to catch at ephemeral fame by flattering the predominant opinion of the hour, but chose his subjects in the wide field of history with impartial judgment, without distinction of race or creed. "Charles I.," "Jane Grey," "Napoleon at Fontainebleau," "Marie-Antoinette," "Strafford," "Richelieu," "The Death of the Duc de Guise," "The Girondins," and others, were painted without regard to any changes in the political sentiments of his co-temporaries.

With regard to modern painting, Delaroche's opinion was that the great masters had exhausted the field of poetic invention so completely as to leave nothing more even to he gleaned—that the harvest in those regions, therefore, was over; that all that was beautiful and sublime in religion had long since assumed their definitive form; and that beyond these two spheres there remained nothing to attempt but the analysis of events merely human—the representation of facts in a dramatic point of view, and these not in their most sublime, but most probable aspect. This he considered a direct, and, to a certain point, a familiar teaching, and what was best suited to the conditions of modern art and the intellectual wants of our epoch.

His picture of the "Death of the Duc de Guise" was considered to mark, with more precision than any of his former works, his peculiar style, so purely historical—a style which obtained for him his admission into the Institute in 1833. In this work there is evidence of vast mental resources, and the most delicate skill in execution. The terrible and the contemptible in nature are placed in startling juxtaposition—the murdered duke, stretched in the grim majesty of death, seeming still to threaten his dastardly assassins, and the still more dastard king, who, drawing aside the drapery behind which he has been crouching, seems to seek in the face of his victim an assurance that the deed had been fully done; while the murderers look with eagerness for the applause and favour of their master.

While he was employed in this work, he engaged to undertake the decoration of the Church of the Madeleine, and to prepare himself for this task repaired to Italy. In consequence, however, of a misunderstanding between him and the administration, he renounced the undertaking. While at Rome, in 1835, he married Mdlle. Louise Vernet.

His journey to Italy, which had been undertaken for a special purpose, had no other result than to leave him better prepared for the successful accomplishment of a work of great magnitude, which he was afterwards called upon to perform—a work not merely consisting of historical facts, but a scene of an ideal character, calculated to task his utmost powers of invention, and at the same time give him an opportunity of turning his long experience to the best account. This was the "Hemicycle of the Palace of the Fine Arts," which he was engaged to paint in 1837. Of his success it is needless to speak: it was the last and crowning public work of his life. During the 15 years that followed, he retired altogether from the salon. His works during that period, which terminated with his death, were seen only by a few of his oldest and most intimate friends. His last—among which the "Girondin" stands pre-eminent, surpassing, as it does, even the "Death of the Duc de Guise" in depth of thought and finish of execution—give evidence of a skill and energy ever on the increase. A series of compositions on the last episodes of the Passion—the fourth of which representing the Virgin in contemplation before the crown of thorns, in the chamber where the disciples took refuge after quitting Calvary—prove incontestibly his aptitude for the treatment of religious subjects. It was while finishing the last-mentioned sublime and deeply pathetic picture that the shadow of death fell on this highly-gifted artist, and made a void in the ranks of modern art not easily to be filled.

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. VII.

SELDOM has a more painful task devolved upon us than the contemplation of the wasted life and talents of the artist who forms our topic at this time. Young Morland was one who inherited, along with the most brilliant genius for art, the most deplorably low taste in the choice of his associates and pleasures; so that the mind, in dwelling on his life, is kept in an alternation of wonder at the rapidity and elegance of his artist-work, and pity and disgust for his whole career as a man. It is true that a great part of this disgust is also shared by his father, whose horrible mode of treating the child forms the only excuse which can be made for the errors of the man. George Morland began his unhappy life in the Haymarket, London, on the 26th of June, 1763. He was descended from a race of painters, one of his ancestors being Sir Samuel Morland, an eminent mathematician and artist; his grandfather was a painter, and his father, after failing in some speculations, for which we can only pity him, for the sake of his miserable family, painted, drew, and dabbled in pictures, but with so little success that he became bankrupt, and was compelled to bring up his three sons and two daughters in indigent obscurity. It seems that Morland the elder sought to turn to account the talents of his son, who wonderfully early displayed his genius, insomuch that the early efforts of others are said to be nothing compared to his. At four, five, and six, he made drawings which were equal to those of the common run of students, and his father urged him to the utmost, shutting him up in a garret until he had completed the day's painting, and stimulating his industry by rewarding him with libations of wine and highly-seasoned food. What a training for an artist! For some time his stated work was making drawings from plaster casts, which his father sold as fast as they were produced; but when his skill increased, he selected subjects from popular ballads and songs, such as "Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window," "My name it is Jack Hall," "I am a bold shoemaker, from Belfast town I came."

The usual price of these drawings was three halfcrowns, and though greatly inferior to his paintings in after life, they were much admired; and when he was but sixteen, his fame had flown far and wide. But, alas! long before that time, he had become confirmed in those habits which adhered to him through life—slaving in his father's garret, and then drinking like a five-bottle man. George, however, contrived to elude, in some degree, his worthy parent's vigilance, and used, when he made four pictures for his task-work, to make one for himself, which he let down by a string to some of his companions in the street, who disposed of it at a low price; and then, at twilight, when he gained an hour's relaxation, they would carouse together in some low pothouse till the proceeds of his pencil were consumed.

When his father discovered that he was cheated, so to speak, in this manner, he redoubled his indulgences to the unhappy victim, allowing him a little pocket-money to spend among his low friends, more wine, more time for himself, more rich viands and fine clothes; and permitted him to swear, sing gross songs, and to talk as it makes one too angry and sorry to think of. At length, but not until all these dreadful ways were settled necessities of his nature, he became emancipated from his father's thraldom. The way in which this was effected has been described differently by Hassell and Smith; therefore, the reader shall have both accounts. Hassell, who knew the Morlands well, says that "he [was determined to make his escape from the rigid confinement which paternal authority had imposed upon him; and, wild as a young quadruped that had broken loose from his den, at length, though late, effectually accomplished his purpose." Smith says, "Young George was of so unsettled a disposition, that his father, being fully aware of his extraordinary talents, was determined to force him to get his own living, and gave him a guinea, with something like the following observation: 'I am *determined* to encourage your idleness no longer; there—take that guinea, and apply yourself to your art and support yourself.' This Morland told me, and added, that from that moment he commenced and continued wholly on his own account."

Smith's story would make it appear that George, instead of supporting his father, was dependent on him; but this statement is in contradiction not only to that of Hassell, but also to that of Fuseli, who accuses the elder Morland of avariciously grasping the whole of his son's gains, which certainly appears the more consistent statement. Thus, in the seventeenth year of his age, he went out into the world, dressed, as Hassell says, "in the extreme of foppish puppyism; his head, when ornamented according to his own taste, resembled a snowball, after the manner of Tippy Bob, of dramatic memory, to which was attached a short, thick tail, not unlike a painter's brush." He now plunged into all manner of excesses, and lived amongst pot-boys, horse-jockies, pawnbrokers, and pugilists, painting all the time daily, with wonderful rapidity, graphic copies of common life, and rustic scenes. Pigs and asses were his favourite studies; he was skilful in landscape, "not," says Cunningham, "in that combination of what is lovely or grand, over which a poetical mind sheds a splendour that anticipates paradise, but in close, dogged fidelity, which claims the merit of looking like some known spot where pigs prowl, cattle graze, or asses browse."

He resided some time at Kensal Green, and whilst there fell in love with Miss Ward, a young lady of modesty and beauty; she was the sister of Ward the painter, who afterwards married Maria Morland, thereby augmenting the family union. These two young artists joined in taking a house wherein to settle with their brides, anp for some little time all went on in harmony;

young Morland forsook his low companions, and seemed to have changed his ways entirely. But unhappily discord broke out between the sisters, concerning the rule of the household, and Morland took refuge with his wife in lodgings in Great Portland-street. His old propensities now returned with redoubled violence, and late hours and low company separated him from his sorrowing partner, whose remonstrances and entreaties fell on a deaf ear.

Before the joint household was broken up, Ward had made some engravings from Morland's paintings which attracted the notice of Raphael Smith, an engraver of talent and enterprise. He engaged Morland to paint many pictures from familiar scenes of life, which had a sale rapid beyond example. "These works," says Hassell, "showed that he had a wonderful facility in seizing those propitious coincidences, those light, ornamental, and minute proprieties and graces, which contribute such an ample store to the genuine stock of original composition—of consummate art. The harmonious combination of his backgrounds—his drapery, ever natural and decorous, without confusion or perplexity—his children also, his sheep, his cattle, and all the appendages of the rural landscape, including every other department of picturesque scenery—are still classed amongst the finest of modern productions, are still objects of imitation to young students, and are considered and exhibited by the best judges and patrons of the fine arts, as most remarkably neat, correct, and elegant views of nature."

Some of Morland's best pictures are scenes in the Isle of Wight. He used to frequent a low public-house, called "The Cabin," and sit there surrounded by sailors, rustics, and fishermen. This society he used to leave reluctantly, when called for by a friend of his who used to rally him on the lowness of his taste:—"George, you must have reasons for keeping such company." "Reasons, and good ones," said the artist, laughing. "See! where could I find such a picture of life as that, unless among the originals of 'The Cabin?'" and he exhibited his sketch-book, which contained a fac-simile of the scene in which he had just enacted king of the company. This afterwards made one of his best pictures.

His father's early management, and now the unhappy man's own propensities, made him fall a prey to the picture dealers; and these harpies, knowing his love for the bottle, plied him with liquor, and watched over him while he painted, brush in one hand and glass in the other,—then seized the pictures, thus manufactured, out of which they made immense profits, and left their sad victim to the next set of wretches. His poor wife endeavoured in vain to reclaim him, while so beset; and, strange to say, his constitution remained long uninjured by his excesses, and his industry would have done honour to a better man. He has left no less than four thousand pictures, most of them of great merit, to continue his name. "He heaped folly upon folly," says Hassell, "with such dire rapidity, that a fortune of ten thousand pounds per annum would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality." No one will wonder that he was at last confined for debt; but it is somewhat surprising that during his incarceration he painted, as usual, most indefatigably, sharing his gains between the bottle and his still pursuing friends, the picture dealers.

The sad tale draws to a close. When the Insolvent Debtors' Act at length gave Morland his liberty, his health was overturned, and he was sunk still lower in the estimation of mankind; none but the lowest of the low would associate with him, nor did he wish it otherwise. When he was thirty-nine, he was seized with palsy, and could not paint; but he still made drawings in pencil and chalk, which he tinted lightly, and sold in profusion. He died in a spunging-house, in Air-street, in his fortieth year, of fever brought on by drinking more than usual, to console himself for the loss of his liberty. His poor wife died a few days after him. She had been separated from him for some time on account of family feuds. There is no need of a word of comment; the wretched man's life and death speak volumes of themselves, and we close the sad account with a shuddering sigh of relief.

Several pictures by Morland are in the Exhibition; perhaps the one he would have himself selected as the best amongst them is 140, where we have the white horse in a stable or shed It is a fine instance of his particular style of painting.

S. B.

THE OLD MASTERS.

VELASQUEZ.

Before entering upon the memoir of the great Spanish painter and courtier, Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, it will be proper to say a few words of the state of the art of painting in that country previous to his appearance. The art of painting was late in taking root, and slow in arriving at maturity in Spain; indeed it was not until after the union of the crowns of Castile and Arragon, and the expulsion of the Moors, that men seemed to have leisure to cultivate the arts of peace and the elegances of civilisation. Previous to this period colour was used almost exclusively for merely decorative purposes, in which Moorish splendour predominated. In the 15th century, several artists from Italy and Flanders, amongst the latter of whom was John Van Eyck himself, occasionally visited the Peninsula; whilst, on the other hand, Spanish artists, more particularly from Arragon, began to visit Italy for the purpose of studying the works of her great masters.

Amongst the early artists of Spain who obtained distinction were Antonio del Rincon, born in the middle of the 15th century; Frederick Gallego, of Saragossa; and Louis Morales, styled "the Divine," on account of the subjects to which he devoted his pencil, and the fervid religious character which he gave to them. Morales may be taken as a type of the Spanish art of this early period, in which the prevailing characteristic is a stern religious solemnity, savoured by the asceticism of the cloister,—a feeling which repudiated all play of fancy, all irreverent treatment, all vain and trifling conceits. Temporal subjects were never painted,—portraits alone excepted,—and in the treatment of religious subjects a rigorous etiquette was observed, under the surveillance of the Inquisition itself, by which the representation of naked figures was strictly prohibited.

Two artists in the period which immediately followed tried to modify the severity of this early art, and to infuse into it a little of that softness and grace which so eminently distinguished the Italian school—viz., Juan Fernandez Navarette, called El Mudo, from the fact of his being deaf and dumb (b. 1526, d. 1579); and Domenico Theotocopuli, called El Greco, who flourished from 1577 to 1625. These were both of the school of Castille. On the other hand, Zurbaran, of Seville (b. 1596, d. 1662), never went to Italy, and studied entirely from nature; his style is grand and impressive. Another artist of Seville, who formed his style without reference to Italian models, and who was more purely original than Zurbaran, was Francisco Herrera (b. 1576, d. 1656). He was a man of a strange, wayward spirit, and impetuous temperament, which were reflected in his works. His rough mode of handling may be judged of from the fact that he sometimes employed his servant-girl to scrub the colours over his canvas with a common broom, and then, whilst they were yet wet, would set to work modelling them into a picture.

This Francisco Herrera was the first master of Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, who was destined to give grandeur and renown to Spanish art. This truly great man was born at Seville, in 1599, his parents being both of gentle blood, though in reduced circumstances. Evincing early a talent for drawing, he was put under Herrera, whose violent temper and severity of discipline, however, soon drove all his pupils from him, and amongst the rest the subject of our narrative. It is to be remarked, however, that from this master Velasquez acquired that boldness of handling, occasioning somewhat of a roughness of surface, which we observe in almost all his works. His next master was Francisco Pacheco, a man of letters, but in art little more than a theorist, and who enjoyed the distinguished post of inspector of paintings to the Inquisition. Pacheco, admiring the talent as well as the noble conduct of his young pupil, gave him his daughter in marriage, and was of great use in introducing him to notice at the court of Madrid. Velasquez was the first Spanish painter who did not find habitual employment in the service of the church, and his ordinary themes in the Bible and calendar. He studied nature in all its forms—the human head and figure, landscape, botany, and the various elements,—and entering the service of Philip the Fourth at an early age, he executed most of his works, which were in great variety, but in which portraiture predominated, for the royal palaces, painting only on rare occasions a devotional picture for a royal oratory or convent. Yet in his treatment of secular subjects, and more especially in his portraits, he preserved the serious air which belongs to the Spanish character; and his old "Water Carrier," in the famous picture of that name now in the collection of the Duke of Wellington, and the drinking peasants, in the no less celebrated picture of the "*Bibedores*," have an importance and solemnity of bearing which we do not find in the humble life of other countries.

Velasquez first visited Madrid in 1622, and was early taken by the hand by the Duke of Olivares, who introduced him to Philip the Fourth, who ever afterwards patronised him. Velasquez never forgot the favour thus conferred upon him; and when the unscrupulous minister fell into disgrace, he of all the court still continued to visit him;—noble conduct, which the King had the generosity to approve of. Velasquez being appointed painter to the King, enjoyed the monopoly of painting his majesty's portrait, and pretty frequently he did so. He was also made one of the chamberlains to the King, with a handsome stipend, and apartments in the palace. Later in life, after his second visit to Italy, where he went to collect pictures for his royal patron, he was appointed to the important office of *aposentador-mayor*, or quarter-master-general of the King's household, with a salary of 3,000 ducats a-year. In short, Philip heaped honours and rewards upon his favourite painter, whom he visited almost daily when at work; and many pleasant stories are told of

the graceful compliments he paid him on these occasions.

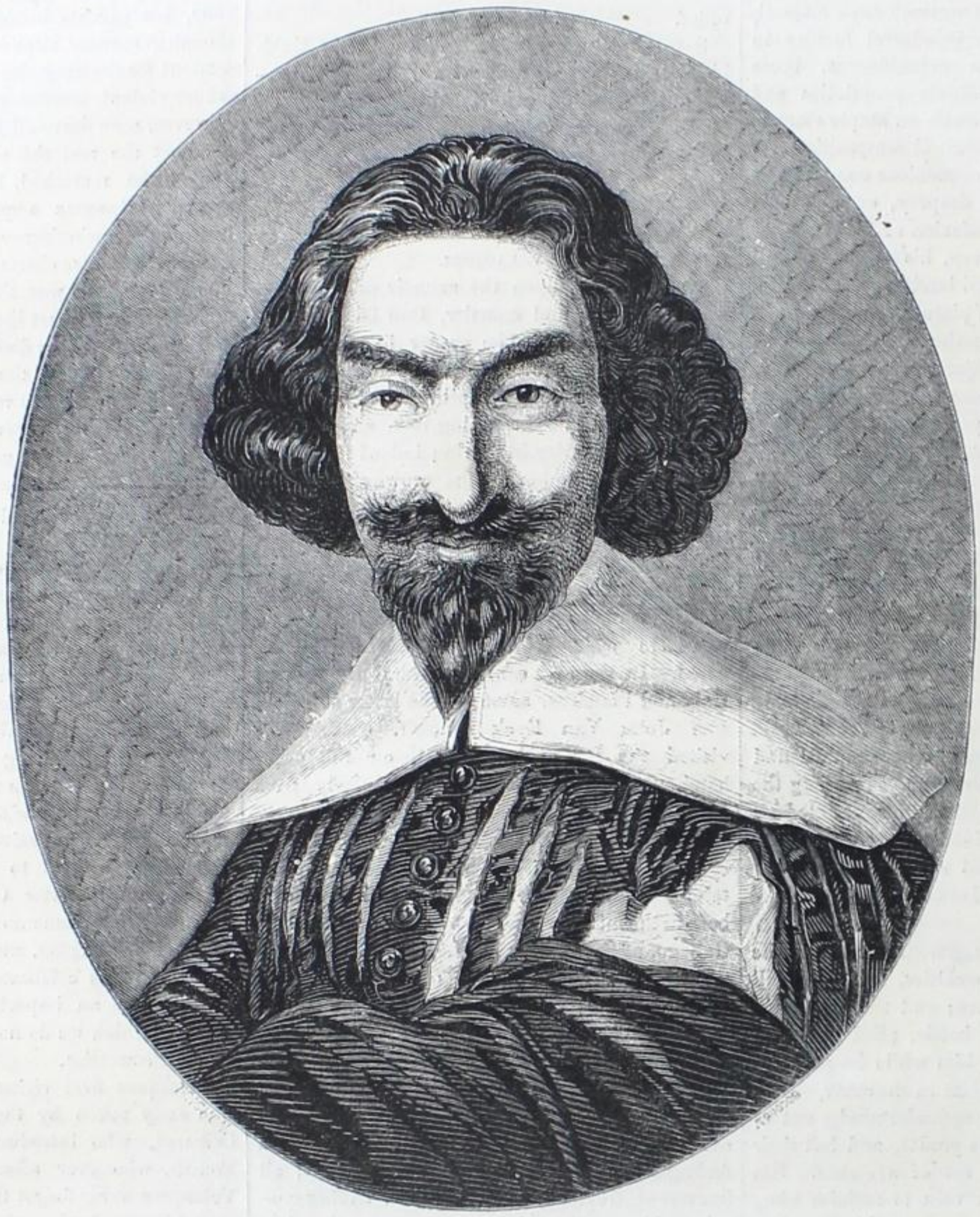
It has been stated that Velasquez twice visited Italy,—in 1626, and again in 1648; but though whilst there he employed himself in studying, and even copying the works of the great Italian masters, he, like Rubens, refused to let them influence his style, which, slightly modified by innate impressions, retained its integrity to the last.

The post of *aposentador-mayor* rendered it necessary that Velasquez should be in attendance upon the King, providing for his accommodation and comfort wherever he might chance to be; and the fatigues attendant upon these duties, on a memorable historical occasion, were the immediate cause of his death, when in the prime of life, and the full vigour of his intellect. The occasion referred to was in the summer of 1660, when the King, attended by all his court, proceeded in great state to the Island of Pheasants, on the frontier of France, to deliver up the Infanta Maria Theresa, his daughter, in marriage to Louis the Fourteenth, in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of the Pyrenees. Velasquez was employed upon this expedition, building a great wooden pavilion for the occasion, and also preparing to paint various representations of the august event for the royal galleries. But the exertion and worry were too much for him, and on his return to Madrid he was seized with tertian fever, of which he died, on the 6th of August, 1660, in the 61st year of his age. His body was buried with great pomp in the church of St. Juan. His wife only survived him seven days, and was buried in the same grave.

The works of the Spanish school were very little known out of Spain until a comparatively recent period, partly in consequence of a standing law which existed there against the exportation of works of art, and partly from the country itself being comparatively little visited by foreigners. In the lectures of the Royal Academicians, Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, there is even no mention made of Spanish art; and it was not until after the French revolutionary wars, followed by our famous Peninsular campaigns, that a few works of this school became scattered amongst the cabinets of Europe. But even until within the last few years our knowledge of Spanish painting was almost restricted to a few works of Murillo. Velasquez was so little known, much less appreciated, that in 1847 a very fine portrait by him, that of the "Infanta Margarita Mariana of Austria"—very remarkable for character and costume—fetched at a public sale at Christie's only thirteen guineas. Yet there are men of high authority in art who are of opinion that there is a peculiar sympathy between Spanish art and that of Great Britain. Wilkie, in one of his letters written from Madrid, says, "Velasquez may be said to be the origin of what is now doing in England. His feelings they have caught almost without seeing his works, which seem to anticipate Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Jackson, and even Sir Thomas Lawrence. Perhaps there is this difference: he does at once what they do by repeated and repeated touches. It may be truly said, that wherever Velasquez is admired the paintings of England must be acknowledged and admired with him."

Amongst the works by Velasquez which will be most admired and studied in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, are Nos. 624 and 625, two fine landscapes, with figures; 626, "The Infant Don Balthazar Carlos;" 737, "Comte Duc Olivarez;" 738, "The Queen of Philip the Fourth;" 779, "Philip (himself) in Shooting Dress;" 782, "Henry de Halmale," with horn and servant; 785, "The Cardinal Infant Don Ferdinand of Austria in Shooting Dress;" and 787, "Venus," a remarkable picture, being one of the few instances in which Spanish art was allowed to depict the nude figure, and which was only permitted in this case through strong influence at court and the Holy Office. It was painted for the Duke of Alva, and intended as a companion and rival to one of Titian's celebrated Venuses.

PRE-RAPH.



"CERVANTES."—VELASQUEZ.

GERARD DOW.

By H. Merritt.

With the ancients a work of art was a matter in which every citizen took an interest. A Grecian god or goddess in some instances went far, in its creation, to exhaust the coffers of the state. It was necessary to slaughter whole herds of elephants before an Olympian Jupiter could be encased in ivory, to say nothing of the precious metals and rare stones employed in the ornamentation of the said Jupiter. The genius of a Phidias would be equally apparent to the connoisseur if exhibited in the humbler medium of potter's clay; but we do not question that the Athenians were wise in permitting that great creative artist to work in marble and gold. There was an inducement on the part of the sculptor to do justice to materials so costly, which would not have existed had merely perishable earths been the only media at his command. Not only men of the highest culture, but the multitude are attracted and influenced by the ornate, the rare and valuable; and no doubt the lofty standard of taste to which the Athenian public attained, was fostered by the high regard and profuse liberality which the government of Pericles manifested for the fine arts in the erection and adornment of public edifices. This is an example, true in all times, of the lustre that may be elicited from genius when the highest conditions for its exercise are afforded. Furnish dainty materials, add public applause, imperial honours, and the prospective renown of future ages, and what will not genius accomplish! Indeed the power of intellect can never be ascertained in any people until the highest conditions of its development are supplied!



"LA CUISINIERE."—GERARD DOW.

Among the Italian painters we find instances of a thorough appreciation of those art-conditions which the ancients so well understood, and made so many sacrifices to obtain. Leonardo da Vinci, who bestowed years of labour upon each work, and was never satisfied with the results of all his pains, was equally remarkable for the great care he displayed in the preparation of his materials, with a view to their durability and perfect and consistent suitableness to the work in hand. He accomplished little; but in the pictures which proceeded from his pencil, he left examples of exactness,—of perfection in colouring,—of light, shade, and expression,—which are admitted to have advanced art centuries beyond the condition in which he found it;—examples which furnished, on their completion, instructive studies to Raphael, the prince of painters, himself. Thus Phidias and Da Vinci, the representatives of ancient and modern artistic greatness, equally exemplify a cardinal truth, far from sufficiently appreciated in our time—that too much attention cannot be paid to the perfection of the instruments with which art perpetuates its creations. Art requires that provident forethought which calculates the means to the end. When Leo the Tenth found Da Vinci preparing the varnish for his pictures previously to making the outline, and contemptuously remarked, "that nothing could be expected from a man who thought of finishing his works before he had begun them"—he displayed at once his impatience and ignorance. The pontiff did not know that it was necessary to varnish over certain colours as fast as they were laid on, and that varnish required age before being eligible for use. It has been said of the ancients, that they lived as though they were not to live a day, and executed works as though they were to last for

ever. We have lived to see the time in which this order of things has suffered a violent reversion in a variety of ways. But to confine ourselves to the art-question, we might point to the indifference of many English painters to the quality of the colours and canvasses they employ, and which, owing to this indifference, are commonly of the most worthless description. In consequence of the neglect to which we allude, a large proportion of the works of our Reynoldses, Romneys, Hoppners, Opies, Gainsboroughs, and even Turners, have long worn the aspect of decrepid age; while at the same time one might point to a score of the old Dutch masters, whose pictures retain all the freshness and lustre of youth, and among these we should class the works of Rembrandt's most illustrious scholar, Gerard Dow. Unlike his great master, Gerard Dow never, during his life, trusted to a chance stroke or the force of genius for anything. The enraged Greek painter, throwing his brush at the canvas, accidentally produced an effect which he wanted, and which patience and assiduity had failed to realise for him. Our Dutch artist would have discarded such a result as illegitimate. He besieged a beauty in nature by slow and measured approaches. With him a picture was a thing of orderly progression, even as the flowers of spring gradually unfold their leaves and buds and blossoms to the sun. He hurried his work for no man, but moved with a princely ease, as much as to say to the world, "Other men may hurry as they please, from necessity or excitement; but Gerard Dow at least chooses to think, and to perfect his works until he has satisfied himself." The wife of the wealthy burgomaster paid the penalty of possessing a fair white hand, by having to sit five long days while the painter transferred it to canvas. Nor did this artist confine his fastidious manipulation to beautiful objects alone. He spent as much time in imitating an indentation on a copper stewpan as he devoted to a dimple in the refulgent cheek of beauty. Some visitors expressed astonishment at the amount of labour which the painter had bestowed upon the handle of a besom, and were coolly informed that the representation of that humble domestic instrument would require several more days to complete it. Sitters grew weary of sitting, but the artist never hastened his speed. Had his patrons come into the world for no other purpose than to serve Gerard Dow, he could not have dissipated their time with greater indifference to its value. The cheek of his fair model would grow pale with hunger and fatigue while he was rounding a pearl on her neck. Flowers withered in the vase, and the ripe fruit rotted on the dish, before he had well prepared his palette. He was often compelled to seek objects for his pencil of a less perishable nature, such as carpets, elaborate table, covers, pictured tapestries, and even surgical and musical instruments came not amiss. His cremona fiddles seemed bursting with sweet sounds, and his knives as if they were dangerous to approach. In that picture of a robust serving maid, cleansing a brass pot, you fancy that you see and hear the very grit as it cuts into the yellow metal. He is so real, that to look into his "Dentist Shop" is as bad as having a tooth drawn. If he depicts an invalid, you might guess the state of her pulse and predict how long she has to live. Each object he transcribes is sharp or dull, transparent or opaque, rounded or squared, as it ought to be. The texture is always given with exactness, even to the minute threads in a costly robe. The string on a violin has three degrees of shadow, and not even the dust of the resin is omitted. He paints goblets of wine which would tempt an ascetic. His gentlemen smoke such delicately-moulded clay pipes with so much serenity, that smoking in his pictures is invested with all the grace of an accomplishment.

He carried his neatness and love of order into every department of his household; his studio, in particular, being above all criticism. Other painters were content to sit at an easel of plain deal—Gerard Dow must have one of ebony, inlaid with mother-o'-pearl. He locked up his colours in a costly cabinet, as if they had been rubies, emeralds, and brilliants of the first water. He observed a ceremony on entering the sacred precincts of his *atelier*, just as the Musselman does as he approaches the shrine of the Prophet. On arriving in front of the easel, he is said to have paused for a few moments, to allow the dust to settle before he uncovered the picture. He would risk dying of suffocation rather than open his casement, and incur the liability of admitting an insect to disturb his arrangements; that is, unless he wanted one to paint from, and then he might prefer, for security, to borrow one from some neighbouring entomologist. We, however, are far from presenting our minute, painstaking and fastidious artist as a model to be followed without reservation or discretion. Dow was a man of singularly healthy mind. His peculiarities were neither morbidity nor exaggerations. He possessed a wholesome though extreme sentiment of care. But others, instead of borrowing patient inspiration from his perfect taste, might fall into the absurdity of persecuting dirt and prosecuting delay. Shelley's passion for botanising and fondness for minutiæ became so exaggerated at one period of his life, that he could not look at a tuft of grass without being compelled, against his will, to count each separate blade. We counsel that study of a great example which distinguishes its merits without caricaturing its peculiarities. There is all the difference in the world between mannerism and conscientious originality.

THE THINKING ARTIST TAKING A LOOK AT LONDON.

To what dread depths our faith in good may fall!
Mine fell away to lowest as I clomb
To see stupendous London from the dome
That overlooks it like a mountain wall;
From "life's divine" I dropp'd to "godless brawl;"
Looking that instant o'er the city vast,
A nest of swarming life, I stood aghast,
Seeing three million human emmets crawl.
I gazed and gazed the soul-distracting sight,
Till faith to viewless depths had sunk away;
"Can God," I cried, "for such a rabble care?"
That moment streamed a radiant breadth of light
Athwart the city vast—a day in day.
I looked again, and felt that God was there.

August 4th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

On Monday, July 27, there were special trains from Birmingham, Crewe, Chester, Leeds, and Bradford. Amongst the visitors were Bishop Baring, Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Turner (Salford), Dr. Roskell (Nottingham), Dr. Serrow, Dr. Russell (of Maynooth), Tennyson the poet, Woolner the sculptor, and Mr. Rait, a liberal contributor to the Exhibition. The cardinal and his party spent some time in the ancient galleries, and the Hertford gallery. They then paid a brief visit to the water-colour galleries, after which the cardinal was introduced to Mr. Fairbairn, the chairman of the executive committee, and the party sat down to an elegantly-served luncheon in the first-class refreshment room. Mr. Potter, one of the committee, presided, and the party was joined by Mr. Stern and Colonel Hamilton. The cardinal then visited the general museum of art, and spent several hours in examining a portion of the contents; Mr. Waring acting as conductor. He was accompanied through his visit by Daniel Lee, Esq., and the ecclesiastics belonging to his church named above.

Amongst the visitors on Tuesday were the Dowager Countess of Albemarle and party, who are staying at the Ferns, Alderley Edge; Cardinal Wiseman, and the party who accompanied him on Monday,—including Bishop Turner (Salford), and Bishop Roskell (Nottingham); Bishop Simpson and the Rev. Dr. M'Clintoff, the deputation from the United States to the English Wesleyan conference, who were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Geden, classical tutor at Didsbury; and Alfred Tennyson, Esq., the poet laureate. The cardinal and his party only remained about an hour in the palace.

On Wednesday, there were three special excursion trains to the Exhibition station, each being well filled. They were from Leeds and Wakefield, by the Lancashire and Yorkshire line; from Leeds and Huddersfield, by the London and North-Western; and from Macclesfield and the Potteries, bringing passengers from Stoke, Burslem, Derby, Congleton, and the neighbouring towns. In addition to these, there were Mr. Erving's usual Wednesday excursion train from Liverpool, by way of Birkenhead and Chester; and a train from Birmingham to Manchester, which brought the workpeople of Messrs. Chance Brothers' glass manufactory, and others. Amongst the visitors were Alfred Tennyson, Esq., the poet laureate; Mr. Woolner, the sculptor; Lady Holland; Sir Robert J. Milliken Napier, Bart., and Lady Napier, of Renfrewshire; and Mrs. Adlercron, county Meath.

Amongst the visitors to the Exhibition on Thursday were the Countess of Powis and daughter, the Ladies Lucy and Harriet Herbert, Sir R. J. M. Napier, Bart., Lady Napier, and Mrs. Adlercron, all of whom are guests at the Weaste; the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Susan Hamilton; the poet laureate (Tennyson); Mr. Woolner, sculptor; &c. Dr. Anton Springer, of the University of Bonn (author of "Paris in the 13th Century," and of several popular papers on "Art-History"), visited the Exhibition two or three times during the week. Dr. Springer has been deputed by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg to visit our city, for the purpose of reporting upon the treasures in the Exhibition.

The attendance on Friday was about the same as on the previous Friday, there being only a difference of ten in the cash admissions at five o'clock between the two days. Amongst those present were the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Susan Hamilton, and Mrs. Dunbar; Mr. Stirling, the author; Major Cunningham Bruce, Lord Ashburton, and the Right Hon. Edward Ellice. We observed that several interesting pieces of antique statuary had been placed on pedestals behind the orchestra, and that the fine carvings by Wallis, of Louth, had been removed from the dark corner under the photograph gallery to a position in the south transept where they can be seen with more advantage and can be properly appreciated.

On Saturday, three hundred of the workpeople employed by Messrs. Lockett, engravers, Strangeways, visited the Exhibition, and forty-nine *employées* from J. Jackson's warehouse, George-street. There was a special train from St. Helens, bringing about four hundred workpeople from a glass manufactory, and one of Marcus's specials from Liverpool, which was not very extensively patronised. Mr. T. Cook, of Leicester, the special-train agent, had an interview with Mr. Deane and the executive committee, and submitted plans for a series of cheap special trains to the Exhibition, which will commence running as soon as arrangements can be completed with the railway authorities. We understand that a temperance demonstration, on a large scale, will take place in the Art-Treasures Exhibition on the 1st of September, and that the eloquent advocate of the temperance cause, Mr. J. B. Gough, will be present. On this occasion the large second-class refreshment rooms will be especially reserved for the accommodation of the temperance visitors, and none but teetotal beverages will be sold in those rooms. In the evening of the same day Mr. Gough will deliver an address in our Free-trade Hall. The Exhibition was visited on Saturday by Charles Dickens, Esq., who remained in the palace until five o'clock, when he left by train for London. Mr. Dickens expressed his delight at the Exhibition in very emphatic terms. Probably he will give his impressions to the public before long in a substantial form. Amongst the visitors on Saturday we observed the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Susan Hamilton, Sir Cusac P. Roney, the Right Hon. M. Brady, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and family; Keith Stewart M'Kenzie, Esq.; Wm. Stirling, Esq., of Kier, the author; Daniel Whittle Harvey, Esq., the metropolitan commissioner of police; and Arthur Smith, Esq., who visited the Exhibition in company of Mr. Charles Dickens. There was a large attendance of general visitors, the cash payments being considerably in excess of those of the previous Saturday.

The following were the returns of attendances last week:—

	Season.	Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Total.
July 27.....	1,019	7,553	...	8,572
,, 28.....	1,108	6,445	...	7,553
,, 29.....	1,003	8,466	...	9,469
,, 30.....	2,779	...	3,295	6,074
,, 31.....	878	5,246	...	6,124
Aug. 1.....	1,755	7,735	...	9,490

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter IV.

THE GROUP OF STILL-LIFE AND THE OLD CARVER'S STORY.

The morning after my visit to the cottage of Signor Albano, I found myself in a very unsatisfactory state of mind, and with my hands full of work. I had engaged to paint the Signorina an elaborate picture; I had promised to make some drawings from the antique to gratify the Signor; and all this notwithstanding that my own lawful master had only the previous day set me to model an eagle, which he had been commissioned to carve in oak for the reading-desk of one of the churches we had renovated. With shame I say it, the eloquence and beauty I had found at the table of my new intimates, the Italians, had almost obliterated the eagle from my memory. My sketch, which had been approved, lay neglected on the bench, while the clay for the model lay covered up with damp cloths, untouched. The old man, as was his wont, came to call me to an early breakfast. "Earn your breakfast before you eat it," was one of his wholesome old-fashioned maxims. I had not earned my breakfast on the morning in question, and made no scruple of informing my master of the fact.

"Not earned your breakfast?" he asked in the kindest manner.

I pointed to the uncovered clay.

"You are unwell."

"I was never better."

"What then am I to understand?" he half-wonderingly observed.

I directed his attention to a group of still-life, consisting of the fragment of an antique vase, around which I had arranged, in graceful folds, the blue embroidered mantle which the Signorina had given me, so as to relieve most forcibly the peaches which I had placed in front on a slab of rich Sienna marble; the whole presenting a choice of forms and a variety of harmonious tints, which would have charmed the heart of that famous painter, Van Aelst.

The carver fixed his eyes for a few moments on the group, and then turning his gaze, calmly inquired what it meant.

"If," said he, "you have grouped those beautiful objects merely for contemplation, I shall offer no objection to your harmless whim, whatever I might feel respecting a medley of Flemish, Grecian, and Italian productions; but if you have set your mind upon painting these things, may I ask from whom you received the commission? I trust it is all a momentary freak of the fancy."

"Sir," I answered, with the frankness he had taught me to observe, "this is no freak of the fancy, but a matter upon which I have set my heart and soul. I will rise early, I will work late—the eagle shall be my masterpiece; but only say that I may paint my beautiful composition."

"And when it is all finished, and when you have outrivalled the Dutchman, what purpose will it answer?"

"It will enable me to keep a promise I have made, and which is of a such a nature as no man thinks of breaking. It is but twelve hours since I last saw you at St. Margaret's Church, and then I had not a thought of this undertaking, nor had I a care or sorrow, or doubt or misgiving, on any one thing. See what a change has came over me! For the first night since I entered your home I have not closed my eyes. My casement has never been shut the night through; and through the long, the dark and dreary hours, have I watched for the break of day to light me in this work."

"Tell me no more. I have foreseen this hour, and dreaded it. My daily vigilance and nightly care have not preserved thee from the blandishments of Signor Albano. You are in love with the Signorina, his daughter, and—— but I cannot blame you." Here the old man passed his hand over his brow, and seemed so stricken with anguish that I began to share it myself.

"Sir," I exclaimed, "do not misjudge me. I am your pupil still—will do all that you ask of me—forget the Signorina, and obey you in all things."

"I know it," sighed the patriarch. "I believe that you are true to me; and that you will continue faithful to me when you have heard the story of my troubles, I do not doubt"—and he began a narrative to which it was impossible for me to listen without surprise and emotion.

"I am old enough," said he, "to remember the time when in this country native talent, and all that was venerable and national, was sacrificed to a false taste for what was denominated the 'classical,' but which, in fact, was nothing more than a hollow mockery and a pretence. For a time the solemn architecture of England, the forms and patterns of her religious temples and ancestral halls, were set aside for feeble imitations of Greek and Roman types. Nobleman and country squire built their park-lodges after Athenian models, and their summer-houses after Roman villas. They raised altars where no sacrifices were intended; they had shrines without priests, and gods and goddesses without religion. People gave themselves classic airs and graces. Ladies of rank were painted or sculptured in the characters of Diana and Venus, and Silvia and Delia. Obese aldermen imagined themselves Roman senators, and members of parliament persuaded themselves that they bore a strong resemblance to the Demostheneses and Ciceros of antiquity. Every statue put up in honour of the dead or the living appeared in the garb of some illustrious consul or emperor of the classic world. Poetry and painting followed in the current. Amorous bards, who had slumbered for ages unheeded, were exhumed as it were from the grave, and scholars and famed versifiers turned the Latin of Ovid and Sappho into the language of Shakspere. I came when this artificial art, as I will term it, had reached its culminating point, and rescued the Gothic chisel from the rust. I found discerning patrons who could distinguish betwixt the true interests of art and the vapid and fulsome plagiarisms which had so long prevailed. The reaction was, as I persuaded myself, complete. It became my task not so much to create as to rescue the sacred relics of our forefathers from the obscurity to which neglect and disrespect had consigned them. Thus have I spent my days among blackened beams and rafters, where the owl and the bat had made their homes in the carved and emblazoned roof. I found quaintly tessellated pavements immured beneath wooden planks, and slender columns of precious marble buried beneath whitewash and plaster. With knowledge and energy, in patience and endurance, I pursued my way, often unrequited, to rescue these rare monuments of the past; for next to the creative artist I esteem the worker whose labours tend to restore lost traces of power and originality in the works of the great dead. The mock classic rage declined, as I thought, for good. I was deceived. Like the returning tide of the sea, the false classics returned, to cover the land with *stucco* and plaster and *terra cotta*. Again the park-gates and mansions of the nobility were made to caricature the ancients, and gardens and lawns to mimic their solemn groves. Again the antique appeared in every variety of material, and adapted to unheard-of purposes. Architects, sculptors, glassblowers, potters, brassfounders, and furniture-makers, fell in with the revived order of things; and squares and streets, town-halls, session-houses, city churches, and even gaols and village chapels, were constructed after the antique. Again the Gothic sunk into its former state of neglect. It grieved me sore to part with my old hands. Where I had work for a score of able carvers I found hardly sufficient for myself. It was at this turn in my affairs, when almost disheartened, when I had no longer youth on my side, that this Signor Albano came here, bragging of his Cellini-like powers. I will not tell you half of what he could do—it would be far easier to enumerate the few accomplishments of which he was *not* a master. He would, he said, furbish up our crumbling old city for us. He would, with a few strokes of his wand, transform our ruined walls into a second Athens. He would remould us, and give us new faces. He would so embellish us that we should not know where we were. He described our city as more resembling the churchyard of ancient kings whose very names were lost in the remote past, than the abode of the living. We were everything that was dingy; we were the rubbish of barbarism itself. Our spacious English halls, of English oak, he designated barns and stables; our cathedrals were dungeons, and our churches malthouses. He said all this, and more. I have given you a sample of his offhand, pretentious style of talking. He had a smoother and modester tone for the gentry. He worked his way; he exhibited works of art as his own which were the fruits of other men's genius. He got pity, and admiration, and encouragement from some of our best men. He was brought to me all smiles. He was described as a man without money, but abounding in talent which might be turned to account. Of all men in the world, my friend the Archdeacon St. John himself stood his advocate, and implored me to take up with the new stucco-and-plaster madness. 'It will bring in money,' said the Archdeacon. 'You want a fortune for your boy.' My boy was just leaving school. 'You want a fortune for your boy!'—I had not thought of that. For the first time I lost some little of my faith in the Gothic chisel; and my poor boy! the image of his mother looked up, as it were from the tomb, in support of the project.

"'What would you have me do, Archdeacon?' I asked. 'The matter is very simple,' he replied. 'Conform to the times, which will not conform to you.'

"'True, Mr. Archdeacon,' observed Signor Albano; 'the matter is very simple—what can be more so? Give me a shed, a few loads of sand and clay, and permit me, Mr. Lintot, to build you a simple kiln, and in a short time I will make you wealthy—provide a fortune for your child, and not once interfere with your taste for native architecture. You will, as you please, continue your invaluable restorations.'

"Well, the Archdeacon (God forgive him!) succeeded on behalf of his quondam friend. Albano came, and, to do him justice, he laboured like a slave. At first bread and water would serve him

and his companions (those two Italians who even now form part of his staff). The kiln was built, the sand and clay procured, the models made or imported from town. It was all very wonderful to see. No Englishman could have done it in so short a time, and for so small a sum of money. My son entered his department, and showed talent; and when I saw my boy in, as I thought, a fair way of business, I will own I felt less prejudiced, and parted with my savings with less reluctance; in fact, I spent every available pound upon the new scheme. I can say that, from the first hour of our acquaintance, the Signor has not given me an uncivil word. If I rebuked him, he would express his obligation to me. If I resented any act of his, he would bow his head in mock humility; and yet he is not mild by nature, but wrathful in the extreme. He fears our laws in his coward heart; and he knows that he can commit evil enough without running counter to our acts of parliament. Deceived by his fair speech one fatal day, I made him a partner in the compo and stucco department. Henceforth he became my master. He took to my boy, and flattered me. The Signorina was then a child—a beautiful child. I see them now growing up together like brother and sister—'the olive and the rose entwined,' as the Signor said (my boy was fair, and the Signorina dark). But where now is my boy? Master of every vice, and a victim to the most enthralling and ruinous of all vices—gambling,—this Albano, under pretence of giving harmless salad suppers (after the fashion of his country), invited other adventurers, reckless like himself, compound of gambler and artist, and, turning night into day, killed my boy inch by inch, and wasted his means day by day. He was as base as many of his countrymen are noble. Of course the stucco trade failed, and my boy—my once dutiful boy—soon half beggared me by his follies and extravagances. Saint by day and fiend by night, the Italian would lecture the poor lad in my presence, and—but I will bring my story to a close. The boy lies by his mother's side, where his father will soon follow him."

(To be continued.)



"SCENE FROM 'LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.'"—W. P. FRITH, R.A.

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. V.

W. P. FRITH, R.A.

Mr. Frith is the high comedian of art. He has an elegant mind, and marks his very drolleries with a certain air of unforced gentility. He is a true follower in the Leslie school. We do not mean to impeach Mr. Frith's claims to originality. Oh, no! he has plenty of that. What we mean is, that he digs for his subjects in the same inexhaustible mines, as did the founder of our school of high comedy *genre* painting, and invests them with similar imaginative warmth and delicate idealisation. Sometimes he portrays a pathetic incident from Goldsmith; then a droll passage from Shakspere flows from his pencil, to be followed, perhaps, by a scene from "Don Quixote," or the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*." Then he penetrates into the picturesque of old English rustic life, into the spirit of a village merry-making, or a revel in a baron's hall.

To attractive choice of subject, Mr. Frith adds the enduring charms of good colouring and an almost unrivalled delicacy and suavity of pencilling, a combination of circumstances which have contributed to place him very high in public estimation.

His rise in art was rapid. He exhibited his first work at the Royal Academy in 1840; and in 1842 we find his picture from the "Vicar of Wakefield," "My wife would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest," occupying a post of honour on the academy walls. Year after year, succeeding exhibitions included some new production of his pencil, evincing growing power and originality; and in 1853 he was admitted to the full honours of that august body, the

Royal Academy, having been made an associate about five years before.

A capital specimen of our artist among rural life is 320, "English Merry-making a Hundred Years Ago," where village fun and frolic are at their height. The merry game of "threading the needle" is being danced by willing feet, and two buxom lasses, in a moment of exhilaration, are pulling and persuading old grandfather to trip it with the young ones. But mark that stupid, red-headed, bacon-fed hodge, standing beneath the village tree. He has committed the unpardonable solecism of putting in a claim to the hand of the village belle in the dance, and interrupting her *tête-a-tête* with a favoured lover. Her expression of scorn might become a countess under similar circumstances. This picture has all Frith's beauty and delicacy of execution, but we think the colouring overdone; red hues predominate too much; and in the attempt to procure brilliancy and sunny effect, too much positive colour has been used. The spreading branches and foliage of the large village tree report assigns to the pencil of Mr. Creswick, an artist between whom and Frith a frequent interchange of civilities, in the way of figures for landscape, and landscape for figures, takes place. For an example of our artist in high comedy, commend us to 540, "Scene from '*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.*'" How admirable the bow of Jourdain, the obese *parvenu!* How he fawns on his aristocratic visitors, like a great yard-dog escaped from the kennel to the drawing-room, and trying to pass himself off for a pet spaniel, or Italian greyhound! Madame, a pretty butterfly-looking Frenchwoman, whose frizzed hair and delicate complexion tells of cosmetics, curling-irons and *filles-de-chambre*, looks full of latent fun and drollery, while her companion draws himself up with an air of dignity calculated to repel any very close advances on the part of their entertainer. We have engraved this exquisite piece of humour. 374, "Prayer," is a proof that Frith can touch our hearts with a simple yet earnest reading of a quiet scene from home life. See this happy young mother, with her open English countenance—beautiful yet, though something of the matron has already come over it. Watch the tender solicitude expressed in her eye, and the pleased seriousness of her whole aspect as she listens to her sweet cherub child repeating her evening prayer. A glimpse into a happy home sanctuary like this is a privilege indeed; and we must confess to a strong love for the whole picture, down to the pettitoes of the little suppliant which peep so roguishly from beneath the night-gown. This little work is, moreover, remarkable as a fine example of subdued colouring; the grey tones quite charming. 386, "A Stage Coach Adventure," is full of dramatic effect. A mounted highwayman, whose expression is rather that of Gil Blas when making his maiden attempt at robbing the old friar, than of an experienced Turpin of the road, is thrusting the muzzle of a pistol into the window of a stage-coach to the extreme horror of the passengers. One, a quakeress, shrieks out with frantic energy, while Obadiah, her companion, slily secretes his purse beneath the seat-cushion. Another, a well-accoutred man of war, is, like Smollett's swaggering captain of the London waggon, in a cold sweat of terror, and pays no attention to the pale-faced young lady who is swooning on his shoulder. The characters are admirably discriminated, and their expression ludicrously telling. 394, "Trial of a Witch, in the time of James the First," is, to our thinking, a very unpleasant choice of subject; it evokes very disagreeable sensations in the mind—sensations, too, which can lead to no good end. The picture is well composed, and beautifully painted; indeed we have never seen the artist's technical merits placed in a stronger point of view. But the scene looks an imagined rather than a real one; it is too much in the *tableaux-vivant* school, and has a forced brilliancy of costuming which distracts the eye. In illustration of this latter objection, let the reader refer to the sobriety and effectiveness of Mr. Horsley's "The Madrigal," (549).



"A STAGE COACH ADVENTURE."—W. P. FRITH, R.A.

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. VIII.

On a simple slab in St. Luke's churchyard, Manchester, may be deciphered, through the "shadowy livery" in which our manufactories invest all our monuments, the name of Henry Liverseege, with the record of his twenty-eight years of earthly life. In the vestibule between Saloons E and F, in the Gallery of Modern Masters, hang six pictures which record, in brighter blazonry, the young artist's name. In the minds of many of the managers of the Exhibition there exists another *In memoriam*, not less vivid, of the sensitive and enthusiastic young painter whose genius burned so brightly for a few short years, and whose fragile form and faltering voice but ill served the eagle spirit which took so early a flight to another sphere. To trace this brief career, to point to the varied figures which were marked on the dial of this little day of life until the shadow suddenly stood still and its sun went down before it had reached the meridian, is to twine a wreath of *immortelles* for that lonely grave, or a garland of gathered flowers to place on that pale brow which has been faithfully portrayed by a brother artist,—himself but lately numbered with the dead. This likeness may be seen amongst the "Works of Local Artists," now being exhibited at the Peel Park Museum.

Carlyle truly says, there is no life without its tragedy; and though we have neither "accidents by flood and field" nor wonders of old romance to relate in the biography of Liverseege, his life forms no exception to the law which assigns the discipline of suffering as a condition of progress in this transitory state of being. Born to the miserable inheritance of constitutional disease, which not all the tenderness of a mother's love could relieve, we find the weakly lad continuing longer than usual at school on account of his unfitness for business. His father, who held a subordinate situation in one of the manufactories in Manchester, was of very limited means, and this no doubt contributed to the absence of sympathy, almost amounting to harshness, with which Mr. Liverseege regarded the pursuits of his son; for it soon became evident that nature had given the poor invalid compensation for his distorted spine and diseased lungs in the talent for drawing which seems to have been born with him Even in his school days this taste showed itself; and the power of dramatic expression in art, which he afterwards evinced, found its earliest form in the love of stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, fetches and fairies, and of banditti, fierce and fell, which was the ruling passion of his youth, and which formed a striking contrast to his every-day surroundings in this city of tall chimnies and matter-of-fact business. Happily for Liverseege, his uncle, Mr. Green, took a warm interest in him, and from the age of thirteen years he became an inmate of this kind relative's house, and, by his generous aid, was enabled to follow the bent of his genius. In this happy home Liverseege worked with diligence, copying every good painting he could procure, and, before long, made his first attempt at portrait painting as a profession. We find his histrionic faculty again exhibiting itself in his love for amateur performances, in which he excelled, and which naturally led him to a deeper study of Shakspere, whom he learned to regard as the master mind in whose world of creations the enthusiastic young painter found his appropriate sphere of art. With such aspirations as these, we cannot wonder that the annoyances of portrait painting, so well known to artists, became to one of his nervous sensibility and quick temper sources of great affliction. The desire of independence had hitherto been his stimulus in this line of art; but now, with a consciousness of the power within him, he resolved to venture on the career for which he had long pined—that of an imaginative and dramatic painter. In 1827, when twenty-four years of age, Liverseege sent his first works of this character to the Manchester Exhibition. The result was not very flattering as regards remuneration; but he determined to persevere, and was encouraged by kind friends, whose cheering words often raised his drooping spirits. Indeed, when we consider the incubus of disease which he carried about with him, it is wonderful with what energy he worked, conceiving and executing subject after subject with a rapidity that amazed his friends.

When about five-and-twenty years of age, Liverseege went to London, and studied at the British Institution and at the British Museum. He studied with care and close attention, conscientiously copying the works of Rubens, Vandyck, and Teniers, and reproducing, with remarkable exactitude, both the sentiment and colouring of those masters. He thus learned to overcome many of the practical difficulties of his art, and prepared himself for that perfection in detail which was one of the peculiarities of his style. He became acquainted with Sir Thomas Lawrence, and would probably have remained some time longer in London, but, being disappointed of admission to the Royal Academy, in consequence of his accidental omission to send in testimonials of personal character along with his drawings, he returned to Manchester.

Liverseege executed some very successful portraits after his return home. He also made some beautiful water-colour drawings, in which he greatly excelled.

In 1829 he again went to London, where he remained for nearly two years, and during this period completed some of his most celebrated works. Amongst these "The Weekly Register" (413),—of which we give an engraving in the 174th page,—is not the least excellent. It tells its own tale of character; the intelligent and self-important air with which the disciple of Cobbett and of Crispin studies the question of reform is not unworthy of Wilkie.

"Captain Macheath" (412) was a commission from Mr. Hick, of Bolton, the kind friend and patron of Liverseege. The bold and reckless hero described by the poet Gay is well portrayed in this picture.

Liverseege now began to have a metropolitan, as well as a provincial reputation. Mr. Charles Heath purchased one of his pictures, and gave him orders for others for his "Book of Beauty." The London publisher, moreover, condescended to come to Manchester, as he said, "to see Liverseege and *the* railway," which was his illustrious cotemporary.

Early in 1831 Liverseege returned to Manchester, and arrived just in time to receive his mother's dying blessing. Her death was a deep sorrow to the sensitive young man, and for awhile his physical powers sunk under it; but, with that force of spirit which he frequently had need to exercise, he returned to his easel, and no doubt this trial had a maturing effect on his mind. Shakspere, Cervantes, and Sir Walter Scott were the three authors that Liverseege most loved—his "friends" he called them—and from them he derived the principal subjects for his pictures. Had he lived longer, it is more than probable he would have embodied his own conceptions of human nature and dramatic incident more frequently than those of others. "The Recruit" (423) is an original composition, and fully justifies the foregoing remark. It is considered to be his *chef-d'œuvre;* and for variety of character and incident, depicting at once humour and pathos and a present subject of interest, it is a remarkable picture. This work was the last that Liverseege completed, and, like the other riper fruits of his genius, was but a prophecy of what he might have become.

The year 1831 was the last of his life. He spent part of it in London, enjoying the society of his fellow-artists, and occupying himself at his easel, with Shakspere, his "Work-day Bible," beside him. He met the Duke of Devonshire, who kindly made him free of his collections of art-treasures, and expressed a wish to possess some of the works of the rising young artist—a wish which was destined never to be fulfilled.

Towards the autumn of 1831, Liverseege came home. The shadow of death was upon him, but still he continued his accustomed pursuits, and meeting a jolly blacksmith, made a clever sketch of Falstaff from him. There is an anecdote respecting this model, which will illustrate the kindly character of the artist. The honest Saxon demurred at his fee of two guineas, thinking it over-payment for the value received by his employer. "Oh," cried the artist, "you cannot guess what we painters can afford; besides *you* ought to be paid for a *double* sitting each time. Moreover, my good friend, I have not yet done with you." "No, sir?" "No; I wish you to come and see the painting when finished," was the graceful rejoinder. Though long accustomed to the thought of death, and feeling no fear of the change, he would willingly have lived longer, full of suffering as his life was, in order, as he said, "to finish some great work to immortalise my name; to be remembered after death," he added, "is indeed a powerful consideration." This is not, indeed, the highest thought for a man from whose view the puerilities of time are fading, and to whom the wonders of the Unseen are about to open; but it was perfectly consistent with the intense self-consciousness which was a part of Henry Liverseege's character. This characteristic was often remarked by his friends, but he had too much good taste to make it offensive; and he was very generous in appreciating talent in others. His manners were kind and courteous, and his whole bearing gentlemanly and refined. As the winter advanced his sufferings increased, but he was spared the weariness of protracted confinement, and spent the last evening of his life with his family. In saying "Good night" to his sister, he added, "I hope all may be well—it is in God's hands." His foreboding was correct, for these were his last words. He became insensible in the night, and sank gently into the bosom of Eternity, as a child falls asleep in its mother's arms—leaving that poor, pain-worn body, to find, no doubt, a more appropriate vesture for his aspiring soul.

Liverseege died at the house of his beloved and revered uncle and aunt, on the 19th of January, 1832. His remains were followed to the grave by his numerous friends and admirers in his native city, where it is pleasant to remember he was *not* "without honour" during his lifetime.

We believe we are correct in stating that the mezzotinto plates of Liverseege's works, thirty-seven in number, were purchased from the original publishers by Messrs. Nattali and Bond, of Bedford-street, Covent Garden. They are very well executed by S. and H. Cousins, Bromley, Ward, Giller, and other talented engravers, and give a very good idea of the painter's artistic characteristics.

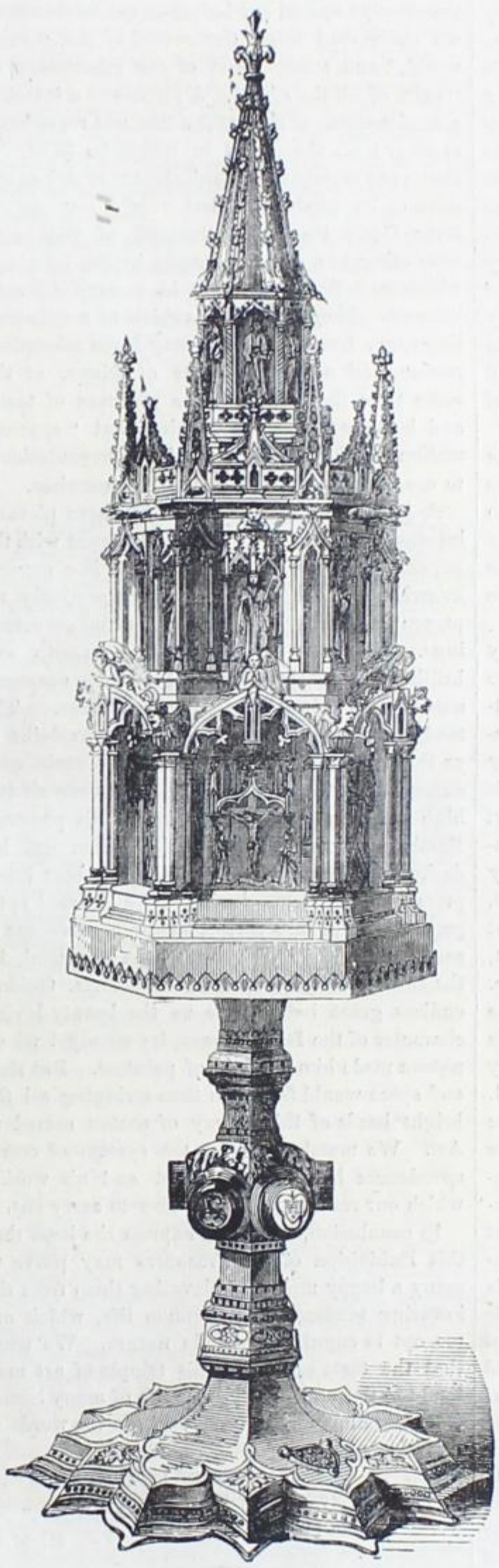
R. M.



"THE WEEKLY REGISTER."—LIVERSEEGE. (See Page 172.)

SILVER MONSTRANCE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

CONTRIBUTED BY H. MAGNIAC, ESQ.



This beautiful specimen of silversmith's work shows the perfection to which the artists of the above-named period had arrived; its fine architectural proportions, and the mathematical precision of its composition, attest the encouragement given by the Catholic clergy to the designers and manipulators of decorative art applicable to the holy service of the altar, at a time when, according to the tenets of that church, the principle was carried out of erecting the most gorgeous edifices to divine worship, and when the highest efforts of human genius were consecrated to the adornment of their glorious temples. Very few of these remain intact to our day. The Cathedral of Cologne is the only one which occurs to us as still retaining its Gothic altars, magnificent shrines and appliances, in all its pristine grandeur. Unfortunately for the gratification of the man of taste, such instances are rarely met with, the fanatic zeal of the iconoclast, or the cupidity of the revolutionary ravager, having caused the destruction of the finest works of art of the middle ages. Many of these were perfected in the monasteries by the monks themselves, especially such as were to be devoted to the service of the church; indeed they were compelled by their laws to acquire the knowledge of every branch of art. One of the canons runs thus:—"We command that every priest, to increase knowledge, learn some handicraft;"* and doubtless here the most skilful artificers were to be found, from the strict surveillance of the superiors, and the severe laws by which they were regulated. The more industrious were rewarded by promotion, for we read that one of our early kings raised a monk to the dignity of an abbot merely because he was a skilful goldsmith.† Saint Dunstan, also, amongst his other attainments, did not think it derogatory to acquire and practise the art of fabricating not only vessels of gold and silver, but of brass and iron,—hence he became the patron saint of goldsmiths and workers in metal. So, also, the great Alfred did not confine his genius to literature alone, but was well acquainted with the arts of architecture and the workmanship of gold and silver. His historian, Asser, says, by instructing artisans in the working of gold and silver, he caused many things to be incomparably executed; a specimen still remains preserved to our time, in the Alfred Jewel, which expresses that it was made to Alfred's order: it is now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

The piece of plate here engraved, although, at first sight, it may appear complete, is not so in reality, for the stand on which it now rests is a subsequent adaptation, being of later work and inferior metal, namely, of brass gilt, with niello bosses and shields. On a careful examination we find there is no opening in which relics could have been placed, or apertures through which the host could have been shown; it is not, therefore, *per se*, a reliquary or a monstrance, but an ornament for the one or the other, more probably the latter, in which case it would originally have surmounted a crystal cylinder or box, with a silver foot, or have been attached to a staff, to be carried in the procession of the host. The monstrance is of silver, in form of a hexagonal Gothic spire of three tiers, with clustered columns supporting trefoil arches and canopies, on the top of which are angels, with hands clasped; in the niches are effigies of saints; and in front the Crucifixion, on gilt backgrounds. Six pinnacles surmount the angles of the second stage, with gargoyles between, from within which rises an elegant finial of crockets and tracery.

It is of the same date and character, indeed we may with probability attribute it to the same artist, as the "Pastoral Staff of William of Wykeham," presented by him to New College, Oxford, in 1375, which we engraved in a former number of this work, both evidencing the *master hand* in the elegance and wonderful intricacy of the architecture of that period, except that the latter has the additional embellishment of translucid enamels on the crook and staff.

C.

* Wilkins, Leg. Ang.-Sax. 83. † MS. Claud. c. 9.

THE FUNCTIONS OF ART.

One of the current anecdotes respecting the Exhibition relates that a country manufacturer, having liberated his "hands" from work at the mill, sent them to spend the day in the Palace of Art at Old Trafford. They were of course grateful for the holiday; but their report of the Exhibition sounds, even to an unpretending lover of the beautiful, as though it came from beings wholly deficient in the perceptive endowments proper to man. "Aye, we be theer," was the curt reply to the inquirer, who, in answer to his further question as to how they had been pleased, was told, "Wull, there wur *nought* to see!" Could a fabled gnome, from his sunless abode, have pronounced a more chilling criticism? which fell not, alas! upon the art-treasures, but upon the condition of the speakers themselves! In a sense, these poor people — be they hands or hinds — are but gnomes groping in the earthy darkness of ignorance and of instincts merely animal. To propose an act of emancipation for these prisoners of earth, were to write an essay on the education of the people, for that only can strike off the iron ring which, as in the days of Cedric the Saxon, still surrounds the neck of Gurth, the "born thrall."

But we rejoice to believe that this anecdote is not of general application, and that there are thousands of our intelligent working people to whom the fine arts have a "mission," which they will have first learned to recognise amid this beautiful collection, and which will continue to afford them "a joy for ever."

That the creations of art are not merely luxuries, but that they are of the highest use and necessity, must be obvious to every thoughtful mind. A genuine work of art is an expression of homage to the spiritual—an act of fealty to truth—an utterance of worship to God. It is only as an exponent of the spiritual that art assumes its true vocation;—in this lies its essential power; without this it may be marvellously imitative, but it cannot be, in the highest sense, creative. In order to reproduce and fitly present a subject, the Painter or the Sculptor isolates it, and makes it, as it were, a symbol of the universe. As everything is infinite in its relations, it is the object of the true Artist to give us the soul of his subject—its world-deep meaning—and thereby to render it, in its way, an epitome of the world. The "one touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin," is found in every genuine picture, and breathes through every living sculpture. The functions of art are altogether educational. Their highest aim is that of calling out the latent capacities of our being, and of awakening the noblest feelings within us. The artist is a teacher who, by his deep insight into the life of things, and by his skill in the wonders of form and colour, exhibits to us the truth and beauty of nature. In the training school of art we learn to appreciate nature; and by the exercise of our faculties in these spelling lessons of the Beautiful, we are enabled, by degrees, to read the great book of the universe, and to feel and rejoice in its innumerable harmonies. For the treasures of art do but line the vestibule of nature's temple, and are chiefly valuable as they initiate us into the mysteries of creation—mysteries that are "new every morning." A quaint writer says: "The best pictures are rude draughts of a few of the miraculous dots, and lines, and dyes which make up the ever-changing 'landscape, with figures,' amidst which we dwell." The sight of one of these golden summer sunsets, even across our level Lancashire and Cheshire landscape, after a day at the Exhibition, will bring home this truth to every mind.

In saying that the great aim of Art is educational, we assign to it a very significant office, for, in this world of growth and development, anything that tends to draw forth and cultivate the noblest faculties in man, is no less than a minister of the Highest. That Art might become yet more and more instrumental in this world-wide work needs no argument to prove. "The eye sees what the eye brings means of seeing;" and if we look thoughtfully at the great illustrated manuscript spread out before us at Old Trafford, we shall read there the record of the "Fore-world," and receive part of our inheritance as "heirs of all the ages." A picture or a statue is a condensation of the artist's life, and represents, more or less, the period in which he lived. It shows not merely the technical state of Art at the time of its production, but exhibits to us, in some form, the inner thought of that age, answering to a similar thought in our own age which may find expression in a very different manner. Thus Art is the vehicle of a universal language, from which we may learn toleration, justice, and a true estimate of things, at the same time that we trace the progress of taste, and learn to apprehend in what that "approximation to rhythmical order in representation," to use Shelley's definition of taste, consists.

A great help towards obtaining these picture-lessons will be found in an acquaintance with the personal history of the painters, and in a general knowledge of the periods they respectively represent, and of their circumstances and surroundings. We learn to identify the warmth and brilliance of Rubens with his rich, sensuous nature and his great intellectual force. The tenderness of Giorgione's pictures explains to us that impassioned nature which so early consumed his young life. Vandyck's courtly air and high breeding may be seen in all his pictures. Rembrandt's self-assertion shines from out his darkest shadows. Murillo's portrait best interprets for us his pure, loving, large-hearted sympathies. Raphael's perfect comprehensiveness of soul instals him high priest of the Beautiful, by the suffrage of his own sweet Madonnas. Guido's endless grace indicates to us the beauty-loving character of the Italian peasantry amongst whom nature made him a prince of painters. But time and space would fail us in thus stringing all the bright beads of this rosary of names sacred to Art. We merely suggest the system of correspondences between the artist and his works, which our readers will know how to carry out.

In conclusion, we would express the hope that this Exhibition of Art-Treasures may prove to many a happy means of elevating them from the lowering tendencies of common life, which are too apt to engulf the whole nature. We trust that the taste excited in this temple of art may tend to raise and beautify the life of many homes to nobler aims and purposes, for, in the words of one of our poets,

> "The more man gets to know
> Of his own life's adaptabilities,
> The more joy-giving will his life become."

R. M.

POINTS OF LANDSCAPE FOR THE MIND'S EYE.

These mountains (of Savoy) are so high, that hal an hour after sunset its rays still gild the tops o them; and the reflection of red on those white summits forms a beautiful roseate colour, which may be perceived at a great distance.—*Rousseau.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF ART.

In the empire of art we do not object to reform or to renovation; but we detest and decry violent revolution as both dangerous and unsound. An Exhibition like that at Manchester ought specially to teach us that, in art like nature, the laws of growth are gradual and progressive; that from time to time new life may be given, new creations added, but yet that the new is the development of the old—an addition which augments, not a revulsion which destroys. Thus the early Florentines led up to Raphael; the school of Venice was crowned by Titian; from this southern art, again, arose in the north Rubens and Vandyck; and the school of Spain took its parentage in Italy. On leaving the old masters, and entering on the Gallery of English Art, we are startled by the abrupt transition, by the want of historic sequence; and it is scarcely strange, because indeed most natural, that just in those points where the connection with the past is the closest, our success has been the greatest. It is in portrait-art and in landscape-painting that we are connected with antecedent greatness, and have thus become great ourselves. We must say that it argues ill for our national school, that in this great historic and chronological series we cannot show a more direct descent from Italy, and that, instead of finding a parentage in Raphael, we are compelled to look out for an ancestry among the Dutch. It is not our intention to uphold the doctrine of art-finality; we do not pretend that any man, however historically great, should obtrude impassable barriers to our progress; we only wish to point out that a collection like the present does specially establish the chronological and historic laws of art-development, and that what is greatest and truest and soundest in the present, must, as it were, by the inherent laws of human progression, or at least of human mutation, take past greatness for its origin. But while maintaining this as the critical canon which conduces to the safest as well as to the highest results, we cannot but admit that, when a nation has boldly, like our own, struck out a new career, the effort has at once the vigour of originality, and the promise of ultimate success. There is a cringing servitude to the past which implies national prostration, and precludes vitality and advancement. Thus the modern and living Germans have sold themselves to the ancient and dead Italians, and the result is an art learned, historic, and, perchance, grand; yet whether it be alive or dead is withal uncertain. An individual, whatever be his calling, should not lose his individuality; neither should a nation willingly barter away its nationality. A hybrid art of intermingled nationalities, wanting the vital vigour of healthful birth, is, by the condition of its first origin, emasculated and threatened with extinction. Thus the French school of David was wedded to the art of modern Italy, and the resultant bastard offspring are the present Italian works, enfeebled and degenerate. While, then, we could have wished that out of the glories of historic art there might have arisen for us a school at once national and international; derived from universal humanity, yet not less belonging to us Englishmen; reaching back into all time, yet not less vital with the time and life now existent,—we, nevertheless, cannot but rejoice that, failing this highest result, our art has at least shown itself vigorous, honest, and free. We could have wished that the first efforts of our English school towards high art had been attended with greater success. But when we look at such failures as those of Fuseli (102), of Barry (158), and of Northcote (122),—when we see how vain were their efforts to reach the heroic style, we are ready to doubt not only whether a manner so ambitious was suited to the genius of these men, but still further, to question whether the grand style be consonant with the English character. A school of art such as theirs might indeed become domiciled in our nation without growing into or out from our nationality. We content ourselves, then, with an indigenous growth, if healthful though humble, rather than a

sicklied exotic, though it reach the heavens. England, politically free, boasts of an art not less independent; but while we rejoice that she has, in art as in politics, thrown off foreign dictation, and become subject to no servitude, we could have wished, as before stated, that in rebelling against tyranny she could have submitted to teaching. In this independent and indigenous origin of our English school we recognise a close relation with the national characteristics of our people. In the naturalistic tendencies of our art we not less trace the corresponding direction of the nation's studies and sympathies. Nature has become with us an idolatry; natural science and natural history a passion. The knowledge of nature in a thousand ways ministers to our wealth; and in art, in like manner, its study becomes subservient to our pleasure. Now, if asked in what consists the health and the hope of our English school, we should assuredly say, in its close relation to nature, and to actual life. In landscape-art, for example, the minute and accurate transcript of nature has been carried to the last degree even of excess. It were now indeed almost possible to use a landscape painting as a diagram to illustrate a geological conformation, and a foreground in a picture might have been a scientific study from a botanic garden. It must be admitted that the Italian masters never attained to a like accuracy; their object was rather to portray nature in her general aspects than in her minute detail; their knowledge was in those days sufficient for the imagination, but not enough to satisfy the present prying curiosity of the senses. The accuracy of science, however, at length came, and required of art a corresponding truth; and now, finally, the detail of the photograph demands that the artist's eye shall be the lens of a camera, and his hand an untiring and unerring mechanism. All this, we have said, is healthful and hopeful,—and so it is, so far at least as it is not absolutely absurd. That these hopes have indeed been already realised, we think the present Exhibition, though not strong in landscape-art, sufficiently proves.—*Blackwood.*

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PAINTING

The historical interest attaching to portraits, as faithful representations of remarkable personages of other times, will always give them a certain value, even though not exalted by artistic treatment and feeling. The same may be said of landscape-drawing, since, if true to nature, it places before our eyes some beloved and familiar spot in all its native beauty; or perhaps a wondrous scene in some far distant land, a magnificent assemblage of mountains, woods, and water. What eye would not rejoice to wander over a representation of such lovely scenes,—perhaps situated in a part of the world so distant, that there is little probability of their ever being personally visited; or still more, when the picture recals familiar scenes, localities endeared by memory and associations? Thus we value a collection of engravings presenting true portraits of personages famed in history, or representations of people and of customs in distant parts of the world, or of whatever our native country may contain of rare and valuable, harmonising with the before-named characteristics of the art. Still these accessories can be no more styled essential branches of the art, than works of travel, however interesting, or of biography, though inspired by the utmost taste and feeling, can deserve to be ranked among poetical works; notwithstanding the acknowledged truth that just delineations of character and glowing descriptions of nature form essential parts of a perfect poem, of which indeed they are necessary elements. However, we cannot be astonished that portrait and landscape painting should be highly esteemed; for, apart from the personal or historical interest attached to a portrait, the delineation of the human countenance must always rank among the highest efforts of the art. The view of a rich landscape, whether represented in a picture or seen in the brighter beauty of nature herself, excites in every susceptible mind soothing and agreeable sensations; yet, as in nature herself, the original expression remains the same, with little change or variety, there must necessarily be a certain degree of monotony in the enjoyment imparted by such representations. Generally, however, the symbolic will very easily overpower and efface the natural expression in isolated landscapes; and it is for this reason, that having once consented to consider landscape-painting as a separate branch, I prefer the adoption of a simple confined style, like that of Ruysdael, in whose paintings a few trifling circumstances of ordinary nature are, by perfect artistic treatment and the deep sentiment imparted to them, exalted into a splendid work of art, in which nature reveals herself in a flood of gushing beauty to the eyes of every one capable of feeling and appreciating her charms. In fact, such a painting offers a completely artistic representation; while, on the contrary, in every other description of landscape, not excepting even that lofty style in which Claude Lorraine unquestionably holds the first rank, the painter enters the lists against nature herself, vieing with her in the delineation of her highest and grandest scenes of beauty. If the result be successful, our astonishment subdues every other feeling, absorbing even the pure sentiment of the art; and still it must be remembered that the majesty of nature will ever remain unattainable, even by the highest artistic efforts.—*Schlegel's Æsthetics.*

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL AND ITS TENDENCIES.

The inherent connection between national life and national art is in an Exhibition like the present specially apparent. The life of a nation in its earlier simplicity, or in its later complexity and luxury, in the earnest endeavour of its healthful rise, or in the intoxicated levity of its fall, are all impressed in corresponding characters upon the national art. Compare the early-cloistered Italian works in the first saloon, with the Venetian luxury and colour in the second; or the pictures by Van Eyck and Mabuse, careful and conscientious, with the florid extravagance of Rubens, and then think of the wide diversity in national life which must have led to such bold contrasts in national art. We take it, that a grand international gallery like the present will be comparatively useless, unless it be made the basis of conclusions as wide as the collection is itself extensive. While disconnected works lay scattered in distant churches, palaces, or private galleries, criticism could with difficulty assume a consecutive completeness, or throw into its treatment of dissevered parts the system inherent to a united whole. It seems, however, in these days the special use and province of museums, whether of natural history or of art, to group together into the completeness of a system materials which formerly lay scattered in individual isolation. Criticism of separate works or of individual artists had not to wait for this Manchester Exhibition; but a criticism which shall embrace nationalities in their wide diversities or close analogies, which shall give to each art its comparative position in the world's history, show the relation between a people's life and a people's pictorial fancies, is now, for the first time, rendered practicable. * * * Our English art, as we have seen, is healthful and vigorous, because eminently naturalistic; it is true and honest, because each painter is true to himself, and with mental independence paints just what he thinks and feels; it is for this reason diversified in subject and character, not fettered by authority, nor bound down by historic precedent. It likewise represents and corresponds to the existing phases of society, painting up to the requirements of the drawing-room, and putting upon canvas all that is talked of at the dinner-table. Finally, it knows how to respect as well as to represent English national life and manners in their observance of social and moral proprieties, in their respectabilities, in their downright, honest, and hearty commonplace. We think and trust, however, that in our English life and thought are to be found higher phases of existence than our national art has thus generally ventured to portray. The faculty of imagination, the feelings of devotion, man in his higher aspects of thought or worship, religion as it connects the earth and humanity with heaven,—these inspirations, to a corresponding nobility in art, our national school has hitherto for the most part left unheeded. The time has been, and in some countries still is, when a picture claimed the bended knee. Whatever, then, be the merits of our English school—and they are great—it is but too manifest that we need the guidance of higher thought, the inspiration of a nobler idea. Our art is too fugitive, miscellaneous, and vagrant, and seems, like our poetry, to await the outburst of some strong national impulse, some cry from the people, some kindling of the fire. This great historic and international Exhibition suggests and justifies these reflections. It shows in its gallery of old masters that the great painters did not, under the pretence of loving nature, worship materialism; that, on the contrary, they fashioned individual nature into high mental types; that, infusing poetic thought and emotion into their works, nature became indeed spiritual. Thus an Exhibition like the present should, as before suggested, teach us the coëqual authority of historic wisdom to guide, of nature to suggest and give, and of the artist's mind to mould and create. No national school of art can be great or enduring which is not the joint emanation of these three fundamental elements. We say once again that a national school, which has no historic root in the past, is like to those ephemeral political constitutions which rise and decay in a day. The great works in historic art ought to teach us wisdom—a knowledge how rightly to use nature, and how safely to exercise our own individual freedom. So taught, we may look at nature with discriminating eye, seize what she intended for a picture, and bring out her latent beauties. So taught, we may at length exercise the poet's right of creation, and with that freedom which knowledge justifies, throw into the work the expression of the artist's mind. Thus taught by the great masters—enlightened and made truly free, not enslaved—taking out of nature all that is best and most beauteous, thus giving to the artist's mind the rights and the functions of the poet, we see no reason why the art of the future should not be still greater than that of the past, and the school of England, now vigorous in youth, in its fuller maturity surpass the achievements of Italy. Thus guided by history, taking that which is vital and most holy in our civilisation, fashioning our genius according to the pressure and the wants of our own times, it is yet possible that our national art may adequately represent our national life.—*Blackwood.*

KING CHARLES AND JAMESONE THE PAINTER.

"When King Charles visited Scotland, in 1633," says Walpole, "the magistrates of Edinburgh, knowing his majesty's taste, employed Jamesone to make drawings of the Scottish monarchs, with which the king was so much pleased that, inquiring for the painter, he sat to him, and rewarded him with a diamond ring from his own finger."—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

THE HOUSE OF RUBENS.

No foreigners, men of letters, or 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 hundred thousand florins of the Duke of Buckingham, to dispose of the studio. The great artist could not, however, abandon 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 stood.—*Abodes of Men of Genius.*

THE OLD MASTERS.

MURILLO.

INTRODUCTORY to our notice of the life of Velasquez, we gave a slight sketch of the early history of the art of painting in Spain. That art arrived at its highest stage of perfection under Velasquez and Murillo, two men whose careers are so intimately connected that it is almost impossible to speak of one without referring to the other. Both these great artists were eminently original; nature was the source of all their ideas; yet each looked upon nature in a somewhat different light, and modified the impressions received from it according to his tone of mind, and the bent of his character. Velasquez—high-born, chivalrous in all his habits, wayward in fancy, painted in a bold, dashing manner, with a free and forcible pencil, and but seldom applied himself to religious subjects. Murillo—of more humble extraction, was more simple in his views, and was contented generally with representations of humble life, or of the most familiar scriptural incidents.

Bartolome Estevan Murillo was born in the neighbourhood of Seville, in the year 1613. At an early age he gave indications of the talent which afterwards rendered him so famous. Don Juan del Castillo, a painter of some eminence, was his uncle by his mother's side, and had established an academy at Seville, wherein the young Murillo received his first instructions in art, which, however, cannot be considered to have been of very great value, or upon a high standard even of technic merit. Castillo, whatever he might have boasted in composition, was a bad colourist; and Murillo's early works betray his influence to their disparagement, in a certain dark and inky hue which characterises them. In the choice of subjects, Castillo appears to have left his pupil very much to his own direction, and he naturally began by painting the most familiar and picturesque objects which came across him in his walks.

Velasquez was already high and powerful at court, wearing the gold key of chamberlain, and director of all that concerned the elegant decoration of the palace, when Murillo, in straitened circumstances, was painting his quaint and modest groups of peasant and beggar boys, poor and ill-clothed like himself, and bringing them, when finished, to the dealers in the public market of his native Seville, content to exchange them for a few small coins. These, however, he jealousy hoarded, looking forward to the accumulation of a little fund, to assist him in the accomplishment of an enterprise which he already had in view. For he had heard of the works of Raphael and Correggio; the fame also of his own gifted countryman, Velasquez, had reached his ears, and he burned to travel to Madrid and to Italy, to see all that was great and honoured in art. Strange must be the spirit which, looking at these early efforts,—the first buddings of a genius which was afterwards to fill the garden of art with its shade, and to load the air with fragrance,—could contemplate them without emotion, much less contemplate them with unkindness;—which could condemn them to execration, simply because they do not come up to a preconceived standard of æsthetics. Yet such treatment these Murillo's early efforts meet with in the recent works of a very popular writer on art. This is the strain in which Mr. Ruskin speaks of these harmless and, to us, interesting performances. "But look," he says, "at those two ragged and vicious vagrants that Murillo has gathered out of the street. You smile at first, because they are eating so naturally, and their roguery is so complete. But is there anything else than roguery there? or was it well for the painter to give his time to the painting of those *repulsive* and *wicked* children? Do you feel moved with any charity towards children as you look at them? Are you the least more likely to take any interest in ragged schools, or to help the next pauper child that comes in your way, because the painter has shown us a cunning beggar feeding greedily?" We will not stop to answer all these questions; that we leave the reader to do after his own judgment. These, however, Mr. Ruskin follows up by suggesting how the artist might have made his wretched urchins interesting even to a refined mind and a patron of ragged schools. "He might," he says, "have shown hunger in other ways, and given interest even to this act of eating by making the face wasted or the eye wistful.



MURILLO.

[This surely is what may be called sickly sentiment.] But he did not care to do so. He delighted merely in the disgusting manner of eating, the food filling the cheek;—the boy is not hungry, else he would not turn round and talk and grin as he eats." But our critic has even a more serious charge against the painter, on the score of propriety. He complains that he has painted one of the beggar boys with the appearance of "grey dust engrained in the foot," which evidences, he says, "a mere delight in foulness."

It was by the sale of these "ragged and vicious vagrants," however, that Murillo collected a sum which enabled him to make his way to Madrid, where, with modest mein, he presented himself before Velasquez, who, surrounded by the splendour of the court, was in a position of all but arbitrary authority in matters of taste, and solicited his favour and patronage. And now mark the nobility of character which this appeal evoked—so unlike the unworthy jealousies which in Italy set Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael at variance, and which was at all times almost a matter of religion with their compeers and successors. Velasquez immediately took the humble applicant by the hand, procured him permission to copy the pictures of Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, and others which adorned the Escurial, and even gave him employment. And when Murillo had risen to some eminence, and acquired a fame which almost rivalled his own, he continued the same generous sympathy towards him, dissuaded him from his expressed intention of going to Rome, and induced him to remain where he was, to gather the laurels which he had earned—advice, as it strikes us, as judicious as it was disinterested. Murillo was at that time too old to remodel his style according to the Italian type, even if it had been desirable to do so. As it was, he showed the effect of foreign influences, derived from his studies at Madrid, and with questionable advantage. In his early career he was firm, and somewhat hard, in his outline; but later, after studying the works of Vandyck, which he greatly admired, he acquired a softness which sometimes degenerated into vagueness, if not insipidity. The influence of Vandyck's style upon Murillo is particularly perceptible in his portraits—a department of art in which he was eminently successful. Like Velasquez, his style of portraiture was objective,—the idiosyncracy of the original being stamped as the distinguishing characteristic of each speaking canvas. In like manner, in his numerous sacred subjects—Madonnas and Holy Families—Murillo adopted a purely *naturalistic* treatment; his Spanish models, in feature and expression, being always conscientiously copied. But here the result was not so advantageous. There is no denying that in themes of the highest dignity and sublimity some attention to the ideal is necessary, and that in the pursuit of it the model should be lost sight of. For want of this, Rubens and Rembrandt sometimes shock us; and, if Murillo was too modest and earnest and devotional in all his conceptions to do anything that would suggest offence, it cannot be denied that we look in vain in his pictures of this class for that elevated character which breathes in the religious art of the early Italian school; whilst, artistically speaking, thereis a sameness in the heads and figures which becomes tiresome. The groupings are generally of a purely domestic fashion; and whilst we cannot fail to admire the feminine tenderness and modesty of the Mother, the innocent and naive playfulness of the Child, and the bluff simplicity of Joseph, we see nothing to teach the mind to soar above the humble homestead of the originals from whom they were painted. In his pictures of "The Assumption," and "The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin," a more celestial character is given to the upturned countenance; but it is more in the expression, than the type of the head itself. Hosts of cherubim, disporting around her in various charming attitudes, assist her in the ascent; but the drapery, which, in obedience to the regulations of the Inquisition, covers her from head to foot, is rather heavy and mean, owing to the total want of study of the living figure which it clothes.

There is an abundant collection of Murillos in the Art-Treasures Palace, and amongst them some of the very finest specimens of his pencil. The Murillo Vestibule is, from the richness of the display in it, one of the most interesting rooms in the Exhibition. There are here no less than twenty works of this master, besides others scattered in various parts, amongst which we would direct

particular attention to the fine "Head of the Saviour" (623), belonging to Lord Overstone, and brought to this country by Mr. Ford; 631, "Abraham entertaining the Angels," the property of Mr. Darby; 640, "His own Portrait," belonging to Earl Spencer, a most speaking picture, the head actually standing out from the canvas beaming with life; 634, "St. Anthony on his Knees; with the Infant Saviour holding a globe and cross, appearing to him," the property of Miss Burdett Coutts; 639, a "Holy Family," purely vulgar type which the artist invariably followed; 4, "The Annunciation," from the Stowe collection; and 5, a "Holy Family."

In one class of works by this master the Exhibition is unhappily totally deficient,—namely, his famous beggar boys and rustic belles. The reason of this is simple enough; these works are very scarce. In the Pinacothek, at Munich, are two or three very celebrated groups of beggar boys; and in the Dulwich Gallery, amongst other specimens of this master, almost provokes a nod of response. The colouring is in the artist's richest and purest style. Of a similar character, and a worthy pendant to the last two celebrated performances, is the "Girl with Baskets of Fruit and Fish," which adorns the Gallery of the Louvre, and of which we give an engraving. The figure is full of life, easy and natural in posture, whilst the head, slightly turned round to one side, is animated and expressive. In the National Gallery are two very choice specimens of this master,—a "Holy Family,"



"GIRL WITH BASKETS OF FRUIT AND FISH."—MURILLO.

belonging to the Rev. Mr. Staniforth, admirably illustrating the artist's peculiar treatment of this subject; 642, "Virgin and Child," belonging to Lord Overstone, a perfect gem of Murilloesque softness and natural expression. In Saloon H are five fine specimens contributed by the Marquis of Hertford, viz.:—1, "The Adoration of the Shepherds;" 2, "The Charity of St. Thomas de Villa Nueva;" 3, "Joseph being carried by his Brethren to the Mouth of the Well," a telling composition, but curious as exemplifying the is the "Flower Girl," considered to be equal to anything at Munich, or anything that Murillo painted of this kind. All who have visited the Dulwich Gallery will recollect this charming picture. There is no affectation or grimace about this young Spanish peasant girl, which we too often find in studies from life of this class. There she is, with a lapful of flowers, some of which she has already stuck into her head-gear. The face beams with innocent joy and pride; and her honest smile, as she gazes full at the spectator, which cost 4,000 guineas; and "St. John and the Lamb," purchased for 2,000 guineas.

Murillo died in 1685, at the age of 72. His death was hastened by a fall from a scaffolding, when painting a picture of "St. Catharine," in the Capuchin Church at Cadiz. After the departure of Velasquez and Murillo, Spanish art declined into absolute and apparently hopeless obscurity.

PRE-RAPH

CUPID "AT HOME."

Not THE CUPID DISGUISED AS HERCULES.

Haste to the Art-Treasures, haste away—oh, joy!
A "thing of beauty" came an hour ago,
That none can see without a tingling glow
Of love and admiration!—such a Boy!
The Case undone, to some he seemed a Toy;
But little cunning Curly-head, unbound,
Leapt laughing forth, and glancing, glancing round,
He bent his bow, and let his arrows fly.
Then, in a moment, thrice three Nymphs were hit,
Susceptive beings, beautiful as day;
A Stoic would have wept to hear them sighing;
But Love, the rogue, did hither, thither flit
On lightly fluttering plumes of "frolic play,"
Crying in laughing, laughing he in crying.

August 11th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

TO THE ARTIST MILLAIS.

Full many a Magdalene, drawn in the mood
Of grief dramatic, have I seen,—yet felt
I never as beholding her who knelt
At the feet of Christ!—thou, Millais, when the flood
Of power is on thee not to be withstood,
Let it go forth in might to fashion her
Such as the Master saw with soul astir,
Divine Apocalypse of clouded good.
Let every touch of thy prevailing art
Be purest consecration—tenderly,
As if the Virgin were its high intent,
Reveal the heaven deep-buried in her heart—
So paint that generous souls may bow the knee
To her as she to the world's divinest Saint.

August 11th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

REMBRANDT.

IF ever there was a man of genius in the art, it was Rembrandt. He might be said to have created a medium of his own, through which he saw all objects. He was the grossest and the least vulgar, that is to say, the least commonplace in his grossness, of all men. He was the most downright, the least fastidious of the imitators of nature. He took any object, he cared not what, how mean soever in form, colour, and expression; and from the light and shade which he threw upon it, it came out gorgeous from his hands. As Vandyck made use of the smallest contrasts of light and shade, and painted as if in the open air, Rembrandt used the most violent and abrupt contrasts in this respect, and painted his objects as if in a dungeon. His pictures may be said to be "bright with excessive darkness." His vision had acquired a lynx-eyed sharpness from the artificial obscurity to which he had accustomed himself. "Mystery and silence hung upon his pencil." Yet he could pass rapidly from one extreme to another, and dip his colours with equal success in the gloom of night or in the blaze of the noonday sun. In surrounding different objects with a medium of imagination, solemn or dazzling, he was a true poet; in all the rest he was a mere painter, but a painter of no common stamp. The powers of his hand were equal to those of his eye; and, indeed, he could not have attempted the subjects he did, without an execution as masterly as his knowledge was profound. His colours are sometimes dropped in lumps on the canvas; at other times they are laid on as smooth as glass; and he not unfrequently painted with the handle of his brush. He had an eye for all objects as far as he had seen them. His history and landscapes are equally fine in their way. His landscapes one could look at for ever, though there is nothing in them. But "they are of the earth, earthy." It seems as if he had dug them out of nature. Everything is so true, so real, so full of all the feelings and associations which the eye can suggest to the other senses, that we immediately take as strong an affection to them as if they were our home—the very place where we were brought up. No length of time could add to the intensity of the impressions they convey. Rembrandt is the least classical and the most romantic of all painters. His "Jacob's Ladder" is more like a dream than any other picture that ever was painted. The figure of Jacob himself is thrown in one corner of the picture like a bundle of clothes, while the angels hover above the darkness in the shape of airy wings.—*Hazlitt's Criticisms on Art.*

THE DIVINITY OF NATURE.

PEOPLE say, "the painter should study nature," or, to speak more correctly, the divinity that is in nature. Let it not be imagined that this is a mere speculative subtilty: my meaning must be obvious to all whose minds are not entirely unskilled in tracing the connexion between words and ideas: and the artist especially will feel the distinction to be most just, although it is possible that he may not himself find language, or be able to explain in words his own deeply felt idea so clearly as an unmoved spectator. What then is the divinity in nature? It is not life and strength alone, but the one incomprehensible union of soul, expression, and individuality; and this we believe to be the proper aim of painting. Sculpture may perhaps more successfully embody the ever-springing life, the inexhaustible strength of nature, or give the simplest imitation of material forms, or the contrast of happiness and death; but painting will mistake her own peculiar province, if, instead of following the track of the old masters, she diverges from it to pursue the objects more peculiarly appertaining to sculpture, which must result only in vain delusive attempts, or in producing a feeble and sickly shadow of the antique. And this brings me to a third and most important principle,—painting must be painting, and nothing else;—and however trite and commonplace this observation may appear, it is in general far too little regarded. I would therefore enforce it with all the earnestness which its importance demands. It is true that I have extolled some paintings as characteristic and significant, in which I have nevertheless traced a prevailing tendency to the musical expression. But I employed this term chiefly in reference to the governing idea of the composition, and the grandeur with which that idea is expressed; besides, it is not always possible to resist the influence of a great and genial error, prevailing so universally among the friends of the art. Neither is it necessary to warn artists of the present day against the errors of Correggio, since they are not likely to be in danger from his example until they reach a very high degree of excellence as painters, of which at present they give little promise. The prevailing tendency to identify painting with sculpture is an error far more dangerous and exceptionable than musical painting, and leads to a complete misconception of both. In the French school this error is peculiarly conspicuous, and the ground of it may also be traced in Mengs. A sound inquiry into and examination of the principles of the antique will fully prove that painting is not sculpture, and that the ideal of the two arts is completely distinct. Should it be objected that to insist upon the prevalence of the poetical idea, is to oppose the assertion that painting must primarily be itself and nothing else, we reply, first—that poetry alone, amongst all other arts, enters intrinsically into the genius of each, and forms a general and universal link between all, however otherwise distinct; and secondly, that in speaking thus I refer to artistic invention which is poetical only in the subject and mechanism, the creation of which must of course differ greatly from the actual poetry of words.—*Schlegel's Æsthetics.*

AN ARTIST'S REVENGE.

The temper of Zucchero the painter was strongly tinctured with resentment, as will be seen by the following anecdote related of him:—"Zucchero, while employed by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth to paint the Pauline Chapel in the Vatican, fell out with some of his holiness's officers. To be revenged, he painted their portraits with ears of asses, and exposed the picture publicly over the gate of St. Luke's Church, on the festival of that saint, the patron of painters. For this affront he was compelled to fly from Rome, and hide himself in obscurity, far beyond the reach of his indignant enemies."—*Ranke.*

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

AMONGST the distinguished visitors, on Monday, August 3rd, there were the Queen of the Netherlands and suite. Her majesty was accompanied by her son, Prince Alexandria; and her suite comprised Baroness de Pebst, Madlle. Heldeweir, maid of honour, Count de Randwyk, Baron Tindal, and M. de Weckherlin, secretary to her majesty. She was also attended by Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Sandbach, and Mr. Geo. Sandbach. Mr J. C. Deane accompanied her majesty and suite through the Exhibition. After viewing the ancient masters, the Hertford collection, the water colours, the oriental collection, and the works of the modern masters, her majesty entered the transept galleries by the south staircase, and examined the collection of miniatures, which she pronounced to be the most magnificent collection she ever beheld. She then examined the engravings, photographs, and other objects of art in the galleries, and proceeded at two o'clock to the state reception room, where she was introduced to Mr. Fairbairn, chairman of the executive; Mr. Ashton, and Mr. Potter. Her majesty dined with her suite in this room, and Mr Fairbairn had the honour of joining the party. Mr. Fairbairn took his seat on the right of her majesty. The dinner, which was provided by Mr. Donald, was of a *recherché* description. After dinner the Queen entered her autograph in the book containing the autographs of the other royal visitors. The entry is as follows:—"Sophia Matilda, Queen of the Netherlands, August 3, 1857." Her majesty then visited and inspected the Soulages Collection, with which she expressed her unqualified approbation, and then examined the general museum of art. Her majesty expressed a strong desire to see the portraits of the Young Pretender and his wife, the property of Earl Howe, of Gopsall, and they were pointed out to the Queen by Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Deane. The chairman of the executive committee presented to the Queen a copy of Mr. Delamotte's photographic work, "Recollections of the Art-Treasures Exhibition," which her majesty graciously accepted; and having expressed the delight she had experienced from her visit, the Queen drove off to Victoria station about four o'clock, and returned to the residence of Mr. Sandbach, near Liverpool. There were also present at the Exhibition the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton, and party; the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, accompanied by Lord Ossulton; Lord Delamere, and party; Sir Alexander Acland Hood, Bart.; and several members of the Society of Arts. There were special trains from Burslem and the Pottery district, Liverpool and Birkenhead, Coalbrookdale, Leeds, and Huddersfield.

We noticed amongst the visitors on Tuesday Lady Ashburton, Lord Downs and his son, the Lord Bishop of Kilmore, Sir John Rennie, Lord Delamere, Lord Ossulton, Dr. Birkett, Dean of Oxford; Mr. Telbin, the artist; Mr. Sheriff Watson, of Aberdeen, the well-known originator of industrial schools in that city, for neglected children; the Right Hon. Lord Chancellor Brady and party; and D. J. Bleckrode, Prof. à l'Acad. Roy. de Delft, Directeur de la Société Internationale d'Industrie, Pays Bas.

On Wednesday there were special trains from Derby, Macclesfield, Leeds, Huddersfield, Sheffield, and Crewe; and amongst the visitors were the Earl and Countess Grosvenor, Lady Ashworth, Lord Ilchester, Sir Edward and Lady Caroline Kerrison, Mr Kneightley, Lord Delamere, Mr. Cheney, Lady Kinnoull, the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, Lord Ossulton, Mr. Daniel Whittle Hervey, chief commissioner of police, Miss Agnes Strickland, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the Hon. A. Kinnaird.

On Thursday, the unfavourable weather prevented many attending the Exhibition, but the falling off in the attendance was not to the extent anticipated in the early part of the day; amongst the visitors were Dr. Waagen, author of "the Art-Treasures of Great Britain," Ralph Wornum, Esq., Digby Wyatt, Esq., Sir Harry Smith, &c. There were also present a number of the members of the Society of Arts.

On Friday, we observed amongst the visitors Lady Milbanke, Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Ralph Wornum, and also Dr. Waagen, who left in the afternoon for the continent.

On Saturday, the Exhibition was opened for the first time to the public, at two o'clock, at the charge of sixpence. Unfortunately, the weather was so wet that no idea could be formed as to whether any extensive advantage will be taken by the working classes of the reduction. There was, however, a distinguishable difference noticeable on Saturday, there being more than the usual proportion of children, and of young factory operatives, who crowded about the most showy pictures with evident delight.

The following were the attendances last week:—

		Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Aug.	3.....	8,711	...	884	9,595
,,	4.....	6,403	...	1,255	7,658
,,	5.....	9,579	...	947	10,526
,,	6.....	...	3,119	1,460	4,579
,,	7.....	4,225	...	635	4,860
,,	8.....	2,992 at6d. 5,773	...	1,167	10,842

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter V.

HIS STUDIES FROM VAN AELST—DISCOVERS THE PRE-ENGAGEMENT OF THE SIGNORINA.

That Signor Albano had not acted honestly by my master was certain. Something might be credited to prejudice on the part of the Gothic carver; but it was too true that his boy had been allured into vices and hurried to an untimely grave. The savings of fifty years of anxious toil had been dissipated, and the old man rendered almost dependent upon the labour of his hands in extreme old age. From myself, his apprentice, he had experienced all the attentions and affections of a son. From the night when I first found him in the church and became his assistant, he had felt his hopes revive. Anyhow, he had said to himself, "The old carver will not, after all, die unheeded; he has found another son to smooth his pillow in the last hour." But it was not long before the suspicion crossed his mind that the same evil influences which had once made his hearth desolate, might still assail his peace. Those influences had become far more potent for evil. A harmless child had grown into a woman of commanding beauty, and the hands of the Signor thus strengthened, he would not hesitate to complete his designs. He would rob the patriarch of his adopted heir as he had before deprived him of his only child. That the beautiful girl was as guileless as misfortune and persecution had made her father suspicious and designing, was certain; but she was not the less proudly conscious of her natural graces and accomplishments. And this was the being by whom I had become enthralled. Out of gallantry I had promised her a picture to adorn her cottage wall, and no power on earth could award me a dispensation from fulfilling that pledge. Nor did my master desire of me a sacrifice so repugnant to my nature. On the contrary, he urged forward the work, and gave me leisure in order that it might be perfected before the peaches had lost the bloom on their cheeks. He even went so far as to promise a costly frame when the work was complete, and confessed to me that he would lend his assistance with pleasure, for that he loved the Signorina as the early playmate of his lost boy. The peaches being the most perishable objects of my composition, I had prudently completed them, reserving the drapery, vase, and marble slab. It may here be as well to mention the fact, that since I parted from M. Dalby I had never ceased, in my leisure hours, from cultivating my taste for the art of painting. I had found the more facility in pursuing my evening studies, owing to that gentleman having left for my use nearly the whole of the furniture of his studio. Thus provided with abundance of materials, I had made a practice of selecting for study such objects in nature as the garden furnished, either of fruit, plants, or flowers; sometimes bringing in the distant prospect as seen from my window. In carrying out our restorations we more than once obtained access to famous picture galleries; and, among many other works of the old schools, I had been particularly struck with two pictures by Van Aelst, a famous painter of flowers, fruit, insects, shells, and costly plate. As a carver and modeller I had acquired much instruction from the contemplation of this artist's productions. His execution, to my mind, seemed miraculous. One of the two pictures in question, to which I gave the preference, was very simple in its arrangement. Three fresh ripe peaches, with a few leaves attached, lay upon a silver salver, beside a Venetian goblet of the purest mould, and apparently as fragile as a soap-bubble,—so that, looking at it, one fancied that a gust of wind might dissipate it into air. This goblet formed a mirror, in which was vividly portrayed an almost interminable Dutch street, with its quays, canals, and shipping—just as it would appear through a lattice. A heap of grapes, well set off by a few sharp, variegated leaves, a table-cover of olive-green velvet, and some insects, completed the group. While I do not regard extreme finish as the highest excellence in carved work, still I must admit that a delicate manipulation and high finish have ever appeared great charms in my eyes. When the artist first surveys the shapeless block of wood given him for the purpose of realising some set form, it is no easy matter to reduce the cumbrous mass into a working state. The process called "bosteing" is very difficult. Unless the worker has a good eye, he runs the risk of cutting away too much wood in some parts, and of leaving a superabundance in others, especially where he works without a model; and even where the model is present, the mechanical appliances used by wood-carvers are commonly confined to ordinary callipers, so that a good eye for proportion is still indispensable. As far, then, as the mere roughing in of the work goes, I know that little assistance can be gained from any external source. The wood-carver at least must possess great capacity, and have had extensive practice to render him expert in all that relates to the preliminary portions of his work. But when the risk and difficulties of the preliminary stages are past, then the advantage of consulting the elaborate examples of the Dutch masters becomes evident. In all that relates to texture and high finish, the sharp, crisp, and sparkling touch of a Van Aelst, Huysum, or De Heem, will be apt to prompt the carver to the exercise of his highest powers. It was by first consulting Van Aelst's pictures of still-life, to assist me in some carvings on which I was engaged, that my eye became enamoured by their rich and glowing tints, and I was led irresistibly, in trifles, to try my pencil in that direction. The Signorina's flattering present revived the desire already lurking in my breast, of producing a masterpiece in imitation of the Dutchman. But, as it turned out, I was never well pleased with my performance. I had resolved that on its completion I would return with all my former allegiance to my old master's interests. The charm, therefore, which might otherwise have animated my pencil had departed with the first hour of the work. The folds of azure blue, and the golden embroidery on the mantle, had lost their grace; the antique vase, the polished marble and refulgent fruit, looked heavy and tasteless. Decay too set in, and one morning, on looking for the rich, ripe peaches, I found only a mass of corruption, as if to remind me of the death of all my hopes. Moreover, I had learned that the Signorina already had a lover. I had seen her during the progress of the picture, and words had fallen from her lips which pained me, because I could but regard them as the language of affection, which I might never be able to requite. It grieved her, she would say, that I should on her account sit immured in my solitary room. It was the time of gipsy parties, and she sent to give me intelligence of one of these pleasant excursions. She and her friends would be there. At the last moment she came to my window in the garden. I caught sight of her, and, judging from her manner that she wished to speak to me, I went out. She had come to implore me to lay aside my work. She would make me promise to join their party, and gave me exact instructions where they would encamp. I could bring paper and pencil, and sketch. What could be more pleasant? It was wrong to refuse her. I was looking ill. She would be unhappy if she saw me not at the party. I promised her that I would follow her advice—that I knew the chosen spot where they had arranged to assemble; it was one of my favourite haunts. She might expect me; and I thanked her many times for her solicitude. While we were thus speaking, she was looking for a flower; and having fixed upon a china rose, which grew up near my window, I hastened to my studio to pluck it. I shall not attempt to describe how charmingly she looked that morning, as she cast up her eyes after the flower. She wore a simple straw hat; her tiny hand had been compressed into a minute kid glove, of a pale lemon tint; while her hair, black as the raven, hung down in sportive tresses, to woo the lightest breeze. Having given her the rose she desired, she was so pleased with it that she honoured me by asking me for its companion in beauty. At the risk of breaking my neck, I plucked the one pointed out, and then, with a laugh and a bound, she tripped lightly away. In a few seconds I saw her enter her father's cottage—and not alone. All the time she had been talking to the "Young Connoisseur," her betrothed had been waiting at the end of the avenue, and the companion rose was for my fortunate rival!

When as a boy—compelled to work myself—I saw those of my own years in the playground, happy and boisterous, I felt no envy. When, later in life, labouring in the studio of M. Dalby, I saw through the window troops of youths going forth into the fields, with bat, ball, and kite, so far from feeling displeased that I could not join them in their health-giving pastimes—so far from feeling discontented with my lot, the smile of satisfaction which lit up the faces of the juvenile throng imparted real joy to my heart. I loved the streets when they were most silent—when the boisterous element was far away; but I also liked to be conscious that the multitude were bent on happiness. On such holiday occasions I have pointed my crayon with a relish, and sat down to my design in a state of mind such as the tired usher feels when the school is closed, and he has before him a few hours he can really and truly call his own. I tried to revive the old state of blissful security when I beheld the joyous Signorina depart for the woods with her equally joyous lover, wearing on their breasts the roses I had plucked from the window of my studio. I gathered all my implements about me—displayed my choicest prints upon the screen—brought out my antique—reached forth my favourite volume. All the old conditions surrounded me, but their enchantment was gone, and the Signorina alone remained mistress of my thoughts. Within all was gloomy as the night; but when I cast my eyes over the landscape, a track of sunlight marked the way which the lovers had taken through the meadows and up the hill-side!

(To be continued.)

THE HOUSE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo's pupils, in perpetual testimony of their admiration and gratitude, ornamented his house with all the leading features of his life, the very soul of this vast genius put in action: this is more than biography!—it is living as with a cotemporary!—*Abodes of Men of Genius.*

THE GRACE CUP.

Specimens of domestic plate previous to the 16th century are now very scarce, and only to be occasionally seen in colleges or old corporate bodies. Thanks, however, to the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and some of the civic companies, a goodly show of early plate is here placed before us (Case G), forcibly reminding us of one of the *dressoirs*, or court cupboards, of four stages in height, which it was the pride, in the "good old times," for the host to exhibit, as signs of his influence and importance, before his astonished guests,—for the extravagance displayed in ornamental plate in the 14th and 15th centuries was such as to render it necessary to regulate even the arrangement of the *dressoir*, and the number of its degrees or stages, so that the host must have been of royal blood to have indulged in the luxury of a *dressoir* of four stages,—the number, as a point of etiquette, depending upon the rank of the person to whom it belonged. Numerous, however, as these utensils were, they have unfortunately, from various causes, now become of rare occurrence, and those only which have been cherished for the historical importance attached to them, or those which were presented by founders or benefactors, are preserved to our time. The change of fashion would naturally lead to the remoulding of plate in accordance with the prevailing taste, more especially at that great revolution of style termed the *renaissance*, in the beginning of the 16th century, an event which materially hastened the destruction of the works of the mediæval silversmiths. The specimens of early plate which escaped this vortex were doomed to demolition by the necessities of the troublous times of the wars which ensued between Charles the First and Second and the Parliament, when all the available pieces of plate were offered by the colleges to assist the king in his wars. The vessels were cut in pieces of various forms, stamped with some device, and issued as current coin; these were termed obsidional or siege pieces, and were struck at Newark, Pontefract, Carlisle, Colchester, and other towns. On the other hand, large premiums were offered by the Parliament, beyond the intrinsic value, for plate to be brought to the mint and made into coin; and the offices appointed to receive it were thronged with persons from all parts of England, anxious to receive what they considered so eligible an opportunity of turning their old plate into coin of the realm; whilst laws were passed prohibiting the use of silver in taverns, and other restrictions, under pain of forfeiture, which enactments were only repealed late in the last century.

It was usual among our ancestors, at the conclusion of their feasts, after the grace had been said, to pass round the board the *poculum charitatis*, or grace cup, which was handed from one to another, each guest pledging his neighbour, and at the same time drinking from the cup. This custom is still retained in corporate bodies, under the name of the *loving cup*. The master or president, rising, thus addresses the company:—"The master pledges you in the loving cup, and bids you all a hearty welcome."

No. 1. THE GRACE CUP OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD. 15th CENTURY.



No. 3. A CUP OF THE 17th CENTURY. (MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.)

We have selected three specimens, for the purpose of illustrating the style of the different periods. The first is an elegant silver-gilt Cup used on festivals, preserved in Pembroke College, Cambridge, the gift of the foundress, Marie de Valence, Countess of Pembroke, in 1437. It has a broad mouth, encircled by escalloped bands, and a sort of Vandyck pattern; round the foot is an upright trefoil ridge; on the top is the following inscription, in Old English characters:—

"Sayn Denes that is me dere
For hes lof drenk and mak gud cher."

On the stem are the letters M. V., the initials of the donor's name, and underneath "God help at ned."

The second illustration is a fine example of ancient civic plate, in the possession of the Mercers' Company of London. It is a Grace Cup and Cover, ornamented by raised corded bands, crossing each other diagonally, having in the interstices maidens' heads (the badge of the company) and flagons placed alternately, with roses on the intersecting points. Round the top of the cup, and on the foot, are pierced scroll ridges, the vessel resting on three flagons; on the cover is a hexagonal knop, with enamelled shields of arms, surmounted by their favourite cognisance, a maiden seated, and an unicorn resting on her lap; the word Desyer is written on the animal's side. Two bands of silver letters, on rich blue enamel, encircle the cover and body of the cup with the following couplet:—

"To elect the master of the Mercerie hither am I sent,
And by Sir Thomas Leigh for the same entent."

All the ornaments are of silver, *appliqué* on silver-gilt ground. The workmanship is English, of the middle of the 16th century. The legend of the Unicorn and Maiden, represented on the cover of this cup, is of very remote origin; and the belief in the existence of the unicorn was maintained so late as the 16th century. It was supposed to be the wildest and most untameable of animals; and the tradition was, that it could only be caught or ensnared by means of a pure virgin, in whose presence it became as gentle as a lamb, and was easily captured. The damsel was conducted into the native woods of the unicorn by armed attendants, who secreted themselves to await its approach; she then seated herself, and in a short time the animal came, fascinated by her presence—laid its head on her lap, and fell asleep, when it was easily slain by those who accompanied her; but in the event of the maiden not being pure and unspotted, the charm was dispelled, and all the party fell victims to their perilous enterprise. One great object in capturing this animal was its fabulous unicorn's horn, which was generally believed to possess the virtue of detecting poisons; and small pieces were attached to drinking cups, or mounted in gold and silver, to test the wines and viands before they were tasted or eaten. Numerous allusions are made in early MSS. to these *touchpieces;* they were in general use, and handed down from generation to generation as infallible proofs against poison; and it would have been held treason to doubt their being made of this material, although in reality the horn employed was that of the Narwhal, or sea unicorn.



No. 2. THE GRACE CUP OF THE MERCERS' COMPANY. 16TH CENTURY.

The third illustration is a cylindrical silver Cup, with two handles and a cover, the body and top gilt, with pierced silver scrolls and birds *appliqué*, on three claw and ball feet. The pattern is very elegant, and of English work, about 1670. It was purchased at the Bernal sale for £31, and is placed in Case U, with the Government contributions.

Other specimens of the grace cup in this collection may be referred to. The earliest is probably the celebrated "Dunvegan Cup," a most interesting relic of the 11th century. It is made of wood, square at the top and circular at its base, elegantly mounted in silver filigree, set with stones. It is in the form of the ancient Irish *mether*, one of which, of plain wood, may be seen in Wall Case A. A lengthened description of the "Dunvegan Cup" will be found in Sir Walter Scott's notes to the "Lord of the Isles." A cup from Oriel College, said to have been presented by Edward the Second; one in the form of a seated baboon holding a crystal bowl, of the 15th century, from New College, Oxford; and an elegant cup and cover, from Christ's College, Cambridge. The grace cup presented by Henry the Eighth to the Barbers-Surgeons', ornamented with the Tudor rose, *fleur de lys*, and elegant, chased *repoussé* scrolls, and which, it may be remembered, is thus spoken of by Pepys, in his "Diary":—"At Surgeons' Hall, where, among other observables, we drank the king's health out of a gilt cup given by King Henry the Eighth to the company, with little bells hanging to it, which every man is to ring, by shaking, after he hath drunk the whole cup." The "Royal Oak Cup," with bells, presented by King Charles the Second to the same company. These two last interesting cups are placed, or rather misplaced, in a case in the transept, with their covers by their sides, without any label attached, either of description or contributor's name.

We shall conclude by noticing the loving cup presented by Pepys himself to the Cloth-workers' Company, in Case G, of English manufacture, with scrolls and ornaments *appliqué*, similar to No. 3 of our illustrations. It is of great capacity, and would probably hold two quarts; but if, as the donor said of King Henry the Eighth's cup, it was usual to empty the loving cup at one draught, here indeed would be something more than a labour of love, to accomplish which might be more aptly called a labour worthy of Hercules.

C.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By H. Ottley.

No. VIII.

THE ZENITH OF ART (CONTINUED).—IV. CORREGGIO.

Perhaps of the three great masters who adorned the period of the zenith of art—Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio—no one exercised a more important influence upon the future of painting than the last named; and, indeed, the influence of each was of a different kind, and exercised under dissimilar circumstances. Michael Angelo, surviving Raphael and his cotemporaries by forty-three years, ruled supreme at Rome till the time of his death, in 1563. But the influence of his example, though for awhile extensively felt, at length gave way before a more perfect style, in which, though his grandeur of conception was wanting, a larger amount and happier combination of æsthetic principles prevailed than he was wont to acknowledge. The influence of Raphael, as will presently be shown, was widely felt throughout Europe, through the labours of his numerous scholars, who founded schools, in various of the principal cities, which enjoyed more or less of permanence. Correggio, if his renown was not so great, nor his followers so numerous during his lifetime, as those either of Michael Angelo or Raphael, made no less sure of his ground by the introduction of distinct characteristics, both in composition and handling, the excellence and charm of which were at once admitted by all who studied them, and have been acknowledged ever since as consistent with every notion of perfection. In the words of Lanzi, quoting Mengs, "painting, which Michael Angelo had carried to the highest pitch of sublimity, Raphael to the highest pitch of expression and natural grace, and Titian to the last perfection of colouring,—received from Correggio a combination of excellences that rendered it complete in all its parts; adding to the sublime and natural an elegance and taste directed at once to please the eye and content the heart."

Antonio Allegri was born at Correggio, a small town in the duchy of Modena, in 1494. A good deal of uncertainty exists as to many circumstances of his life. According to Vasari, he came of poor and ignoble parentage, and, throughout a long, struggling life, endured abject poverty. This view, however, is disavowed by later writers, who show that he was the son of a respectable merchant in Correggio, one Pellegrini Allegri; and that as an artist he received prices which, if not so munificent as those obtained by Raphael, Titian, and others in the great markets of art, were at least respectable. The story of his having died of fever brought on by his anxiety to carry home to his family, in hot weather, on foot, a small sum paid to him for a picture at Parma, all in copper pieces—which Bryan and others record as an established fact—is now very generally disputed. Lanzi, who does not acknowledge all that had been said about the straitened circumstances of Correggio, remarks that, supposing it to be true, it was no disgrace to him, but rather did him honour, considering that, "notwithstanding such penury, he painted with a prodigality of manner of which there is no other example. Every picture of his," he goes on to say, "is executed either on copper, panel, or canvas of the finest kind, with a profusion of ultramarine, lake, and the most beautiful greens; with a full, well-fed pencil, and the utmost carefulness of finish; and, for the most part, without any intermission during the progress of the work;—in a word, without any of that stint, either of expense or time, with which almost every other artist is chargeable. Generosity like this might do honour to a wealthy individual, who painted merely for amusement; how much more commendable in one whose means were so limited!"

Correggio may almost be said to have been self-taught. Tradition, however, reports that he received some instruction in the rudiments of painting from an uncle named Lorenzo, and that he afterwards studied at Modena, in the school of one Francesco Bianchi, called "Il Frari," an artist belonging to the old Lombard school. What is more important, and of this there appears to be little doubt,—he studied in the school established by Andrea Mantegna, under Francesco, the brother of the latter; and from a contemplation of the works of that great master, learned the mysteries of foreshortening, which, applied in endless variety, afterwards became a distinguishing feature in his style. The works of Leonardo da Vinci, and his school, also exercised an important influence over him, and led him to the acquirement of that perfection of harmonious colouring, of deep, transparent *impasto*, and of airy *chiaroscuro*, which have been the marvel and envy of all artists of his time and since.

As is the case with most artists who have risen to great eminence, a very marked difference is said to be traceable between his early and his later style,—the former being comparatively dry and mannered, and the latter exhibiting all that richness and mellowness for which he was so justly renowned. But is not this the natural progress of human genius? Was it not the case with Raphael? Do we not remark it, do we not find more than one change of style in Annibale Carracci, and innumerable others? It has been asserted, contrary to the statement of Vasari, that Correggio could not have risen to the eminence he attained without having studied the works of the great masters, and the remains of antiquity which were only to be seen at Rome. But Mengs does not go this length; he merely says: "If Correggio did not see the remains of antiquity as they exist at Rome, he at least saw them as they existed at Modena and Parma;" to which he might have added, at Mantua; and he remarks, forcibly and truly enough, that "to a man of genius the mere indication of improvement in any given object is sufficient to afford an idea of what that object may be brought to." We submit that a careful consideration of his works, in contrast with those of the Roman and Florentine schools, would almost warrant the conclusion that they contain positive evidence that Correggio never visited Rome, and derived nothing from Roman example. A well known anecdote, which rests upon pretty good authority, would tend, rather than otherwise, to confirm this view. It is said that Correggio was once at Bologna, where he saw Raphael's "St. Cecilia," and that, after contemplating it for some time with admiration, he turned away, exclaiming, "*Anch 'io sono pittore*" (I also am a painter). Now Raphael's celebrated picture did not arrive at Bologna till 1518, by which time Correggio was acknowledged as an artist of eminence. Tracing the events of his career, we find, that about the year 1518 he was invited to Parma, to paint a saloon in the convent of S. Paolo, for the abbess, in which his masterly style was already fully developed. In 1519, we find him still at Parma, engaged in the interesting ceremony of his marriage with Girolamo Merlini; and in 1520 still there, when he received the commission to paint his celebrated fresco of the "Ascension of Christ," in the cupola of St. Giovanni, which work he completed in 1524. In 1525 he went to Mantua, for whose duke he painted his beautiful picture of "The Education of Cupid," which is now in our National Gallery, and some other mythological subjects. From 1526 to 1530 he was occupied upon his great work, the "Assumption of the Virgin," for the cupola of the Cathedral of Parma. After the completion of this great work he returned to his native town, where he is supposed to have remained till his death, which occurred in 1534. So that, whenever it was that he obtained the memorable glimpse at Raphael's "St. Cecilia," there does not appear to have been much time in which, by physical possibility, he could have visited Rome for the purpose of study. It appears that Correggio's wonderful mastery of foreshortening, which he indulged in with equal avidity in his large cupola frescoes and in his smallest easel pictures (witness his "Holy Family" in the National Gallery), though first suggested by the works of Mantegna, was matured and perfected by himself, aided by recourse to clay models. This method of study, with an inferior painter, would have been fatal to softness of treatment and life-like effect; but in Correggio's works there are no traces of the influence of such models, though in his preparatory studies for them there is abundant evidence that he did draw from them, trying the effect repeatedly from different points of view before he was satisfied.

Another peculiarity we have to remark in Correggio, as a corollary to his fancy for foreshortening figures, as seen from below—was in respect of draperies. He was the first who paid particular attention to them, making them enter into the original plan of his composition. He also, by giving them great breadth, and an inflated appearance, sought to convey the illusion that they had a buoyant tendency, assisting to sustain the figure they belonged to,—an obvious absurdity, which was largely copied by the Carracci and their school, particularly by Guido and Lanfranco, and their followers.

But the crowning glory of Correggio—and about the value and propriety of which there cannot be a question—is in his marvellous *chiaroscuro*, giving depth and airiness to his canvas, roundness to his figures, with the exact gradations of light and shade, and all the countless reflected hues which are seen in nature, varying under every condition of the atmosphere. In the Dresden Gallery are two gems of this class,—one the celebrated "Holy Family," known as the "*Notte*," in which all the light proceeds from the Saviour; and the "Magdalen, reading," a fine replica of which, belonging to Lord Ward, is one of the great attractions in the Art-Treasures Exhibition (No. 165). Quite as masterly in this peculiar magic influence, is the picture of "Christ on the Mount of Olives," in the Duke of Wellington's collection. Correggio's grace in attitude and expression sometimes ran to the very verge of affectation. His "Holy Family" in the National Gallery has been almost charged with this fault; but if the great master himself triumphed above all weakness and degeneracy in all that he did, the same cannot be said of his numerous followers and imitators.

In addition to the "Magdalen," already mentioned, Lord Ward contributes two capital specimens of this illustrious painter, being (Nos. 166 and 167) groups of "Angels' Heads" (colossal), from the fresco in the apsis of the Church of St. Giovanni, at Parma, which was demolished in the course of alterations towards the end of the last century. By the breadth and lightness of touch, and the purity and brilliance of colour displayed in them, these singular fragments stand out proudly but mournfully, as monuments of an art which, it is much to be feared, has departed from amongst us.



"THE FLIGHT OF THE PAGAN DEITIES ON THE DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY."—PICKERSGILL.

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. VI.

F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.

Mr. Pickersgill is the youngest Royal Academician, his election having taken place only a few weeks ago. There are other artists on the associate roll whom many will think had higher claims to this dignity; yet he has deserved well of his brethren, and there can be no two opinions as to his skill as a draughtsman and his sterling merit as an artist. His works are well-considered productions, painted with care, closely studied from the model, brightly coloured, and frequently attractive in subject. One quality they lack, and that a material one—the fire of genius! They seem to be wrought on some self-approved principle, as though the artist had attained to a species of perfectibility which satisfied his employers, and flattered his own self-complacency; and we seek in vain for those magical instinctive awakenings, those passionate throes, those soaring flights and circumgyrations which the artist of genius takes perforce, and in spite of himself.



Mr. Pickersgill's most ambitious and important production is his large picture entitled "Samson Betrayed," the property of the Royal Manchester Institution, and one of the chief ornaments of its permanent gallery. It is an undoubtedly fine work, and raised high the public expectation. Seven years have elapsed since it was painted, but the artist has hardly equalled, certainly not excelled it, in his more recent productions. Yet the impulsive promptings of genius are continually whispering the words, "Onward, onward!"

The Palace at Old Trafford contains two of Mr. Pickersgill's works. 496, "Flight of the Pagan Deities, on the Dawn of Christianity," is treated in an allegorical manner. The meek-eyed Virgin, bearing in her arms the infant Saviour, stands in the centre. Their presence purifies and exalts; heathenism flies before it; the pagan deities, leaving the reek of sacrifices, cast despairing and resentful looks on the scenes of their past glory, and float away into nothingness. This picture is important in size, rather attractive in subject-matter, and contains a numerous grouping of figures; yet it presents little that is tangible for critical remark. One might run on, in the cut-and-dried jargon of unin-



"THE DEATH OF FOSCARI."—PICKERSGILL.

formed and uninforming amateur criticism, to pronounce the conception good, the colouring good, the drawing and grouping equally good, and so on,—and who could be able to gainsay one word of our utterance? But we should hesitate long before applying the superlative term, *fine*, to any quality or portion of the work. 460, "The Death of Foscari," appears to have been taken from the last scene in Byron's play, and is certainly a dramatic incident, though one not easy to understand to those unacquainted with the text, a quotation from which ought certainly to have been inserted in the catalogue, which, as we have before remarked, is decidedly meagre as regards the modern gallery. The moment chosen is just subsequent to old Foscari's deposition from the ducal chair. The fiery old doge hears the sonorous bell of St. Mark's toll for the inauguration of his successor. The full sum of his wrongs is made up,—his recollections are overwhelming. Let Byron's glowing words describe the rest:—

"*Doge.* The bell tolls on!—let's hence—my brain's on fire.
"*Barbarigo.* I do beseech you, lean upon us.
"*Doge.* No!
A sovereign should die standing. My poor boy!
Off with your arms! *That bell!*
[*The Doge drops down and dies.*]
"*Marina.* My God! my God!"

This is a brightly-coloured and interesting picture, and one certainly not inferior to the artist's standard of excellence.

THE PERCEPTION OF BEAUTY AND NOBLENESS NOT A MATTER OF RANK.

Taste, if it mean anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. This surely implies, as its chief condition, not any given external rank or situation, but a finely-gifted mind, purified into harmony with itself, into keenness and justness of vision; above all, kindled into love and generous admiration. Is culture of this sort found exclusively among the higher ranks? We believe it proceeds less from without than within, in every rank. The charms of Nature, the majesty of Man, the infinite loveliness of Truth and Virtue are not hidden from the eye of the poor, but from the eye of the vain, the corrupted, and self-seeking, be he poor or rich. In old ages, the humble minstrel, a mendicant, and lord of nothing but his harp and his own free soul, had intimations of these glories, while to the proud baron in his barbaric halls they were unknown. Nor is there still any aristocratic monopoly of judgment more than of genius. For as to that *science of negation* which is taught peculiarly by men of professed elegance, we confess we hold it rather cheap. It is a necessary, but decidedly a subordinate accomplishment; nay, if it be rated as the highest, it becomes a ruinous vice. This is an old truth, yet ever needing new application and enforcement. Let us know what to love, and we shall know also what to reject; what to affirm, and we shall know also what to deny; but it is dangerous to begin with denial, and fatal to end with it. To deny is easy; nothing is sooner learnt, or more generally practised. As matters go, we need no man of polish to teach it; but rather, if possible, an hundred men of wisdom to show us its limits, and teach us its reverse.

Are the fineness and truth of sense, manifested by the artist, found, in most instances, to be proportionate to his wealth and elevation of acquaintance? Are they found to have any perceptible relation either with the one or the other? We imagine not. Whose taste in painting, for instance, is truer and finer than Claude Lorraine's? and was not he a poor colour-grinder, outwardly the meanest of menials? Where again, we might ask, lay Shakspere's rent-roll; and what generous peer took him by the hand, and unfolded to him the "open secret" of the universe; teaching him that this was beautiful, and that was not so? Was he not a peasant by birth, and by fortune something lower; and was it not thought much, even in the height of his reputation, that Southampton allowed him equal patronage with the zanies, jugglers, and bearwards of the time? Yet compare his taste, even as it respects the negative side of things; for, in regard to the positive, and far higher side, it admits no comparison with any other mortal's. Compare it, for instance, with the taste of Beaumont and Fletcher, his cotemporaries, men of rank and education, and of fine genius like himself. Tried even by the nice, fastidious, and in great part false and artificial delicacy of modern times, how stands it with the two parties; with the gay, triumphant men of fashion, and the poor vagrant link-boy? Does the latter sin against, we shall not say taste, but etiquette, as the former do? For one line, for one word, which some Chesterfield might wish blotted from the first, are there not in the others whole pages and scenes which, with palpitating heart, he would hurry into deepest night. This, too, observe, respects not their genius, but their culture; not their appropriation of beauties, but their rejection of deformities,—by supposition, the grand and peculiar result of high breeding.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

THE TWO TURNERS.

The following anecdote has been placed at our disposal by a friend:—

Charles Turner, the eminent mezzotinto engraver, died last week at a very advanced age. He executed many plates after the works of his illustrious namesake, the painter, more particularly for the celebrated "*Liber Studiarum.*" This placed the two men in frequent contact. One day the engraver, who possessed a scheming head, proposed "a fine idea" to the great J. M. W., viz., he suggested his producing twelve drawings, for engraving, representing every separate hour of the day, from morning's dawn till evening's close. The painter shook his head; he "couldn't see it." Charles Turner, however, urged the matter with such pertinacity, that the painter became quite weary. "Well," said he, "if you think so highly of your scheme, why not do it yourself?"

As he walked home, Charles Turner pondered the thing over; he determined to take the hint; perhaps the great man might himself retouch the drawings, or incorporate some of his own with them. It was worth a trial, however. In due time the engraver completed his drawings, and took them for his friend's inspection. He placed one in his hands.

"Ah!" said the great man.

"How do you like it, sir?"

"A-a-ah!" repeated the painter, with prolonged cadence.

The engraver stepped hastily behind his shoulder. "Why, Mr. Turner," said he, with an expression of horror, "you've got my drawing the wrong way up."

"A-a-ah!" said the other, with a deep-drawn sigh, "It'll do either way."

Just fancy the alacrity with which the schemer gathered up his drawings, and bent his way towards home.

IMPROPRIETY OF A COMPLEX STYLE.

In forming a style out of the works of many nations, in the hope of creating

That faultless monster which the world ne'er saw,

an artist is apt to lose in original vigour what he gains in elegance; and, desiring to produce works adapted to the taste of all the world, may chance to miss the felicity of being thoroughly and completely fascinating to any one nation.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

LETTER OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

In his old age, Michael Angelo was deeply afflicted by the death of his faithful and attached servant Urbino, who had lived with him for twenty-six years, and the following touching letter to Vasari, who had written to condole with him, shows how deeply he felt his loss:—"My dear George,—I scarcely know how to write, but I must just acknowledge your letter. You have heard of Urbino's death—an event for which most grateful thanks are due from me to God, though, as respects myself, the loss is most severe, and my grief profound. My thanks are thus due, because, while living, his care of me was such as greatly to prolong my life, and dying, he has taught me to meet death, not with aversion but with desire. He lived with me twenty-six years, and I ever found him incomparable and faithful; and now, when I had rendered him rich, and regarded him as the prop and the repose of my old age, he has passed away, leaving me no other hope but that of rejoining him in Paradise; and of this God has vouchsafed me, as it were, the pledge, by the great blessedness of his last moments. His chief regrets in the prospect of death were, that he left me in this deceitful world pressed upon by so many sorrows, though, indeed, the greater part of me is departed together with him, nor does aught remain behind but a deep sense of bereavement."—*Harford's Life of Michael Angelo.*

VANITY AND SINGULARITY OF PORTRAIT SITTERS.

A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece. "It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is the portrait of my first wife—for this one is my second." "But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir. What can I do? she is only to be admitted as an angel." "Oh, no! not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman—no angels for me." The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back; when he returned he had a stranger lady on his arm. "I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said; "an accident befel my second wife; this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture." The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady, she remonstrated; never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go. The artist painted them out accordingly; and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

ANNIBALE CARRACCI'S "CHRIST APPEARING TO ST. PETER."

This fine picture is not scriptural, as some have imagined; it embodies a tradition of the Romish church. The New Testament tells us that Christ after his resurrection appeared to St. Peter; but it was more consistent with the aim and practice of the church, when losing its simplicity, to give currency to obscure or doubtful legends, rather than draw attention to the true and accredited narrative of the gospel. Peter, says the tradition, not finding at the time any liking for martyrdom, made his escape from Rome, and was hurrying along the Appian way, when he met Jesus bearing the cross. "Lord, where goest thou?" inquired the astonished saint. "I am going to Rome to be crucified a second time," was the answer, "for I find that my disciples are afraid of attesting the truth of my cause with their blood." The rebuked saint returned and suffered martyrdom. The legend is a very beautiful one; it is in keeping with the timid character of Peter; and serviceable, too, to the church of Rome, which claimed supremacy over all Christian churches. Those who imagined the legend, found an admirable interpreter in Carracci; it is admitted by very fastidious critics that this picture (in the National Gallery) is one of the best studied and effective of all his performances in this country.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

EARLY ART IN SCOTLAND.

Of the elder artists of Scotland, and their works, little has been said or written. A few names, dates, and references, have been preserved in the "Royal Book of Accounts;" imperfect as such are, they are interesting. The first name is that of John de Linlithgow, who, in the year 1329, sculptured the tomb of the great Robert Bruce; the second, "Andrew the painter," who made a monument in memory of David Bruce and his queen.—*Cunningham's Lives, &c.*

TRUE PICTURE AND FINE SIMILE.

I once lived within view of a mill-stream that babbled cheerfully through pleasant fields while summer lasted; but when swollen by the winter rains, used to spread its waters over a wide valley, effacing everything but the dark boundaries. No combination of rock or ruin could produce such a cold, pale, desolate picture, as did those flooded fields when the moon shone on them; and yet it had beauty in it; but of a fearful melancholy cast, like a sweet voice singing of graves and death-beds.—*Reminiscences of the Rhine, &c.*

WHAT YOUNG PAINTERS SHOULD AVOID.

Let a young man of genius, when he begins the world, be as faultless as an angel, he will find it impossible to escape censure: he should, therefore, avoid all peculiarities of private manners, if he can. Every young painter should read what we now write, and remember it; if he be morbidly inclined, he will find attempts made to goad him into despondency; if irritably, to irritate him into anger; if amiable, to heap calumny and falsehood upon his gentle nature, to lower him to the level of some impotent imitator, to negative his reputation, and sink him in spirit and in health.—*Biography of Harlow.*

A LESSON IN SENTIMENT.

The deeds of their ancestors are painted on the great bridge of Lucerne; and, poor as the pictures are, they gave me pleasure. They must not be considered as works of art, but, as records of memorable acts, are highly honourable, for they nurture a glowing love of freedom. I might reply to any unseasonable critic in the words of Shakspere, when the courtiers, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," were despising the rude dialogue of Moonshine and Wall; and when Theseus made them this remarkable answer:—"The best of this kind are but shadows, and the worst of them are not worse, if imagination amend them."—*Matthison's Travels.*

MICHAEL ANGELO AT WORK.

I may say (says an eye-witness) that I have seen Michael Angelo at work after he had passed his sixtieth year, and although he was not very robust, he cut away as many scales from a block of very hard marble in a quarter of an hour as three young sculptors would have effected in three or four hours—a thing almost incredible to one who had not actually witnessed it. Such was the impetuosity and fire with which he pursued his labour, that I almost thought the whole work must have gone to pieces; with a single stroke he brought down fragments three or four fingers thick, and so close upon his mark, that, had he passed it, even in the slightest degree, there would have been a danger of ruining the whole.—*Harford's Life of Michael Angelo.*

THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

He planted it upon an elevated tambour, and in place of the unbroken peristyle of Bramante, he introduced on the side of each window (sixteen in number) piers encircled with coupled columns, the summits of which were destined to be adorned with statues of prophets and apostles from his own designs. That magical play of light and shadow upon the cupola of St. Peter's, which charms the eye of the spectator throughout the day, is a consequence of these advancing piers, and the present effect would be greatly heightened if the statues, as seen on his model, had actually been introduced. The corresponding piers on the minor domes were also to have been adorned with statues. The interior sections of the cupola correspond with those of the exterior; the linear graces of the roof being repeated, and coupled pilasters within answering to the coupled columns without. The lantern is singularly elegant, and was constructed with only a slight deviation from the original model.—*Ibid.*

CHARLES ALLEN DUVAL.

Of the youthful training and first development of artistic power in the mind of our fellow-citizen, it is not our province to enter into any detail, since such will come more naturally from the pen of his future biographer.

It may not, however, be uninteresting to some of our young readers at least to hear a few particulars from one who knew him at a very early period, and who shared alike in the tasks and sports of his boyhood, enjoying his friendship up to the turning point of life when the illusions of school-boy days begin to lose their brilliancy of colour, and watching with anxiety his after course, amid the rough realities with which the grown man must grapple, to conquer or be conquered, at his first advance on the battle-field of life.

From this source we have been informed that, as is usually the case with minds of a self-educating tendency, the graver studies pressed upon the future artist were evidently distasteful to him, and he withdrew as often as possible, choosing at times the most out-of-the-way nooks (on several occasions a dog-house close under the study-window), to feed his fancy with the glittering stanzas of Tasso or Ariosto. At other times the scholastic "*crambe repetita*" was avoided by perching high up among the thick foliage of a neighbouring tree, whilst his half-angry tutor was seeking him in more distant or more likely hiding places.

His chief instruction seemed to grow upon him in a manner peculiar to himself, his favourite study being the book of nature—the sublime and picturesque in her varying aspects—while the great and chivalrous in human action presented themselves sometimes in the sententious language of history, but more frequently in the artificial colouring of poets. With a taste for desultory reading, he happily possessed a sort of intuitive faculty for rightly analysing, also a quick perception and equally rapid appreciation of the real and beautiful, as well as their opposites, wherever they appeared, and however artfully disguised or blended together; to this we may add a keen relish for the ludicrous, a fertile imagination, with a ready flow and felicitous choice of language, which gave point to many a boyish jest and sharp repartee, the first irregular scintillations of that playful and sometimes caustic wit which has ever since distinguished him.

We understand, from the same authority, that the spirit of adventure which urges so many of our youth to fling their fears away and their hopes on the ocean, took possession of the young artist, who, though vacillating at the time in his choice between the pencil and the pen, suddenly cast both to the ground, happily but for a short season, and embarked for St. Petersburg.

The stern schooling of the stormy Baltic must, it seems, have been quite as objectionable as the tedious discipline of Alma Mater, for we find him again, in an undecided and half-lazy way, approaching the Muses of painting and poetry. To the former, it would appear, he became more decidedly attached by the following circumstance. Being at one time in a remote country town in Ireland, the man in whose house he lodged, a sort of half farmer, half shopkeeper, seeing him engaged with sketches and drawings, brought him one day a miniature on ivory, and, in an anxious tone, said, "Perhaps you can do something for this unfortunate picture of my wife. It was dirty, do you see, on one cheek; and thinking to *clane* it, I spit on my finger, and what do you think? but I wiped away the half of the dear woman's face." With a smile at the man's account of his mishap, the task of repairing the mischief was half-doubtingly undertaken by the young sketcher, who had hitherto never touched ivory with his pencil, nor seriously attempted a likeness. On examining carefully the uninjured part, however, he set to work, and restored the "dear woman," not to herself, indeed, for the new half proved to be so superior to the old, that it presented still but half a resemblance; so, effacing the whole, he began *de novo*, and produced such a startling and nicely-painted likeness, that both husband and wife were in an ecstacy of delight, and rewarded their lodger with what they considered the munificent sum of half-a-guinea. On the history of his subsequent movements we shall not entrench, for, as we have said before, it is not so much his life as his professional career that we have to deal with—that career commencing when he first came amongst us, upwards of twenty years ago.

At that time he was a very young man, bringing with him as his only passport one letter of introduction. This letter was to Messrs. Agnew and Zanetti (now Thomas Agnew and Sons), from which house he, in after years, received many large commissions, almost the first being a picture containing a hundred portraits of the leading Wesleyans in the United Kingdom, who met in Manchester to celebrate the Centenary of Methodism. Previously to this he had painted several subject pictures. One of them was the "Ruined Gamester" (boys playing marbles), which was bought by Mr. Dewhurst, at that time a printseller in Market-street, and was immediately engraved and published—became popular—was pirated upon children's pocket-handkerchiefs, and used by *Punch* as a political squib against the late Sir Robert Peel. An etching of it, by his own hand, also appeared in the *North of England Magazine*, where it was accompanied by the following very able verses, illustrative of the subject, written, as we are informed, by the artist himself, he being an occasional contributor to that short-lived periodical:—

THE RUINED GAMESTER.

And art thou fleeced! done up, and cast away!
To thee a sad and earnest thing is play,
For thou hast seen the *ignis fatuus* dance,
In thy young days, of all-bewildering chance,
A foretaste of the huge and wild turmoil,
Where men cheat, lie and swindle, sweat and toil,
Swear, fight, and wrangle, steep their souls in sin,
Things full as worthless as thy toys to win.
And art thou then of everyone bereft,
None of thy treasured, hoarded marbles left?
Well may'st thou wear upon thy dismal face
The stamp of ruin, blush of deep disgrace:
Where was the cunning of thy skilful aim?
E'en inching could not save thee from this shame;
Where was the sudden push, the jostle rude,
The hasty scramble and the angry feud?
* * * * * *

Yon ruined merchant once possessed a plum;
Awed by his wealth, before him men stood dumb;
His carriage rolled, his table groaned with plate,
His look shook markets, and his voice was fate!
But things are changed; the man's not worth a groat,
He stands alone, who once by crowds was sought.
Friends look upon him with unwilling eyes,
And those who cringed, as meanly now despise;
In haste from scarcely opened doors he's turned,
With scornful hand by those whom once he spurned;
His wealth has run like water through a sieve,
And he now begs who oft refused to give.
* * * * * *

Where are thy horses and thy dogs, proud squire,
Thine acres, once the richest in the shire,
Thy liveried menials, and thy pictured walls,
Thy hunting dinners, and thy racing balls,
Thy morning "harkaway," thy late carouse,
Thy pairing from, thy vote within "the House,"
Thy lady's boudoir, and her opera box,
Italian sculpture, and Geneva clocks,
Thy house in town in some delightful square,
Thy girls', so snug—not very far from there!

Where are these things, so *comme il faut*, so nice?
Gone—vanished by the magic of the dice.
* * * * * *

See yonder shrivelled yellow piece of clay,
Who in a chair is wheeled from day to day;
A rosy youth, he left his father-land,
To sell his liver on a foreign strand,
And now returns to leave some unknown heir
All that he gained for what he could not spare.
* * * * * *

And thou, old warrior, now thy race is run,
Show us the glory many a risk has won;
Boldly thou'st sought grim death—grim death is nigh,
And thou must meet him with but half an eye.
For that blue rag thou wear'st with so much pride,
Thy right sleeve dangles empty by thy side.
One leg, half wood, doth cause thee much to fret,
But—thou wert mentioned *twice* in the *Gazette*.
The limbs thou hast are racked with gnawing pain,
That medal, not worth half-a-crown, to gain;
And "daily died" for thee thine anxious wife,
Whilst thou wert madly gaming for thy life.
* * * * * *

With clammy brow, sunk cheek, and haggard eye,
Lies one, scarce fit to live, still less to die;
Oft turns he on that weary bed of death,
Straining for rest, and gasping for a breath.
The vices he has crowded in a span
Would fill with sin the longest days of man.
The hour he thought so distant now has come,
And conscience thunders, that before was dumb.
Rise, strangely hideous, deeds which seemed of yore,
But pleasant frolics, "wild," but nothing more.
His shrinking eyes already view the dead;
The friend who for his worthless honour bled,
The cheated father, the deserted wife,
Repeat the hellish antics of his life;
The pigeoned comrade asks him for his all;
The gentle girl, so pure before her fall,
Stands piteously, with shame upon her brow,
And tears, before unheeded, scald him now.
Gone are the days with idiot joy so rife,
Drunken with folly he has reeled through life,
And lo! the end of all his crimes and lies,
The ruined Gamester "curses God," and dies!

We may observe here that we have seen specimens from the same pen, in which a poetic spirit of a very high order is evinced.

For the "Ruined Gamester," we are told, the artist received no more than £12, which so disgusted him with that branch of art that he turned his attention for many years exclusively to portraits. We have also heard that, in the early years of his struggle here, meeting with but small encouragement as a portrait painter, and with the claims of a family growing from day to day, he attempted furniture designs for calico printers, and made several under the kind directions and suggestions of Dan Lee, Esq., who, however, finding his designs impossible to print, and thinking his talent might lie in a higher direction, gave him his first commission for a life-size portrait in oil. This was a portrait of Mr. Lee's mother, and may be considered his starting point as a portrait painter. He soon became recognised as one who had the power of seizing upon character, and fixing it with fidelity in a likeness, and this was still more observable in the rapid chalk sketches of children—subjects in whom the expression is at all times difficult to catch, in consequence of their restlessness; but in this, if we may judge from the number we have seen in various parts of the country, in Liverpool and London as well as here, he has ever been eminently successful. Amongst the portraits from his easel that have been engraved are those of some celebrated men. That of Daniel O'Connell, painted for Mr. Lee, was the first life-sized whole-length, and was executed under extreme difficulties, with only about two hours and a-half sitting from the original. As might be expected, it is not a good picture, but it is a strong likeness. There are two portraits of Cobden, one a whole-length (life-size), now the property of Norman Wilkinson, Esq., of London, and the other a half-length, in the series of anti-corn-law worthies executed for Mr. Agnew—not those known as the League Picture, executed by Herbert, R.A., but the separate portraits. Amongst them are some very admirable likenesses, such as that of Colonel (now General) Thompson, Lord Radnor (the property of his lordship's family), Sir John Bowring, and John Fenton, Esq., of Crimble, for whom he afterwards painted a large whole-length, a good picture, and a good likeness. It was exhibited in Manchester and attracted very general admiration.

But painting portraits does not at any time seem to have satisfied his ambition. The early aspirations of his genius, so inauspiciously checked by the disappointment before alluded to, revived with more ardour than ever as he advanced in his career, until about seven or eight years ago—we do not exactly know at what date—he painted "Luther Burning the Pope's Bull," a large work, upwards of 10 feet by 5 or 6, and with a great number of figures. The copyright was sold to Mr Agnew,



"FORGOTTEN VOWS."

who published an engraving of it by T. O. Barlow. The picture, we understand, is now the property of Mr. Threlfall. It was exhibited before it was completed, at Westminster Hall, at the great exhibition of Historical Pictures; afterwards in many of the principal towns in the kingdom. The grouping is good, the figure and face of Luther particularly successful, but the colour, upon the whole, somewhat heavy; nevertheless it showed a considerable advance beyond anything he had previously achieved, and may be regarded as the result of his study in the German galleries, whither he went after visiting Wittenberg, the scene of the Reformer's daring act.

His next work of importance was "Columbus in Chains," painted after a visit to the Paris galleries, and intended for the Paris Exhibition of 1855; but having been sent too late, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, London, where it was hung upon the line and kept its place with the most powerful pictures there. It was afterwards exhibited at the Royal Institution, Manchester, last year, and more recently at the Mechanics' Institution. It is the property of Mr. W. Bradley, of Cheetham Hill.

The next works of his are the two pictures which we have engraved, numbered 429 and 436 in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, the property of Edward Loyd, jun., Esq. Upon these Mr. Duval occupied himself last summer, instead of spending two or three months in London, portrait-painting and making chalk drawings of the young scions of the aristocracy, which he has been in the habit of doing for many years past—a change that may be considered judicious even in a money point of view, for it is certainly better both for his reputation and his practice to turn out works of this class than portraits to an equal or even greater amount. They are most elaborately-finished, large cabinet pictures (kitcat size), and tell a pleasant story in a not unpleasant way. The colouring is rich, and perfectly harmonious as well as powerful. They are, we think, in advance of the "Columbus;" at all events they are more taking in subject and more finished in treatment.

The first, "Forgotten Vows," represents a scene in a country house, in the latter part of George the Second's or the beginning of George the Third's reign. A young squire, who has just dropt in to make a morning call, as may be guessed from his hat and cane, sits in an off-hand, swaggering way, laughing and talking to a fair girl beside him, whilst a dark girl, to whom the sequel shows his addresses ought to have been paid, has left her book and her seat at the window, and stands at the other side of him, biting her nails, and beating what is commonly called the devil's tattoo upon the back of a chair. He may or he may not be aware of her presence, and of the rising storm which so soon overtakes him; but he seems unconscious, and altogether absorbed in a pleasant flirtation. From the sequel picture, "Recalled to Memory," it would seem that but a few seconds have elapsed, for the colour of the picture is brighter than the first, which is accounted for by your seeing through the window a cloud-shadow on the field beyond, which evidently lay upon the house only a few moments before,—thus, by a subtle artistic idea, making time, as well as place, part of the picture. The dark girl, half in jest and half in earnest, unable any longer to control herself, has made her presence felt and understood by pinching her faithless lover's ear, much to the astonishment of a page who is bringing in cakes and wine, and to the amusement of her fair friend, who laughs so heartily that you are tempted to believe she has been leading him on for the pure love of mischief, and has been aware of his danger from the first.



"RECALLED TO MEMORY."

In this metropolis of toil and traffic, to which it may be almost said the whole earth's "merchants most do congregate"—where in the struggle for mere wealth-preëminence it would seem as if all thought, all faculties were engaged, so as to be quite absorbed, or, as a cynic would say, stultified—it is gratifying to have to record the arrival, at a period of some 20 years since, of an almost unfriended stranger, a mere youth, armed only with the implements of his art, and to be able to add that, in the midst of such apparently uncongenial elements, his genius, having been fairly appreciated, gradually grew into eminence amongst us, and is likely to reflect a lasting lustre on the city in which it was first welcomed, fostered, and brought to light.

JUPITER AND EUROPA.

They who have looked at the famous picture (now in the Art-Treasures Exhibition) of "Jupiter disguised as a Bull, carrying off Europa," will at once understand the following metamorphosis. Had the ichthyology of the old poets been as wide as the ocean, who can doubt that we should have seen the god disguised as a Whale, running, or rather swimming away with her? The old poets, poor fellows, never so much as heard of whale or turtle. They were limited to porpoise; and as Arion and his fiddle had "used up" that fish, they, in their ever-to-be-lamented ignorance of the whale genus, had nothing left them but to take to quadruped; else, surely, had the god been turned into a whale, and in that shape carried off the incomparable runaway. In *Crete*, the name of the island to which he swam away with her, myopic, microscopic etymology discovers the origin of the modern *Gretna*. Strike out *G*, and insert *C*; and, striking out *na*, put in *e*, and you have the thing sought for! By Jove! very like a whale!!

JUPITER FINDS EUROPA ON THE SEASHORE.

I have it, Love!—I'll change me to a Whale,
This moment change, if thou'lt a mermaid be!
Oh, joy! with thee to cruise the boundless sea,
Or burst the latitudes that guard the pole;
But struck to the foundations of my soul
By Love's harpoon, 'twere to add pain to pain
To cruise, a lonely fish, the lonely main,
Or on the monstrous ocean-waves to roll
A drifting hulk, forlorn. Oh! let me be
A little gold-fish in a crystal sphere
Of water air-like in translucency,
Softly to swim around my world so clear;
Or poised on winnowing fins, to gaze on thee,
And, haply, thy dear heart-awaking voice to hear.

HE TRANSFORMS HER INTO A MERMAID.

Oh, metamorphosis beyond compare!
Is this the maid whom I, a gentle Bull,
Enamour'd, carried off? the beautiful,
In whom the Graces saw the fairest fair?
Nereïds and Tritons say, *can* this be her
The glance of whose soul-kindled eye could stir
My heart as never Juno's goddess air?
I hate the haughty Queen—yea, the whole brood
Of flat Olympians. I *will* be a whale,
A billow-breasting mammal, Love,—and I
With thee will cruise the boundless ocean-flood,
Sport in the glittering calm, and in the gale
Revel triumphant when the sea runs high.

HIS AQUATIC FEATS.

And oh, the joy! when tranced summer's sheen
Shimmereth afar on the great slumbering sea,
And the broad billow heaveth drowsily,
To stretch me in the cool, translucent green,
And see thee comb thy streaming hair serene;
Or sinking, rising on the rolling wave,
To gaze with amorous eyes divinely grave,
By thy harpooning glances smitten keen—
Oh! in the triumph of my heart's delight
There's nothing, Dearest, that I would not try
To show my love,—I'd churn the green sea white,
Or sink a fleet of whalers, Love; or I,
Upheaving high my bulk, would spoom away,
Spouting my roaring geysers to the sky.

August 18th, 1857. J. Cameron.

HINT TO STUDENTS.

The student who desires true knowledge must go forth with his sketch-book, and, considering nature as his academy, take sittings at all seasons and under all influences. Her loveliness and varieties are not to be learned elsewhere than in her lap. He will know little of birds who studies them stuffed in the museum, and less of the rose and the lily who never saw anything but artificial nosegays.—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

A GIRL IN PRAYER.

Suggested by a Statue now in the Exhibition of Art-Treasures, by Patrick Mac Dowell, Esq., R.A.

What has earth to show more fair
Than yon sinless child in prayer?
With imploring hands and eyes,
Lifted upwards to the skies;
Of her "Father," throned in heaven,
Begging she may be forgiven
For the trespasses she may
Have committed through the day,
And imploring of His might,
Safeguard for another night!
She is, sure, a seraph bright
From the realms of endless light,
On some gracious mission sent,
To bid erring souls repent;
To salvation point the way,
And instruct them how to pray;
Who, her work of mercy done,
Hath "forgot herself to stone!"

Dreamer! check these fancies wild,
'Tis a simple, guileless child;
Bearing in her form and face
Something of an angel's grace,
And, without a stain of earth,
Save the ban of mortal birth;
Waiting but for wings to soar,
And be seen on earth no more!
Silently your homage pay,
Lest her thoughts you lead astray;
Let her pray!

Hers is not the impassioned prayer
That would exorcise Despair;
Wrung from Guilt that fain would win
Pardon for long years of sin;
When the burthen of its care
Hath become too great to bear!
Nor the sad, encumbered breath,
Muttered from the bed of death,
From the sickness of the soul
To be once again "made whole;"
Or, a respite brief from fate,
Seeking—it may be—too late!
Hers is not the prayer of grief,
Looking heavenwards for relief,
To some bright, but far-off sphere,
For the peace denied it here!
She is happy as a bird,
Innocent in thought and word,
And her prayers to heaven above
Are but notes of praise and love;
Let her pray!

Let her pray! a time may come
(Who may shun the common doom),
When within her gentle breast
Grief may hide—"uneasy guest!"—
Hope deferred, inflict its smart,
Love, lie heavy at her heart;
And the sordid cares of life
Stir her young, pure thoughts to strife.
Then, how sweet 'twill be to know,
She hath hived a balm for woe,
And hath treasure stored away,
Moth nor rust can e'er decay,
Nor, secured by such a seal,
Ruthless thieves break through and steal:
That the fervent prayers that rise,
Now, meet incense, to the skies,
May return, in grateful dew,
Fertilising life anew,
And restore its blighted scene
To one bright perennial green;
Let her pray!

Let her pray! a watchful eye,
And a cunning hand are nigh,
To perpetuate every grace,
In her bearing, form, and face,
And transmit to future years
(Fruitful theme for smiles and tears!)
Something that may show how fair
Is a sinless child in prayer!
Lo! 'tis done: but as I gaze
Half I lose the power to praise;
For my thoughts I fear to tell,
Lest my breath should break the spell,
And disturb the vision fair,
Kneeling, all so life-like, there!
But as loth I turn away,
Still, I cannot choose but say,
Let her pray!

Alaric A. Watts.

James the Sixth extended encouragement to art as far as his extreme poverty, and the parsimony of his parliaments, would allow. Painting began to extend from portraiture to history, and sculpture also reappeared.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

On Monday, August 10, among the visitors at the Exhibition were the Earl and Countess of Stamford and Warrington, and party; the Earl of Denbigh, Viscount Feilding, and party; Earl of Mansfield; Lord Stafford; Mr. Henry Cole, of Marlborough House; Mr. Digby Wyatt, &c. The special trains were unusually heavy. There were excursions from Lincoln; from Chester (800 passengers); from Leeds, *viâ* Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway (400); from Leeds and Huddersfield, *viâ* London and North-Western Railway; from Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Crewe, by Marcus's trip (30 carriages); from Thorn, *viâ* Barnsley (300); from Shrewsbury and stations, by Houlston's trip (about 550); and a train from the Potteries, bringing 1,100 visitors.

On Tuesday, there was a special train to the Exhibition from Whaley Bridge, which brought the workpeople of Mr. John Welch, calico printer, of the Whaley Bridge and Furness Printworks, Derbyshire. The employers liberally defrayed the expense of the journey, and paid the admission into the Palace. There was also a train from Lymm, Warrington. There was an excursion train from Worcester, along the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton line, but it did not run to the Exhibition station. Amongst the visitors were the Duke of Newcastle, Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, Earl Denbigh, Earl and Countess of Stamford, Lord Feilding, Earl and Countess of Marley, Lord Boringdon, Lady Catherine Parkes, Miss Carydon, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and their son the Marquis of Worcester; Lord Mansfield, Sir Charles Trevellyan, Lord and Lady James Stuart, Viscount St. Lawrence, and Captain Labalmondiere, London commissioner of police. Mr. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Bac., organist to Queen's College, Oxford, performed a selection of music on the organ, from the works of Handel, Bach, Mendelssohn, Wesley, and Ouseley. This performance commenced at twelve o'clock, and gave great satisfaction to the visitors.

On Wednesday, the Palace was very thronged during the afternoon, and the temperature of the building was exceedingly oppressive, though we believe the ventilation was attended to by the authorities. There were good special trains from Sheffield and Macclesfield, and two from Leeds—one on each line. Amongst the distinguished visitors were his grace the Duke of Newcastle, Lady Susan Pelham Clinton, Mr. Tatton Egerton, M.P., and Mr. T. Hope, M.P., who are the guests of Mr. Edward Tootal, of the Weaste. There were also present Lord Talbot de Malahide, Sir Culling Eardley, Lord James and Lady Stuart, and Sir Charles Trevelyan.

On Thursday, the Duke of Newcastle, Lady Susan Pelham Clinton and party, were again at the Exhibition, and also Lord and Lady Morley.

Considering the stormy character of Friday morning, the number of visitors to the Art-Treasures Palace was as great as could be expected. As the day cleared up the numbers increased, and during the afternoon there was quite a throng in the nave, aisles, and galleries of the building. Among the visitors were the Duke of Newcastle and party, and Earl Morley and party. There were also 77 scholars from Henshaw's Blue Coat School, Oldham.

The experiment of a sixpenny admission after two o'clock on Saturday was eminently successful, upwards of 10,000 of the working classes having availed themselves of the privilege. Although more than 15,000 visitors passed through the Palace, it was never inconveniently crowded. There were special trains from Liverpool, Bolton, and Sheffield during the day, most of them arriving after noon, for the cheap admission.

The returns for the week were:—

	One Shilling.	Half-crown.	Season.	Total.
Aug. 10.....	10,103	.....	889	10,992
„ 11.....	5,473	.....	816	6,280
„ 12.....	10,194	.....	1,696	11,290
„ 13.....	...	3,093	1,333	4,426
„ 14.....	4,674	.....	802	5,476
„ 15.....	2,827 At 6d. 10,864	.....	1,362	15,053

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter VI.

PASSION AND PRINCIPLE — THE SHADOW ON THE LOAM BANK—THE OLD CARVER'S LAST WORK.

The poet tells us how the Indian lover rose unconsciously from his sleep, and how "a spirit in his feet" led him, "he knew not how," unto the window of his mistress. In some such dreamy state of inspired unconsciousness I found myself in the fields, in search of the Italian maiden. A rapid walk brought me in sight of the gipsy encampment—where I paused. Passion had carried me so far, but Principle now arrested my steps. I had forsaken a friendless old man, who had befriended me, for one who, possessing youth, beauty, and accomplishments, might command any number of friends and admirers. Besides, was it not clear as the day that the heart I sought was no longer free? Wherefore, then, my headlong course? I turned down a quiet lane to reflect, and where I might see and not be seen. Merry shouts and peals of laughter came over the meadows. It was a bright day, and many wild flowers still lingered on the warm embankment. The bee too was there, busily gathering in her winter stores. Immoveable I sat watching the tiny insects running to and fro in the grass. A nest of ants was situated at my feet. I became interested in their labours, and by degrees the cloud that obscured the summit of my hopes was dispelled, and I could once more reflect upon the future without despair. I had achieved a position already, and I would yet command respect. Nothing would be denied me if I would but take a lesson from the minute labourers—the ants at my feet. I would seek in work the solace of a wounded heart. I had passed through the fire of experience — not unscathed it might be—but I had only to labour with a purpose. My future might wear a gloomier aspect; but had I not read how the great artists of old found in work a noble solace for every ill? Was I not fortunate indeed thus to be placed in the very pathway to fortune and distinction? An outcast—a wanderer—I might yet come to hold communion with the immortal few. Soliloquising in this strain, I rose from the ground, and turned, silent and lonely, my way towards home, confident that henceforth I could look upon the Signorina with the eye of a Stoic. The evening was closing in apace. It had been one of those autumn days when sudden storms arise. Suddenly I became conscious of the absence of light in the distant valley and on the woods. Clouds obscured the sun, and I guessed by this omen that the gay party upon the hillside would take alarm, and soon be upon my track. I was not wrong. The next moment the hum of many voices announced their approach. I stepped hastily aside. The company drew nearer, the lovers among the rest. I cast one look on the Signorina as she passed. On that instant a sunbeam burst through the trees, and fell upon the group; and the same ray which lit up the face of the Italian girl, as in the pride of youth and beauty she leaned on the arm of her betrothed, also threw the shadow of a stooping, decrepid old man upon an embankment of white loam near where I stood. It was the shadow of the old carver. He had wandered forth in search of his only friend, and found him true. Principle had triumphed over Passion.

Day by day the venerable carver stood more and more in need of those attentions due from youth to old age, but which—alas! for human nature—youth too often fails to render. Never was a more beautiful thought chiselled in stone than the group, by Canova, of "Beneficence Leading an Old Man to the Tomb." Stricken with years, the patriarch leans on the arms of a young girl, in whose face patience, tenderness, and solicitude are strongly impressed. She walks slowly and softly, as if to accommodate the tottering movements of her decrepid charge, while her eyes are bent upon the ground, as if to choose the smoothest pathway. The mute eloquence of this simple allegory goes direct to the heart; and who does not confess the force of that appeal, indicating so gracefully, and yet so touchingly, the duties of the young and buoyant to the infirm and old? Among others, a cast of this work of Canova's stood in our garden, having been originally purchased by Albano for casting. I know not that I needed the constant presence of example to direct me in my duty to the old carver; but I was, nevertheless, grateful to the sculptor for his beautiful and impressive lesson.

Of late my master had devoted himself almost wholly to the completion of a monumental design in remembrance of his wife and child. He had made a great secret of this work; it was not until warned of his near end that he communicated even to myself his intention of at once placing his last great effort in the chancel of St. Margaret's Church. He had so arranged it that only his own name would be required to make the design complete, and this trifling but delicate task he confided to his pupil. "When I am gone," said he, in an unfaltering voice, "go, unseen, into the church of St. Margaret, and, with the same chisel I myself employed, cut deeply my name upon the vacant space which I have left on my monument to receive it." The memorial itself was worthy of the greatest of sculptors—it was unique alike in conception and execution. While it displayed the characteristic tendency of its designer's mind, after the finer and more elaborate examples of the mediæval times, it also placed beyond a doubt the fact that he was no slave to the mannerisms of the dark ages. He had gone direct to nature for the materials—the heart alone inspired the idea. In an attitude of mourning, his long, lean hands half buried in his dishevelled locks, sat the figure of the bereaved sculptor, in his ordinary working dress—while by his side were strewed the mallet, chisel, and other tools which had been used in engraving the names of mother and child upon an upright slab. The charm of the design rested chiefly in the mound or grave, on which, in an apparently natural order, the artist had sculptured almost every wild flower to be found in meadow and lane. It was just as if village children had gone forth and plucked whole lapsful of daffodils, blue bells, cowslips, and primroses, and having thrown them upon the grave, a miracle had turned them into marble. Thus had the sculptor, regardless of toil, lingered over the shrine of his affections, year after year, exhausting spring, summer, and autumn of their beauties, from the first snowdrop even to the last dry leaf. The slenderest stalk, the smallest flower, and the tiniest blade of grass were rendered with the extremest finish. Here and there, just as if the winds had so arranged it, little clefts and hollows were formed by dry, moss-grown sticks, so as to impart a lightness to the overhanging flowers; and ever and anon the eye of the observer might detect some more fragile bud and blossom protected beneath the shadow of the huge burdock. And yet, with all this variety and profusion, there was little appearance of labour or care. The whole seemed like the creation of an hour. It had been the toil of many happy intervals, extending over a period of ten years. The aged artist was very proud of this monument, and grew very anxious to see it in its place. There was little difficulty in the way. A fine light space in the side aisle was at once accorded to it, and in a few days, and almost unseen by one of the parishioners, the cherished tribute of genius and affection was securely embedded in its place. From that hour the ancient carver never more touched mallet or chisel. It seemed a great relief to him to have got up his memorial. He became more cheerful; but, as if for very lack of using them, his eyes grew dim, and by and by he lost his sight altogether. Notwithstanding, his heart and hopes remained fresh and sound as of yore, and he still continued to dilate on the wonderful restorations he had made, and of the great conflicts he had sustained against the false classicists. It was his fancy to stand or sit in the sun, leaning against the hollow trunk of a leafless, pollared oak that stood in the hedgerow of the garden. While I was busy in the studio, he would get noiselessly out of the house, and grope his way to his favourite haunt, and there, leaning upon his staff, he would seem to gaze up towards the sun, and intently listen to the larks which every hour rose up from the neighbouring fields. At length he took to his chamber; but whether in his garden or his room, he talked of nothing save his restorations, and of his indefatigable efforts to stave off inundations of stucco and plaster. His wants were very few, for in his last days he only asked for water and sunlight. I made sad havoc with his ivy, in order to let the sunbeams into his room. At last he grew deaf, and could no longer derive pleasure from the music of the larks. This of course only led him to talk the more; and totally and happily oblivious of the sad confusion into which his pecuniary affairs had fallen, he would tell me how that I was to consider his stock-in-trade, his mallets, chisels, drawings, models, and fragments of wood and stone carvings, all as my own—for that I was indeed his son. I thanked him over and over again, although I knew that certain creditors were waiting, wolf-like, at the door, to sweep off the entire establishment the moment the poor old man was conveyed to his last home. One morning, to my own great grief and to the delight of the said creditors, we carried the old man, by the little porch, towards the churchyard. The door of the little porch was closed by strangers' hands. I never afterwards saw the interior of that quaint old dwelling. I understood that the relics sold for a trifle, and in a few months a fine villa residence occupied the site of the old carver's cottage.

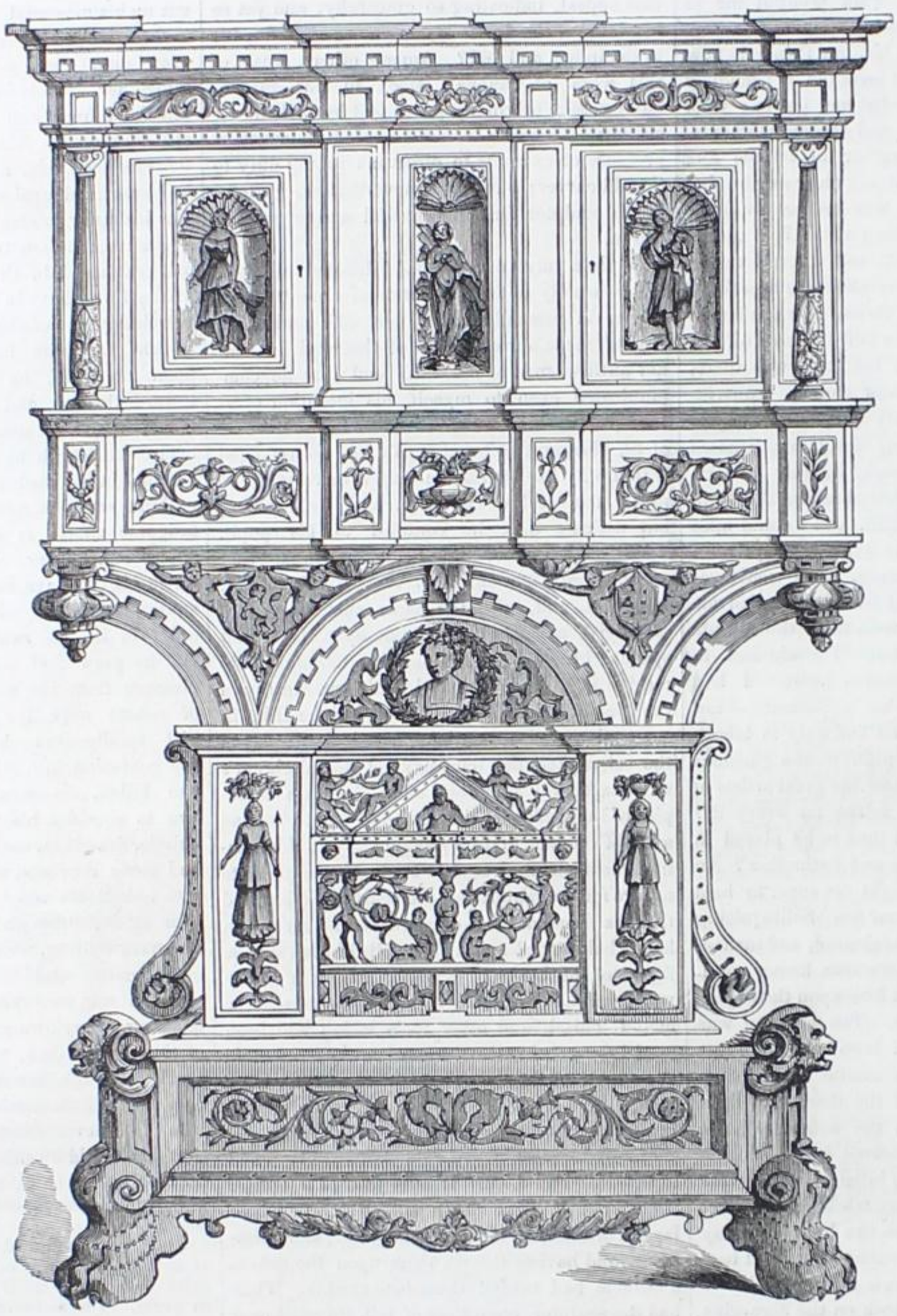
Thus lived and died the last of the old school of carvers. He was one of the few whose integrity manifested itself in small things as well as in great. I have known him decline a commission rather than employ a material in the smallest way unfitted for the purpose in view. For instance, if the timber at his command had not been tested by the weather for a specified number of seasons, no persuasion would induce him to use it. He would wait until the proper wood, or stone, as the case might be, could be procured; so that, what with the period dissipated in taking precautionary measures, and the time consumed in imparting the most scrupulous finish to everything, it was no wonder that the rising generation grew impatient, and took up with new modes more in keeping with the impetuous and shallower character of the new age. It but ill suited the temper of your moderns to wait the old carver's time.

(To be continued.)

FURNITURE.

The several styles of decoration in large pieces of furniture, as *armoires*, buffets, *dressoirs*, &c., from the 16th to the 19th century, are very well represented in this Exhibition. Examples of an earlier date are now rarely met with, except in small cabinets and caskets, of which there is here also a very fine collection; the description of these must be reserved to a future opportunity. We will now briefly notice the particular manufactures, and point out such specimens as are most deserving attention in each.

The first illustration is a carved oak cabinet, in the south aisle, contributed by J. K. Brunel, Esq.; it is of Flemish work, of the latter part of the 16th century. The *armoire*, or upper part, represents an architectural façade, with three canopied niches, containing as many full-length figures, and underneath three drawers, resting on a pedestal cupboard with a semicircular top, and two segments forming brackets or supports, with a projecting head in the centre, and two female figures at the sides, holding spears. The centre is profusely ornamented by arabesques and scrolls in relief, the whole of the background richly gilt, the reliefs polished oak cut from the solid, which gives it an elegant appearance. There are several carved buffets and *dressoirs* of the 16th century in the Soulages collection.



No. 1. CARVED OAK ARMOIRE OF THE 16TH CENTURY. FLEMISH.—J. K. BRUNEL, ESQ.

About the same period cabinets were made entirely of ebony, both in France and Germany, very richly carved in the *renaissance* taste. Mr. Holford exhibits one sculptured with scriptural subjects on the panels, and figures in full relief, which may be seen in the north aisle. There are also some finely carved ebony chairs, purchased at the sale at Strawberry Hill, belonging to Her Majesty, Lord Stafford, and George Field, Esq.

Marqueterie (tarsiatura) was extensively applied to decorate furniture. It was a sort of mosaic work of different coloured woods, arranged in landscapes, groups of flowers, &c. The Italians greatly excelled in it, especially in the 16th and 17th centuries, when it had arrived at its greatest perfection. The early specimens were usually of white and black wood only, or sometimes ebony or ivory. There is a fine specimen, supposed to be of the 14th century, representing, in colours, "Minerva and the Muses on Mount Helicon," from the Hon. E. Curzon's collection. It is a circular slab or table-top, on modern pillar and claw. Also a large cabinet, beautifully inlaid with woods in different shades of black and brown, in flowers and poultry, from Warwick Castle; and two highly-finished *tarsia* work *secretaires*, in various coloured woods, from the Earl of Chesterfield.

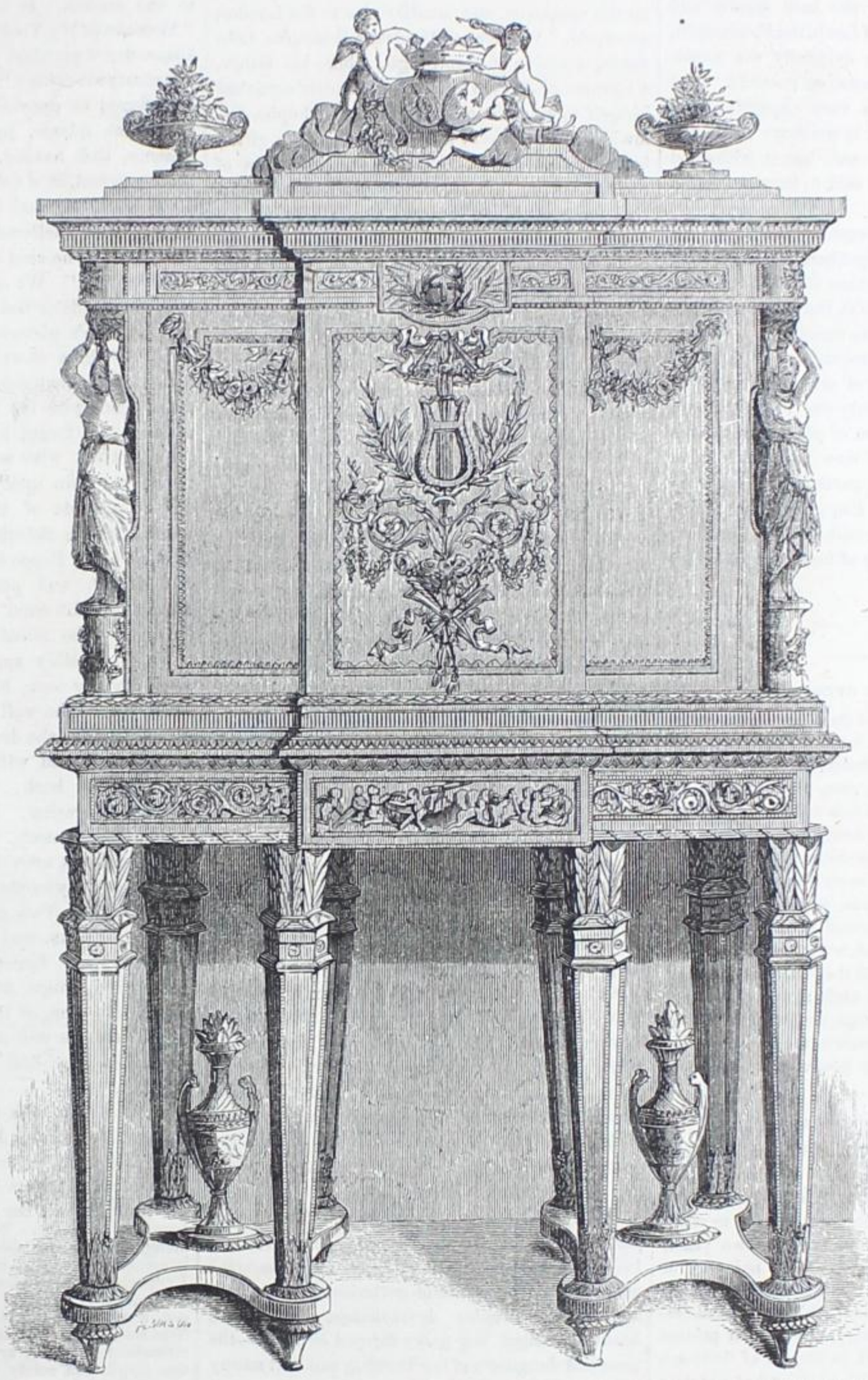
André Charles Boule, a cabinet-maker employed by Louis the Fourteenth, invented a decorative process about the year 1650, which still bears his name. It consisted of patterns cut or stamped in white metal and brass inlaid

on tortoiseshell, the metal being frequently engraved to indicate the shading, the cornices and mouldings of or-molu or carved wood. The old black boule is now very scarce, the form and work being much superior to the red, which is more recent. The manufacture is continued up to the present day, and although very effective as furniture, is greatly inferior in every respect to the original. Amongst many others it will suffice to allude to the "Secretaire of the Cardinal de Retz," from Windsor Castle, and a grand clock case, by Caffieri, of fine design, contributed by the Duke of Buccleuch, both in the north aisle.

A very fine cabinet of the 17th century, with incrusted ornaments of white metal, mother-of-pearl, and brass, and *plaques* engraved with battle scenes on tortoiseshell ground, in front of the drawers, shows to what perfection the artists of Germany had brought this style of ornamental furniture. It belongs to the Earl Cadogan.

Martin, a carriage painter in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, invented a new style of decoration, called after him *Vernis (de) Martin*, which consisted of a lacquer, in imitation of that of China and Japan, beautifully painted by the best artists in bouquets, landscapes, subjects from Watteau, &c., and varnished. He not only designed large pieces of furniture, but exquisite snuff-boxes, *étui* cases, fans, and other small articles for ladies' use. His works are now much prized. Her Majesty contributes some important examples of the *Vernis Martin*—a commode with three drawers, and a pair of *encoignures, en suite*, painted with trellis-work and flowers on green ground. The centre commode is placed in the vestibule leading to the reception room; the *encoignures*, in what is termed a furniture trophy, at the other end of the building.

Our second illustration is of a cabinet, most graciously forwarded by Her Majesty from Windsor Castle, now placed in the vestibule of the reception room. It is of polished wood, with exquisitely-chased or-molu mountings *appliqué*. In the centre is a lyre and bouquet of flowers, with the head of Sol above; on the side panels garlands, and at the angles Caryatides supporting the entablature; on the top are three Cupids holding the arms of France and a



No. 2. FRENCH CABINET OF THE TIME OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

crown; on each side is a *tazza* with flowers. The stand has eight legs, four on each side, with tall gilt vases between, and *bleu de Roi* centres; at the top, a frieze, in low relief, of Amorini, with celestial and terrestrial globes.

This is a very fine specimen of the taste displayed in furniture in the reign of Louis the Sixteenth; but the beauty principally consists in the high finish of the or-molu enrichments, executed by the celebrated Gauthiere, more than in the stiff, angular form of the cabinet itself, so essentially differing from the bold scrolls and noble designs of the time of Louis the Fourteenth, in which the object was evidently the avoidance of straight lines as much as possible. The gilding must have been a very expensive process, even at that time; it presents more the appearance of plating, so well has it withstood the effects of time. It is said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette.

An attempt has been recently made, by an eminent upholsterer, to reproduce an exact copy of this cabinet for a nobleman of taste, the cost of which has exceeded £1,000, the difficulty being to get casters and chasers to successfully imitate the original or-molu enrichments.

Another elegant method of ornamenting furniture, in the reigns of Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth, was the insertion of *plaques* of Sévres china, instead of panels of wood, of which there are several fine examples, particularly one contributed by Charles Mills, Esq., with chased festoons, borders, and caryatides by Gauthiere, exhibited in the first group of furniture to the left on entering the building.

C.

TASTE OF THE GYPSIES.

The upper part of the wood (in a picture of Gainsborough's) is tenanted by a horde of gypsies; their asses are grazing among the glades; the party-coloured coverings of their wandering camp are visible among the shafts of the trees, and a thin and scarcely distinguishable smoke curls slowly away amid the boughs of the forest. This is one of the painter's marks to indicate great natural beauty of scene; he knew that the taste of that roving people was, as far as regarded a feeling for the charms of external nature, essentially poetic. If a lovely spot lies within seven miles of their line of march, there will they fix their tents and make their abode for the night; were landscape painters to follow their footsteps, and paint the scenes in which they establish themselves, they could not fail to produce a series of fine poetic compositions.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

A FAMILY PICTURE.

A family piece of the Setons of Winton, ascribed to Sir Antonio More, and also to Zucchero, is thus described by Sir Walter Scott:—"After the battle of Langside, Lord Seton was obliged to retire abroad for safety, and was an exile for two years, during which he was reduced to the necessity of driving a waggon in Flanders for his subsistence. He rose to favour in James the Sixth's reign; and, resuming his paternal property, had himself painted in his waggoner's dress, and in the act of driving a wain with four horses, on the north end of a stately gallery at Seton Castle. He appears to have been fond of the arts, for there exists a beautiful family piece of him in the centre of his family." "This was so valuable a painting," says an elder authority, "that when Charles the First came to Scotland, in 1633, being at Seton House, his Majesty, during the time of dinner, had his eyes constantly fixed on that picture; which the Earl of Winton observing, offered it in a present to the King; but he declined accepting it, saying that he would never rob the family of so inestimable a jewel."—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters*

RUDOLPHE LEHMANN.

Amongst the many illustrious strangers who visited the Exhibition of Art-Treasures, at Old Trafford, within the last few weeks, was a handsome young man, with a slightly Jewish outline of features, and a quick, penetrating artist-eye, who, though not represented by any of his works in the Picture Palace, bears a name well known on the continent, and familiar also to the London art-world. We refer to Monsieur Rudolphe Lehmann, a native of Hamburgh, where his father, a German of Jewish extraction, has distinguished himself as an artist of some note. Rudolphe, following in the steps of his elder and not less gifted brother, Henri, took kindly to the profession of their father, and after studying under the parental roof for some time, entered the atelier of his brother, in Paris. There he had made considerable progress before he set out on the travels which, like philosophers and historians of old, artist-students find a needful part of their educational career. Turning his back on Notre Dame and the brilliant Boulevards, young Lehmann proceeded to Munich, that centre of artistic interests. Perhaps there is no place on the continent where modern and mediæval forms of life and styles of art meet and intertwine more grotesquely than in the venerable capital of Bavaria. There the noble statue, erected in the sunshine of kingly patronage, contrasts with churches crumbling with age—fitting figures, the ardent Protestant would say, of the religion they represent. There young Germany, with flowing locks and bearded chin, bends before the passing procession of priests and novices, reverencing the while, not the mummeries of the 19th century, but the sanctities of earlier days, when the childish thoughts of man inspired such acts with all the earnestness of real worship.

After sitting for awhile at the feet of Kaulbach, and, while studying art as it is in Germany, reading the riddle of contrasts that Munich presents, our young aspirant proceeded to Rome. In the Eternal City, where art at least retains pre-eminence, Rudolphe Lehmann fixed his abode, occasionally visiting Paris, and keeping up his connection with the schools there. He made steady progress in his profession, obtaining an historical medal in 1843, when four-and-twenty years of age; and another, of a higher value, the following year, when he painted the "Pilgrims of the Abruzzi in the Campagna of Rome," a picture in the possession of M. Rodrique. The same year he painted the pretty peasant subject, "*La Vanneuse*," belonging to the Countess Lehan.

Rudolphe Lehmann is a painter of the living picturesque in peasant life and peasant work. Italy has furnished him at once with honoured masters amid her glorious galleries, and graceful models of muscular development and native beauty amongst her nobly-formed children—the sons and daughters of her teeming soil and sunny clime.

We have selected one of these subjects for our engraving (for which see page 198), as affording the best illustration of this artist's style, and that by which he is best known to fame. Monsieur Jullien, the sculptor, has transferred some of these studies of Roman peasant life to stone, in two colours, and the adaptation has proved eminently successful. The "human form divine," in the simple dignity and noble bearing which nature imparts, unconstrained by conventionality and undistorted by fashion, accords not less with the solidity of stone than with the glowing colouring and *prononcé* outline of the painter.

The most striking of Rudolphe Lehmann's works is said to be his picture of "The Pope in the act of Blessing the Multitude assembled to witness the completion of the great work of draining the Pontine Marshes." It is in the museum at Lille. One other painting by this artist deserves especial notice here, the more so that it was exhibited in London a year or two ago, and that the subject will be a familiar one to our readers. It is taken from Lamartine's "Memoirs of My Youth." "'Graziella' is one of Lamartine's prettiest word pictures," says a cotemporary art-critic; "and it has been exquisitely transferred to canvas by Rudolphe Lehmann." Lamartine relates, in his autobiographical confidences, that having, during a youthful freak, been wrecked in a fishing boat in the Greek isle of Procida, he and his companions were fed, clothed, and sheltered by a fisherman's family. One evening he read to them the story of "Paul and Virginia." We give the passage in which this scene is described, in order that the subject of Lehmann's picture may be the better appreciated:—"In a short time the attitude of each listener was changed. The fisherman, with his elbow resting on his knee, and his ear strained towards me, forgot to mend his nets. The old grandmother, who was seated opposite to me, rested her chin upon her clasped hands, in the devout attitude of the poor women who sit humbly on the church pavement listening to the Word of God. Beppo laid his guitar noiselessly on the ground, and placed his hand across the strings lest the wind should stir them to sound. Graziella, who remained usually at a little distance, insensibly approached, as if she were fascinated by some hidden power of attraction. Reclining on the wall of the terrace where I had placed myself, she drew nearer and nearer to my side. She gazed with her large earnest eyes, now on the book, now on my lips, whence flowed the recital. Before I had reached the middle of the story, the girl had forgotten her usual shyness towards me. I felt her warm breath upon my hands. Her hair lightly touched my forehead. Two or three burning tears fell from her cheeks, and blotted the page quite close to my fingers. Except the slow and monotonous tones of my voice, as I translated to the fisher-family this poem of the heart, no sound could be heard save the dull and distant murmur of the waves, as they beat against the coast beneath our feet."

M. Lamartine was so moved when he saw this picture in the Paris Exhibition, that he wrote a very flattering letter to the artist, in which he thus expresses himself:—

"Graziella was but a dream; thanks to you, she becomes a reality. When I say a dream, I speak metaphorically, for nothing in that page of my life is imaginary except the name. The impression which I experienced on finding myself on the scene with a souvenir thus revived, would have proved, I doubt not, a remunerating impression for yourself also. You would have seen the power of your talent in my attitude, and in my eyes. I return this morning to the Exhibition solely to see you again. * * A mature connoisseur, difficult to please, said yesterday that you were in those halls the Petrarch of the pencil. You will see your name become great—poetry and love, if they do not always bring fortune, bring at least happiness and glory to men who make their *début* like you. I am poor, but I should regret to see this picture pass into other hands than my own."

So speaks Lamartine. The "other hands," we are informed, into which this interesting picture passed, were those of a munificent London citizen, who can only enjoy the splendid collection of art-treasures he possesses through the medium of others, for it is his misfortune to be blind.

R. M.



"LA VENDANGEUSE DE CAPRI."—ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

THE OLD MASTERS.

ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

ADRIAN VAN OSTADE ranks next after Teniers the younger, amongst the artists of the Netherlands, as the painter of humorous scenes in low life. Though a German by birth, having been born at Lubeck in 1610, he properly belonged to Holland by his education and his labours as an artist. He came to Haerlem at an early age, and became a pupil of Francis Hals, the celebrated portrait painter. A fellow-pupil of his was Adrian Brouwer—a strange child of genius, whose career, like that of too many who have nothing but the impulse of genius to direct them, was a chequered and sad one. Poor Brouwer was the son of a poor peasant woman, whom Hals adopted on account of his gift of design, which he accidentally discovered in him. His master used him in a tyrannical and unworthy manner; kept him locked up, secluded from all intercourse with the world, painting pictures which Hals sold at high prices, for his own advantage. It was Adrian Van Ostade who instigated the young painter to escape from this thraldom,—and, as a natural consequence of admiring his performances, he imitated his style. Like Teniers, Ostade took his scenes from peasant life; but his mode of treatment of them was very different. There is more homeliness and less effort in his designs; he was content with his Dutch boors as he found them—ungainly, vulgar, sensual; but with an air of comfort, content, and easy nonchalence, which disdained extraordinary exertion, and recognised nothing as supreme to the boisterous revelries of the village pothouse, or the quieter enjoyments of the farmhouse kitchen after work-hours. Ostade had not studied the works of classic painters, as Teniers had done, and he very rarely attempted historical subjects. In regard to technical execution, he had less boldness and *finesse* of touch than Teniers, but was always remarkably careful. His colour was fuller, and laid on with a deeper *impasto* than that of the latter, who, however, had the advantage over him in *chiaroscuro* and perspective. His works are comparatively rare. Smith's catalogue assigns only about 380 paintings to him, whilst 1,089 have been traced to Teniers by the same authority and others. This country is not rich in them, though it contains some first-class specimens. In the National Gallery there is not a single Ostade; the Fitzwilliam Collection contains but one. The Art-Treasures Collection, however, is extremely well supplied from the royal and other private collections; and all lovers of art will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of studying the genius of an artist hitherto so little known. No. 730, the "Musicians," from Her Majesty's private collection, is an admirable specimen, overflowing with humour, and painted with great depth and warmth of colour. 735, "Peasants in a Court-yard," the property of Mr. H. T. Hope, is a pleasing scene of country life, executed in a bright, clear manner. All the details of the farmyard of a country house are given with truth and effect; and the wall of the house itself, with the overhanging vine, and the sun-glow yet lingering upon it, is marvellously finished. In the Hertford Room, No. 1,020, "Skittle-players," the property of Mr. G. Field, is a scene of genuine fun, free from affectation. 1,047, "An Interior," with peasants after dinner, contributed by Mr. Holford, exhibits a pleasing little group; whilst 1,072, "Adoration of the Shepherds," belonging to Mr. Walter, is interesting as one of the few works in which the artist attempted scriptural subjects.



ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

Besides painting in oils, Ostade produced a great number of drawings in semi-opaque colours, which are remarkable for their rich and harmonious effect, and are highly prized by connoisseurs. He also, like most of the principal artists of his period, employed himself in engraving, of course after his own designs. His etchings are extremely bold and spirited, some of them being highly finished, somewhat in the manner of Rembrandt. Of fifty-four works of this class from his hand, the Art-Treasures Exhibition comprises a fine display of about thirty specimens, wholly contributed by Mr. R. Fisher, with the exception of two from Mr. Broadhurst. From this interesting series we give a fac-simile copy of one, entitled "The Father and the Family" (No. 1,099), which admirably illustrates the quieter humour of the artist, in respect of design, as well as his style as an engraver. A labouring man, just returned from his work in the fields, is busily employed feeding his youngest-born with pap, whilst the eldest son is left to take care of himself at a stool a little way off, and the better-half airs some linen at the fire. Nothing can surpass the pleasant, honest enjoyment displayed in the countenance of "paterfamilias;" whilst the engrossing interest in the performance evinced by the other



"MENAGE HOLLANDAIS."—ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

two personages, realises that unity which is the charm of pictorial composition.

Adrian Van Ostade remained at Haerlem until 1662, when, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, occasioned by the incursion of the French, he retired to Amsterdam, where he remained during the rest of his life, and where he experienced munificent patronage. He died in 1685.

Isaac Van Ostade, the brother of Adrian, painted very charming landscapes and cattle pieces, including many clever winter scenes; besides a few in the humorous style of the latter. He died young, probably in 1654, when under 40 years of age; and his pictures are very scarce, and only to be found in the collections of the wealthy. The picture dealers, however, have not unfrequently attributed to him works very unworthy of his hand. There are, fortunately, several pleasing specimens of this important artist's talent in the Hertford Room at the Art-Treasures Palace, amongst which 1011, "Travellers Halting at an Inn," the property of Mr. Holford, one of his finest productions; and 1034, "Travellers Halting," from Her Majesty's collection, also a very charming work.

The pictures of the two Ostades fetch high prices, which have rapidly increased of late years. In the year 1800, the picture by Adrian, No. 57 in the Geeldermester Collection, was sold for £229; at Penrice's sale, in 1844, it fetched £1,375. 10s. His picture, No. 104, was sold in 1802 for £340; in 1844, at Mr. Harman's sale, it fetched £1,386. By Isaac, a picture was sold at the Duchess de Berri's sale, in 1837, for £1,306, which, at Robit's sale, in 1801, had fetched £361; and one of his very choicest pictures, a winter scene, was purchased by Sir Robert Peel for £4,000.

PRE-RAPH.

HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF
CARICATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.
No. I.

BY DR. BLAKEY.

CARICATURE is a branch of art of great importance and influence, although its history is but imperfectly known. In no other country has this art been so extensively used for social and political purposes, nor been carried to such great perfection, as in Great Britain. No other country has given it the same portion of encouragement,—and chiefly for this reason, that in no other part of the globe has the same measure of freedom been enjoyed by all classes of the people.

Pictorial satire is no new invention; it can be traced among every people of whom we have any historical acquaintance. In the centre of the pyramids, upon Egyptian tombs, on Assyrian remains, and in the catacombs of Rome, caricatures have been met with; and in ancient manuscripts, missals, sculptured pieces of wood, and in architectural decorations of the middle ages, we find the memorials of pictorial humour and satirical invective.

Among our Saxon forefathers caricature was employed, and they seem to have made very free with their rulers, and men in political authority and station. We see this in some of the churches, and the delineations are by no means very flattering. In the church of Bredon, in Leicestershire, there are ranges of figures, placed in the walls, near the heads of princes and queens, connected with a set of animals grinning over each other's backs, with faces redolent of the most genuine caricature. A pillar at the west end of Ledbury Church, Herefordshire, has a neatly-executed caricatural head placed upon it. There are likewise many curious satirical representations connected with the Anglo-Saxon "gleemen." These practised dancing, tumbling, sleight-of-hand—threw balls and knives alternately into the air, and caught them again, one by one. These performers taught animals to dance, tumble, and play many strange tricks and antics. On the friezes of Alderbury, Kilpeck, and other Anglo-Saxon churches, there are pictorial representations of them on the stone walls, and on the wooden parts of the stalls. In one of these old churches, now unhappily in ruins, there are still to be seen several grotesque faces, placed there, according to tradition, by the monks, in derision of the town's people. There are also two or three Anglo-Saxon coins, found about the middle of the last century in Devonshire, on which there are unmistakeable grotesque figures, ridiculing some of the public authorities of the day.

As we proceed down the stream of time, we find caricature in the 14th century. There is a prayer-book used by our Richard the Second, on the back of which there are figured very grotesque representations of choirs of priests, monks, and nuns, employed in the actual service of the church. About the same period, science itself fell under the ban of graphic ridicule. In one of the Cotton manuscripts in the British Museum, there is a caricatural drawing of astronomy, in which there is a figure of a triangle, including three others, on one of the lines of which our Saviour is extended. Two fiends are shooting with bows and arrows at the crucifix; and they are likewise drawn with forky stings in their mouths. There is also still extant a striking caricatural representation of one of our kings, in this century, crossing over the Channel to France. This is, perhaps, one of the earliest specimens of pictorial satire between the two neighbouring nations.

In the reigns of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth there were several notable caricatures, which are still extant in some of the private cabinets of the curious. These were mostly of a political and religious character. The first monarch was ridiculed for depressing the influence of the aristocracy of the day, and for his parsimonious habits of life. These sketches are rough, and executed in pen-and-ink. Henry the Eighth laid himself very open to the caricaturists of the age; and they often put him in an ill humour—a thing not difficult to do at any time—by their wit and drollery. His contentions with the Pope, and his amorous habits, were the most prolific sources of these graphic squibs.

A William Wraghton was one of the active pictorial satirists of the day. Little or nothing is known of his private history, further than that he lived principally at Winchester, and that, on the government threatening him with punishment for some of his sketches, he went over to Holland, where he remained for some time, and where, it is conjectured, he got engraved several of those caricatural pieces which connoisseurs have ascribed to his pencil. He came back to England before the death of Henry the Eighth, for we find Wraghton's name as publisher of a book printed at Winchester in 1545, which contains the first grotesque and satirical illustrations executed in England of that notable romance, "Reynard the Fox." In one of the woodcuts in this rare and curious book we have the fox holding a bishop's crook, and underneath the following lines:—

"My son, Steven Gardiner, with wepying teares
Hath cut away the toppes of myn eaeres;
But the rest of my body abydeth hole still,
With alle my ceremonies even at my will.
I trust myn eaeres shal grow agayn,
When all the gospellers ar ones slayn.
Whiche Steven, my son, both sterck and stout,
Doth now right ernestly go aboute.
If he can bryng thys mater to pass,
He shal be cardinal, as Fissher was."

Dr. William Turner, a native of Northumberland, following the medical profession at Oxford, and the first writer on botany in the English language, was a sketcher of caricatures against the papal hierarchy. He wrote several satirical works ridiculing the papacy, some of which were illustrated with humorous and witty representations. He was often under the necessity, like Wraghton, of paying visits to Holland, to escape punishment; and he is conjectured to have been the designer of many of those comic Dutch engravings which were numerously circulated in England in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Queen Mary. We are told by Warton, in his "Life of Pope," that in the reign of this queen, when England was groaning under the Spanish yoke, her person and government were held up to perpetual ridicule by prints and pictures, "representing her naked, meagre, withered, and wrinkled, with every aggravated circumstance of deformity that could disgrace the female figure; seated in a regal chair, a crown on her head, surrounded by M, R, and A, in capitals, accompanied by small letters—*Maria Regina Anglicæ*. A number of Spaniards were sucking her to skin and bone; and a specification was added of the money, rings, jewels, and other presents with which she had secretly gratified her husband Philip."

After the doctrines of the Reformation were pretty fully established in England on the accession of Elizabeth to the throne, caricatures still continued very rife. A great proportion of them came from Holland, but supposed to be the work of English designers. There is a large English print called "Popish Plots and Treasons," representing, in thirty-four separate engravings, the various plots which the Catholic Church had been engaged in for a considerable time back. The satirical emblems are each accompanied with a set of appropriate verses. Appended to the piece we have "A Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercies," by G. S. Printed and sold at John Garret's, Exchange Stairs, Cornhill.

Queen Elizabeth's "Procession" was often the subject of caricatural representation, both during her lifetime and long after her decease. The Pope is here depicted in effigy, in a chair of state, with the Devil placed behind him, caressing him. When the effigy is thrown into the flames, his Satanic majesty is represented laughing heartily at the scrape his holiness has got himself into.

The "*Stultifera Navis*, or the Ship of Fools," by Alexander Barclay, Priest, appeared in 1570, with one hundred and eighteen engravings on wood. The conceptions of many of these plates are very good, and full of genuine humour and caricatural pith. The execution is, however, but very indifferent. The design of the work is to ridicule the prevailing follies and vices of every rank and profession, under the allegory of a ship freighted with fools. A great variety of characters are delineated, and the advice the author gives to the various sorts of fools has the merit of good sense and sound morality. This work has generally been considered as the first of the graphic attempts to satirise vice and folly in the

abstract, which appeared in England Barclay's publication was a great favourite with Hogarth, and he often remarked that he owed not a little to its suggestions and sketches of the ludicrous.

When James the First arrived in London, from his Scottish capital, he was lampooned by a series of clever sketches, in most of which his majesty was described as labouring under what the prints called "The Scotch Fiddle." The King is designed as giving utterance to that well-known saying which his biographers have put into his royal mouth, that "to scratch where it was *yeuckey*, was a pleasure too great for mere subjects to enjoy."

During this reign a caricaturist, of the name of Broadbent, was brought before the Star Chamber, for too freely exercising his craft. He was mulct in a fine of ten pounds, and committed for two months to prison. His productions had had a great sale, and given much umbrage to some of the courtiers about the King's person. He was an artist of great invention, and his sketches, now extremely rare, display much genuine and refined wit and drollery.

"The Revels of Christendome," sold by Mary Oliver, Westminster Hall, is a well-known and highly-valued caricature, now in the British Museum. It represents the Pope, James the First, Henry the Fourth of France, Prince Maurice, and Christian the Fourth of Denmark, seated at a gambling table, and playing for their respective national temporalities. The progress of the game is related in verse, but is too long for insertion. We must likewise notice the whimsical caricatures and burlesques sketched by the famous Inigo Jones, in many of the masques performed at Whitehall in the reign of James the First. In the "Masque of Darkness," and the "Masque of Hymen," the designs were so supremely comic and appropriate that Vandyck praised them in the highest terms.

In the stirring times of the struggle between Charles the First and the nation, there were a great number of caricatural productions published in England, both of home and foreign design and execution. The death of Charles, and the assumed power of Cromwell, were alike severely lashed. Indeed the Protector was so annoyed and stung with these pictorial productions, which represented him under all manner of allegories and figures, that he caused an ordinance to be promulgated in 1655, commanding that no person should publish or print any manner of public news or intelligence, unless under the direct sanction of the secretary of state. Cromwell is said to have called these comic draughtsmen "a low set of waspish scoundrels."

Relative to the unfortunate King's trial and condemnation, there was an engraving which represented "Civil War." Two monsters were drawing a car emitting fire, and driven by Satan. A fiend forms a part of the company, with the "Commonwealth" inscribed on his shield. Underneath are the lines :—

"Whilst wing'd ambition, groundless jealousy,
Flaming rebellion, dismal anarchy,
To roll his hissing wheels each foaming strives,
Needs must they go, whom such a Jehu drives!
But would you know the end of the career?
He best can tell, ask the black charioteer."

The caricatural designers of this revolutionary era were Bonner, Tredgold, and Simons. Bonner, who lived in Westminster, and kept a small picture shop, was originally a house-painter, but took to comic sketching, from motives of gain and taste. He is represented as a man of keen wit and lively repartee. Tredgold was by profession a house-carpenter, but devoted much of his time to caricaturing men of note. Simons was a painter and engraver, and lived near Westminster Abbey. He was punished with twelve months' imprisonment for caricaturing several of the canons of the cathedral. Almost all of these artists' productions are now rare.

A DISSERTATION ON BEAUTY.

THAT beauty is not merely an imaginary quality, but a real essence, may be inferred from the harmony of the universe, and the perfection of its wondrous parts we may understand from all surrounding nature: and in this course of observation we find that man has more of beauty bestowed upon him as he rises higher in creation. By the wisdom man is endowed with, all creatures are subjected to his dominion: by his affections he is enabled to perform all the charities of life—to prefer the interests of others to his own—to distinguish personal beauty as the indication of a good disposition and health, and to trace his Creator in his work, and offer the homage of his worship. As the affections of man stimulate and engage him in every act, so his understanding directs the means, and looks to the end in every employment through life. These modify the exterior of the face and figure according to constant habit or momentary impulse. The passionate are known by quick fiery glances, swollen brows, dilated nostrils, the mouth a little open, the movements of the whole figure sudden, the muscles of the body being disposed to rigidity or contraction. The melancholy have a general dejection of look, the exterior corners of the eyes and eye-brows tending downwards, a universal slowness of motion and disregard of outward objects. Every passion, sentiment, virtue or vice, have their corresponding signs in the face, body, and limbs, which are understood by the skilful physician and physiognomist, when not confused by the working of contrary affections, or hidden by dissimulation.

In the formation and appearance of the body we shall always find that its beauty depends on its health, strength, and agility, most convenient motion and harmony of parts in the male and female human figure, according to the purposes for which they were intended: the man for greater power and exertion—the woman for tenderness and grace. If these characteristics of form are animated by a soul in which benevolence, temperance, fortitude, and the other moral virtues preside unclouded by vice, we shall recognise in such a one perfect beauty, and remember that God created man in his own image. The most perfect human beauty is, that most free from deformity either of body or mind, and may be, therefore, defined

"The most perfect soul in the most perfect body."

Doubts can scarcely be entertained that there are principles of beauty, because various opinions prevail in different countries on the subject. Men are in different states of mental and bodily improvement, from the most savage to the most civilised countries: and we know that many successive generations must pass in the confirmation of moral habits, and the right direction of reason and elevation of intellect, before man can judge with any tolerable ability of mental or natural beauty, their causes, relations, and effects; and that in all states of society there must be allowance for prejudice and climate. But we shall certainly find, that the wisest and best men in all ages and countries have held nearly the same notions on the subject. Homer constantly endows his gods with personal beauty, accommodated to their mental perfection and immortal power, and his heroes with the attributes of gods. Thus he gives to Jupiter the epithets of "Counsellor" and "Provident," he describes his hair as "divine"—"ambrosial," and his nod as making the world tremble. Juno he calls the "Ox-eyed" and the "White-armed"—Minerva the "Blue-eyed Virgin." Achilles is the handsomest man who went to Troy—his epithets are, "divine," "god-like," "swift-footed." Agamemnon is called "the King of Men"—Nestor and Ulysses are said to be "in council like the gods," all expressing the union of mental and bodily excellence. The same sentiments continued in after-times. In Plato's dialogue of Phædrus concerning the beautiful, he shows the power and influence of beauty; and in his dialogue entitled "The Greater Hippias," he makes Socrates observe in argument, "that as a beautiful vase is inferior to a beautiful horse, and as a beautiful horse is not to be compared to a beautiful virgin, in the same manner a beautiful virgin is inferior in beauty to the immortal gods." It is remarkable that immediately after he says, Phidias is skilful in beauty. From such contemplations and maxims the ancient artists sublimated the sentiments of their works expressed in the choicest forms of nature: thus they produced their divinities, heroes, patriots, and philosophers, adhering to the principle of Plato, "that nothing is beautiful which is not good."—*Flaxman's Lectures.*

TRAGICAL STORY CONNECTED WITH PAINTING.

A tragic story connected with painting is related in "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials:"—One Archibald Cornwall, a town-officer of Edinburgh, having seized some furniture for debt, carried it to the market-cross to be disposed of. Among the articles were portraits of James the Sixth and his Queen. These royal heads, it seems, the unfortunate man, thoughtlessly perhaps, proposed to hang on the public gibbet, and fixed a nail for the purpose; when the people, aware of the danger, or resenting the disgrace, interposed, and prevented further exposure. The King, who would have forgiven an insult to his person, but not to his picture, was deeply incensed. Cornwall was tried, convicted, and executed within the brief space of twenty-four hours; and the town council, returning from the execution, made it a law, "that nane of their Majesties' or Graces' pictures or portraits be poyndet, rouppet, or compryset for any manner of cause."—*Cunningham's Lives of the British Painters.*

NOLLEKENS AND HIS NEW BEAUTIES.

Nollekens, in common with almost all mankind, was an admirer of that meritorious performer, Punch, and in raptures with the Milkmaids' Dance on May-day. A neighbour asserted that one morning he had no less than five garlanded nymphs dancing under his window, to each of whom he gave half-a-crown. His wife considered this great extravagance, and her wrath was kindled to extremity when she recognised one of the ladies who sat as models for his Venuses, dancing with a garland in her hand, and the sculptor applauding and rewarding her. The door opened, and Mrs. Nollekens entered. "I wonder," exclaimed she, "that a man like you, who can obtain Opera orders and see Vestris, should sit strumming with your feet to the dancing of these creatures. See, the landlord of the Horse-shoe and his wife are laughing at you—Finney, your brute of a mason, and John Panzetta, the polisher, are laughing in their sleeves. How can you expose yourself so? I wish Dr. Burney would come in—or Miss Hawkins either—poor as her ear is for music, and whose playing distracts one to hear; even she could not be pleased with such strains as these." Nollekens added the motion of his fingers to the movement of his head, pattered with his feet, and seemed pleased more than was his wont. She burst into a passion, exclaiming, "I will tell my sister—I will tell my sister." "Aye, do so," said her husband, "and she'll tell you what a great fool you were for marrying me, as she always does." "You filthy thing," said this daughter of a justice; "your grovelling birth protects you from my anger." "Come, now! I like that vastly," retorted the sculptor; "birth! why your father had a *plum*, but it was only a grocer's one; why I had five times the money he was worth when I made you my wife. Come, let us have no more of this—I won't stand it—I tell you that." Here a servant announced that the woman who was dancing to Jack-in-the-Green desired to see the artist. This renewed the bitter bickering. "There, sir," said the incensed spouse, "there is another of your madams. What, and you will go to her too! It's mighty well, sir—mighty well; when we were married you said you would dispense with such people; but you are always seeking new *beauties*—it's mighty well."—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. VII.

Frederick Goodall, A.R.A.

If the sons of eminent painters do not often emulate or surpass the art-excellence of their sires, the sons of engravers appear to place themselves in a different category; nay, judging by results, the engraver's office would seem to be the very best nursery for fostering the early growth of young painters. Edwin Landseer, John F. Lewis, E. W. Cooke, F. Goodall—here is a glorious quartett of engravers' sons! Add to these Charles Landseer and E. A. Goodall, and superadd glorious old James Ward, and Frank Topham, the water-colourist, who were engravers before they were painters, and all must allow that the engravers have contributed, one way or other, a very admirable party of recruits to the noble army of paper and canvas coverers.

Frederick Goodall, whose works are the subject of our present notice, is the son of Edward Goodall, the long-cherished line engraver. He (young Goodall) rivalled Landseer himself in early-developed power; his precocity was amazing. While yet a boy, in a round jacket, he had astonished many old connoisseurs with his productions. Report speaks of early and judicious paternal training, which insisted on every attempt proving a success, and on the acquisition of a complete foreknowledge of every subject sought to be represented. It was this discipline of the eye and hand which rendered the young artist's seeming precocity but a part of his legitimate progress towards excellence. The fact is, he had nothing to unlearn, and the right path lay clear and palpable before him.

Few artists are better represented at Old Trafford than Mr. Goodall. He presents us with a Protean variety of subject, rivalling Polonius's catalogue of the accomplishments of his friends the players. He is by turns not only farcical, tragical, and melodramatic, but likewise gives us a taste of high comedy dignity. Of his low comedy we infinitely prefer 312, "Irish Wedding." It is a rich bit of colouring; and there is much earnestness in the dancing couple—their hearts are surely in their work. The shillalegh flourish of the man is admirable; and the litter of women and children on the floor an excellent piece of grouping. In 629, "Hunt the Slipper," we have also fine grouping; but the picture, on the whole, has an artificial look—they are not real rustics these. 563, "An Episode in the Happier Days of Charles the First" (which we have engraved), is a small duplicate of the large picture of the same subject, exhibited in 1852, and which reposes in the *recherché* collection of Mr. William Bashall, of Leyland. It is one of those highly-coloured scenes which exist only in the mind of the painter, who invests life with a species of artificial sunshine, and, instead of reality, places before us a gorgeous dream. The point of the moral is, of course, to be found in the ultimate fate of the unhappy monarch, which stands out in cruel contrast to this calm passage of his past life. The execution of this picture is of the most delicate and elaborate kind; the colouring full and bright, almost to meretriciousness. The characters in the regal party are well discriminated, as anyone may see by crossing over to Saloon C., and comparing them with the original portraits by Vandyck. 453, "The Arrest of a Peasant Royalist in Brittany," has more *goût* and spirit than any other performance we have seen from the artist's pencil. The story is well told, and it is replete with dramatic interest. The action and expression of the captured man, his clenched fists, and the flush of defiance on his homely countenance, are in admirable contrast with the resolute coolness of the lantern-jawed *gendarme*. A touching passage, too, is the helpless grief of the aged parents of the prisoner. We can hardly accord equal praise to 457, "Cranmer at the Traitor's Gate." There are many figures in the picture, such as the gaoler and his myrmidons, sundry *beaufetiers*, &c.; but they are quite subordinate to the figure of the martyr, on whom the whole interest of the subject may be said to centre. Unfortunate it is, that herein consists its failure. The mien and gait of Cranmer are sadly overdone. He has dignity, but it is the mock dignity of the stage—the stride and step of the manacled melodramatic hero. It is almost needless to say that there is some excellent grouping and finished execution in this work. 458, "The Hurdy-gurdy," and 622, "Passing a Roadside Cross," appear to be average specimens of the artist, but they are not favourably placed for close inspection.

Altogether we incline to think Mr. Goodall's genius is best exhibited in his scenes from home and rustic life, and that his interiors are very far in advance of his out-of-door subjects. In these latter, notwithstanding the artistic skill bestowed upon them, we invariably notice a tendency to meretricious and inharmonious colour.



"AN EPISODE IN THE HAPPIER DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIRST."—F. GOODALL, A.R.A.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGRAVING.

By H. Ottley.

No. II.

COPPER PLATE ENGRAVING (CONTINUED.)

In a former article on this subject we gave some account of the early niellos, to which the first hint of the art of engraving, for the purpose of reproducing copies by the process of printing, is, by general consent, attributed; and, in illustration of those remarks, we produced a carefully-engraved fac-simile of the magnificent *pax*, by Maso Finiguerra, representing the "Adoration of the Magi," contributed to the Art-Treasures Exhibition by Mr. Holford. This fine niello is printed upon paper; but it has been already stated that, previous to the process of printing upon paper, impressions of niellos had been accidentally produced upon molten sulphur; and it is supposed that this circumstance first gave the idea of printing from them at all. The known impressions upon sulphur of niellos are very rare. One extremely fine one, of the "Coronation of the Virgin," is in the British Museum, having been bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr. Thomas Grenville. Some years ago, a wooden panel was discovered in a small oratory of the Carthusians, at Florence, in which were fixed twenty-two sulphur niellos. It was brought to England by Mr. S. Woodburn, and passed into the collection of the late Sir M. Masterman Sykes, at whose sale, in 1824, the niellos were brought to the hammer, divided into six lots. Exact copies of these curious relics were published in Ottley's "Fac-similes of One Hundred and Twenty Scarce and Curious Prints" (4to. 1826); from which we engrave two specimens—one representing the "Creation of Adam;" the other, "Christ Releasing the Patriarchs from Limbo." These niellos are supposed to have been the work of Maso Finiguerra; and they are all executed with an amount of intelligence and skill worthy of the highest names in art.

Maso Finiguerra is said to have communicated his discovery to Baccio Baldini, a brother goldsmith of Florence, who not being a very skilful designer, was obliged to resort to Sandro Botticelli for assistance in his designs. But so important and interesting an art could not long remain secret; indeed, the very act of taking advantage of its results was to make it known; and many of the principal artists of the day adopted it with avidity, and plates were engraved, not merely for the purpose of ornamenting the metal itself, but with the express view of producing impressions from them. A distinction will be remarked between the original niellos of silversmiths' work, and these niellos engraved for the purpose of printing. In the impressions from the former the inscriptions read reversed, and the figures appear to be left-handed; whilst in the latter this is no longer the case. One of the earliest specimens of the latter class extant was produced by Pellegrino da Cesio, who flourished in the States of Venice towards the close of the 15th century, and a copy of which is comprised in the volume of "fac-similes" previously cited.

The fine *pax* by Finiguerra, representing "The Assumption," in the Imperial Collection at Paris, is dated 1452. Another, of "The Madonna and Child," formerly in Sir M. M. Sykes's Collection, has been ascribed by a competent authority to the year 1440, if not to an earlier date. Upon the whole, however, it would not be correct to date the invention of engraving upon copper, as applied to reproduction for art-purposes, earlier than 1460, when Andrea Mantegna imported it to Rome; where it soon attracted the attention of the first painters of the day—not only of Italy, but of Germany and Flanders—who saw in it a new, agreeable, and profitable means of multiplying their conceptions. The consequence was, that during eighty or a hundred years, dating from the middle of the 15th century, of the engravings produced almost all were the works of painters of eminence, or were executed in their schools, and under their immediate superintendence. Among the principal engravers of this period were Baccio Baldini, Sandro Botticelli, Andrea Mantegna, Jerome Mocetto, Benedetto Montagna, Giulio Campagnola, Dominic Campagnola, Francesco Francia, Marc Antonio Raimondi, Augustin Veneziano, Giulio Bonasone, &c., in Italy; and Martin Schöngauer, Albert Durer, Lucas Van Leyden, Aldegraver, &c., in Germany and the Netherlands. The works of these masters, of which a fine collection is now for the first



"SULPHUR NIELLO.—"THE CREATION OF ADAM."



SULPHUR NIELLO—"CHRIST RELEASING THE PATRIARCHS FROM LIMBO."

time exhibited, will repay a long morning's study, and will afford a better insight into the condition of the arts of design at this bright period, than any inspection of scattered works in painting. Albert Durer, a man of noble genius, is exemplified in his finest efforts through the graver; and Marc Antonio devoted his best talent, and the best part of his life, to perpetuate the works of the immortal Raphael.

The fate of engraving has followed very closely that of the kindred art of painting. In Italy both began to degenerate in the middle of the 16th century, and have continued to degenerate ever since, with the exception of a few fitful and bright intervals,—as under Parmigiano and the Carracci and their followers, including, more especially, Guido; and at a later period under Claude, whose etchings, twenty-eight of which are known, are the most exquisite and thoughtful productions which ever emanated from a single hand.

In Germany and the Netherlands, inventive genius, as applied to the graver, longer survived the first introduction of the art; or rather, as in painting, it exhibited some of its most glorious names after the glory of Italian art had departed. Rembrandt is a name endeared—endeared in more senses than one—to the print collector, both of his own time and of subsequent ages; and his works in this line are amongst the most *recherché* and highly prized in the whole range of art. His plates are partly etched* and partly assisted by the dry point, and occasionally, but rarely, finished with the graver. They exhibit marvellous facility of hand, and a profound knowledge of *chiaroscuro*. In the midst of an apparent carelessness and disorder, evidences of studied design, resulting in the most marvellous effects of light and shade, are discovered; and these niceties he delighted in multiplying and varying, in different editions or "states" of the same plate. It would be an endless task to go over all these varieties. Now we have a "Juno" with a crown on—now without it; now a "Good Samaritan" with the horse's tail white; now a "Joseph" with his face shaded (which are considered inestimable states of the respective prints)—now with the reverse treatment. Amongst the other great masters in etching who appeared in Northern Europe down to the close of the 17th century, were Vandyck, A. Van Ostade, Paul Potter, Berghem, Ruysdael, &c., whose works show the great variety of treatment of which the simple resources at the disposal of the engraver are susceptible; at times almost supplying the peculiar effects of colour itself.

Something has been said of the various "states" of plates;—these, together with a consideration of the quality of the impression itself, are points of criticism in which the critic and collector find a never-failing field of research and enjoyment. We have seen how Rembrandt continually varied his plates, to whet the appetite and open the purse-strings of his numerous patrons. The same fancy-work was indulged in by other artists, but by none to the same extent. They also sometimes produced altogether new plates of very popular subjects, when the old ones were worn out, or had otherwise been disposed of,—and great judgment is exercised by the collector in discriminating between the various issues. An early and notable instance of artistic plagiarism occurs in the case of Marc Antonio, who, in consequence of the great popularity of Albert Durer's series of wood engravings of the "Life of the Virgin," reproduced them in copper, &c., at Venice; and when the latter came to Venice to demand redress before the senate, all he could obtain was a decree prohibiting Marc Antonio from using his monogram on the factitious plates. Another performance of Marc Antonio, not wholly free from suspicion of unfairness, is said to have been attended with tragical results. It is recorded that, after his flight from Rome, on the capture and sack of that city by the Spaniards, being under the pressure of povery, he copied a celebrated print, engraved by himself after Raphael's "Massacre of the Innocents," contrary to the engagement he had entered into with the possessor of the original plate; and that, in revenge, the latter caused him to be assassinated. Specimens of the two plates will be seen in the Print Gallery, differing only in the treatment, and in some slight details in the filling in of the background. In

* The earliest kind of engraving was that wherein the lines are cut into the copper by means of a dry point, or of the graver. In etching, which was a later invention, though still in the time of the first practitioners of the art, the lines are eaten in by the chemical action of aqua-fortis.

one there is on the right hand a small pointed tree, like the fern, called the *chicot;* in the other this does not appear; and opinions differ as to which was the original, Zani considering that the plate "without the *chicot*" was the earliest.

It may be interesting to close the present paper with some remarks upon the prices which rare prints fetch at the present time, and which, speaking within bounds, may be set down at fourfold what they produced thirty years ago, when the long European wars were brought to a close, and civilisation and taste began to unite the mental energies of the diverse and distant nations of the earth. The celebrated *pax* by Maso Finiguerra (unique) a copy of which was engraved to accompany the previous article on this subject, cost its present possessor £400. The best plates of Marc Antonio, after Raphael, cost from £20 to £100 each; a copy of the "Adam and Eve" sold the other day for 150 guineas; one of "The Judgment of Paris" for 200 guineas; and a proof before inscription of the "Massacre of the Innocents" for £250. The celebrated "Sabre Portrait" of Rembrandt, before the plate was cut down, and of which only four copies are known to exist (see No. 1000* in Print Gallery), cost Mr. Holford £600. The same artist's no less celebrated "Hundred Guilder Print," in the first state, before the work on the donkey's back, of which only five copies are known, lately sold for £400, being five times what it fetched, at public auction at Christie's, forty years ago.

CONDITIONS OF VISION.

They only see who have the seeing eye!
Art-Treasures revelations are of Art
Only to him who has the thinking heart
That holdeth commune oft with deep and high.
Open your picture-peopled halls, and cry
"Behold Art comes in triumph!"—not the less
'Tis a voice crying in the wilderness
The immeasurably far-off advent nigh.
When blind eyes see the beauty of the flower,
And deaf ears tremble to the voice of song,
Then who ne'er sink to depths of thought divine
Shall hear sphere-music in the Poet's line,
See in the Artist's work the soul of power,
The perfect form that time can never wrong.

August 25th, 1857. J. CAMERON.

"THE MONK," BY ZURBARAN.

(SEE THE GALLERY OF THE OLD MASTERS.)

Who are the poor? They are who never climb
To heights serene, o'erlooking far the strife
And groping stir of transitory life—
Who commune not with solemn and sublime;
They are the poor who clip not flying time
By computations that make swift appear—
Transient as echoes—day, week, month and year,
Fleet touches of a transitory chime.
The thoughts that lift the spirit to the sky,
That lift to God, communion hold with death—
The thoughts by which we breathe immortal breath,
Spring like tomb-flowers from mortality.
In time—in time and death we find the faith
That gives the soul the far-beholding eye.

August 25th, 1857. J. CAMERON

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

THERE was an excellent attendance on Monday, August 17, those present being, to a very large extent, non-residents in Manchester or its neighbourhood. The special trains to the Exhibition Station were as follow:—Liverpool (Marcus's); Leeds (Lancashire and Yorkshire), between 500 and 600 passengers; Macclesfield and the Potteries, a good train, consisting of 11 carriages, thoroughly filled; Leeds and Huddersfield (London and North-Western Company); Shrewsbury, Wellington, &c. (Holston's), 300; Birmingham and Crewe (Marcus's), 400; Stalybridge and Ashton, a train in consequence of the wakes, but there were few passengers; Chester and Frodsham, 1,000, there being a train of 23 carriages. Amongst the visitors were Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., and M. Louis Enault. The latter gentleman has been commissioned by the French government to proceed upon an artistic tour through the United Kingdom, reporting generally; and it is understood that he will contribute a series of articles upon the Exhibition to the *Pays*.

On Tuesday, Thomas Hankey, Esq., and — Buxton, Esq., of the Bank of England directory, and Dr. Turner, of Salford, were amongst the visitors. There were good special trains from Retford and Doncaster, and one moderately filled from Leicester, *viâ* Sheffield. We understand there were a thousand more visitors present than on any previous Tuesday; and we also learn that the receipts on Monday were considerably more than on any previous ordinary day. There were 500 more present than on the most thronged day in Whit-week. The organ performance of Mr. Noble gave great satisfaction to the visitors.

Wednesday was, in every respect, satisfactory to the executive committee. The weather, though "close," was fine, the attendance was good, and every visitor seemed delighted with the Exhibition. Amongst the distinguished visitors present were Lord Clarence Paget, R.N., C.B., Lady Clarence Paget, and Captain the Hon. S. T. Carnegie, R.N., C.B., the guests of Mr. E. Tootal, at the Weaste; Lord Wensleydale, Lord and Lady Naas, Colonel Seymour, Captain Codd, R.N., Admiral Chads and daughter, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Winchester, Lady Bellhouse, Lady Ruthven, Alfred Elmore, the artist; William Essex, the enameller; Captain Hillyer, Professor Geo. Wilson, Baron Bernard de Mxkull, Baron Green, Sir Benjamin Heywood, and Mr. Moss, of Liverpool, a liberal contributor. Mr. Noble favoured the visitors with another performance on the organ, and astonished all by his wonderful power over the instrument. There was a good special train from Halifax and the district through which the Lancashire and Yorkshire line of railway runs; and "specials," well filled, from Liverpool (Marcus's), Chester, Birkenhead, and Derby. There were also present in the Exhibition a large number of visitors from Leicester and the Midland district, who arrived by special train on Tuesday. We have the pleasure of recording another instance of liberality on the part of employers, which, if continued, will not fail to secure the pecuniary success of the Art-Treasures Exhibition. The workpeople of the Belfield Printing Company (Messrs. Schunck, Souchay, and Co.), to the number of 300, accompanied by the respected manager, Mr. Bevan, visited the Botanic Gardens and the Exhibition; the whole expense, including railway fare, being sustained by the firm. The arrangements, although unusual, appeared worthy of imitation; the gardens were first visited, and after examining the beauties of the place, and discussing the merits of the carnations and picotees, which many of them seemed able to do, the remainder of the day was spent in the Exhibition.

We observed, amongst those present on Thursday, His Grace the Duke of Argyll, the Duchess of Argyll and their two sons, who are staying at the Palatine Hotel; Lord Clarence Paget, C.B., Lady Clarence Paget, Lady Ruthven, and the Hon. S. T. Carnegie, R.N., C.B., the guests of Mr. E. Tootal, at the Weaste; Lord Wensleydale, Sir B. Heywood, and O. Heywood, Esq.; Lord and Lady Bridport, the venerable Lord Combermere and Lady Combermere, Sir Arthur Aston, the Earl and Countess Rosebery; the gallant Gen. Lawrence, who, it will be remembered, commanded the 60th Regiment at the Alma, and received seven balls in his body during the action; Baron Green, Professor Geo. Wilson, Alfred Elmore, the artist; Mr. Justice Ball, Dr. Wylde, the eminent oculist, of Dublin; and Dr. Noble, of Leicester.

Amongst the visitors on Friday were the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and sons; Lord Wensleydale, Lord and Lady Combermere, Sir Arthur Aston, Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, Lord and Lady Craven, Hon. S. T. Carnegie, R.N., C.B., Col. Francis Seymour, C.B., Capt. Hillyer, R.N., Col. Ashworth, R.A., Mr. Whiteside, M.P., and Mrs. Whiteside; Mr. and Mrs. Napier, and Col. Taylor, M.P.

The attendance of visitors on Saturday was unprecedented, and seemed to confirm the prudence of the experiment made by the executive committee of opening the Exhibition on Saturday afternoons at half the usual charge. Those who prefer the less crowded condition of the building have the opportunity of spending four hours within it, namely, from ten to two o'clock, before the lower charge commences. Upwards of 2,000 availed themselves of this arrangement. After two, there was a rapid influx. At three o'clock, the numbers were 7,363, against 4,232 at the same hour on the previous Saturday; at four o'clock, these had increased to 13,722; and at five o'clock, there were 15,672, which compared favourably with 10,362 at the corresponding period of the Saturday previous. Amongst the visitors by special trains were 400 people from the Strines Printing Company. There also arrived 200, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Wood, from Accrington, and about 700 of the workpeople of Messrs. William Fairbairn and Sons were present.

The returns for the week were as follows:—

		Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	otal.
Aug.	17.....	10,607	...	982	11,589
,,	18.....	7,442	...	1,078	8,520
,,	19.....	9,870	...	1,118	10,988
,,	20.....	3,600	3,250	...	6,850
,,	21.....	5,545	...	784	6,329
,,	22.....	3,126 At 6d. 16,275	...	1,209	20,610

NOLLEKENS AND HIS FATHER CONFESSOR.

Nollekens' confessor called one wet morning, and having performed his office, was about to go, when he was advised by Nollekens to stay till the rain abated—he stopt till dinner was ready. Now the Duke of Newcastle had sent the sculptor a brace of fine pheasants—on one of which, nicely roasted, they sat down to dine. The confessor helped his host to a wing, and himself to the remainder, though he declared he loathed such dainties. "I have no pudding, reverend sir," said Nollekens; "will you have a glass of wine? Bronze, bring a bottle of wine." The wine was produced—the sculptor took one glass—pushed the bottle to the priest—and laying his head back, as was his custom, fell sound asleep. On awaking, Nollekens said, "take another glass, sir." "Thank you, sare," said the priest, "but I have finish de bottle!" "The devil you have!" muttered the patient. "And now, sare," continued his reverence, "as the rain is over, I will take my leave." As soon as he was gone, "Bronze," said Nollekens to his old attendant, "don't let that old rascal in again. Why, do you know, he ate up all that large bird—for he gave me but one wing; he swallowed all the ale too; and out of a whole bottle of wine, I had but one glass." From this time forward he dispensed with a confessor.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"A Sincere Well-wisher."—We can allow our friend to differ with us in matters of taste, but we should like to keep him correct as to "intelligible English." Will he oblige us by referring to Webster for the word "Shimmer."

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONNOISSEUR TURNS PORTRAIT PAINTER. SOME REMARKABLE SITTERS.

I had long foreseen how matters were likely to terminate at the old carver's establishment, and had instinctively more and more cultivated the pencil, with the view of securing the means of a livelihood in the event of the chisel turning out a failure. The materials left me by M. Dalby proved of great value when I came to fit up a studio on my own account. Notwithstanding my long seclusion from the busy world, I still had some of my old faculty of resource remaining, and at once took apartments which had been recently vacated by one of those portrait painters who, like the swallows, come and go in their season. Indeed, I followed so closely upon the heels of the departing limner that sufficient time had barely elapsed to allow the fumes of his Raleighan weed to clear off. He had been vainly expecting a promised sitter for a long time, and had done nothing but smoke to soothe his disappointment. My precursor had scarcely got well out of the town, and I had barely fixed up my easel, when, lo! the expected sitter was announced in the person of a tall, stout lady, clad in lustrous silk of bright scarlet, and in such profusion that, on entering my little *atelier*, she literally swept me into a corner. She was all smiles, and adjusted her flaxen ringlets with much ease, and arranged her position with a gravity that plainly told it was not the first time she had sat for her portrait. She also kept talking; and having exhausted all the ordinary topics used by people who meet for the first time, she waited to take breath, and I seized the opportunity for inquiring the nature of her business. She was very much surprised at my question.

"Has not my friend, Mr. Jones, appointed for a sitting?"

I did know a Mr. Jones, of course (who does not?) but no gentleman of that name had favoured me with a commission.

"Are you not the celebrated portrait painter, Mr. Smith?"

I confessed that I had not the honour of being that individual, and that I had not even the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"There is some mistake."

I ventured to think there was. I explained that the artist alluded to had vacated his lodging only the previous day, and that I had not many minutes installed myself in his place; and further expressed my willingness (as there was no chance of his returning) to transfer the lady's features to canvas, on the terms to which that gentleman had agreed, whatever they might be. The fair visitor fell in with this proposition—sat twice a day for a week—and the result was a tolerable likeness. On the following Monday I received from Mr. Jones seven shillings and sixpence (the cost of the materials) for the portrait. The scarlet lake colour consumed upon the performance cost near upon half the money. However, I consoled myself with having broken the ice, and with having rubbed off a portion of the rust I had brought from the Museum.

During the week following I had the honour of painting the portrait of Mr. Jones himself, on the same terms, as a companion to the lady in the scarlet gown. The curtains in the Jones-picture cost an equal diminution in my stock of scarlet lake. When first I opened my studio, I confess that I had no conception of the line of art in which I was to distinguish myself. The acquisition of two patrons at the outset led me to make some reflections on the nature and prospects of portrait painting. I thought it was not just the sort of employment to which I ought willingly to lend my pencil—if there had been any choice open to me. But still I conceived how it was possible to impart dignity to any department of the fine arts, however humble. The example of the old masters influenced me in this idea, for with them portrait painting assumed a character of the highest importance. Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, and Rembrandt, the six greatest of the old painters, left examples of their genius in their portraits of emperors, kings, popes, cardinals, poets, statesmen, and divines, which are profoundly interesting in illuminating the works of historians and biographers. Why might not I, since fate so willed it, make my way in the world as a portrait painter? Fortified by such illustrious precedents, I concluded that there was no good reason why I should reject that branch of a profession which the genius of Raphael and Titian had adorned. My course of studies was decided. I fitted up my *atelier* with casts from the antique I had brought from the Museum, and made one or two additional purchases of an Italian in the city, with the object of cultivating portrait painting exclusively. I might have spared myself all this anxiety as to the relative importance of one branch of painting over another, for after waiting patiently six weeks, I discovered that there was no desire on the part of the citizens to degrade me or my pencil by employing either. Not a soul darkened my doors. It is said that on his outset in life Rembrandt painted his own likeness a hundred times—from which I should infer that he was very vain or very much in want of sitters. Few painters sit to themselves when they can get profitable models. During the dull period referred to, I reckoned up no less than seven-and-twenty sketches of my own physiognomy, all executed by the owner thereof, more or less like, and, as I fancied, each one in succession more melancholy-looking than the last. At length, finding my finances wellnigh exhausted, I took to the fields, and made pencil-sketches of all the dilapidated barns, decayed bridges, ruined manor houses, nunneries, and quaint village churches for miles round. These sold at the rate of about twenty shillings a dozen; and as each absorbed the greater portion of day, I was not likely to grow wealthy by this most agreeable exercise of my talents. In one of these pleasant excursions I happened to pass by a nobleman's palace, the Gothic chapel of which had engaged me and my old master some eighteen months in its restoration. It was when his lordship took possession of the estates, at his father's death. I was reminded that I might still find a friend within this abode of opulence and refinement, in the person of an ancient steward of the household, whose acquaintance I had made during the period of our labours in the chapel. Having ascertained at the lodge that the venerable steward in question had died during the previous winter, I was about to retire, when the little pompous porter, who was seated outside his door, in an antique chair, basking in the sun, opened his small, lizard-like eyes (he had answered my inquiry without putting himself to that trouble), and interrogated first himself, and then his visitor before him, thus:—

"I fancy I know that face."

"Indeed, sir."

"'Prentice of old Lintot, the carver as did up the chapel?"

"The very same.

"Take a seat."

"Thank you."

"Where have you been to so long? What's become of the old carver? Glad to see you. Old carver dead, eh? Sorry to hear it. What are you doing now? Turned painter? Was thinking about you—was saying I should like to have a little talk with you. Remember you used to have a genius for drawing; said to Jane, only the other day, if I could meet with old Lintot's lad, I'd get him to sketch my picture. Fine chair this—always had a fancy for this chair. Belonged to a lady in the village. Bought it at her sale. I've got a few old paintings. Walk in. You see that with the 'ole in—it's reckoned good. Can't think of the master's name. Get my Pilkington's 'Dictionary of Painters,' Jane. Let me see! begins with—ah, well! we'll attend to that presently. What I want to see you about more particular, is my *own* picture. What have you got in the folio? Sketches? Now what would be about the figure for a whole-length? I am not very tall. Jane thinks I ought to have my portrait whole-length, and I think so too. Been very fortunate. Was only under-butler when the chapel was done up. You remember. Mine's a curious history. Ought to be printed. Seven of us all bred to the plough—might have been no better all my days but for a very fortunate accident. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good,' as they say. The Squire had a son who was sadly afflicted, and, in consequence, required some one to keep an eye on him wherever he went. Well, the Squire tried several lads about without finding one he could trust. The young Squire was constantly falling into some trouble or another—tumbling into a ditch or over a stile. Well, at last the Squire tried me, and from that day the lad began to mend apace, in the end got quite rid of his ailment, and my services were no longer required. I was just thinking of returning to the ploughtail, as before, when I was sent for to the Manor House, where the Squire and his lady received me as if I had been one of the family. They had me into the parlour just as I was, in my hobnail boots, all on a Turkish carpet as soft as a feather bed. Fancy I had to go right up to the fireplace, and drink the young Squire's health. 'And now,' says the Squire to me; 'Samuel,' says he, 'what can we do for you?' Of course I hardly knew what to say. 'We have been thinking,' says he, 'of recommending you to my lord as a very proper person to fill a vacancy which is open in the butlery. Would you like to be my lord's under-butler, Samuel?' Of course I need not tell you what answer I gave the Squire. I took the place, and for seven years I cleaned knives, forks, boots, shoes, and plate—three hundred and twenty pieces of plate in all—and never lost a bit, not so much as a tea-spoon, and never heard a word of complaint, which of course was very flattering to me, and very much to my credit. Well, that makes the second period of my life. First the ploughboy, and then the under-butler. The young Squire grew up, and went to college with his present lordship, and they are about as decent a couple of fellows as you would find in a day's march. Time came when the young Squire had it in his power to do me a service, and, without my asking, he used his influence with my lord, and pushed me into the lodge here,

which is something like an appointment; and here I am, with my wife and two children, about as well satisfied with myself and things in general as any man could well be."

It had been a less infliction to paint the loquacious porter's portrait gratis, than to have been thus condemned to listen to his ceaseless and discursive story; but the reduced state of my commissariat induced me to endure it.

"I was born fortunate," continued the self-complaisant occupant of the arm-chair. "Everything I have tried has turned out well. I bought this carved chair for next to nothing. My small collection of paintings, which I'm told is worth the house that holds them, only cost me £7. 15s. I joined the Horticultural Society, and, without putting a spade in the ground, got several prizes. There's no such children as mine in these parts; and, though I say it, a better sort of woman than my wife never broke bread. I think, after what I have now told you, you will admit I might venture to sit for my portrait."

"Certainly," I replied; and I should have agreed with him on that point without this autobiographic preamble. But he astonished me by drawing upon his smattering acquaintance with pictures, to suggest a few accessories to his portrait—in which prodigal taste he perhaps was not so singular as unreasonable.

"Well, then," said he, "now comes the question as to the style in which the thing ought to be done. If it makes no difference in the charge, I should like to be painted sitting in the old chair, just beside the pillar of the gateway, and with the first quadrangle seen in the background, and through the second archway—a glimpse of the park, and just a sprinkling of deer under the oak trees in the distance. I've been looking at a picture of Vandyck's in the library, and I find that you could venture to bring in a curtain hanging down the pillar, and likewise a table with ornamental cover; and, if it would not be much more expense, I've a fine bronze inkstand, which would stand on the table, quite in character with the chair. Perhaps you would be able to put in a few letters, with one in my hand, and a few pens? The post letters all pass through my hands. Then, what do you say to introducing the medals of the Horticultural Society, in the morocco case, together with the various prize flowers, hollyhocks, and roses of various colours, with the vases in which they were sent to the show? I thought at one time of your throwing in a few pieces of his lordship's plate, just to remind people of the fact of my having had charge of it for seven years without losing so much as a tea-spoon, and—but that I'll leave to your superior taste. I don't know how you may be situated; but if it would be worth your while to take the job, I shan't be nice to a few shillings, you can have something in advance; I'll get you permission to his lordship's gallery, where you can make as many copies as you like; and I expect, if you make a good thing of my picture, you will get half the village to paint. But you must do mine cheap, for a beginning. What do you say to fifteen shillings, with half the money down at starting?"

Of course I felt highly honoured by the liberal proposition of the illustrious gate-keeper; at the same time, I did not immediately close with his offer, preferring, for reasons which suggested themselves, to think the matter over for a day or two. The self-conscious Samuel had, unwittingly, put a thought into my head for which I felt rather inclined to think well of him, in spite of his meanness and conceit. On returning home, I thought it best to address myself a letter to his master, requesting permission to study in his gallery. Strange that the idea had never struck me before. It was in this very collection I had formerly studied the two pictures I have referred to, by Van Aelst. The place was literally crowded with gems of the highest value. In my letter I recalled the noble owner's recollection to my former services in restoring the Gothic chapel, and briefly remarked how that the death of my master and the decline of the Gothic taste had led me to my change of profession, and begged that he would permit me to copy a few of the smaller works in his cabinet, with the view of improving my hand, and at the same time my finances. The effect of my letter was most unexpectedly cheering. Before I had well set to work in my studio on the following day, a little pony drew up at my door, and a country lad, who was employed as messenger for the Abbey, delivered a letter into my hands, giving me access at all times to his lordship's pictures, and permission to copy any number of the same, family portraits excepted. His lordship was further good enough to say that in the course of a month he would be setting out for the continent, and that he had arranged with Mr. R——s, the famous *restorateur* of London, to clean and restore such of his pictures as were thought to need it, and that if his influence and introduction to the said Mr. R——s would be of any service to me, in the way of procuring employment, he should be only too happy to serve me. This was the very opportunity, of all others, I most desired.

(To be continued.)

THE PURE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY.

When Milton's Satan first "rears from off the pool, his mighty stature," the image of Leviathan before suggested not being yet abandoned, the effect of the fire-wave is described as of the up-heaved monster on the ocean stream.

"On each hand the flames,
Driven backwards, slope their pointing spires, and rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale."

And then follows a fiercely restless piece of volcanic imagery:

"As when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill,
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a singed bottom, all involved
With stench and smoke; such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet."

Yet I think all this is too far detailed, and deals too much with externals; we feel rather the form of the fire-waves than their fury, we walk upon them too securely, and the fuel, sublimation, smoke, and singeing, seem to me images only of partial combustion; they vary and extend the conception, but they lower the thermometer. Look back, if you will, and add to the description the glimmering of the livid flames; the sulphurous hail and red lightning; yet all together, however they overwhelm us with horror, fail of making us thoroughly, unendurably hot. The intense essence of flame has not been given. Now hear Dante—

"Feriami 'l Sole in su l'omero destro
Che già raggiando tutto l'Occidente
Mutava in bianco aspetto di cilestro.
Ed io facea con l'ombra piu rovente
Parer la fiamma."

That is a slight touch; he has not gone to Ætna nor Pelorus for fuel; but we shall not soon recover from it—he has taken our breath away and leaves us gasping. No smoke nor cinders there. Pure, white, hurtling, formless flame; very fire crystal, we cannot make spires nor waves of it, nor divide it, nor walk it, there is no question about singeing soles of feet. It is lambent annihilation.

Such is always the mode in which the highest imaginative faculty seizes its materials. It never stops at crusts or ashes, or outward images of any kind, it ploughs them all aside, and plunges into the very central fiery heart, nothing else will content its spirituality, whatever semblances and various outward shows and phases its subject may possess, go for nothing, it gets within all fence, cuts down to the root, and drinks the very vital sap of that it deals with: once there it is at liberty to throw up what new shoots it will, so always that the true juice and sap be in them, and to prune and twist them at its pleasure, and bring them to fairer fruit than grew on the old tree; but all this pruning and twisting is work that it likes not, and often does ill; its function and gift are the getting at the root, its nature and dignity depend on its holding things always by the heart. Take its hand from off the beating of that, and it will prophecy no longer; it looks not in the eyes, it judges not by the voice, it describes not by outward features, all that it affirms, judges, or describes, it affirms from within.

It may seem to the reader that I am incorrect in calling this penetrating, possession-taking faculty, imagination. Be it so, the name is of little consequence; the Faculty itself, called by what name we will, I insist upon as the highest intellectual power of man. There is no reasoning in it, it works not by algebra, nor by integral calculus, it is a piercing, Pholas-like mind's tongue that works and tastes into the very rock heart, no matter what be the subject submitted to it, substance or spirit, all is alike, divided asunder, joint and marrow, whatever utmost truth, life, principle, it has, laid bare, and that which has no truth, life, nor principle, dissipated into its original smoke at a touch. The whispers at mens's ears it lifts into visible angels. Vials that have lain sealed in the deep sea a thousand years it unseals, and brings out of them genii.

Every great conception of poet or painter is held and treated by this Faculty. Every character that is so much as touched by men like Æschylus, Homer, Dante, or Shakspere, is by them held by the heart; and every circumstance or sentence of their being, speaking, or seeming, is seized by process from within, and is referred to that inner secret spring of which the hold is never lost for an instant; so that every sentence, as it has been thought out from the heart, opens for us a way down to the heart, leads us to the centre, and then leaves us to gather what more we may; it is the open Sesame of a huge, obscure, endless cave, with inexhaustible treasure of pure gold scattered in it; the wandering about and gathering the pieces may be left to any of us, all can accomplish that; but the first opening of that invisible door in the rock is of the Imagination only.—"*Modern Painters*," *by a Graduate of Oxford.*

THE CRITIC AND THE SCULPTOR.

One day while Bacon, the sculptor, was in Westminster Abbey, he was accosted by a stranger, who said, "That monument to Chatham, sir, is admirable upon the whole, but it has great defects." "I should feel obliged, sir," said the sculptor, "if you would be so kind as to point them out to me." "That I will gladly," said the stranger,—"Why here! and there! and there!—don't you see? bad, very bad!" and at every word he spoke he struck the place alluded to with the iron end of his walking stick, in a manner that seemed likely to hurt the work. "But will you tell me, sir," said the sculptor, "your reasons for thinking those parts bad?" "I have already done so to Bacon himself, sir," said the critic, "so I shall not repeat them to you—I pointed out other defects too while the monument was forming, but he refused to be convinced." "What, then, you are personally acquainted with Bacon?" said the sculptor, not a little amazed. "O yes, sir" replied the other, "I have been intimate with him for many years; a clever man, sir, but obstinate." "Were Bacon here now," said the artist, turning away, "he would not like to hear a *friend* of such old standing speaking of his work so roughly."—*Cunningham's Lives of British Sculptors.*

MEDIÆVAL PLATE.

The City Livery Companies had their court cupboards well garnished with plate presented to them by past masters and others of their own craft. I will quote a few instances from the Grocers' books, in which these gifts are recorded, to show the affectionate way they expressed their gratitude and good wishes for the welfare of the donors, living or dead.

1466. "A standing cuppe of sylver, with a cover weighing xxiv ounces, given by Thomas Swetenham, grocer. Jesu be mercyful unto his soul!"

1467. "A standing cuppe and cover of sylver, alle gylte with roses and sonnes, weighing xxxi ounces, the gyfte of John Godyn, grocer. Jesu have mercy on his soul!"

1467. "Of the gyfte of Sir John Howard, knyghte, a standing cuppe and cover of sylver, alle gylte. God send him long life and welfare!"

At the time of the Reformation, all those pieces which had representations of saints were ordered to be destroyed by the commissioners. Thus, in the records of the Goldsmiths' Company, in 1547, the large silver figure of their patron Saint Dunstan fell a victim, and it was decreed "they should take the image of the seynt and breke it, and turne yt to the most profette of the house. Also that the gret stendynge cup, with Seynt Dunston on the toppe, sholde be lykewyse by theym broken, and turned into other plate."

The New-year's gifts to royal personages became an important item in their annual income. Not only was every person connected with the court expected to make an offering, but tradesmen presented selections from their stock-in-trade. This was carried to a greater extent in the reign of Queen Elizabeth than any other, at least we have more detailed accounts of these presents handed down to us ("Nicholls' Progresses"), in which we find nearly all the nobility and gentry giving plate, jewellery, purses of money, &c.; the ladies, rich articles of wearing apparel, or trinkets; the apothecary, his box of sweetmeats, conserves, and green ginger; the cook, his confectionery; the cutler, a meat knife, with fan hilt of bone; Smyth, the dustman, two bolts of cambric—so that every conceivable desideratum for the *dressoir*, wardrobe, jewel casket, and toilette, was forthcoming on the New-year's Day, sufficient for the ensuing twelvemonth. On the other hand, returns were made for these gifts; but the balance was of course always in favour of royalty. The following entry occurs in the Cottonian MSS. (Titus, B. I., fol. 171), containing instructions by the Duke of Buckingham to his chancellor for a piece of plate for King Henry the Eighth:—

"Item, we woll that ye cause to be made for the king's new yer's gyfte a goblyt of gold, with a cover, to drink wyne in, of the best faucoune (fashion), and contrary to the faucoune of the cuppe of gold for ale, which we gave to his grace the last yere, and that the same goblyt be made with a wrytynge about yt, according to a copye of the same delyverd unto you, and that the same goblyt with the faucoune and all be made to the value of xxxvj li, and that yt be made wyth the kynge's badgeys." In the margin is, "Mem. for the word in Frenshe, 'With humble trew hert.'"



No. 1. SILVER HANAP. (HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.)

In the goldsmith's bill of Cardinal Wolsey (Coll. Curios. 313), is described, a standing cup of gold, with a cover, weighing 61 ounces, which had an angel and roses, with shields, surmounted by an imperial crown, given to the king for his New-year's gift,—charged £117. 17s. 6d.

This was an important present, but not more than might be expected from so ambitious a man, to his great benefactor and patron, anxious to outdo all others in the magnificence of his offering. The extravagance displayed at feasts about this time may be imagined from a glance at a banquet given by Wolsey (MS. Harl. 428):—"There was a cupboard, being as long as the chamber was in breadth, with six deskes in height, garnyshed with guilt plate, and the nethermost was garnyshed all with gold plate, having with lights one paire of candlesticks of silver and guilt, being curiously wrought, which cost three hundred marks. This cupboard was barred round about, that no man might come nigh it, for there was none of all this plate touched in this banquet, for there was sufficient besides." [Whilst speaking of Wolsey, we may here mention, that his red cardinal's hat and his purse are both exhibited,—the former from Strawberry Hill, belonging to Charles Kean, Esq., in the south aisle; and the latter in Wall Case A, contributed by Lord Hastings.]

What a contrast in the New-year's gifts is observable between that of my Lord High Cardinal and honest old Latimer, of whom it is related, instead of making the customary New-year's present of a piece of plate or purse of gold to King Henry the Eighth, he gave a new Testament, with the leaf pointedly turned down to the 4th verse of the 13th chapter of Hebrews—a bit of wholesome advice unfortunately more honoured by that monarch in the breach than in the observance!

It is only by referring to early inventories that we can form any idea of the extravagance of the times. In the inventory of the gold plate belonging to King Henry the Eighth (Kal. Exch. II. 176), we read of a cup of gold called the "Dream of Parris," having upon the cover the images of Jupiter, Paris, Juno, Venus, and Pallas; and Pegasus on the top; all set with diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, and precious stones, which weighed 120 ounces.

The great number of goldsmiths' shops in London need not, therefore, be a matter of surprise, when we con-

sider how much the exchange of presents of plate was in fashion during this period, not only with the sovereign, but among the nobility and gentry. A reference to the inventories of effects of any noble family, or the wills of the time, will furnish abundant instances of the encouragement given to the manufacture of gold and silver plate.

In the library of the Society of Antiquaries is an engraving, from a painting of the year 1547, giving a view of the procession of Edward the Sixth to his coronation at Westminster, in which are to be seen the goldsmiths' shops in West Chepe, and in the windows are exhibited costly vessels of all descriptions—the lofty hanap, the standing cup, the flagon, censer, and other elegant pieces of the craft. The houses here represented were called Goldsmiths' Row, from that circumstance. Maitland observes, that the city at that time abounded in riches and splendour:—"It was beautiful to observe the glorious appearance of goldsmiths' shops on the south row of Cheapside, which in a course reached from the Old Change to Bucklersbury, exclusive of four shops only of other trades in all that space." (Vol. I. p. 301.)

The gold and silversmiths were, it appears by a charter of the Goldsmiths' Company, so early as the reign of Edward the Third compelled to keep shops only in the High street of Cheap, or the King's Exchange, as it was called, and that publicly, to the end that others of the trade might inform themselves whether the sellers came lawfully by the gold and silver articles they exposed for sale.

The London gold and silversmiths were assisted by foreign artificers, principally from Germany, Holland, and the Netherlands. Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Bruges were celebrated for the design and execution of their plate and jewellery in the 16th century, and their pieces much esteemed here; thus we frequently read of Almaine cups — Flanders cups; and in the inventory of the Cardinal's plate, before-mentioned, are "vi great gilt candlesticks chasid with libbardis' heddes and cardinals' hatts, made at Bridges—price £206. 11s. 3d.;" and other pieces of plate of "Brydges making.', One of the regulations of the Goldsmiths' Company was that the city goldsmith should only employ one Dutchman, "as shall be known for a cunnyng man and well disposed, and none othir alicant servants, but to take Englishmen, and none but English apprentices." (Herbert, I. 185.) Amongst the miscellaneous entries in the books of the Goldsmiths' Company is an account of a trial of skill between an English and a foreign goldsmith, at the Pope's Head Tavern, Cornhill, in the year 1480, which was adjudged in favour of our countryman, "the lytill court Ducheman, dwelling in the burgh of Southwerke," having to reimburse his competitor for "the gravyng, and pay to the wynner a craune, wythe the purtenaunce in a dyner, to be made at Goldsmythe Halle, to the wardens and to all theyme that had any entresse in thys mater." (Ib. II. 197.)

Our first illustration represents a lofty hanap, of a favourite pattern in the 16th century, and is probably of about the same period as the last, judging from a comparison of the details, especially in the small winged figures, which appear almost from the same mould. It is of an elegant form, with a long stem; the body, cover, and foot are encircled with large *repoussé* bulbs, richly gilt all over, except the *appliqué* ornaments of winged figures, rams' heads and scrolls, between and on the stem. The cover is surmounted by a female figure of Fortitude, resting on a column. This also belongs to Her Majesty, and both are exhibited in Case G.

Our next illustration is the celebrated "Nautilus Cup," belonging to Her Majesty, in silver parcel gilt mounting. (See page 211.) The body of the cup is formed of a nautilus shell, supported by four vertical bands, with silver, pearl-like ornaments in the centre; and female busts, with ruffs and necklaces, on the upper part. Round the rim of the cup is an engraved scroll pattern, and an open-work border of masks and strap ornaments. The shell is borne on the head and shoulders of a nude figure of Neptune, riding a sea-horse. The stand rests on four Nereids, playing stringed instruments, with shells and small winged figures between. The cover is surmounted by a figure of Jupiter, holding a sceptre and thunderbolt, seated on an eagle; at his feet a border of small winged figures, and a projecting horizontal ridge shutting on to the cup, with grapes and vine leaves cut *à jour*.

This elegant cup, as is the case with many other fine specimens of silversmiths' work of the 16th century, has been attributed to Cellini; indeed, when anything superior in workmanship or design comes before us, the conclusion immediately arrived at is that Cellini, and nobody else, could have executed anything so fine. This is a very common error, but one which is likely to result from our imperfect knowledge of his actual works; they are, in fact, exceedingly rare, and very few authentic pieces known. One writer has gone so far as to assert, "*Il est devenu un mythe*" (Annales Archæologiques, Tom. III., p. 261). This is falling again into the other extreme. Cellini pursued his vocation as a goldsmith for nearly half a century, under the patronage of Clement the Seventh, Paul the Third, and Francis the First, during which time he must have perfected a great variety of decorative works of art both in gold and silver; but, with the exception of the "Perseus," at Florence, and the bust of Cosmo de Medicis, his works that are known are in gold, or the mountings of precious stones, and *bijouterie*, *enseignes* and small gems of art. There were also many cotemporaneous artists, whose works are also unknown, and their names scarcely recorded. Cellini himself, in his "Treatise on Goldsmiths' Work," tells us, that in France the silversmiths had attained greater perfection, and made more articles of plate in *repoussé* work, as church plate, drinking vessels, statuettes, &c., than any other country.

The name of the French artist, François Briot, which we know only by his works (they having his bust and name stamped on them), occurs to us as that of one of the most skilful workers and chasers in metal of the 16th century, as exemplified in the elegant ewers and salvers of pewter which have been preserved to our time, copies, doubtless, of vessels in gold and silver which have long since been melted down for the value of the material. Specimens of his chasing may be seen in Case H.—an ewer and salver contributed by Baron Marochetti, one belonging to Lord Hastings, and another in Case U.

C.

THE RHINE.

Two or three miles higher up than Coblentz, the river makes a superb sweep in the midst of delicious scenery; castles rising on one crag, and ruins hanging on another. The Lahn, issuing from its fresh-cradle, throws itself into the Rhine, just opposite to the village of Kappellan, and flowing between the sweet island-looking peninsulas of Oberlahnstein and Niderlahnstein, with their churches and trees, villages and ruins, forms a picture full of gentle beauty.—*Reminiscences of the Rhine, &c.*

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. VIII.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

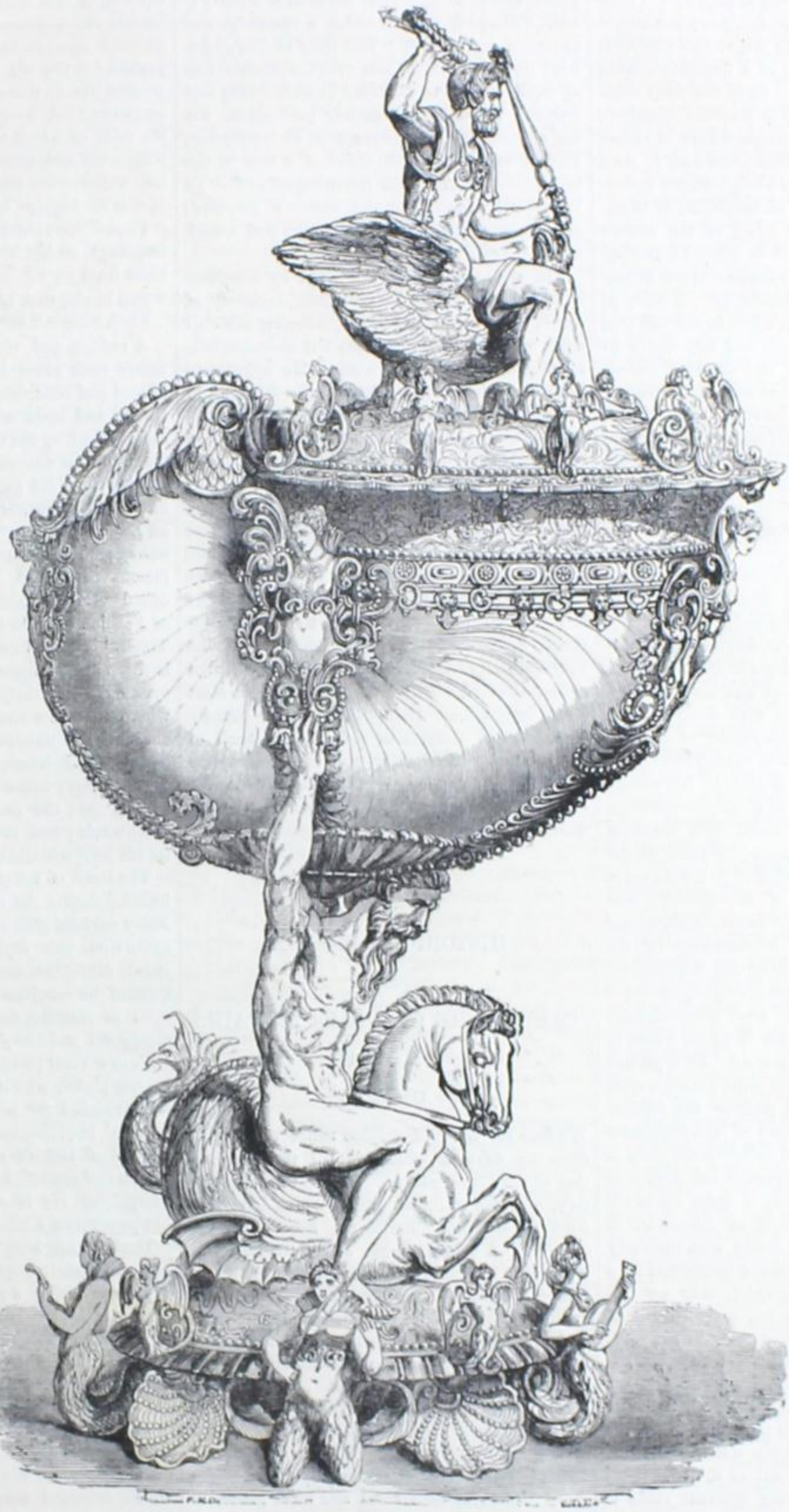
This truly great artist is the son of the late John Landseer, who was for many years an associate engraver of the Royal Academy, and the parent of a numerous and talented family of painters and engravers. The fame, however, of all the rest has been eclipsed by that of Edwin. He was an artist almost from his cradle, and at an age when most men are considering what they shall eventually do, Edwin Landseer had settled the point, and positively achieved a reputation. He was for a short period a pupil of Haydon, who was in reality proud of having contributed to form the mind and educate the hand of so remarkable a man, though he affected to sneer, as your true egotist always will—and Haydon was the prince of egotists—at horse and dog painting enabling its professor to canter handsomely mounted into the Park, and cut a figure in Rotten Row, while the exponent of the grand style, and the reviver of historic art, went afoot like any common pedestrian. Landseer was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1826, many years previous to which time his works had been regarded among the attractions of the annual Exhibition. His advance to the ultimate dignity of academician took place in 1831, and royalty subsequently bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood.

Of all our artists, Sir Edwin is certainly the most popular. His works address themselves directly to the general taste, and are alike enjoyed by peer and peasant. Among our English aristocracy, there is hardly a nobleman of dignity, wealth, and taste, but who has bowed the knee to his genius, and tacitly acknowledged that ability such as his levels rank, and ordains companionship on equal ground. Among others, the noble house of Bedford ought to be especially noted as having early appreciated his works, and treated him not as mere patrons, but as firm friends. To the poor man, whose gallery of art is the printseller's window, he has been the greatest of benefactors, for probably no other man was ever so much solicited by the publishers, or ever received such terms for his copyrights, in more than one instance exceeding even the sum paid for the original picture.

The Art-Treasures Exhibition is especially rich in the works of Landseer, and the varied phases in which he has depicted animal life, and the vast amount of variety his power of invention and sterling originality have enabled him to elicit from what might at first glance appear a confined walk of art, may be minutely studied there.

The canine species are especial favourites with our artist. It appears to have occurred to him that the important part the dog plays in connection with man—its superior instinct, amounting occasionally to something very like the possession of inferior intellectual powers—ought not to be left for its illustration merely to the anecdote book, or as a subject of conversation, but that it was a legitimate theme for portrayal on canvas. Hence he has studied the animal in all its variety of species, and with direct reference to its peculiar habits and instincts in its kindliest and most faithful aspects—as the friend of man, and as a creature displaying something very closely akin to real feeling and sentiment. A manifest improvement this on the dog-fights of Gainsborough, and the boar-hunts of Snyders, which,





No. 2. THE "NAUTILUS CUP." (HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.)—See Page 208.

fine as they are in other respects, display the brute only.

A fine illustration of his profound grasp of canine character is seen in 391, "Dogs of St. Bernard" (see our engraving in page 210). How full of life and instinct these two noble animals,—one licking the hand of the corpse-like traveller, with the tender solicitude of a motherly nurse; the other lustily scratching away the deep mass of snow in which his body is partially engulfed, and sending forth a deep-mouthed bark to arouse the good monks to their self-imposed duty! As a specimen of anatomical knowledge, strong powerful pencilling, and force of character, it is unequalled at least by any other of the artist's works in this gallery, and it betrays a marked and singular difference in surface-texture to any other of his productions before us. A work of similar aims is 331, "There's Life in the Old Dog yet." It is large in manner, and impressive in treatment. The wounded and disabled hound, whose ardour in the chase has sent him bounding over the steep precipice into the deep chasm beneath, is very expressive; equally telling the vigorous hollo of the huntsman's follower to his companions above. This work is perhaps less vigorous and forcible than is the St. Bernard, and it has perhaps too much of the smooth texture of the artist's smaller pictures; yet the story is so admirably told that it must always rank among the finest works of its author. 345, the "Shepherd's Grave." The grave has been newly made, the inscription on the headstone yet unfinished. The dusk of twilight is gathering over the scene, the place is silent and deserted, and the poor sheep-dog wanders with downcast and doubtful looks to the resting-place of his late master. Genuine pathos this, though the visible actor in it is of the brute creation! We should like to have seen exhibited, as a companion to this exquisite little work, a small and touching picture exhibited by Landseer in 1829, of the faithful terrier found watching over the remains of poor young Gough, of Manchester, who perished on the side of the "mighty Helvellyn," an incident subsequently immortalised by the genius of Scott. 337, "Dignity and Impudence," is another excellent specimen of dog-expression—the pertness of the terrier most characteristic. But the grand climax of fun is to be found in 336, "Alexander and Diogenes." As a picture it is far inferior to most of the artist's other works, especially in colour; and perhaps the subject verges too much on caricature to be a legitimate subject for the pencil. But certainly the story is funnily told. The sly, liquorish old dog, who enacts the part of Diogenes, is quite up to his part, and the kingly bearing of Alexander is admirable; not less so the dandy with the curly ears; and as to the two flunkeys (performed by a couple of conceited greyhounds), they are inimitably droll. There are two early works of Landseer here 339—"Rat-catching," and 348, "A Dog and a Cat," which serve to show how painstaking was our artist in his early career. The entirely different style of execution is also very worthy of notice. In the latter picture the coat of the dog seems entirely worked with the point of the brush, every curl of the hair being separately produced—a very different mode of proceeding to the masterly breadth of touch in his latter works. A perfect piece of expression of the most difficult kind is 379, "The Catspaw." The mewing and spitting of the cat, as her paw touches the heated stove, and the serious face of the monkey, tell the tale with wonderful truth. We have said enough on Landseer's principal pictures, though there are many others which claim notice for their excellences of various kinds. Such are the admirable one, 407, entitled "Shoeing," which created an almost unexampled sensation when first shown in Manchester, some ten or twelve years ago; 431, "The Forester's Family;" 497, "Sleeping Bloodhound," a masterly and energetic work; 435, "The Stag at Bay," &c. &c. But do not let us pass over the pictorial feat of rapid execution exhibited in 405, "Dog and Rabbit," a small, yet masterly production, the dog very successful in expression; an inscription, written in pencil on the trunk of a tree in the background, being to the following effect:—"To W. Wells, Esq., with the author's respects; painted by E. Landseer in two hours and a-half. Redleaf, Aug., 1831."

The technical facility displayed by Landseer is a perfect marvel. In unerring certainty of touch, and in the power of producing the full effect of finish by a few loose but characteristic touches, he stands quite alone. He appears to have studied with true intensity the character of every object or animal he has to represent, and approaches his canvas with a full certainty of the result. He has a separate and distinct mode of depicting the shaggy hide of a dog, the short close coat of a deer, and the soft fur of a hare or rabbit. Regard his works at a proper distance, and their quality of finish is inimitable—almost real. Approach closely to the canvas, and the wonder is redoubled to find this finish to consist in simple layers of paint, varied by brush draggings, and work which to the uninitiated looks very desultory indeed. His superior knowledge of surface-texture is by no means among the least of his excellences. He appears to know exactly how much of flatness or relief, how much of smoothness or its opposite, goes to the complete rendering of an object; and this he effects with such apparent ease that the result cannot be but most captivating.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

CARICATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

No. II.

By Dr. Blakey.

We find the spirit of graphic satire very active from the days of Cromwell till the termination of the 17th century. During the Restoration, and the political events which happened from the death of Charles the Second till the accession of Queen Anne, abundant materials were found for fun and drollery, which the comic artists of the hour took care to improve. Caricatures were not now so much limited to theological and political topics; they took up matters of modern customs, manners, scientific or learned novelties, and the whimsical notions which occasionally took hold of the public mind of the age. The art of comic sketching became likewise more carefully studied as a distinct branch of art; and its elementary principles were both more thoroughly understood and more generally reduced to practice.

A little before the Restoration, and for several years after it, we have Hollar occasionally directing his pencil to caricature. He was a Bohemian by birth and education, but resided long in England, and was zealously attached to the cause of Charles the First. This artist died in 1677; and though he executed 2,400 engravings, he died so poor that there was an execution in his house for debt on the day of his death. He had a quick and witty invention, regulated by sound principles of critical taste. Several of his satirical plates are considered models of caricatural merit. One of his pieces, directed against the Earl of Stafford, is highly praised for the wit and ingenuity displayed and worked out in the entire conception. It represents the Earl wrapped in a flowing mantle, in the folds of which there are numerous portraits, both male and female; some of the latter were his well-known mistresses. Another plate of Hollar's, highly commended, is a figure of "Time" carrying Rome, and all her theological trappings, on her back. The piece is headed with these lines:—

"This burden back to Rome I'll beare againe,
From whence it came—there let it still remaine."

A sudden and violent change in national costumes took place in this century. The most absurd and ridiculous fashions prevailed, both in female and male attire. The comic pencils of the day took up the matter, and turned the public laugh on the unbecoming and silly innovations. In this they did good service. About 1650 we have one large print, entitled "The Picture of an English Antick," accompanied by a list of his outrageous habits and apish gestures. Another famous caricature, on the same subject, was called "Mad Fashions—Odd Fashions—all Out of Fashion; or the Emblems of these Distracted Times." This piece is very clever; and the wit is sharp and pungent. A man is depicted whose eyes have left their sockets; his legs are placed where his arms should be, and his arms discharging the unnatural offices of his lower extremities. A horse, standing on his hind legs, drives a cart; fishes swim in the air, and birds in the sea; the candle burns with the flame downwards; and the labourer is wheeled home by his own wheelbarrow.

The body of religious dissenters were roughly handled during the reign of Charles the Second. Many curious pieces of fun and drollery are still extant on this topic. The extreme opinions, strict discipline, and grotesque demeanour of some of the religious parties, laid them peculiarly open to ridicule and banter. The established clergy did not escape. They were hardly dealt with in several pungent representations executed by one Dunn, who lived in Smithfield, and who was punished for his satirical temerity by three months' imprisonment. Little or nothing is known of Dunn's artistic or private life, but from a few scattered hints in rare and forgotten pamphlets. He is described as of loose habits, but possessing a comic genius of no mean order.

During this king's reign public-house signs often owed their origin to the spirit of caricature. A goose striking a gridiron with her foot, was put up at a place called the "Swan and Harp," in ridicule of the musical meetings that were commonly held there. The coins and medals of this age, of a comic cast, are not numerous; but some of them are very humorous and witty.

The quarrel between the famous Dr. Richard Bentley and Dr. Conyers Middleton, was honoured with several amusing caricatures, which attracted considerable attention among literary men. One of these represented Bentley about to be thrust into the brazen bull of Phalaris, and exclaiming, "I had rather be roasted than *Boyled*," alluding to his famous sermons on the lectureship instituted by the well-known Robert Boyle.

The Royal Society was attacked by Butler, in his "Elephant in the Moon;" and there is a

capital caricature on the subject, representing an elephant riding on the lunar orb, with the words encircled round it, "Don't I know all about it?" This piece was designed and engraved by an artist of the name of Greig, who lived in Covent Garden, and who is known as the author of several other comic prints, levelled against the same learned body.

On the accession of Queen Anne, at the beginning of the last century, religious and political parties ran high. This circumstance gave a powerful impetus to caricature. The dominant church party, represented by the zealous and ambitious Sacheverell, was satirised in several large prints. The doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, then powerfully advocated by the Episcopalian dignitaries, were made the subjects of fun and merriment. There are seventeen different comic engravings connected with Sacheverell, his party, and his times

But the great epoch in the history of caricaturing in England at this period, was the "South Sea Bubble." There were several English artists engaged in this affair, but the chief trade was carried on by Dutch artists. We find the eagerness of the London public to get possession of these comic sketches, was beyond all conception. The Dutch merchant, Bruck, had his regular supply of pictures exhibited for sale at his shop near the Exchange. "Yesterday," says an authority, "it was early surrounded by an eager crowd, to buy his wares. It was very amusing to watch the movements of the multitude; how they jolted one another in striving to get served with the precious new batch of caricatures. One man in livery had an arm broken, and was taken, otherwise severely bruised, to the hospital. A woman, with a child in her arms, had a narrow escape from being trodden among feet. Towards the close of the day, Bruck, seeing the demand to be as good as ever, and his stock getting low, raised the price of the prints, which created a violent commotion among the unserved portion of the crowd. Several threats were uttered about breaking his windows, for doing so mean an action. Whether he succeeded in increasing the price of his commodities, we know not with certainty; but the hubbub passed off better than at one time it promised to do. We saw many of the nobility, pressing hard, and got well squeezed in the mob; and two or three notable ladies, known about the purlieus of the court, had their dresses very much soiled and tattered."*

It was in the reign of Queen Anne that we first find caricature applied to electioneering matters. Incorporated with the various designs calculated to throw ridicule and public scorn on bribery and corruption, were a number of mottos, such as "Sell not your country," "Regard justice," "Accept this at present," "Help me, Folly, or my cause is, lost," &c.

Jack Laguere, as he was called, was one of our first caricaturists, both in point of wit and industry, who immediately preceded Hogarth. Laguere was the son of a Frenchman, who came early in life to England, where he resided till his death, which took place in 1721. He, conjointly with Verrio, painted the *escaliers* and *plafonds* at Windsor Castle; hence the line in Pope's "Dunciad"—

"Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguere."

Laguere the younger was a poet, comedian musician, painter, and comic draughtsman, and followed each profession as necessity or circumstances urged him. He was considered one of the greatest humorists in the days of George the First. Jack was a conspicuous character in the palmy times of Bartholomew Fair, and painted for Bullock, the comedian, "The Siege of Troy," which Hogarth afterwards immortalised in one of his admirable prints of this fair. The caricatures of Laguere are now scarce, and eagerly sought after by collectors and connoisseurs.

The wax-works of Mrs. Salmon are entitled to especial notice, both for their intrinsic merit as well as being a sort of school in which Hogarth seems to have first imbibed his notions of comic art. This lady had her establishment in Fleet-street, near Chancery Lane. She displayed her artistic talent in modelling conversational groups of figures of about six inches in height. Some of these groups were characterised by great drollery and humour; and her house was visited by many of the ablest and most witty artists of the day. George the Second, and many of his court, were in the habit of paying her occasional visits. Hogarth tells us, that when an apprentice, he frequently loitered at Old Mother Salmon's, "to take a peep at her humorous productions."

Of Hogarth himself, as a caricaturist, much has been written. It is not correct to style him the father of English caricature. There were many artists before him who displayed great and varied powers of graphic drollery and satire. Neither is he a caricaturist in the common acceptation of the term. His satire and humour dealt in generalities. He embodied abstract conceptions, which will retain an interest during all time. These were incorporated, unquestionably, with much that was personal and local; but the general and abstract greatly preponderated over the transitory and individual. The comic talent of Hogarth was slow in attaining its maturity. His first productions gave but faint hopes of his future celebrity. His "Taste of the Town," "Montraye's Travels," "Apuleius's Golden Ass," "Beaver's Military Punishments," and his "Hudibras," have little that is original in conception, or excellent in execution. But, by a steady and vigorous prosecution of his calling, his genius was gradually developed, and he overtopped all his competitors. From poverty, which he tells us pressed close on his footsteps till he was upwards of thirty years of age, he advanced to comparative opulence. His "Harlot's Progress," in six plates, was finished in 1734, and produced a lively interest throughout the whole country, and even in foreign countries. Then followed his "Sleeping Congregation," "Southwark Fair," "Gin Lane," "Rake's Progress," and many other equally interesting pieces, too numerous to be here particularised. By assiduous labour and consummate talent, he earned a lasting fame. He became the artistic historian and moralist of his country,—and, indeed, of every country. At this hour he remains without a rival. His life is a useful lesson to all future artists. His caricature is chaste, and he seldom oversteps "the modesty of nature." He evinced one great and palpable weakness in his character,—he could not endure graphic satire against himself. After publishing his "Essay" on Beauty, his enemies, of whom he had many, set steadily upon him, and caricatured him in a series of prints, founded on his peculiar theoretical notions of the beautiful. These hit him on a tender spot. He took the matter so seriously to heart, that he is said to have died of complete grief and mortification, in 1762. The history of comic and satirical art, both ancient and modern, can furnish similar instances of weakness and irritability of temper.

* "News of the Month." London.

A VISIT WITH WORKMEN TO THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

By George Jackson.

Nay! nay! my good friends, not quite so fast, if you please; the place is not so empty as your first impressions may lead you to suppose. I perfectly agree with you that had the example of the Crystal Palace of 1851 been borne in mind this apparent vacuity would not have happened. The silk trophy; the Belgian statue of the Queen, in zinc; Kiss's fine group of "The Amazon," Bell's "Eagle Slayer," and the crystal fountain, told powerfully on the public eye, and left indelible impressions on the memory—a point never to be lost sight of in arrangements of this character. In the present instance, novelty, not imitation, was the object; guided perhaps by the desire for distinctive character, and to make all things subservient to the high ends proposed. Noble as the attempt may be to rescue the national character from the sneers which point to our want of love for and patronage of art, still success must depend upon the effect produced on the masses of society. This is what I wish you fully to understand; and therefore do not let us quarrel with the rare feast provided for our mental enjoyment if we happen to dislike one of the side dishes.

Now turn round and look under that dingy green canopy at the "Emperor's Vase," presented to Prince Albert as a memento of the Great Exhibition of 1851. Think not of by-gone ages now, but of events within the memory of some amongst us. They cannot fail to create a feeling of delight by the strong contrast presented between the old times of war and the pleasurable sensations which must arise in our minds on viewing such a proof of the cordial amity of two great nations. It augurs well for the progress of humanity and the social enjoyment of all.

Behind and around the vase are specimens of furniture, &c., which take us back to the ages of feudal law and baronial serfdom, points we shall not stop to discuss, but rather direct your attention to those large oaken and plate glass cases, right and left of the central aisle, which contain some of the wonders of those "good old times"—let us see how far this appellation is applicable.

You are right; they might well be taken as "the clearing out of some old broker's shop, or the lumber attics of an ancient castle." The first glance gives proof of the advances made at the present day. Look at the fine sheets of glass placed in the frames to keep the dust off specimens which they put to shame. They are clear and brilliant as a crystal, and they do not disguise or alter the impure and bad-coloured metal of which the inner specimens are made.

Here let me remark upon the folly of some people, who would have us go back to these works and those of a similar class, and take them as our models; limited in size and quaint in form, they are ill adapted to our social requirements, their chief beauty consisting in the amount of labour spent upon concealing the defects of the material. Many of you possess specimens which in those days would have fetched a fortune; for then, as now, there existed a class of people who took pride in owning articles rare or unique in character, irrespective of any legitimate beauty. It is said that Nero gave a sum equivalent to 2,000 guineas of our money for a specimen of crystal glass. One thing you must note particularly—the method of

introducing colours in a variety of ways. The most beautiful are those with the fine and delicate milk-white threads, introduced with such beauty of arrangement and truth of figure, into the body of the object. The engraving and etching, and what they call sculpture, on some of them are very fine—good in design and execution. Bear this in mind, for I shall have to point out a wide difference between this and the potter's art, as practised at the same periods of time.

You must now let me say a word or two on the history of this manufacture, which is very interesting. I was reading lately—in an old book, written originally in French, by Mons. H. Blancourt, and translated and published in London, 1696, kindly lent me by Mr. Edmondson—the history of the discovery of the art of glass-making. It runs thus: "The author of the Essays of the Wonders of Nature tell us that the limon of lac cendevia, which is found at the foot of Mount Carmel, was the first matter wherewith glass was made. That some mariners being about to make a trevet for a kettle, went ashore in a place where they found this lac, that they took some of the sand, and mixed it with nitre, wherewith their ship was laden, and that making a fire under the kettle, they saw a noble stream as it were of running crystal, or melted jewels, whence they learned to make glass of those two matters, since which time (says he) they have also mixed loadstone, seeing that will attract glass as well as iron."

You may well smile at such a legend. Yet this is told with a serious face by one of the most learned practitioners of the art at that time.

Another curious tale: "That in the time of the Emperor Tiberius, who reigned in the time of our Saviour, a certain person, but anonymous, an architect by his profession, having by an admirable piece of skill, set upright again in the city of Rome, a great portico that leaned to one side, and made the foundation firm and immoveable; Tiberius paid him, and banished him the city, forbidding him to return. In the meantime this person had found out the means to make glass malleable, and came again to Rome, and presented one of these glasses to the emperor, who, being angry with him for returning without his leave, flung the glass against the ground, which only bruised it; that this workman taking it up again, immediately mended it with a hammer upon a little anvil he had brought on purpose, expecting for it the emperor's pardon; but it happened quite contrary; for the prince asked him if there were any other that knew the secret; he answering no, the emperor immediately caused his head to be cut off on the spot, for fear the knowledge of this secret should come to be propagated to posterity, and that gold on that account should come to be no more valued than dirt, and consequently all other metals lose their esteem and value. In short, glass would be more valuable than gold, if it were malleable, by reason of its transparency."



Another account of similar interest is: "In the reign of King Louis the Just, a certain learned man having found out the same secret, made a present of a certain very fine image to Cardinal Richelieu, the then great patron of learning, which that great minister going to take into his hand, the better to contemplate its composure, the gentleman who presented it let it fall on purpose, whereupon Richelieu seemed displeased; but the gentleman having taken it up again, mended everything that had been hurt in the fall, with that art that it appeared as if it had not been at

all bruised; which very much surprised that learned minister, as being ignorant of the reason; but the politic reasons which it is believed he entertained from the consideration of the consequencos of that secret, made him commit the author of it to prison. Thus the fortune he hoped to make by that important artifice, ended in perpetual imprisonment."

Certainly, in those days, art-workmen occupied a different position in public estimation to what they now enjoy; knowledge was limited to a few, and it was thought an honour for men of title to obtain the privelege of working in this material. The Venetians, who carried the art to the greatest perfection, made many of their workmen citizens on that account alone, thus opening to them the highest official positions, whilst masters in the art were looked upon as little inferior in dignity to the greatest nobles, and were granted peculiar privileges.

In the 16th and 17th centuries, Venice was the seat of the principal glass manufactory in Europe, where every conceivable variety for use and ornament was produced (so says the catalogue); but I wish you to understand that this dainty material was as yet accessible to a small fraction of society, and could only be displayed on the tables of the honoured or the wealthy. This I shall illustrate by-and-by. Let us go on with the history.

Early in the 18th century, the Bohemians became noted, and the cut glass of that country caught fashion's variable fancy. When was there an age in which this despot, Fashion, did not exercise an all-powerful influence over the judgment of the human family? And how happily this is arranged, so that accumulated treasures may be dispersed and all men may live.

And now the art gradually declined, and the privileges of glass-makers were by degrees withdrawn. The decay of the Venetian Republic, and its destruction by the French at the close of the past century, put an end to the glory of the Venetian glass trade, since which time it has retrograded to the production of mere beads and ornaments.

The Venetian glass is most celebrated for its latticinio, or as it is called, of milk-white thread-work; its enamel colours and gilding; its mosaic, dark-mottled of many colours, fused and blended, which, when held up to the light, shows a deep ruby colour.

I need not weary you with any further account of the history, but come at once to our own position in reference to this art at the present time; but before taking a glance at our mistaken policy in checking an early development of our native industry by fiscal regulations, in which we shall discover as much folly to have been exercised as in any era of the progress of this useful art, you had better take a stroll, and I will meet you again shortly.



"LE SOLEIL D'AUTOMNE."—PAUL BRILL.

PAUL BRILL.

By. H. Merritt.

Some eminent critics have recently assailed the reputations of certain venerated old landscape painters with much severity. Claude Lorraine, Gaspar Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, have each in turn been brought to the bar of public criticism and condemned. It is alleged that the world-wide fame of these painters had been kept up by the force of habit—that successive generations, out of indolence, have taken it for granted that they were great painters. It is now discovered that Salvator Rosa dashed in his rocks without the fear of the geologist before his eyes; that the "gentle Claude" painted without much knowing what he was about. He saw certain very delightful effects in nature; and copied them pretty closely, but he often betrayed great ignorance of artistic qualities, which happened to be undiscovered at the period in which he lived. Gaspar Poussin's trees are found to be conventional. The leaves do not depend from the twigs properly. He is, moreover, too black in his shadows, and on the whole exceedingly culpable. Yet, notwithstanding these recent objections urged against the three favourites of the last two centuries, people continue perversely to take pleasure in

> "Whate'er Lorraine light-touched with softening hue,
> Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew."

For our part, we always feel happy in the presence of a Claude. The wild glen and robber-haunted pass of Salvator fills us with less agreeable emotions. With respect to Gaspar, he does not strike us with terror nor soothe us into that state of happy forgetfulness we experience in looking at Lorraine; the effect of Gaspar's expansive scenes, with their clear blue skies and fleecy clouds, tend rather to arouse the reflective mind to a keen and healthful enjoyment of life. Doubtless the moderns have improved in some important respects upon those elder landscape painters. The wide world has been opened to our artists; and wherever the foot of the traveller has penetrated, there the painter has followed with his pencil. Mighty rivers and trackless continents have been explored, and rolled up, as it were, in interminable panoramas. The mountain, crowned with everlasting snows, has been measured and modelled. Mont Blanc, in its sublimity, is now shown and explained for a shilling; and laudable attempts have even been made to reduce the great globe itself to a convenient scale. These exhibitions of mechanical genius, no less than the annual exhibitions of modern pictures, make one thing apparent—to wit, that facilities of travelling and extended civilisation have opened up a wider field, and increased the materials for the exercise of the pencil a thousandfold.

Paul Brill, the subject of this article (who flourished between 1556 and 1626), might be considered the Turner of his day. Of humble origin, we find him in Antwerp getting a precarious

livelihood by painting small pictures on musical instruments. It was the wish of his parents that he should remain with them in the city of Antwerp; but, as we see every day in life the lovely and affectionate leaving father, mother, home, and friends, to follow the fortunes of husbands of whom they know comparatively little, so Paul Brill, urged onward by some impulse hardly less potent than love itself, must needs leave his native city. Antwerp is not large enough to contain him. He wants more breathing room. More, there is a secret in the case. He has a brother, Matthew, beyond the Alps, who, as an artist, is making a name. If he could but get to Rome, what might he not accomplish! A mere mechanic in his native place, without honour and without means, he might get both but for those huge mountains which separate him from "Matthew." He cannot rest. His friends want him to remain. They would rather he subsisted in an obscurity (they do not feel) than that he should risk his precious life in a perilous journey to Italy. But in spite of parental misgiving and remonstrance, the brothers Brill at length met. Paul secretly left Antwerp in about his twentieth year. It is said that he found some employment in Lyons before crossing the Alps. Of this we know little, but it is certain that he eventually arrived at the Eternal City, and took rank as an assistant under Matthew Brill, in carrying out some important commissions in the Vatican. Poor Paul had travelled all the way on foot. We can fancy the delight he experienced on finding his relative in the receipt of wealth and honours. His struggles over, weary and footsore, he found at once a home, friends, and employment. Nor was the young wanderer unwelcome to that elder brother, toiling lonely and wearily in the Vatican. The youthful artist brought with him heart and hope, and a folio of sketches fresh from the forests and mountains over which he had passed. He had often lingered by the way to jot down the strange forms of rugged rock and frowning castle as they burst upon his sight. Often had he been necessitated to part with his sketches for the bread which sustained him in his wanderings; but in the storehouse of his mind he had treasured up impressions of the picturesque scenery through which he had passed—impressions vivid and faithful as only young and ardent natures are able to receive and cherish. The dream of his youth is fulfilled! Paul and Matthew work side by side. He has pensions, distinctions, and ample scope for display. Popes and cardinals are his patrons and admirers. He can afford to linger over the miniature landscape until he has defined and elaborated each leaf and blade of grass, as it were, and presented on a few square inches of panel a whole realm of mountain, flood, and valley. In the larger works with which he decorated the halls and staircases of his princely patrons he manifested the utmost daring. Placing the dense forest of gnarled oaks and black towering pines at his foot, his eye wandered forth over plain, lake, and valley, and ascending the Alps, passed upward to the eternal snows. His mountain sides are clothed in the richest verdure, here and there dark in the sombre shadow of the frowning promontory, or resplendent with the light of the morning. Sometimes he grows romantic, and carries us to dark caverns and hoary ruins, where the tired pilgrim reposes, lulled in his slumbers by the notes of the shepherd's pipe, whose goats browse among the grass, plants, and flowering shrubs which thrive amid the rocks and stones that lie scattered about in wild disorder on the brink of the roaring cataract. But whether we have cavern, ruin, or giant oak, entangled by a mass of creeping parasites, there is that never-to-be-forgotten burst of Alpine scenery for the distance. Those Alps which inspired the wandering boy continued in their grandeur the favourite theme of the old man's pencil.

As Le Clerc, the eminent engraver and designer, could group an army of twenty thousand men in admirable order on a few inches of copper, so Paul Brill, with equal tact in composition, would transcribe on to a small piece of canvas thirty miles of picturesque country, without confusion in any part. He understood and appreciated those subtle and varied colours which extremely remote objects present, as they are more or less influenced by what Gilpin calls the "ether-tinge." He blended his air-tints with so much care and delicacy that a few specks of light will often indicate the far-off island, with its haven, shipping, and forts. His distances are commonly of a bluish cast (to which critics have never been wholly reconciled), approximating to green, more or less tender as they approach the eye of the observer. Sometimes he loved to linger among vine-clad hills, and then the purple hue takes the place of the cool, green glades of less cultivated scenes. There is to our mind something very beautiful in the career of Paul Brill, for ever dwelling as it were apart from the world, yearning after the beauties and sublimities of nature,—for ever watching with loving eye the changeful hues of those vast silent realms of forest and mountain. He might be termed the founder of the school of landscape painters in Italy. He was not directly the instructor of Claude Lorraine; but it is not difficult to trace his influence in the formation of that master's hand. Matthew Brill introduced to the *élite* of Roman society the elegant taste of embellishing the walls of their palaces with landscapes; but Paul perfected what his brother, in a poor crude way, merely initiated. Paul not only won the favour of the nobles and dignitaries of the church, the leading artists of the day also gathered around him, no less fascinated by the magic of his pencil. Annibale Carracci himself laboured to embellish the classic scenes of the Fleming with appropriate groups from Grecian mythology or scripture history, so that among the many charms which distinguish the works of Paul Brill, we must not overlook the well-proportioned figures which sometimes enliven their foregrounds. These are often confined to lonely travellers journeying on mules up rocky ways, or to shepherds tending sheep and goats on sunny hill-sides, and are chiefly by Brill's own hand; but, in more important instances, the figures dispute for supremacy with the landscape itself. Thus, in one picture, Diana and her train rivet the attention

MORLAND'S RURAL TASTE.

To Londoners, and one so dissipated as Morland, it is next to a wonder that images of country simplicity and rustic modesty should have presented themselves: he was, when very young, made intimate with much of the folly and vice of the town; he assumed the dress of the fop, and copied the manners of the man of pleasure, and in all, save his paintings, was artificial and affected. The moment he took up the pencil, folly resigned her rule and nature reigned in her stead: his mind wandered from the wine-vaults and the gin-shops to homely cottages, barn-yards, calf-cribs, and piggeries; he forgot the hungry creditor, the griping pawnbroker, and the drouthy companion, and saw but a horde of gypsies bivouacked with their motley tents, tawny children, and tethered asses.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

The attendance on Monday, August 24, was very large, and the great heat of the weather being considered, the interior of the Palace was even cooler than might have been anticipated. Amongst the visitors were the Earl of Westmoreland and party; Colonel Taylor, M.P.; and M. Cor van der Maeren, of Brussels. There were nine special trains to the Exhibition Station, as follows:—From Sheffield, two—one of 31 and the other of 32 well-filled carriages, the workpeople of Messrs. Brown being amongst the excursionists; Liverpool (Marcus's); Shipley, Bury, &c. (East Lancashire Company), a very good train; Leeds, Halifax, Wakefield, &c. (Lancashire and Yorkshire Company); the Potteries and Macclesfield, very heavy; Birmingham and Crewe (Marcus's), good; Shrewsbury, Wellington, &c. (Holston's), fair; Leeds and Huddersfield (London and North-Western Company). The ordinary traffic to the Exhibition on the Birkenhead, Lancashire and Cheshire Junction line was more than usually heavy. One party of excursionists, numbering nearly 300, consisted of the present and former pupils of the New Brighton College, and their friends; they being accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Pozzi, the principal of the college, and several of the masters.

Among the visitors to the Exhibition on Tuesday were the Earl of Westmoreland, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Katherine Egerton, Lord Claude Hamilton, and the Hon. W. K. Cavendish, M.P. There were no special trains, and as a natural consequence, the attendance was not above an average one.

The attendance at the Exhibition on Wednesday showed a somewhat remarkable coincidence with that at the same hours on the preceding Wednesday. Amongst the visitors were the Lord Justice-General of Scotland, and Sir George Armytage, Bart. Special trains brought visitors from Derby, Macclesfield, Sheffield, and Leeds.

On Thursday the attendance was about on an average, as compared with the few previous Thursdays. Sir George Armytage was again present, and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the celebrated Nonconformist minister, of London. The orchestral performances included Mozart's andante in A flat; the schorzo from C minor symphony, by Gade; the nocturne from "Midsummer Night's Dream;" the coronation march from "Le Prophète;" aud several overtures. The following very gratifying resolution has been forwarded from Preston to the executive committee, it having been adopted at a meeting of the workpeople of Messrs. Horrockses, Miller, and Co., who recently visited the Exhibition:—

That this meeting hereby expresses its acknowledgments and thankfulness to J. Deane, Esq., and the directors of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, for the kind and considerate spirit manifested by them in the terms on which they allowed the workpeople of Messrs. Horrockses, Miller, and Co. to visit the Exhibition; and also for the general arrangements by which the success of that visit was so greatly promoted.—Signed on behalf of the committee,

ANDREW ROBINSON, Chairman.
HENRY BRADLEY, Secretary.

John Bright, Esq., M.P., and Mrs. Bright, visited the Exhibition on Friday, and were conducted through the building by Mr. Ashton, one of the executive committee, and Mr. J. C. Deane, general commissioner. Mr. Bright reached the Exhibition about nine o'clock, and inspected the contents before the bustle and excitement of the day commenced. Amongst those present after the doors were opened to the general public were Sir Benjamin and Lady Heywood, George Combe, Esq., of Edinburgh, and Mrs. Combe (daughter of Mrs. Siddons); Charles Knight, Esq., and John Churchill, Esq., the eminent publishers; Dr. Priestley and Mrs. Priestley, and Miss Anna Blackwell.

There was a considerable falling off in the attendance on Saturday as compared with the admissions on the previous Saturday. The harsh east wind which prevailed during the day, and the threatening clouds, had clearly a considerable effect upon the returns, for the diminution was apparent both in the shilling and sixpenny admissions. Other influences which operated unfavourably were the cheap trip to Alderley Park, and the circumstance that but few special trains ran to the Palace. The Speaker of the House of Commons visited the building at an early hour, and was accompanied through each department by Mr. J. C. Deane, the chief commissioner. The right hon. gentleman left Manchester for Scotland, for occupations doubtless more agreeable than those in which he has been engaged during the past few months. There were amongst the visitors on Saturday, Keith Barnes, Esq., of London, a very liberal contributor; and George Grove, Esq., secretary to the Sydenham Crystal Palace Company. About three o'clock, a special train arrived from the Oxford Road station, bringing about 700 hands engaged at the Oxford Road Twist Mill. The admissions during the week were as follows:

	One Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Aug. 24.....	11,312	.....	615	11,927
,, 25.....	6,265	.....	733	6,998
,, 26.....	10,079	.....	1,309	11,388
,, 27.....	...	3,490	3,077	6,567
,, 28.....	5,399	.....	907	6,306
,, 29.....	2,195 At 6d. 7,901	.....	882	10,078

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter VIII.

THE CONNOISSEUR MEETS WITH THE SIGNORINA, AND FINDS MOTIVES FOR STUDYING THE "CLASSICS."

Not long after my interview with the ambitious porter at the lodge gate, I chanced to stroll into the park, pondering by the way on the state of my finances, which had become critical in the extreme, when I accidentally came upon a gay group assembled near the ornamental water, and at once recognised the youth whom I had known as the Signorina's lover, sitting conspicuously among the party, beside a wealthy heiress, the daughter of a tradesman in the city. My thoughts at once reverted to the Italian girl. I was surprised not to find her one of the party. A blush passed over the face of the youth as his glance met mine, and on that instant it occurred to me that there was something meant by that expression of shame. Suddenly my theme was changed, and all my old thoughts of the Signorina returned, so that her image haunted me henceforth. Had he forsaken her? Had her poverty chilled his ardour? The breaking up of the old carver's establishment had proved as fatal to the Signor as to myself. I could not account for the absence of the daughter, nor reconcile what I saw. Hitherto it had been some consolation to me to believe that at least the Signorina was beloved by one who had the means to protect her from the cares of poverty. I had lost sight of her since my master's death, but had not forgotten—that were impossible—the bright vision of the garden, and the roses I had plucked from my window on that eventful sunny morning in autumn. I resolved that I would not sleep until I had satisfied myself of the fate of the Italian maiden.

In almost every city in England there is some one particular house where foreigners specially congregate. The poorer sort of Italians, Germans, and Hebrews will favour some one tavern, where they can meet, transact business, cook their humble meals, and, after a day of toil, rest themselves in peace. When once a lodging-house of this sort is established, it becomes known in every part of Europe, and is sure of success. Economy, strict economy, must be the order of an establishment where pedlars and wandering Jews are the chief patrons. Mrs. Mitchel's was a house of this kind; and she being a woman of feeling and of honour, was much respected by the Babylonish throng which nightly assembled in her large dingy parlour. Weary and worn long-bearded men came in at dusk. Among others, there was "Old Jacobs," who dealt in precious stones, spectacles, and black-lead pencils. He had used the house for half a century. Then there was "Lame Lazarus," who bought paintings and carvings; and I particularly call to mind a venerable widow Jewess. In fact, the majority were poor-*looking* Hebrews, who dealt in every conceivable commodity. Added to this class were some Italians, who made plaster figures. These last were more settled in their habits, and would live for many years in the same rooms. When a child I lived near to this "house of call," and remember that the long beards and haggard faces of some of the patriarchal wanderers created no small alarm in the juvenile ranks of the locality; but when I saw that they were gentle and harmless, I was filled with respectful curiosity, and would stand and watch them prepare their fish at the cistern near the stable up the court, or as they passed to and fro in the dim light of the evening, more like denizens of another world than inhabitants of this. My career had all along been more or less associated with this dirty old tavern. M. Dalby had once or twice sent me there for casts, and the old carver had kept up a constant connection with the dealers who called there periodically with their relics of the past. And yet, out of a population of thirty thousand, (excepting the police) perhaps not five hundred of the inhabitants had seen or heard of the dingy "house of call" in its retired no-thoroughfare I went instinctively to this comfortless habitation in search of Albano and his daughter. Long known to the respected landlady, I boldly walked into her little bar and inquired if the Albanos were at home, assuming that they lived there, for fear of denial.

"One moment ago," replied the landlady, "the poor girl Matta was seated beside me here in this little room. The Signor, as usual, is gambling with old Campiani, his countryman, upstairs. Sometimes he wins, and sometimes he loses; luck has gone against him lately. He works for Campiani in the modelling line; but it happens pretty frequently that he has played away all the money before his model is finished, and so he goes on. It's a sad life for a young girl to lead!"

"What does the Signorina all the time?"

"Works like a slave, cleaning moulds and scraping off the seams of the plaster figures after they are cast. I saw her fingers were bleeding to-night, as she sat in that chair in which you are now sitting, with constant handling of the files, glass-paper, and Dutch rush, as they call it. She does bronzing occasionally, but the verdigris is too powerful for her. I knew her mother. Just such another beauty as little Matta. She died in my own arms, poor soul. Well, you see, I'm a sort of mother to these people. They keep me poor. Very few of them pay up. They would if they could; but, I tell you, if it was not for the little Matta, the Signor would very soon budge from the 'Brown Bear,' that he would."

"Could I speak with the Signorina one moment?"

"Certainly! You are a great favourite."

"How came you to think so?"

"She told me so. Do you know that picture?"

True enough, there was my very poor imitation of Van Aelst.

"She prizes that picture," continued the landlady, "above all things. That's why it's in my place. She did not say as much, but I know she feels that it is safer here than in her own room. You know what I mean. The Signor will play away the coat off his back when the fit is on. When did you see Matta last?"

"I have not seen her for months. I thought she was to be married to the son of the rich mercer on the mount?"

"Ah, the villain! The moment he found she was poor he left her; and he was not content with that, but must needs insult her on account of her father's faults. But that gave her small concern, and I know why. She had never absolutely promised her heart to the pitiful fellow, and for very good reasons. Perhaps she was wrong in so far that she did not absolutely discourage him."

"Did she love another?"

"Do you love Matta yourself? Come, answer me that."

"That is certainly a question for other ears," I answered, blushing at being thus abruptly interrogated; but Mrs. Mitchel was too much the mother of her guests to stand on ceremony.

"Would you reject her because she is poor, or because her father is not what we could wish him?"

"I certainly should love her a thousand times more for her troubles."

"Come along. You shall see her, and tell her so. But stop; you are so great a stranger, I will just see her myself first, and ask permission, for she is a fiery little creature, and might be offended with us both."

So saying, the kind-hearted woman disappeared along a dark passage, whither my eyes followed her, and a door opening displayed a lighted room hung about with casts, and there in the midst stood the charming Matta, wan and motionless as the figure of Diana on which she was at work. Disregarding the good landlady's precautionary measures, in an instant I stood by the side of the beautiful girl. We said but little, but that little was enough to satisfy Madame Mitchel that her "two favourites" had been too long parted.

From that hour I became devoted to the "classics," of which old Campiani had an endless assortment. I spent my evenings assisting Matta with her work; in other words, I did Matta's work, which to me was nothing difficult, having a good knowledge of modelling, moulding, and casting. The Signor was delighted beyond measure with me; so much so that he actually began to reform apace, and became more attached to his profession. In one respect I had formed an unfair estimate of his worth. He was a much greater artist than the old carver had been willing to allow. His statuettes had an elegance quite rare, and I derived great improvement from the critical reflections in which the Signor frequently indulged upon various sculptors, ancient and modern. Campiani's stock included many casts from original antique fragments, which happened to be fine early impressions, and thus, for the purposes of illustration, were hardly inferior to the sculptures from which they were taken. In this respect sculpture has the advantage over painting. The most delicate chisel-work can be moulded and cast, and so multiplied; while, on the contrary, the finest copy of a masterpiece in paint can never approximate very closely to the spirit of the original. The copy will be more or less tame, in consequence of the servile nature of the process of copying. Even copies by the greatest masters, those which are remarkable for freedom of handling—such, for instance, as those Rubens made in his travels in Italy—may be easily detected. Copies by Rubens may be known by their forced freedom, amounting to caricature, and are hardly to be preferred to more laboured imitations by inferior hands. Sitting among our remains of the Athenian chisel, the Signor, in his happier moments, would quietly insist upon the superiority of the ancients over the moderns, and point out with his modelling stick the precise features in which that superiority consisted. Raphael in design came nearest, he would say, to the highest examples of the Athenian sculptors; but that even Raphael wanted the fair proportions, unaffected energy, and elegant contour of the more ancient masters. He cited, in support of this assertion, the fragment of the frieze from the Parthenon, and the remains of a Venus. In the frieze, and more especially in the contours of the horses, the sculptor "had strictly adhered to nature in her finest forms." In their mutilated state even, it was possible to trace the most accurate knowledge of anatomy. The attitudes were never constrained; while the details—the

flesh, veins, and integuments—were indicated with the nicest discrimination. Nothing in the works of the Italian school, he persisted in saying, came near in loveliness to "Niobe's lovely Daughter." This was going far, when we reflect upon the womanly graces of the Madonnas of Raphael Urbino; and "it is certain," the Signor would further insist, "that the Belvedere Apollo,

'As in graceful act he stands,
His arm uplifted with the extended bow,'

reigns supreme over all."

It seldom happens that men commence life with the design of becoming connoisseurs. Men of fortune, in most cases, come to be possessed of pictures and sculptures through accidental circumstances; and it is an equally contingent circumstance if they happen to understand or care anything about them. The wealthy collector associates with men of his own class, who, like himself, are the fortunate owners of works of genius; and thus, by degrees, he obtains a smattering of art-knowledge, so as to be able to enjoy the wonders of the pencil which adorn the walls of his mansion. But a very much closer acquaintance with the *modus operandi* of the artist is essential when the purchase of pictures and statues is in contemplation; and if the man of wealth would hope to succeed in his fine art speculations, he would do well to frequent the studios of the best painters and sculptors. One reason why the great painters and sculptors of old were great, was in consequence of the close intimacy which existed between the artist and his patrons, as in the case of Lorenzo de Medici, who set the example of making his palace at once a school of learning and a school of arts. Painters, sculptors, and men of genius were in fact "the court" there. It was the same with the ancients. "The statuaries of Greece," as Daniel Webb observes, "were not mere mechanics. Men of education and literature, they were more the companions than servants of their employers; their taste was refined by the conversation of courts, and enlarged by the lectures of their poets." In the present day such happy unions rarely exist. The artist's life is commonly one long struggle. He is worn out before the friendly hand is held out to him. It is owing to the paucity of real connoisseurs that he dissipates his genius and his strength on unworthy but indispensable speculations. He who would live to study must study to live, and this necessity is fatal to the experimental discursiveness of genius, which requires opulence of opportunity. Some have asserted that "we are all born judges of art;" but I should say that, so far from this being true, there are, on the contrary, thousands of people whom no opportunities will make judges of art. They may see all the galleries in the world, and visit every studio, and never rise beyond the point of being "well informed." Yes, the gift of connoisseurship no less requires opportunity of cultivation, leisure, experience, and devotion; hence the closer union between the patron and the artist would be to the interest of both.

(To be continued.)



INKSTANDS.

Inkstands in the 16th century were, strictly speaking, pieces of decorative furniture, and articles of luxury rather than of common use, considering how great an accomplishment it was esteemed in those days to be able to write at all.

It was not until the revival of art according to the classical models, that these large ornamental inkstands were introduced, and then great expense and ingenious workmanship were lavished upon them. Our best and earliest specimens are from Italy, and the first efforts were most probably in bronze. There are several bronze inkstands in Case H, exhibited by Lord de Tabley and A. W. Arnold, Esq.; and also in the Soulages Collection. We have selected a very elegant example, belonging to I. K. Brunel, Esq., which we will now describe, and an engraving of it is here given. It is in the form of a classical urn, standing on three claws, with masks, eagles' heads and wings above, and scrolls between. On the cover is a figure of Cupid seated. The inkstand rests on a triangular pedestal, on the upper surface of which is a triple division; the sides are ornamented with scrolls and arabesques, with consoles and masks at the angles. It is bronze, of the 16th century. The upper part of this bears some resemblance in form to the well-known "Petrarch's Inkstand," being also appropriately surmounted by a Cupid. Sonnets have been written on the latter, believing it to be the identical one from which Petrarch penned his odes to the far-famed Laura; but, however cruel it may appear to dispel the pleasing illusion, we must, in a true antiquarian spirit, pronounce it to be certainly not earlier than the 16th century, whereas the refined passion of Petrarch for his beautiful Laura, so enchantingly breathed forth in his sonnets, caused him to be crowned with laurel as Poet Laureate in the middle of the 14th.

There are two elegant specimens of Italian work, of rich gold damascened patterns on steel—the one an inkstand contributed by Mr. Stedman, said formerly to have belonged to Cromwell, Wolsey's secretary, in Wall Case S; and a case of instruments, beautifully incrusted with gold, from Mr. Drake, F.S.A., in Case F.

A great number of inkstands were made of the Majolica ware in the 16th and 17th centuries. There is an important piece belonging to Mr. Brunel, in Case E, of three stages, decorated with mermaids, dolphins, &c.; and on the top Orpheus is represented charming the animals.

There are also several of the same utensils in the painted enamel of Limoges.

Previous to the period of which we have been speaking, the *penner*, a long case containing writing materials, and the inkhorn, to hold the ink, were usually carried at the girdle by the monks, clerks, and scribes. In Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations," a *penner* of *cuir bouilli* is engraved, assigned by tradition to Henry the Sixth, left by him at Waddington Hall, after the battle of Towton. It bears the lion of England, and the full-blown rose, crowned. In the inventory of the goods of Henry the Fifth (Rot. Parl. No. 15, m. 13), is mentioned "*un penner et ynkhorn d'argent dorrez;*" and many other quotations might be added.

Whilst speaking of the scholars' insignia, we may point out an implement used from a very early period (long, indeed, before the invention of printing), for the purpose of teaching the young idea the rudiments of his mother tongue. In Wall Case A is a horn-book, with a silver frame and handle of the time (16th century), containing the alphabet, vowels, and the Lord's Prayer, in Old English, or black letter, protected by a piece of transparent horn; the case was usually made of baser metal, or wood, and sold at a very cheap rate. In Peacham's "Worth of a Penny" (*temp.* Charles the First), it says, "For a penny you may buy the hardest book in the world, and which, at some time or other, hath posed the greatest clerks in the land, viz., an horn-book, the making up of which imployeth above thirty trades." Contributed by Admiral Sir H. Shiffner.

C.

SCULPTURE.

"PAUL AND VIRGINIA."



We should almost begin to doubt the intelligence and good taste of our readers if we suspected for a moment that any one of them had neglected to take to heart and memory the beautiful story of Paul and Virginia. Next to our own Goldsmith stands Bernardin St. Pierre in a style of writing which, we regret to say, excites little emulation in the present age. Simplicity is the leading feature of Paul and Virginia;—a simple detail of what many may consider a very commonplace romance. But read arightly, and how powerful is the appeal to the better side of our nature! How much sympathy it excites for what is good and true; how we learn to look with abhorrence upon what is false and oppressive! St. Pierre has been the source of inspiration in the present instance to W. Calder Marshall. Paul is carrying Virginia over the river on their return from that gracious mission on behalf of the runaway negress. They are bewildered and weary on their long journey, and arriving at a restless river begin to fear that further progress in that direction is arrested. "The noise of the waters alarmed Virginia, and she was afraid to wade through them"—but Paul took her up—not in his arms, as judiciously represented by the sculptor—and passed "over the slippery rocks which formed the bed of the river, regardless of the tumult of the waters." "Do not be afraid," he cried; "I feel very strong with you." Paul truly loved Virginia,—his sincerity gave him strength. He could have walked up the mountain side with so dear a burthen and thought it light as gossamer, even had he died in putting her feet again upon the heather. The model is one of considerable beauty, more particularly as regards expression. With the arrangement of the group, perhaps, some fault may be conscientiously found. It wants breadth of base to overcome that weight which preponderates above in the gathering of Virginia's figure on the shoulders of her companion. Paul, independent of his beautiful load-of-love, is a very graceful composition; and there is something very touching in the clinging attitude of Virginia,—but we must admit that the combination appears in our judgment less successful than the individual figures. We should be glad to see the English sculptor turn from heathen mythology to themes of a more genial character, wherein our Christian sympathies will find nobler means of development. Why cannot our hewers of marble imitate the fast improving tastes of our modern glowing canvasses—glowing not with brilliant colours only, but with sentiment,—with thought, feeling, fancy, imagination, gathered from scenes familiar to the eye and ear of a present age? The group will be found in the centre aisle of the Art-Treasures Exhibition, No. 25.

A SCULPTOR'S MIND.

Nollekens had the merit of being a sincere man—whom he loved he praised—whom he disliked he abused; and as he did with men so did he with works of art. He expressed no pleasure in looking at the Madness and Melancholy of Cibber—statues which threw Roubiliac into raptures;—yet whenever he saw a work which he liked, he cried out, "Mighty fine—mighty fine—he's a clever fellow who has done this, and I must go and tell him so." For those whom he disliked he had no courteous mode of escaping collision—it was thus he handled Walcot. The poet—a robust, upright personage—accosted the puny sculptor one evening as he stood at the door of his studio with "Why, Nollekens, you never speak to me now—what is the reason?" "The reason," said the artist," is, that you have published such lies of the King, and have had the impudence to send them to me; but Mrs. Nollekens burnt them. I desire you'll send no more—the Royal Family are very good to me, and are great friends to all artists, and I don't like to hear anyone say anything against them." Wolcot smiled, laid his cane on the sculptor's shoulders and exclaimed, "Well said, *little Nolly*—I like the man who sticks to his friend; you shall make a bust of me for that." "I'll see you d—d first," replied Nollekens fiercely; "and I'll tell you besides, no man in the Academy but Opie would have painted your picture—you richly deserved the broken head you got from Gifford—so now you know my mind." He left the doctor standing at the door, shut it, bolted it, and so ended the colloquy.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Sculptors.*

ADVICE.

It is pleasing to give advice, since it implies superiority; and it is wonderful with what self-complacency a dull old man will lecture a fiery youth on plans of study and habits of thought, in which he himself could never have shared.

A PICTURE.

Among all the interesting objects which Chandler has seen in his travels, there is none, except the Parthenon, which I so much wish to see as the stupendous ruins of the Temple of Apollo, at Ura, near Miletus, the description of which has perfectly transported me. Chandler saw them towards evening, when a herd of goats had spread themselves over the majestic relics, climbing among blocks of marble and massy pillars, while the whole was illumined with the richest tints of the setting sun, and the still sea glittered in the offing.—*Matthison's Letters.*

HOPPNER, THE PAINTER.

Those who merely consider Hoppner as a limner of men and women's heads, who dashed them off at a few sittings, pocketed the price, replenished his palette, and prepared himself for any new comer, do his memory injustice. He was a fine, free-spirited, manly fellow, overflowing with wit and humour, inconsiderate in speech, open-hearted, and as well acquainted with the poetry and history of his native country as the most gifted of her sons. The fame of his conversational powers survived among his companions. He was considered one of the best informed painters of his time; and in the company of the learned, not less than among the gay and the noble of that day, he was easy and unembarrassed. Amongst his brethren of the easel he was still more at home, and made himself welcome by his ready wit and various knowledge. It was sometimes his pleasure, in the midst of a serious discussion, to start aside into the whimsical or the humorous; and, in the midst of boisterous mirth, he would as suddenly return to seriousness. Few could be quite sure when they had his sympathy; except, indeed, in the hour when it was really wanted—for then it failed not.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

SCULPTURE *versus* PAINTING.

It is probable that sculpture is more ancient than painting; and if we examine the style of ancient painting, there is reason to conclude that sculpture stood first in the public esteem, as the ancient masters have evidently imitated the statuaries even to their disadvantage, since their works have not that freedom of style, more especially with respect to their composition and drapery, which the pencil might easily acquire to a greater degree than the chisel; but as this is universally the case, it cannot be attributed to anything else besides the higher estimation of the works on which they have formed themselves. Which is the more difficult art has been a question often agitated. Painting has the greatest number of requisites, but, at the same time, her expedients are the most numerous; and therefore we may venture to affirm, that whenever sculpture pleases equally with a painting, the sculptor is certainly the greatest artist. Sculpture has, indeed, had the honour of giving law to all the schools of design, both ancient and modern, with respect to purity of form. The reason perhaps is, that being divested of those meretricious ornaments by which painting is enabled to seduce its admirers, it is happily forced to seek for its effect in the higher excellences of the art; hence elevation in the idea as well as purity and grandeur in the forms, is found in greater perfection in sculpture than in painting. Besides, whatever may be the original principles which direct our feelings in the approbation of intrinsic beauty, they are, without doubt, very much under the influence of association. Custom and habit will necessarily give a false bias to our judgment; it is therefore natural, and in some measure reasonable, that those arts which are temporaneous should adapt themselves to the changes of fashion. But sculpture, by its durability, and consequent application to works of perpetuity, is obliged to acquire and maintain the essential principles of beauty and grandeur, that its effect on the mind may be preserved through the various changes of mental taste.—*John Bacon's Disquisition on the Characters of Painting and Sculpture.*

NOLLEKENS AND HIS SITTERS.

His sitters, and the ladies in particular, were much amused with the simplicity of his manners, with the good-natured bustle into which he put himself on their appearance, and more than all with the oddity of his observations. It is evident that not a few of those titled dames considered him merely as a curious original, whose conversation might help them in the great business of killing time; but others were charmed into admirers by the downright bluntness of his compliments, which they regarded as so many testimonies on oath of their beauty, for it never entered their heads that this singular man might, in common, affect a boorish roughness of address expressly that his occasional courtesy might carry double weight. As a specimen of his skill in the difficult task of pleasing, take the following anecdote. He was modelling the head of a lady of rank; she forgot herself, changed her position, and looked more loftily than he wished; "Don't look so scorney," said the sculptor, modelling all the while, "else you will spoil my bust—and you're a very fine woman—I think it will make one of my very best busts." Another time he said to a lady who had a *serious* squint, "Look for a minute the other way, for then I shall get rid of that sly shyness in your eye, which, though not ungraceful in life, is unusual in art." On another occasion a lady with some impatience in her nature was sitting for her portrait—every minute she changed her position, and with every change of position put on a change of expression; his patience gave way. "Lord, woman," exclaimed the unceremonious sculptor, "what's the matter how handsome you are if you won't sit still till I model you!" The lady smiled and sat ever afterwards like a lay figure.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Sculptors.*

LEGACY HUNTERS.

The hour at length approached when Nollekens was to bid farewell for ever to all that he disliked or loved—that time so long looked for and so anxiously expected, which was to consign him to the dust, and allay the flutter of many an expecting heart, desirous of being in the way when the golden shower should descend. For a description of this righteous class of persons, I must have recourse to Smith, who seems to have noted down with much accuracy—I know not with what apprehensions—all new candidates, who sought by stratagem and wile to win their way into the last will and testament of the rich old man of Mortimer-street. "About this time," says the biographer, "he was courted by several legacy-hunters, who were beating about the bush. Amusing trifles from various quarters were continually placed before him in his room. One brought him a tall and extended chimney campanula, and, to make it look taller, placed it on a table close to his nose; another brought the French Giant in a coach, and he was delighted to see his head touch the ceiling. One person was desirous to be informed where he liked his cheesecakes to be purchased; another, who presented stale tarts, bought in a neighbouring shop, sent his servant in a laced livery to inquire whether his cook had made them to his taste; a third sent him the best pig-tail tobacco, cut into such lengths as suited an epicure in that fragrant weed; a fourth sought to entice him to take a cockney ride in a hackney coach to Kensington, to look at an almond tree in bloom, and pull gooseberries; a fifth sent him jellies, or sometimes a chicken with gravy ready-made in a silver butter-boat; and a sixth regularly presented him with a change of large showy plants to stand on the table, so that he might see them from his bed." It required an anxious observer to note all this. That Smith was such, his narrative sufficiently shows—he had his own expectations, and ere long he had reason to think of the saying, "Blessed are they who expect little."—*Ibid.*

The reign of James the Third was inglorious in arms, and had a tragic ending; nevertheless he was a prince skilful in architecture, and an encourager of men of taste and talent.

ARY SCHEFFER.

One of the great uses of so enlarged and miscellaneous a collection as that gathered together at Old Trafford, is, that it enables us to compare works of art executed in different ages, to observe the varied impulses of mind in connection with material, and to ascertain in what lies the strength or weakness of the great magnates of art.

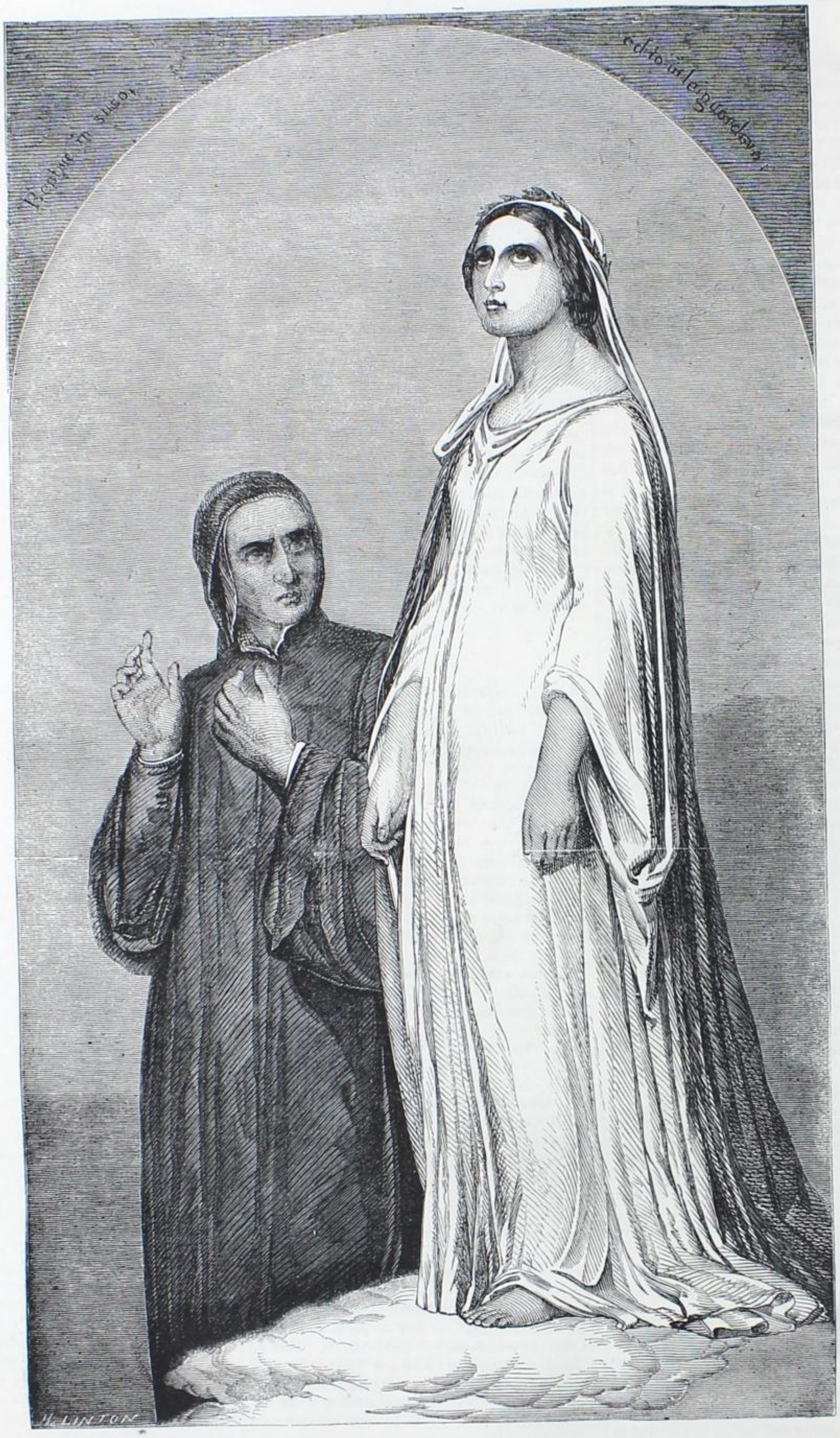
But, amid the bustle and movement of a crowded gallery, how difficult is it to raise the mind to the contemplation of the ideal, to awaken a train of thought which shall carry us along with spiritual manifestations, or enable us to penetrate beyond the visible embodiment, and discover the deity hidden beneath the veil of art! So is it with the works of Scheffer.

With pictures of powerful colouring, contrasted light and shadow, and perfect arrangement and cohesion of parts, the mind feels at once at home—it grasps their beauties with ease, and seizes rapidly on the captivating whole, for it is not fatigued with minute inquiries or abstract speculations. Take Rubens, with his strong, sensuous mind; who does not at once feel, and readily appreciate, his hundred-horse power of execution, his masculine energy of touch, his ready grasp of nature—his colouring, rich, ofttimes to sensuality—his unparalleled facility of expression, and, above all, his largeness of style, in which mainly his sentiment consists? No—not the elbow-jostling crowd, the buzz of conversation, or even the remembrance of recent gastronomic doings in the refreshment-room, can for one moment disturb the fulness of admiration for the great Fleming.

A Rubens and a Scheffer! what a vast interval between the works of the two men! The one addressing the senses, the other the mind—one the material, the other the spiritual. It is not for us to determine, or even remotely to speculate upon their relative successes; their aspirations are of what we treat.

Scheffer's range of subject is limited; he has not often attempted pictures which include many figures, nor are these by any means his most perfect productions. He loves to embody the glowing revelations of a Dante and a Goethe; the heavenward gaze of Beatrice, or the full-hearted love and deep penitence of poor Margaret. The teachings and sorrows of the Saviour of man are frequent themes of his pencil. His works appear to be wrought under the influence of strong devotional feeling, as though he considered religion the only true power to draw forth the light of intellect, unobscured by earthly passions or prejudices. His works cannot be judged of by the ordinary rules of art, they must be regarded less as pictures than as vehicles of thought and impassioned sentiment. The mind of the spectator must entirely co-operate with that of the painter, and his imagination must be ready to waft him to some hybrid sphere hanging between heaven and earth, where only the beings of Scheffer's conception can reside. 661, "St. Augustin, with St. Monica his Mother," has the full devotional feeling of which we have spoken. As a picture, it is thoroughly unattractive in its subordinate parts, all interest being centred in the countenances of the two saints, which look as if some celestial light had descended on their souls, and filled their whole frames with a rapture of religious delight. In 663, "Dante and Beatrice," (of which we give an engraving in page 222),





"DANTE AND BEATRICE."—ARY SCHEFFER.



"MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAURENCE."—EUSTACHE LE SUEUR. (See *Page* 227.)

the female figure has a similar heavenward expression, with a purity of aspect and stateliness of port which command admiration and respect; but the picture is hard and unpleasantly coloured; it is impossible that any picture can please the eye when the tones alternate between red and blue, however modified these tones may be. 644 to 647, Scenes from Faust, are a charming sequence of small pictures. They are a poem in themselves, one of inexpressibly touching interest. Surely, the four epochs of the drama—Innocence, Love, Remorse, and Madness—were never better represented. In the first picture Margaret is slowly descending the steps of a church; she holds her prayer-book in her hand. There is a look of sweet serenity in her face, which speaks of guileless innocence and an untainted heart. Behind, one sees Faust listening to the sinister whisperings of the tempter. Then comes "The Love Scene in the Garden." The face, the lovely face is no longer serene, though still innocent; the flush of love is there; and that graceful form, rich in the matured fulness of beauty, seems all but sinking into the arms of the betrayer. And there is the tempter still in the background, eying the scene with fiendish delight. "Margaret at Church" is the next picture. She leans down her head in a frenzy of anguish and remorse. Virtue gone, innocence lost, what is left for her? Scene the last, "The Vision." Margaret, half-clothed, and mad, stands before her betrayer, not to upbraid him, but to die in his presence.

Scheffer's scripture subjects remain to be noticed. 680, "Christ teaching Humility," is certainly, from whatever point we view it, one of the artist's masterpieces. It comes upon the heart with a calm beauty, and a soul-exalting sentiment which commands our complete sensibility. The head of the Saviour is surely very near perfection; it blends the sublime air of divinity with the solemnity of the teacher and the meekness of the Man of Sorrows. Second only to this is the angel face of the little boy, happy in the Saviour's blessing. What a picture this to purify and exalt a household! A glance at it, though but a furtive one, must dispose the mind to good actions rather than piles of sermons, and tons of good advice. 665, "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," is chaste, expressive, and divine; the sorrowful face and uplifted hand highly explanatory. To understand thoroughly the purity of Scheffer's style, just let the spectator compare these two latter pictures with one by De Keyser, of Antwerp—678, "The Queen of Hungary distributing Alms," a sort of Sir Thomas Lawrence edition of Rubens, with beggermen placed in all sorts of elegant, effective positions—to decide the difference between mere technical merit and works which are emanations of the mind.

THE ITALIAN BOY AND THE PEOPLE'S PICTURE GALLERY.

"I happened to overtake a lad with an organ and a little box of white mice," says Frederick Arnay. "His eye, deeply sunken under a dark-lined brow, and his finely marked profile, told me from whence he came. He stepped opposite to a print shop, and having scanned the contents of the window, he suddenly fixed his attention upon a drawing: a gleam of pleasure lighted up his face—his hitherto curled lip melted into a beautiful smile; a tear, like a fountain embosomed in a cave, stood ready to fall, when reverently uncovering his head, he moved his lips as it were in prayer. Gently retiring, and replacing his hat, he walked on. The object of his thought was a picture of the 'Madonna and Child.'"

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. IX.

The subject of our present memoir is the man who said of himself, "I am a pock-pitted, hard-featured little fellow;" an evidence that at least he had no personal vanity, though his failings of character were not scanty. James Barry, like poor Haydon, had to contend with hardships from within and from without, and on the whole had a stormy existence. His face was intensely grave, not to say saturnine; but a wonderful smile redeemed it from ugliness. He had an unhappy temper, but endured all manner of discomforts with fortitude. He was a native of the Green Island, and was born in Cork on the 11th of October, 1741. One of his biographers says that "he was of a collateral branch of the family which has been honoured with the earldom of Barrymore." Nevertheless, his father was a sea captain, and wished to take his son on the deep waters, there to earn his bread and to eat it; but these were to James Barry the waters of strife, and he fled from the face of his father and the face of the deep; and having been pursued and recaptured, the boy sketched groups on the decks and scenes on the coast, but lent no hand to sailor-craft. So his father, like a wise man, resigned him to the bent of his genius and to his mother, at whose side he resumed his drawing, which he first began when a mere infant, and covered the furniture and walls with huge outlines in red and black chalk, a sight which, when his father returned, provoked his ire; but his mother protected the boy, and encouraged his pursuits. After finally leaving the sea, he was sent to school, where he distinguished himself by his ability, stubbornness, and love of solitude. His sister says he would sit up whole nights, and that he spent all his pocket-money on pencils and candles. Of no avail was it to hide his materials, when his friends became alarmed for his health; he only locked his chamber door, and henceforth made his own bed, and commenced the self-denying and ascetic habits which he considered as virtues. He sought only the society of the educated and advanced in life, and wore garments so mean that it would seem as if he were suffering under some religious rule of mortification. He had no one to guide him in art, and so fought his way alone. His first works in oil were "Æneas Escaping from the Burning of Troy," "A Dead Christ," "Susannah and the Elders," "Daniel in the Lions' Den," and "Abraham's Sacrifice." These early efforts long afterwards graced the walls of the sea captain's house.

As yet Barry's name was unknown out of Cork; but it was soon to sound beyond his native land. He seized on the tradition of the conversion of a king of Cashel by the eloquence of St. Patrick, for the subject of his pencil. The story says that the barbarian prince, when the apostle had concluded his exhortation, demanded to be instantly baptised; and such was his fortitude that though the saint struck his crozier unwittingly through the convert's foot, he moved not a muscle, but, imagining it to be part of the ceremony, stood and was baptised. "The moment of baptism (says Dr. Fryer) rendered so awful and critical by the circumstance of the king's foot being pierced with the spear, is that which Mr. Barry chose for the display of his art, and few stories, it is presumed, have been selected with greater felicity. The heroic patience of the king, the devotional abstraction of the saint, and the mixed emotions of the spectators, form a combined and comprehensive model of imitation, and a suitable idea of the genius of one who, self-instructed, and at nineteen, conceived the execution of a design so grand."

Barry took his work to Dublin, and placed it among the paintings collecting for exhibition by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. He was then unknown, ill-clad, and stamped with poverty. The picture was admired, and the name of the artist demanded; and when the youth modestly stood forward, so little did the public expect that a native artist had produced so great a work, that no one credited Barry's assertion. The poor boy burst into tears, and rushed out of the room; but not unobserved by one of the best hearted sons of genius. Edmund Burke sought out the young artist, and encouraged him; and then commenced a friendship which was of the greatest service to our hero. It is said that the two young friends engaging in a dispute during their first interview, Barry quoted as an authority a passage from the "Sublime and Beautiful," then published without the author's name. Burke pooh-poohed the work as slight and unsubstantial; and fiery Barry cried out, "Do you call that a slight and unsubstantial work which is conceived in the spirit of nature and truth—is written with such elegance, and strown all over with the richness of poetic fancy? I could not afford to buy the work, sir, and transcribed it every word with my own hand." Burke, smiling, owned himself the author. Barry embraced him, and held out the copy which he had made of the work. So runs the tale. Barry continued to reside in Dublin. Dr. Sleigh, one of his early friends in Cork, counselled a journey to Rome, and the study of Spenser, Shakspere, and Milton—advice which was not thrown away. "To Dr. Sleigh," he said, "I am indebted for whatever education and fortune and fame I may have in the world."

He went in his twenty-third year to London, on the invitation of Burke, who introduced him to Athenian Stuart and Sir Joshua Reynolds. At this time he wrote to Dr. Sleigh in these words:—"If I should chance to have genius, or anything else, it is so much the better; but my hopes are grounded upon an unwearied, intense application, of which I am not sparing. At present I have little to show that I value; my work is all underground, digging and laying foundations which, with God's assistance, I may hereafter find the use of. I give myself totally to art, and, except honour and conscience, am determined to renounce everything else."

Barry studied in London for one year, and the society of Burke toned down the asperity of his manner; he also conformed more to the usages of society in his dress. He was strongly urged to travel, but was in despair, having no means of doing it. Burke again comes to his aid, fits him for his journey, and settles an annual sum upon him during the period of his probationary study. On his way through France, he copied the "Alexander drinking the Potion," by La Sueur. By his letters, his skill in drawing, and his enthusiasm and the poetry of his imagination, he raised high hopes in the minds of his English friends; but, alas! his delight was in controversy, and he soon was involved in all the consequences of such a taste. He was honest, intrepid, and imprudent, and put himself in people's power; this consumed his time, and overturned that tranquillity of mind which is necessary to the pursuit of any great work. In the midst of these distractions, Sir Joshua Reynolds wrote, seeking to reclaim him to the study of Michael Angelo and Raphael. "If you

should not relish their works at first," said the President, "which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you find something like inspiration come over you, till you think every other painter insipid in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellences."

Barry preferred to these masters, the entire proportion, grace, and simplicity of the Grecian sculpture, and being too honest and ardent, admitted this heresy in Rome, and involved himself in new feuds. In a letter to Burke, he, however, makes out that he owes somewhat to the malice of his enemies. "I saw from the first that I was hated—and hated for the very dispositions I relied upon to recommend me, so I went seriously to work in my profession, and left to them the cavaliers and the wasting away of their time in dressing up phantoms and distorted macaronies in my name."

Mr. Burke's answer to all this shows the goodness of his heart and the soundness of his judgment, and a perfect appreciation of the singular person to whom it is addressed. The date is London, 16th September, 1769. "As to reports, my dear Barry, concerning your conduct and behaviour, you may be very sure they would have no kind of influence here. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. Remember, we are born to serve and to adorn our country, and not to contend with our fellow-citizens; and that, in particular, your business is to paint, and not to dispute." Barry remained five years in Rome, examining, studying, and copying those works which are deemed essential to form the artist.

He needed not to labour for subsistence, for Burke and his brothers had supplied all his needs, and now he is to return to England, to put to use all he has learnt. During his five years' absence, the only copies in oils which he made were some few which he forwarded to Burke; and the only original pictures which he painted were the "Adam and Eve" and the "Philoctetes." He was at this period as slow and fastidious in his art as impetuous in his temper. He observed no method in his studies, but went, as chance dictated, to the galleries, where his manner of copying by a *delineator* was unartist like.

Burke welcomed his friend and *protegé* warmly on his return to England, and his first picture was allowed by friends and foes to be excellent. He painted "Venus rising out of the Sea;" but the subject, though so well treated, was too hacknied to excite fresh emotion; it was approved, but not applauded. He next painted his "Jupiter and Juno," which picture, though grander than the "Venus," was received with apathy. With what pangs of rage he saw his classic works slighted, we may readily imagine; and he turned to "The Death of Wolfe in the Battle of Quebec." The public heard it whispered that he had seen his error, and would paint modern men in modern costume; but, lo! when the picture appeared, the men might be modern or ancient, but no dresses had they on to prove which. Barry, incensed at the way the picture was spoken of, though he had just before been elected Associate of the Royal Academy, never afterwards hung another picture on their walls.

He now was feeling the straits of poverty. Dr. Sleigh was dead; his caustic humour repelled those willing to serve him; and he even showed the fierceness of his nature to his much-enduring friend Burke. He hated portrait painting, and preferred starving on lofty themes.

His next cabinet pictures, "Mercury inventing the Lyre," and "Narcissus admiring himself in the Water," were greatly thought of by people of imagination. At this time there was a proposal set on foot for embellishing St. Paul's Cathedral with scriptural paintings. Barry was in ecstasies at the idea, and would have lived, if possible, without food or sleep to have been concerned in so noble a work; but the obstinacy of the Bishop of London rendered the scheme abortive, and the rage of our hero was perfectly *á la* Barry. He now painted his "Chiron and Achilles." Like Haydon, when he had failed to excite the public with his brush, he attacked them with the pen, and he now wrote his "Inquiry into the Real and Imaginary Obstructions to the Progress of Art in England." This work was the first literary production of the Royal Academy, and was exceedingly powerful and clever, but too audaciously honest not to conspire against his success in art, and enemies increased on his hands. Even Burke was somewhat estranged by this production.

Barry grew once more slovenly in his person, and more morose in his temper, living much alone. He determined to offer his pencil to the Society of Arts, and applied for permission to adorn their great room with a series of historical pictures. True, he had but sixteen shillings in his purse when he made the application; but he was willing to starve and slave could he but exalt Art, his beloved mistress.

The society granted his request, and he selected for his subject "Human Improvement," dividing it into six compartments. "We begin," said the artist, describing his own conceptions, "with man in a savage state, full of inconvenience, imperfection, and misery, and we follow him through several gradations of culture and happiness, which after our probationary state here are finally attended with beatitude or misery. The first is 'The Story of Orpheus;' the second, 'A Harvest Home, or Thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus;' the third, 'The Victors at Olympia;' the fourth, 'Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames;' the fifth, 'The Distribution of Premiums in the Society of Arts;' and the sixth, 'Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution.' Three of these subjects are poetical, and the others historical." He began these works in 1777, and finished them in 1783. This undertaking involved Barry in difficulties, as it took three years more to accomplish it in than he had calculated on. His days were given to the Adelphi, and most of each night to hurried sketches, which he sold to obtain the necessaries of life. He at length felt the approaches of actual want, and applied to Sir George Saville for help, which was, after some demur from the Society of Arts, granted.

In 1782, Penny, professor of painting, died, and Barry was elected in his stead. He was too much absorbed in his great work to prepare lectures, therefore gave none until March, 1784, after the president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, had exasperated him by reproving his tardiness. His lectures were delivered to a numerous audience, and Barry's manner, so eager, and utterance so impressive, gave the greatest satisfaction.

Southey gave a graphic account of him during the time that he was painting his "Pandora." "He wore at that time an old coat of green baize, but from which time had taken all the green that incrustations of paint and dirt had not covered; his wig was one which you might suppose he had borrowed from a scarecrow; all round it there projected a fringe of his own grey hair. He lived alone in a house which was never cleaned, and he slept on a bedstead with no other furniture than a blanket nailed on the one side." His income was eighty pounds per annum, and when we consider that out of this pittance he had to provide materials for his art and his own existence, we cannot wonder that his appearance was sordid.

And now his polemic spirit gave vent to the celebrated "Letter to the Dilettanti Society," in which he so offended the Royal Academy that they struck his name off the roll, and degraded him from his post of professor of painting, the King giving his sanction to all these proceedings.

During this time of poor Barry's distress, the Earl of Buchan, amongst others, stood forward in his behalf, and subscriptions were made for his benefit; but he was not long to be a burthen to himself or the world, being suddenly seized with pleuritic fever at the house where he commonly dined. He was carried home in a coach, but the key of the door was found to have been plugged by idle lads with dirt and pebbles. He was conveyed shivering with disease, in the dark cold night, to the house of his friend, Mr. Bonorni, and Dr. Combe and Dr. Fryer attended him; but all skill was unavailing; and being told of his approaching death, he heard the announcement with indifference.

And so died Barry, whose passion for art amounted nearly to madness. The Royal Academy never forgave him, but the Society of Arts permitted his body to be borne from the Hall of the Adelphi which his genius had adorned. He died in his sixty-fifth year. During his latter years he turned to the pages of Milton, and made sketches from "Paradise Lost," which were never finished; they were—"Satan rising from the Fiery Gulf;" "The Temptation of Adam;" "Satan meeting with Sin and Death;" "Adam and Eve after the Fall;" "The Triumph of Michael, and Fall of the Rebel Angels;" "Satan in Paradise;" "The Descent of the Guardian Angels;" "Satan detected by Ithuriel;" and "Adam's Vision of the Misery of his Posterity."

His writings, like his paintings, were vigorous, and he considered a painter the noblest of God's creatures.

To his God we leave him, who alone can see the springs of action, and whose infinite mercy is over all his works.

"THE PROUD DUKE" AND HIS COUSIN.

"The Proud Duke of Somerset" was a patron of art, and did not obtain his to-name without cause. He had employed James Seymour to paint the figures—artists say portraits—of his horses at Petworth, and condescended to sit with his humble namesake at table. One day at dinner his grace filled his glass, and saying, with a sneer, "*Cousin* Seymour, your health," drank it off. "My Lord," said the artist, "I believe I *have* the honour of being related to your grace." The proud peer rose from table, and ordered his steward to dismiss the presumptuous painter, and employ a humbler brother of the brush. This was accordingly done; but when the new painter saw the spirited works of his predecessor, he shook his head, and retiring, said, "No man in England can compete with James Seymour." The Duke now condescended to recal his discarded cousin. "My Lord," was the answer, "I can now prove to the world that I am of your blood—*I won't come.*"—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

By H. Ottley.

THE HISTORIC SCHOOL OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

Although the French school of painting is but slightly represented in the Art-Treasures Palace, and contributes but a few scattered specimens to the galleries of collectors in this country, it is deserving of separate notice in any work devoted to the fine arts. The history of painting in France dates its commencement from a comparatively recent period, and has not been marked by regular or systematic progress. In missal painting and glass-staining, which last was the invention of one William of Marseilles, the French from an early time greatly excelled,—insomuch that the Italians often had recourse to French artists for works of this kind. King René, of Anjou, who lived in the middle of the 15th century, was an admirable artist in the miniature line; and his devotion to art was so great that it swallowed up all that was due to the political interests of his station. It is said that he was in the midst of painting a partridge when intelligence was brought him of the loss of his Neapolitan possessions, when he never even looked up from his work.

Francis the First endeavoured to foster a taste for art by the importation of foreign works and foreign talent. Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Primaticcio, Nicolo del Abate, and Benvenuto Cellini, the sculptor, were amongst the great names that we find gathered round his court. The influence of their example produced a certain Italianised style of painting, referred to as that of the school of Fontainebleau, which, however, was neither great nor permanent. Jean Cousin and François Clouet practised the art of painting, with considerable success and honour, during the reigns of Charles the Ninth and Henry the Third; but it was not till the reign of Louis the Thirteenth that art received any important support from the state. Yet how degrading now, already, was state-patronage. In this reign Mary de Medici employed Rubens to paint a series of twenty-four large pictures in the Palace of the Luxembourg—enormous allegories, exalting her own virtues and performances, as though she had been of divine origin and authority. At this period, too, lived Simon Vouet and Jacques Blanchard, who may be considered the founders of French painting. But the greatest master of this time, and the only one who exercised a permanent influence upon the arts of his country, was Nicolo Poussin, who was born in Normandy in 1595 (died in 1665). He went to Rome when about thirty years of age, and remained there all his life—with the exception of an interval of a few months only, during which he was in Paris, appointed painter to Louis the Thirteenth—and for this reason many writers treat of him as belonging to Italian art. For this, however, we think there is not sufficient ground. Poussin, born in France, was a formed artist in all that concerns the practice of his profession when he went to Rome; and not only from that fact, but from the peculiar character of his works, and the extent to which his example assisted in forming the style of subsequent French artists, he is properly associated with the French school. He was an artist of great ability—one might almost accord him genius; but his paintings are rarely altogether pleasing. Owing to his devotion to antique sculpture, his works have more the appearance of painted friezes than pictures; and, in order to give additional importance to his landscapes, he frequently made his figures so small as to be almost insignificant. In colour he was very defective; too often addicted to harsh, inharmonious contrasts, as of red, blue, and white; and adopting a brownish red ground, which produces a heavy and unsightly effect. His works are very numerous.



EUSTACHE LE SUEUR.

We have several first-class specimens in this country, amongst which perhaps the most beautiful thing he ever painted, namely, the "Bacchanalian Festival," in the National Gallery. Another work, of a very different character, in the same collection, may be taken as a fair example of the vicious style which he fell into through ignorance or disregard of the guiding principles of composition, and of the prevailing error of the French school which followed him. It represents "Phineas and his followers turned into stone at the sight of the Gorgon's head." Sir Joshua Reynolds, speaking of this picture, says: "This is, undoubtedly, a subject of great bustle and tumult; and that the first effect of the picture may correspond to the subject, every principle of composition is violated;—there is no principal figure—no principal light—no groups;—everything is dispersed, and in such a state of confusion that the eye finds no repose anywhere." This exaggeration and confusedness, with a certain factitious theatrical air and treatment, have been the besetting sin of French art. Amongst the contributions from the pencil of Poussin to the Art-Treasures Gallery we particularly admire the spirited "Triumph of Bacchus" (No. 598), the property of the Earl of Carlisle. No. 601, "View of the Campagna," the property of Miss Burdett Coutts; and 619, "The Arts Inquiring of Rome why they do not flourish in Modern Times," from the collection of the Earl of Derby, are fine specimens of his classic style of landscape, with ornamental architecture, and gracefully-grouped figures. No. 588, "The Death of Eudamidas," contributed by the Rev. T. Mawkes, though a picture of some celebrity, is to be noted principally for the exaggerated sentiment and artificial posturising so inappropriately introduced into a subject of pathetic interest, in which the utmost simplicity of treatment should have been observed.

A passing word must be said for Jacques Callot, who was born at Nancy, in Lorraine, in 1593, and died there in 1635, and who, though Lorraine during no part of this period belonged to France, has been so generally included in the French school that it seems difficult to allot him to any other. He was more known as an engraver than a painter,—his works in the former capacity being more than 1,500 in number. He was truly an original genius. Though he produced numerous religious and historical subjects, vagabond life, including soldiering, was his chosen field. His beggars are inimitable for raggedness and knavery; and his glimpses of soldier-life, as given in his "Miseries of War," are strangely and painfully suggestive. He was employed by Louis the Thirteenth to engrave some of the principal sieges and battles, particularly those of Rochelle and the Isle of Ré; but when he was required by Cardinal de Richelieu to produce an engraving of the siege of Nancy, which was taken by the French in 1631, he respectfully declined to do anything to celebrate the humiliation and degradation of his country. On its being intimated that there were means of compelling him, he with spirit replied, "I will sooner cut of my right hand than employ it in anything derogatory to the honour of my prince, or disgraceful to my country." The engravings by Callot in the Exhibition are not numerous. They include (472) his celebrated "Temptation of St. Anthony."

Eustache Le Sueur, who was born in Paris in 1617, and died in 1655, was never out of France. He was a pupil of Vouet, and is remarkable for the judgment and grandeur displayed in his compositions, the intelligence of his heads, and a general elegance of treatment, happily free from exaggeration or affectation. These merits justly acquired for him the title of the Raphael of France; and if he had not been cut off so young, he might have executed an important function in maturing and instructing the taste of his countrymen. He was, like Raphael, however, deficient in colouring, which detracts much

from the effect of his performances. His most celebrated works are a series of twenty-two pictures representing the "Life of St. Bruno," formerly in the cloister of the Carthusians, afterwards purchased by the King of France, and now in the Gallery of the Louvre; but the colouring of these has much faded. Two other important works of his are "St. Paul Preaching to the Ephesians," painted for the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and the "Martyrdom of St. Laurence," painted for the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; but which last has, unfortunately, in some inexplicable manner, been lost, and is only known by a copy existing of it. In the admirable distinctness and telling character of the groups into which the composition is divided, the artist comes nearer to Raphael than any other that we can call to mind; whilst, at the same time, there is no imputation of plagiarism. The figure of the saint is nobly conceived, and the whole of the group concerned in the martyrdom is full of action and purpose, — the terrors of the incident being judiciously held subordinate to the sublime resignation of the martyr. Of this fine work we give an engraving in page 223, as a worthy tribute to the genius of French art at its best and healthiest period.

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. IX.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

This eminent man was born in Bristol, in the year 1769. His parents subsequently removed to Devizes, where his father became landlord of the Black Bull Inn. Lawrence's sire seems to have been a goodnatured man, with a strong passion for theatricals, and for spouting passages from Shakspere and Milton. The child Thomas possessed an unusually sweet voice, and taking advantage of this, his father taught him the art of reciting select pieces of poetry, for the entertainment of his customers. His talent for sketching likenesses also appeared early; and it was his father's custom to say, "Gentlemen, here is my son; will you have him recite from the poets, or take your portraits?" At this time his biographers lead us to infer he was about five or six years of age,— a prodigy, indeed, if all be true!



"MASTER LAMBTON."—SIR THOS. LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

But the marvel ends not here. We are told, that when ten years old, he set up his easel as an artistic phenomenon at Oxford, and took the likenesses of the college dons, and the most eminent men of the city. At twelve he proceeded to Bath, where his studio became the favourite resort of the beauty, fashion, and taste of the place. There can be no doubt whatever of the extraordinary precocity of Lawrence. An old playmate of his once showed us his portrait, taken by the boy when ten years of age; it was drawn in lead pencil, with a clear and tasteful outline, and was certainly a remarkable production; also two finished crayon portraits, done at the age of fifteen, which showed great knowledge of the human face. "When we boys used to play at marbles," said our informant, "Tom Lawrence was always asked to make the ring, which he did at one sweep in a wonderfully perfect manner." In 1787, the Lawrence family removed to London, where the youthful prodigy at first met with but small encouragement. The finances of the family appear to have been at this time in a humble condition, notwithstanding the harvest reaped at Oxford and Bath; for, speaking of this period, the authority to whom we have before adverted says, "I lost sight of the Lawrences for some time after their removal from Bath; but being taken by my father, as a youth, to see the lions of London, among other places of amusement we stepped into a wax-work exhibition in the Strand, and there, to our astonishment, found old Lawrence acting as showman, and describing the figures with great pomposity and grandiloquence of manner." A congenial employment no doubt for the spouter from Shakspere and Milton!

Abilities such as those possessed by young Lawrence ere long must make themselves known; and the reason of their being hidden for a short time lay in the fact that he husbanded them like a sensible and discreet man, and forbore to exhibit until he felt he could measure his strength with the many eminent men of the day.

His first exhibited portrait was a great success. It was that of Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, which hangs (183) in the Art-Treasures Exhibition. The lady has grace and beauty—the landscape in which she walks, freshness and truth; and the graceful turn of her head, and the lustre of her eye, attracted universal admiration. The town rang with praises of the new genius, and from this period his career was one of triumphant success. He obtained court patronage, and had the honour of painting the Queen's portrait, and those of several of the royal family. The King was pleased with his speaking heads, and delighted with the mild and winning manners of the young artist. He insisted on his being created an associate of the Royal Academy. Now Lawrence was only twenty-one, while twenty-four was the youngest age at which an associate-ship could be won; but on this occasion a point was stretched, and he was elected an extra or supplemental associate, an honour which no one has enjoyed before or since. The year 1792 saw him appointed portrait painter in ordinary to his Majesty, and in 1795 he was made an academician. Lawrence's success at this time was such as would have turned the brain of many a man. He was fashion's favoured son, and to enumerate his sitters would be but to catalogue the eminent and titled of his day. The magic of his pencil, which wreathed the lovely mouth with smiles, and gave to the eye a killing radiance, no less than the interesting appearance of the artist, his conversation couched in those low and gentle tones which render talking akin to love-making, and the deferential amenity of his manners, rendered him, *par excellence*, the favoured limner for the ladies. The titled, wealthy, and eminent of the sterner sex too bowed to his talents, and flocked in numbers to his easel. No artist's throne was perhaps ever before pressed by such memorable sitters. Duchesses, with their rustling satins and nodding plumes; aristocratic beauties, rendered inexpressibly fascinating by the utmost additions of art; the candid countenance of the young princess, and the majestic beauty of the Siddons; the thoughtful brow of the statesman, the bronzed cheek of the warrior; decorous looking bishops, shrewd capitalists, frenzy-eyed poets, and grave historians. These were the items which made up the crowd which resorted to the studio of Lawrence to solicit the aid of his ready pencil in perpetuating their visages to posterity. It cannot be denied that this fashionable following had a fatal effect on the productions of our artist. His first noticeable portrait, that of "Miss Farren," before alluded to, has the breadth and vigour of Reynolds; but if we look at 202, "Lady Leicester as Hope," we see a marked difference. It looks thin and weak, like a large coloured print, the face and features vivified into an ideal sort of beauty, the creation of the artist's mind, and stereotyped by him for reproduction on all eligible occasions. Far better, because less ideal, is 220, "Miss Croker." This has always been considered one of Lawrence's best female portraits, and justly so. It created a great *furore* in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1827, "when," as Allan Cunningham says, "men stood before

it in a half circle admiring its loveliness." It is full of natural grace and beauty, with a pair of such eyes as few but Lawrence knew how to paint. 217, "The Countess of Wilton," is fascinating in expression, and a certainly not inferior specimen of the artist. 219, "Portrait of J. W. Croker, Esq.," shows that Lawrence could characterise as well as imitate. Its intense expression of eye, the intellectual forehead, and the shrewd, sarcastic, half-smiling mouth, show us the real man. We do not remember ever to have seen a Lawrence portrait so happy in character as this one. 221, "Master Lambton," is in striking contrast to the Croker pictures. It is a sort of half-real, half-ideal work. The boy reclines on a rock, in a studied attitude, gazing skyward, with Scheffer-like intensity. The picture is beautifully wrought, but we cannot get over the absence of all simplicity in its treatment. The portrait of "John Kemble, as Coriolanus" (175) interests us but little. One is bothered between the identity of the actor and the person represented; and truly even Lawrence has not lifted theatrical portraiture above commonplace.

Let us now return from the works of the artist at Old Trafford to the artist himself. His crowning commission was from royalty. At the fall of Napoleon, the crowned heads of Europe met at Aix-la-Chapelle, to arrange matters for securing the peace of Europe. Thither was Lawrence despatched by the Prince Regent to execute portraits of these august personages, together with certain other European celebrities, for the gallery at Windsor. From Aix-la-Chapelle he proceeded to Vienna, to paint Schwartzenberg, and finally to Rome, to obtain the portraits of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi.

"These were proud days for Lawrence," says his biographer, "and he was not insensible of them. Emperors praised, empresses flattered, kings made presents, and all manner of courtly commendations descended upon the man who had the looks of monarchs in his power as much as Napoleon ever had their thrones."

On his return home, the first intimation he received of the death of the venerable Benjamin West was accompanied by a request that he should be elected in his place as President of the Royal Academy. The King, in giving his sanction to the choice of the academicians, added a gold chain, and medal of himself. Sir Thomas himself received the honour with moderate rapture, and said, "There are others better qualified to be president. I shall, however, discharge the duties as well and wisely as I can."

Lawrence was a man of exceeding industry. On being asked how many hours he had ever painted without ceasing, he said, thirty-seven, and that was on the portrait of Lord Thurlow. He began at seven in the morning, painted all day and all night, and all next day, till eleven the following night. "By this time," said he, "I could not distinguish one colour from another."

Sir Thomas Lawrence died on the 7th of January, 1830, aged sixty years. Although he had been sinking for some time, he continued to practise his favourite art, and only two days before his death wrought for an hour on the portrait of the king.

A keen though somewhat ungentle critic thus writes his epitaph:—

"Lawrence is dead (says Haydon). To portrait painting a great loss. Certainly there is no man left who thinks it worth while, if he were able, to devote his powers to the elevation of commonplace faces. He was suited to the age—the age to him. He flattered its vanities, pampered its weaknesses, and met its meretricious taste.

"His men are all gentlemen, with an air of fashion, and the dandyism of high life; his women beautiful, but not natural. They appear to look that they may be looked at, and to languish for the sake of sympathy.

"As an artist he will not rank high in the opinion of posterity. He was not ignorant of the figure, but he drew with great incorrectness, because he drew it to suit the fashion of the season. He had no eye for colour. His tint was opaque, his cheeks were rouged, his lips were the lips of a lay figure, his bloom was the bloom of a perfumer. Of composition he scarcely knew anything; and perhaps in the whole circle of art there never was a more lamentable proof of these deficiencies than in his last portrait of the King.

"After his visit to Italy, the improvement which took place was an honour to his talents; his latter pictures are by far his best. His great excellence was in expression, both in figure and feature. He did not keep his sitters inanimate and lifeless; but by interesting their feelings, he brought out the expression which was excited by the pleasure they felt."

The tone of Haydon's criticism is harsh, but it contains much sound truth. His prophecy as to Lawrence's future fame, appears likely to be fully realised, for posterity has already made sad havoc with it during the quarter of a century which has elapsed since his demise.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

Amongst the visitors to the Art-Treasures Exhibition on Monday, the 31st of August, were Charles Mackay, Esq., LL.D., editor of the *Illustrated London News*; Charles Knight, Esq., and Sir Belford H. Wilson, contributor to the Exhibition. The attendance was satisfactory, though not equal to that of the previous Monday. There were special trains from Liverpool, North Staffordshire, Leeds, Peterborough, Halifax, and Bradford.

The attendance on Tuesday was considerably in excess of the preceding Tuesday, part of the accession consisting of a long train from the north, bringing a number of temperance people. Several members of the Orleans family arrived at the Palatine Hotel on Monday, and visited the Exhibition on Tuesday morning, reaching the Palace about half-past ten. The ex-royal party consisted of her Royal Highness La Princesse de Salerne, his Royal Highness Le Duc d'Aumale, her Royal Highness La Duchess d'Aumale, and their son, his Royal Highness Le Prince de Conde; his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, his Royal Highness the Duc de Chartres, attended by the Comte de Montguyon, M. A. Couturier, and M. E. Joly. The distinguished party were received at the entrance by J. C. Deane, Esq., the commissioner, who first conducted them into the Queen's reception room, and then over a portion of the Exhibition. Luncheon was served in the Queen's room, and after remaining there for some time, Mr. Deane accompanied them round the other portion of the Exhibition. They examined the Gallery of Ancient Masters with great attention. During another short repose in Her Majesty's state room, they entered their names in the visitors' book, as follows:—Marie Clementine, Princess de Salerne; Louis Philippe d'Orleans (Comte de Paris); Robert d'Orleans (Duc de Chartres), H. d'Orleans (Duc d'Aumale), Marie Caroline Auguste (Duchess d'Aumale), Louis d'Orleans (Prince de Conde). The Botanical Gardens were next visited, and after inspecting them, the party entered their carriages and proceeded to the Palatine Hotel, being then about five o'clock.

Amonsgt the illustrious personages who visited the Exhibition on Wednesday, were Louis Philippe d'Orleans (Comte de Paris), Antoine d'Orleans (Duc de Montpensier), Maria Luisa Fernanda (Duchesse de Montpensier), Clementine d'Orleans (Duchesse de Saxe), Philippe (Prince de Wurtemberg), Clotilde de Saxe Coburg Gotha, Amelie de Saxe Coburg Gotha, Philippe (Prince of Coburg and Gotha), Marie Clementine (Princess de Salerne), Robert d'Orleans (Duc de Chartres), H. d'Orleans (Duc d'Aumale), Marie Caroline Auguste (Duchesse d'Aumale), Louis d'Orleans (Prince de Conde). Those of the illustrious visitors present at the palace for the first time on Wednesday placed their signatures in the autograph book, immediately under those of the members of the ex-royal family of France, who entered their autographs on Tuesday.

Though the weather on Thursday was exceedingly unpropitious, there was quite an average attendance of half-crown visitors. The members of the ex-royal family of France visited the palace again, arriving at half-past eight in the morning for a private visit. They remained in the building until two, and then left—the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale for their residence at Twickenham, and the other members of the family for Chatsworth, *en route* for Claremont. Amongst the visitors to the Exhibition were his Grace the Duke of Rutland, who contributes several gems from Belvoir Castle to the general museum of art; the Earl of Cardigan, who played so conspicuous a part in the fearful light cavalry charge at Balaklava; the Lord Bishop of London, Lord de Tabley, Professor Adolphe Garnier, of Paris; and William Smith, Esq., of Edinburgh (translator of Plethe).

The unfavourable character of the weather on Friday morning had a prejudicial effect on the attendance in the early part of the day; but in the afternoon the numbers who thronged the building were considerable. The paid admissions amounted at eleven o'clock to 1,297, at one o'clock to 3,035, at three o'clock to 4,142, and at five o'clock to 4,518. The Lord Bishop of London was again among the visitors, accompanied by the Bishop of Manchester. There were also present Lord and Lady Dufferin, Lady Elcho, Sir Belford H. Wilson and lady, Sir Joseph Paxton, lady, and family; Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Nathl. Hawthorne, American consul at Liverpool; Sir W. Gibson Craig, Bart.

The attendance of the visitors at the Exhibition on Saturday afternoon was in excess of the number on the preceding Saturday; but did not appear to include any considerable proportion of the operative class. Before two o'clock, at the ordinary price, there were 2,280 admissions. At three o'clock the number of sixpenny admissions was 4,012, against 2,970 on the Saturday previous; at four, 7027, as compared with 5,810; and at five o'clock, 8,092, against 6,870 the previous week. There were present during the day, Mr. J. Gibson Craig, one of the contributors; Mr. M'Arthur, Sir Joseph Paxton and party, and Sir Belford H. Wilson, a contributor.

The following are the returns for the week:—

	Season Tickets.	Cash.	Total.
Monday, August 31...	645.....	8428.....	9073
Tuesday, Sept. 1.....	934.....	8793.....	9727
Wednesday, Sept. 2...	755.....	10952.....	11707
Thursday, Sept. 3 ...	2592.....	3353.....	5945
Friday, Sept. 4.....	628.....	4709.....	5337
Saturday, Sept. 5 ...	1034.....	10573.....	11607
Totals.....	6588.....	46808.....	53396

A NICE GEOGRAPHER.

Lady Luxborough, in her letters to Shenstone, speaks of a noble lord, who, having maintained that England was bigger than France, had no way to prove it, but to cut each kingdom out of two maps of different scales, and to weigh them.

NOTE.—MR. AMBROSE THE SCULPTOR.—This gentleman has forwarded to us the following communication:—

Sir,—While grateful to you for the kindly criticism of my works, which appears in the *Art-Treasures Examiner* of the 20th June, I must trouble you to correct an error which occurs in it.

I never carved in wood. My experience in marble sculpture dates some twenty-one years back, during which period I have executed several works both of a classical and monumental character, and have had the honour of exhibiting in the Royal Academy, London, where I received my art education as a student.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD AMBROSE.

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter IX.

EXPERIENCES OF A PICTURE-RESTORER.

Opie, the Royal Academician, when lecturing at the Academy, addressed some very pertinent remarks to such of his youthful audience who he suspected might unhappily have enrolled themselves art-students without possessing the requisite capacity. He warned them against taking up the pencil with the view of escaping the drudgery of the counting-house. He pictured to them the misery and degradation which would be consequent upon failure. He advised the young man to whom his observations might apply to avoid the Academy as he would "a pestilence," or he might come "to skulk through life as a hackney-likeness taker, a copier, a drawing-master, or pattern-drawer to young ladies;" or he might be even driven to "turn *picture-cleaner*, and help Time to destroy excellences which he could not rival." I read and pondered much over this frank and very practical piece of advice, when it happened that I was selected (upon his lordship's recommendation), to aid the London restorer in cleaning the pictures at the palace. Having heard but indifferent accounts of picture-restorers in general, I was agreeably surprised to find my new master an artist of great abilities, devoting his life to the renovation of damaged pictures with the same earnestness as the old carver had displayed in the restoration of dilapidated churches. Considering the vast number of fine pictures which proceeded from the pencils of the sublime old masters, it must at once be evident either that pictures possess immortal juvenescence or picture-restorers are indispensable. The active creative artist is not over given to trouble himself with the works of the old painters, only in so far as he may profit by their contemplation. The restorer, on the contrary, should be one who, possessing art-knowledge, artistic skill, and genuine love of art, is willing to sacrifice all prospects, fame and honour as an original artist, to perpetuate the fame of the great dead. With my new employer the restoration and conservation of pictures was a mission. He stood in precisely the same relationship to the old painters as the Gothic carver had stood to the mediæval sculptors. His hand was guided by principle, and his heart and soul were in the work he undertook. The various styles of painting were as familiar to him as the features of his daily acquaintance. It was interesting to hear him describe the injuries and diseases to which the objects of his veneration and care were subject. He had dwelt among old panels and canvasses all his life. His father had pursued the same profession before him, so that from infancy he had been familiar with the terms of his craft, and he had thus by degrees acquired a thorough intimacy with the principles upon which the art of painting reposes. By dint of much reading, consultation with eminent painters, and long and painstaking investigation, he had succeeded in classifying the beauties and defects of those painters whom he was accustomed to designate his representative masters. His views of art and artists appeared to me much more extensive and liberal than even original artists ordinarily entertain, and for obvious reasons. He could admit into his good graces works curious and rare in their way, which it would be policy to avoid where the formation of a popular style is the object of the student. He could dilate with equal zest upon the quaint, hard, luminous compositions of a John Van Eyck, and the graces and subtle transitions of light and shade of Correggio. Not that he presumed to understand or to care for all styles of painting; but he had really mastered, and was deeply interested in, the leading styles which at various times have characterised this noble art. He was in judgment and in liberality an accomplished connoisseur. I was only too glad to place myself under such a man, in preference to remaining a mere "hackney-likeness taker." My own experience as a restorer had, as I have explained, been confined to wood and stone; but then I had not wholly neglected the art of painting. At the very outset of my career in the capacity of picture-restorer, my master found me neither incompetent nor inapt, while every day added to my knowledge and consequent usefulness.

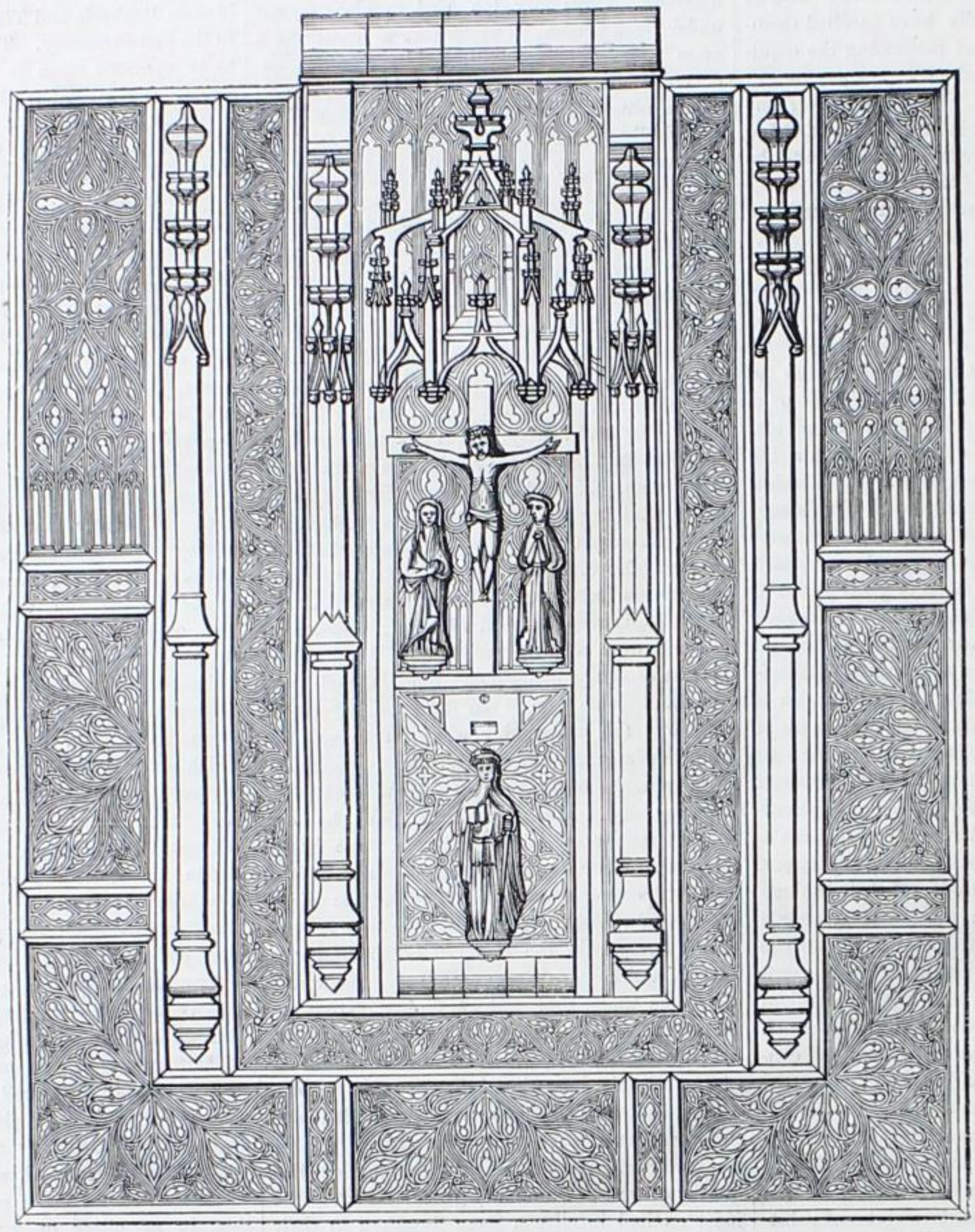
The previous owner of the princely residence where we were engaged had remained through life what nature had designed him to be,—to wit, an admirable, steady-going country gentleman. He had regarded his pictures in the light of harmless dead stock, which neither ate nor drank; he saw them daily and hourly, but it never occurred to him that they needed the appliances of art to preserve them. He had critical sagacity in all matters pertaining to husbandry. Live stock he could contemplate with the eye of an experienced grazier. More, he was proud of his tenantry and kind to his labourers. But, meanwhile, the Raphaels, Correggios, and Titians, abandoned to neglect, were silently undergoing the ordinary process of decay consequent thereon, and were soon to become (for all our farmer cared to the contrary) the mere ashes of splendour and the rubbish of elegance and beauty. The grandfather of his present lordship had also manifested great capacity and a noble disposition, but he was equally neglectful of the pictures. He (while possessing little regard for well-stocked farms) betrayed the utmost indifference for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the old masters. It was his ambition to be foremost in the ranks of ornamental gardeners, and he cared little for anything which did not come under the head gardening. Grottoes, fountains, gold and silver fishes, choice exotics, and variegated birds, were the sole absorbing objects of his attention. These were to him health, life, and happiness. But while his gardens presented to the eye the aspect of fairy-land, the pictures in the gallery remained unregarded. Works of men preëminently gifted, a feast for the most exalted intellects, were forgotten in their noble owner's passion for horticulture. In consequence of all this neglect on the part of his lordship's predecessors, we found plenty to do in the palace; nearly every work of art required renovation, more or less.

Some of the Italian masterpieces being executed upon a soft, spongy wood, similar in its nature to lime-tree had been half consumed, as far as the panels were concerned, by the slow ravages of an insignificant worm, so that, in each instance, the surface, or the paint—that is, the picture—needed transferring, an operation requiring great care and delicacy of handling. It was my early task to remove the remaining portions of decayed timber from the back of these pictures, for which task my experience in wood and sharp-edged tools had qualified me in no ordinary degree. This was especially fortunate, as on this account I at once made good wages, which I much needed. But for my skill in this department, it would have been necessary to have risked sending the pictures in question to London. Stop-saws, chisels, planes, pieces of glass, files, steel scrapers, grit, and solvents, are some of the things employed in the process of "transferring," and I was tolerably conversant with the handling of these various instruments. It is not generally known that the finest pictures in Europe have been transferred from wood to canvas as the only means of saving them from utter ruin. The French *restaurateurs* appear to have first ventured upon this ingenious expedient, in the case of some Raphaels and Titians which had decayed to the last extremity. The surface of the picture to be operated upon is protected by layers of paper. These are pasted on, and finally a coarse gauze is added. When dry, the picture is fastened, face downward, on to a smooth bench, and the decayed timber cut, planed, scraped, and ground away, until only the coatings of paint, about the thickness of a wafer—that is, the picture itself—remains. One or two canvasses some inches larger than the picture, are then carefully and smoothly cemented to the back surface thus presented. When dry, the painting is taken up from the bench, and strained upon a stretching-frame, just as if it was a picture painted upon canvas; and the paper being moistened and removed from the front of the work, the process is completed. Many an invaluable painting has by this process obtained a new lease of its existence. We know that fifty years will go far to destroy the canvasses upon which our masterpieces rest for support, and that it has only been by cementing the worn-out canvasses upon new ones that we are now in possession of the majority of our finest pictures. "Cleaning," "stopping," "stippling," "lining," "transferring, "cradling," "battening," and "veneering," are only a few of the terms which express the several operations of the restorer's art. Of course, mechanical operations such as I have attempted to describe, may be performed without a profound knowledge of the design and colouring of the picture; but the case entirely alters in respect to the restorer's qualifications when the picture has to be freed from darkened oils, repaints, and varnishes. No one should presume to employ either friction or solvents upon the surface of a fine picture without long previous training. This is not as much as saying that no one should go into the water until he has learned to swim. There are innumerable indifferent pictures and sign-boards upon which the student might be permitted to practice his novice hand, and if he is careful and successful with humble examples, he may in time be permitted to exercise his skill upon works of importance. But, after all, there are but few whom the most careful training would make competent restorers; and there is no making rules for those upon whom nature has showered her choicest gifts. Great natural genius will succeed where mere talent, with no matter how much experience, would signally fail. In some respects there is an analogy between the aims of the restorer and the engraver. It should be the chief pride of the engraver to reproduce as faithfully as possible the several peculiarities of a painter's works; and it is the purpose of the restorer to understand those peculiarities, in order that while treating the surface of the picture he may not injure it. Marc Antonio, engraving under the eye of Raphael, rendered that master's pictures with so much skill as to lose very little of their noble character. The restorer should always work as though the eye of the master was upon him. Many who have attempted to engrave Raphael have paid too little regard to

his style, and piqued themselves too much upon making fine showy points. Hence with respect to light and shade, markings of the muscles, texture of stuffs employed in the draperies, and nice physiognomical distinctions, few prints after this master are to be relied upon. The value of a great painter's touch seldom goes home to the comprehension of the engraver. The quaint, firm, precise markings of Holbein and Matsys are confounded with the "no-outline" and mysterious shadowings of Correggio. The restorer must know better than commit this fault. The careless and ill-informed engraver merely confounds or misrepresents the master, but the tasteless or unprincipled restorer destroys the picture. Hence, while for the glory of art it would be well for engravers to copy the style of great masters instead of inventing styles of their own, it is of far greater importance that the picture-restorer should study to understand, in order that he may religiously conserve the works of genius entrusted to his care.

Such were some of the precepts and principles which my employer, the London restorer, enforced and practised.

(To be continued.)



A STEEL LOCK OF THE 15TH CENTURY. (H. MAGNIAC, ESQ.)

THE LOCKSMITH'S ART.

THE locksmiths of the 14th and 15th centuries kept pace with other artists, achieving elegant monuments of decorative art in church screens, doors of chapels, chandeliers, pulpits, and every kind of furniture; but it is the smaller and more portable pieces, as locks and keys, which we are best able to illustrate in the present collection, producing with so hard a material as iron all the complicated detail of the architecture of the period. But the labour of the process was more than compensated for by its durability and elegance. During those epochs the most skilful blacksmith must have studied something more than the mere forging of iron; there must have been the taste to design, and the genius to direct, in carrying out the architectural decorations in that metal for the ecclesiastical edifices, specimens of which are now so eagerly sought for. It need not, therefore, be a matter of much surprise that Quentin Matsys should so soon have diverted his energies from the forge to the easel, or that Love should have had the power to metamorphose a blacksmith into an Apelles.

Thus locks and keys were finished to such a degree of perfection that they were considered objects of art. Of the 14th century we have some fine keys with most elaborately pierced bows and complicated wards, contributed by Edward Cheney, Esq.* A lock of the 15th century is here engraved. It is of wrought steel, elaborately chiselled and polished; the centre is decorated with statuettes of Christ on the Cross, the Virgin, and St. John, the group forming what was conventionally termed the rood; these are placed under a triple canopy, terminating in a pointed finial; on each side are solid steel columns. All this portion just described is detached from the face of the lock by a hinge which is seen at the upper extremity, and forms the hasp. Below the rood is the figure of a saint, holding a book and sword; over his head is a spring; this is the keyhole plate, opening by a hinge at the bottom. The face of the lock is ornamented with panels of finely-worked and perforated Gothic flamboyant tracery, which is shown to advantage by the red velvet lining. This splendid example is exhibited by Hollingworth Magniac, Esq.

Another lock of the same time, with three

* In Wall Case M, which has recently been moved from the north to the south aisle, to make room for the Soulages Collection.

saints under canopies and perforated tracery, is from Stonyhurst College. There is also a chased iron knocker with Gothic pinnacles, the hammer formed of a male bearded figure and grotesque animal's head,—a transition from the Gothic to the *Renaissance*.

The change of style in the 16th century did not, however, interfere with the perfection to which the art had been carried, although it assumed a different aspect. The locks were formed of Corinthian columns and capitals, the pediments with scrolls. Cupids and arabesques occupied the places of saints and angels. Coats of arms were introduced. The wards of the key bore the same intricate character as before. Of this description are the following:—A lock and key exhibited by Robert Napier, Esq.; a key, by E. Cheney, Esq.; and another, by the Rev. G. W. Brackenridge. Earl Cadogan sends a fine steel padlock of the 17th century, with floreated ends and bar between of bold scrolls, and medallion portraits at the four corners.

The next object we would call especial attention to is the elegant chased steel casket of the 17th century, in Case H, the property of Earl Cadogan. It is square, with a pyramidal cover, and small square pedestal on the top, bearing the Medici arms. The sides have three consoles reversed, with rams' heads for capitals, and figures in relief of Mars and Minerva, on two panels in front. This was purchased at the De Bruge Collection, in 1850, for 1,210 francs.

Two fine serpents of wrought steel, chiselled all over with scales, coiled round in numerous folds, with heads raised, ready to spring upon their prey. French work; *temp.* Henri the Second; in the first group of furniture to the left of the entrance. These were also bought at the De Bruge sale, for 780 francs, by Lord Hastings.

There is a rather extensive collection of the richly-gilt chamberlain's keys of the 17th and 18th centuries; and the amateur will be recompensed by a careful examination of a selection of locks, hinges, bolts, handles, and other ironwork of the 15th and 16th centuries, contributed by Philip Hardwick, Esq.

In the same case (Wall Case M) is a relic which will be looked upon with some interest—a Highland purse-clasp, with a pistol of two barrels secreted inside, so arranged that any stranger attempting to open the purse would receive the shots through his hands. This purse-clasp suggested to Sir Walter Scott a similar apparatus for guarding the purse of Rob Roy, when he exclaims to Baillie Nicol Jarvie, "I advise no man to attempt opening this sporran till he has my secret." It was presented by Francis M'Nab of M'Nab, Esq., in 1783, to the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, who have forwarded it here for exhibition. C.

THE

MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. X.

WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.



It is very plain that in England there is little or no opportunity for what is termed high art; and that, if an artist would live and thrive by painting, he must content himself with producing small or moderate sized pictures, suitable for the embellishment of domestic interiors. It matters not what his early aspirations may be. He may commence with high and serious aims, and pant to rival the glories of those great men of yore whose works, "mellowed by time to soft perfection," illumine the old master saloons at Old Trafford, and shine with yet greater and more glorious effulgence in their own country, of which their names are the boast and pride; but "to this complexion he must come at last." The lack of public galleries, of state patronage, and the spirit of the age which regards the acquisition of pictures too much as a merely personal luxury, compel him to it.

William Etty appears to have been one of those whose artistic career commenced with a strong desire to measure his strength with the great ones of antiquity, and an heroic resolution of mind to obtain honourable posthumous existence. What he was, and to what the kind of patronage he received reduced him, may be distinctly and instructively traced at Old Trafford.

He was the son of a confectioner at York; and seven years of his early life were passed as compositor in a printing office at Hull. It is to his credit that he did his duty, and honourably completed his apprenticeship to this employment, uncongenial, certainly, to one whose mind was filled with love of art and anticipation of fame. On the expiration of his term of servitude, Etty was enabled to remove to London, and took his place as a student at the Royal Academy. His progress at first was very slow, and he bade fair to obtain from his fellow-students a nickname similar to that of "The Sloth" bestowed upon Domenichino in the school of the Carracci. But his gentle and retiring manners forbade any such liberty. He thus expressed his resolute determination to a fellow-student:—"What I want in genius I must make up in perseverance." Brave words these, and the sure forerunners of ultimate success!

Many long years, however, passed before the name of Etty became famous; and this period of his life was but a series of those struggles against fate, those bitter vexations and disappointments which chequer the incipient career of so many artists. Year after year he had the mortification to find his pictures rejected at the Royal Academy; or when, by some casual fortuity, he did get one placed, it was invariably returned on his hands unsold.

Our artist's day of triumph came at last. His "Coral Finders," painted at the mature age of thirty-three, attracted much admiration, especially from his brother artists, at the Exhibition of 1820,—as they scanned its glowing tints, they whispered to one another, "at length we have a colourist." It was sold for the modest sum of thirty pounds. His next work was the "Cleopatra," numbered 249 in the Art-Treasures catalogue. In this superb work Etty gives a glowing picture of the voluptuous luxury indulged in by the celebrated Queen of Egypt. The canvas contains a perfect crowd of beautiful forms. Cleopatra herself

> "O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
> The fancy out-work Nature,"

reclines in the midst of her attendant gentlewomen, those seeming Nereides and mermaids, her cheeks fanned "by pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids." The colouring of the pic-

ture is positively gorgeous; every possible variety of hue seems melted together into one rich mass of lusciousness, which must more than satisfy the keenest chromatic vision.

Our artist feeling the strong influence of colour over his mind, and that his success was mainly attributable to the novelty of his rich and glowing tints, now (1822) set out for Venice with a strong determination to tear the veil from before the mysterious secrets of the great Italian school of colour. He studied the works of Titian, Tintorette, and Veronese, with ardour and success, not only in a chromatic sense, for he learned from their works higher views, and grander aspirations. His return to England heralded the commencement of those noble works, the "Judith" series, the "Benaiah," the "Pandora," and "The Combat," works on which his enduring fame must undoubtedly rest. These pictures greatly advanced Etty in general estimation, especially among artists, who were never weary of sounding his praises, and gloating over hues which rivalled the most glorious of the Venetian masters. But connoisseurs held aloof, and, as pecuniary speculations, the pictures proved totally unremunerative. Singularly enough they all fell into the possession of artists. "Pandora" was purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence; "The Combat," by John Martin; and the Edinburgh artists, with an acuteness which did them credit, secured the three Judith pictures, and the "Benaiah." 360, "The Combat," is the only one of these pictures which figures on the Art-Treasures walls. It was painted in 1825, a year after his admission to an associateship of the Royal Academy. The work is of colossal size, the figures being much larger than life. Everyone, in regarding this picture, must be at once struck with the energy of character, force of expression, and largeness of manner displayed in it. The action of the victor is majestically grand, as he holds the fearful weapon over the writhing body of his antagonist, and pauses for a moment as the frantic shriek of the woman rings in his ear. Etty's excellences as a colourist are here combined with the academic graces of drawing and contour, and there is throughout a solidity of character, a profound grasp of subject, and an attention to completeness of detail and the drawing of minute matters, which shows what he really could do at this period of his career, and might have continued to do had proper encouragement and remuneration been accorded to him. It is a blot on the art-annals of our country that works such as those we have just named should be anywhere except on the walls of that gallery called National, and that a government which votes money readily for the purchase of doubtful old masters—such for instance, as the Soult-Titian—should be indifferent to infinitely superior works, when produced by native and cotemporary genius.

"The Sirens" (263) is another of Etty's larger works, painted in 1837. It is a fine conception; the "Sirens three" are grouped together in the foreground in magnificent variety of beauty, and their intoxicating melody floats on the charmed air to the galley of Ulysses. Lovesick he struggles in the grasp of his crew, to unloose the cords which bind him to his vessel, until the fatal enchantment be passed. Near to the Sirens lie, in disgusting charnel-house putrefaction, the bodies of the victims to their vile spells, and in this consists the moral of the scene. Notwithstanding its beauty of colour, and the poetical, dreamy character imparted to the subject, there is some decadence even here of those academical excellences of drawing displayed in "The Combat." A touching piece of pathos is 273, "The Storm" (of which we give an engraving in page 234.) One shudders to contemplate this fated couple and their hopeless struggle with the war of elements. An absurd objection has been more than once made as to the small size of the boat in which the personages are placed. Of course it is a poetical licence, such as was taken by Raphael in his "Miraculous Draught of Fishes." The artist's object was evidently to produce a picture of expression, which could only have been done by this means; any other treatment would have given us a mere sea-piece. 281, "The Homeric Dance," is another good specimen of Etty's smaller pictures; it is classic in feeling, the attitudes refined and graceful, and there is care and forethought in the workmanship. 240, "The Sleeping Nymph and Satyrs," was his diploma picture. It is a marvellous piece of glowing colour. In golden maturity of hue and sunny warmth it could scarcely be surpassed.

We now come to an epoch in the life of Etty when a total and unfortunate change came over his style. Hitherto, as we have said, his works had brought him anything but a golden result, and his life had been one sad history of genius struggling against ill success and indifference. But about the year 1840 a change came over his prospects; his works suddenly became popular, and his studio was speedily surrounded by picture dealers, anxious to secure any scrap from his pencil. They cared not for his larger works, but urged the rapid production of pictures of moderate and marketable size. It is more to be regretted than wondered at that Etty fell in with their views; but in this age of luxury there are few men but prefer the solid pudding of the present time to the unfelt honour of *post-mortem* canonisation, and then our artist was approaching that mature time of life when provision for old age becomes a paramount object.

Inspired by his friends the dealers, he, therefore, not only commenced a system of manufacturing glowing bits of colour, but rummaged the corners of his studio, bringing to light his old-life studies, and setting himself seriously to consider how they might be metamorphosed into pictures. Venuses escaped from his hands by dozens, sometimes with Cupids, sometimes without; if a study from the female nude was of more than usually noble mien, a crescent was placed on her forehead, and she became Juno; in like manner a reclining figure would be named "Hero waiting for Leander;" and so on through the heathen mythology.

It is to this system of working that we must certainly attribute the pitiable decay which took place in Etty's powers as a draughtsman. He seems to have so neglected the drawing of extremities, that at the last he positively could not draw them at all, and for the last fifteen years of his life the whole and sole attraction of his works resided in their richness and power of colouring, a quality which never deserted him. 234, "The Toilette," is one of these latter productions. It is happy in much of the flesh tinting, but is wretched in drawing, and intolerably vulgar. Can anything be much worse than the unshapely brown dowdy to the right, over whose lower limbs the artist has thrown a tattered bedquilt, from below which a brown something protrudes, which he would evidently have us take for her foot. 211, "Come unto these Yellow Sands," is scarcely better as regards drawing, though, as usual, rich in colour.

Yet even at this time Etty's ambition would seem not to have altogether left him, and, in rivalry of the "Judith" series of his early days, he produced three large works from the life of Joan of Arc; but the time was passed,—his knowledge of detail, his firmness of hand, had for ever deserted him. One of these pictures, 349, "Joan of Arc at the Stake," is here; but we can only regard it, and 372, "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," another life-sized work of the artist's later day, as done in a merely superior style of sign painting. The drawing of the figure of St. John is really quite below criticism.

However Etty may have endangered his fame by his latter works, one thing is certain, he greatly enlarged his fortune by them, and was enabled to retire, a wealthy man, to his native city of York, where he died respected and beloved by all who could appreciate his goodness of nature, and inoffensive manners. In conclusion, we would ask, "Who is to blame?"

THE OLD MASTERS.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

LEONARDO DA VINCI is entitled to especial honour as the founder of the Italian schools of painting. There were other great masters before his time who had done much by themselves, and through their pupils, to revive the art of painting in Italy, and to give it a new direction; but he was the first to reduce all to system, and to infuse it with a character distinct from what it had known before. This celebrated artist was the son of Pietro da Vinci, a notary of Florence, and was born in 1452, at the Castle of Vinci, in the lower vale of the Arno. He was endowed by nature with rare mental gifts, as well as all the graces of person. Though our business is now chiefly to speak of him as a painter, it must not be forgotten that Leonardo, besides perfecting the art of painting in nearly all its essentials, was equally great in other kindred branches of design; whilst he also cultivated with success mathematics, mechanics, hydrostatics, optics, poetry, music, &c. In short, never, perhaps, since the history of civilisation commenced, walked there than he a more accomplished and agreeable gentleman.

Leonardo received his first instruction in painting and modelling from Andrea Verrocchio, who also at that time had Perugino, the master of Raphael, in his school. The story runs, however, that very shortly after coming under Verrocchio, he had made such proficiency that the latter allowed him to assist him in his works; and that upon one occasion the pupil painted an angel, in a large composition of the "Baptism of Christ," in a manner so markedly superior to that of the rest of the work, that Verrocchio was disgusted, and made a vow to abandon painting for the future, restricting himself to sculpture.

The varied talents of Leonardo soon attracted the notice of the principal persons of distinction in Italy, and amongst the rest of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, who invited him to his court, in order, as Vasari has it, that he might play to him upon the lyre; but whether this be true or not, the vocations in which he was destined to be employed under his new patron were of a much higher and more important character. The date of his first visit to Milan is not known with any certainty. Vasari, in fixing it so late as 1494, when Leonardo was forty-two years of age, is unquestionably in error. Giusippi Bossi, who writes in 1810, considers that Leonardo went to Milan as early as 1471; but, from a variety of circumstances which it were unnecessary here to go into, the probability is that he did not do so till some time between 1477 and 1480. He remained at Milan till the year 1500, when the Duke, his patron, was overthrown by the French under



"THE STORM."—WILLIAM ETTY, R.A. (See Page 232.)

Louis the Twelfth, and taken prisoner to France, where he soon after died.

During his long sojourn at Milan, Leonardo was employed upon many important engineering works; amongst the rest, in one for conveying the waters of the Adda from Mortesana, through the Valteline and the valley of Chiavenna, to the walls of Milan, a distance of nearly 200 miles. He was also early appointed director of the Academy of Painting and Architecture, at Milan, in which capacity he laid the foundation of the Milanese school, the influence of which was afterwards felt more or less through Italy. His first step was to banish the old Gothic principles which had hitherto prevailed, and to introduce others of beautiful simplicity and purity, based upon the examples of classic times. He also composed a treatise upon painting, which to this day is held as an authority. He painted but little himself, however, being a slow worker, and difficult to please. His celebrated picture of the "Last Supper," which he painted in oils on the walls of the refectory of the Dominicans at Milan, was commenced, as is supposed, in 1481, and occupied him, at intervals, during sixteen years. As far as the composition goes, a tolerable idea of it may be obtained from the numerous engravings which have been made of it. It were needless to describe this well-known work now; suffice it to say, that for grandeur of conception, dignity, and expression, it remains unrivalled by anything of the kind produced before or since. Another famous effort of his was of much later date—namely, a cartoon, called the "Battle for the Standard," which he produced in 1503, at Florence, in rivalry to Michael Angelo's "Cartoon of Pisa," both of which works were intended to have been produced in fresco in the council chamber at Florence, occupying opposite walls, an intention which was not carried out. At Florence, also, during a nearly continuous residence of fourteen years, Leonardo produced his "Cartoon of St. Anna," intended for an altar-piece for the church of the Pedri Servi; and his far-famed portrait of Mona Lisa, the wife of Giocondo, which is said to have occupied him four years in finishing, and which he yet never considered finished.



"MONA LISA."—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Leonardo visited Rome in 1513, when Leo the Tenth was pope, but, though he planned some works, he executed none there.

About the year 1514 or 1515, Leonardo, harassed by continual vexations in Italy, accepted the in-

vitation of the young king, Francis the First, and repaired to the French Court, at Fontainebleau, where he was received with the highest honours. The Chateau of Cloux, at Amboise, was assigned for his residence, but it does not appear that he executed any work of importance after his arrival here, where he died of the infirmities of age, on the 2nd May, 1519. Vasari states that he was supported on his death-bed by Francis the First; but this romantic anecdote, creditable alike to both parties, does not appear to be well founded. One circumstance which militates against the supposition is, that it is proved by state documents that the court was at St. Germains on the 1st of May, attending the Queen, who had just been brought to bed, which is hardly compatible with the supposition of the King's being on the 2nd at Amboise.

The portrait of "Mona Lisa" (of which we give an engraving) has been already mentioned. It is a marvel of intelligent expression, fine keeping, and exquisite handling, particularly in the hair, which Leonardo was always very fond of treating with elaborate minuteness. This portrait was so admired by Francis the First that he purchased it for 4,000 crowns (about £800). It is now in the Louvre. A copy of it is exhibited in the Art-Treasures Palace (No. 183) contributed by Mr. R. Twining, to whom it was given by the poet Wordsworth.

PRE-RAPH.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By H. OTTLEY.

No. IX.

THE FOLLOWERS OF MICHAEL ANGELO, RAPHAEL, AND CORREGGIO.

THAT in mundane affairs progress cannot be continued for ever—that bold and brilliant ascent must be followed by decline, seems to be a rule of nature as firmly established as that the sun must set at the close of day. There is a limit to human excellence, and this, in the art of painting, was attained jointly by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio. Their numerous followers were destined to mark the wide difference between original genius and imitative talent, and to carry the arts of their adoption through every stage of abasement until the dead level of mere mannerism was attained. Yet this downward career was not to be confined to the land which had been illustrated by the mighty triumvirate. Circumstances occurred to spread the teachings of their schools over various parts of Europe.

The pupils of Raphael were legion; they flocked to him from all parts of Italy. He kept in his employ a crowd of artists, whom he supplied at once with assistance and instruction; and we are told that he never appeared at court without a retinue of about fifty of these followers. On the death of the great master, in 1520, the want of his protecting influence, as well as of his example, was sensibly felt by the members of his school. The authority of Michael Angelo was never permanent; and some of the pupils of Raphael, amongst the rest Giulio Romano, who ranks foremost amongst them, began to waver from their allegiance to his pure and modest principles. But the event which sealed the fate of the school of Rome, and gave the signal for the rapid declension of art, was the sacking of the Eternal City by the troops of Charles the Fifth, in 1527. It is difficult to believe what we read of the outrages committed by these savages, to whom nothing was sacred. They defaced parts of Raphael's paintings in the Vatican, and they pillaged all the artists without mercy. The consequence was a general flight from Rome. Giulio Romano, however, had already, in 1524, retired from Rome to Mantua, his native city, on the invitation of the Grand Duke, for whom he re-built the Palazzo del Te, embellishing it with large frescoes of mythological subjects, including the "Fall of the Giants," and the "History of Cupid and Psyche." This artist had several pupils, and is generally recognised as the founder of the Mantuan school. His style was bold and vigorous, but his execution was too generally coarse. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition are one or two specimens of this master. No. 176, "The Conversion of St. Paul," the property of Lady Dunmore, is well conceived for the purpose of mere display, the action being full of bustle, and the expression strongly marked; but the drawing is uncertain, and the colouring coarse and unsatisfactory. His "Alexander the Great" (No. 200), holding a figure of Victory in his right hand, the property of Mr. Dingwall, is designed in a fine ideal—heroic style, and painted with a firm and vigorous hand.

Francesco Penni, the favourite pupil of Raphael, and who, on account of his having at one period acted as a sort of steward to him, was called *Il Fattore*, proceeded to Naples, where, though he did not long survive, he contributed in no small degree to the advancement of art. This artist can hardly be said to be represented in the Art-Treasures Gallery;—the Earl of Pembroke's small "Holy Family, with a Lamb" (No. 153), attributed to this artist, and painted after a design of Raphael's, cannot be accepted as a fair specimen of his abilities. Polidoro da Caravaggio, another of the most illustrious of Raphael's followers, also went to Naples, and afterwards to Sicilly and Tunis.

Perino del Vaga, on the sacking of Rome, took refuge in Genoa, where his fresco decorations of the Doria Palace are considered to contest the palm with Giulio Romano's similar performances in the Palazzo del Te. There is a fine "Nativity," a composition including seven principal figures, by this artist in the Art-Treasures Exhibition (No. 188), from the collection of Lord Ward.

Benvenuto Garofalo was a painter of the Ferrarese school, who, though older than Raphael, went to Rome to take advantage of his instruction, which had considerable influence on his style. The Ferrarese school is remarkable for its elegant treatment, minute execution, and deep and strongly-contrasted colouring. There is a fine picture by Garafalo in the National Gallery—subject, "A Vision of St. Augustine;" and in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, "The Circumcision" (No. 236), contributed by the Earl of Yarborough, will afford a fair illustration of his style.

Of the other pupils of Raphael, Pelegrino da Modena went back to Modena, where he established a school; Luca Penni, the brother of Francesco, came to England, where he was employed for some time by Henry the Eighth. The labours of his hand are to be seen at Hampton Court. He afterwards went to France, where Primaticcio, a pupil of Giulio Romano; and Rosso, a follower of Michael Angelo; were already employed, and engaged in bitter rivalry. From this association of foreign talent originated what has been called the School of Fontainebleau, which exercised some influence in promoting the growth of art in France.

Further to illustrate the important influence which the art of Rome had upon that of other parts of Europe, it only remains to mention, that, besides the Italians, many painters from other nations were pupils of Raphael—as Van Orley, of Brussels; Michael Coxis, of Mechlin; George Penz, of Nuremberg; Jornes and Ribalta, of Valencia—who carried back with them to their homes principles which considerably modified the native art as practised there. Finally, Pedro Campanna, a native of Brussels, who either studied under Raphael, or in the school of his founding; and Tibalda, an ardent admirer and follower of Michael Angelo; were taken to Spain by Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second respectively, and spread the taste for Italian art in that country. Thus were the germs of the art of the Revival scattered in new climes, where they produced some creditable results. But still the decline of great art, particularly in Italy, was rapid, and steadily continuous.

Correggio, although, as has been stated, his example met with numerous imitators at a more advanced period of Italian art, which we have not yet arrived at, had no school, properly so called; and his immediate followers, with one exception, were men of little note. That one exception was Parmigaino; and even he, though he commenced by basing his style upon that of Correggio, afterwards, upon going to Rome, endeavoured to combine with its graceful and fascinating attributes, the grandeur of Michael Angelo, and the dramatic truth and propriety of Raphael. In short, he was the first distinguished example of an attempt to combine the excellences of different schools,—an idea which, at a later period, was carried out to a fuller extent by the Caracci. Opinions are much divided as to what amount of success Parmigiano realised in this experiment. Upon the whole, the balance appears to be against him. Fuseli says (not perhaps very clearly); "Parmigiano poised his line between the grace of Correggio and the energy of Michael Angelo, and from contrast produced elegance; but instead of making propriety her measnre, degraded her to affectation. That disengaged play of delicate forms, the *sveltezza* of the Italians, is the prerogative of Parmigiano, though nearly always obtained at the expense of proportion. He conceived the variety, but not the simplicity of beauty, and drove contrast to extravagance." His ideal of symmetry consisted in length of limb, and he carried it on most occasions to excess. One well-known instance of this is in a Madonna, in the Pitti Palace at Florence, known as the Madonna *dell' collo lungo*, or long-necked Madonna. It need hardly be observed that this attenuation of limb is inconsistent with the idea of muscular strength; and yet Parmigiano frequently aspires to represent his figures in most violent action. His great fresco, well known by the numerous engravings of it, of "Moses breaking the Tables of the Law," although much inconsiderate praise has been lavished upon it, is an example of this and other errors. Fuseli charges against it that this figure "has in his form less grandeur than agility—in his action more passion than majesty," and that it "loses the legislator in the savage." Another critic, after admitting the merits of the work in other particulars, says, "I have ever considered that figure a failure, as it appears to me that nothing could be more inappropriate than the choice of a sitting posture for the great Jewish lawgiver, at a moment when, from an impulse of indignation towards his disobedient people, he breaks the tables inscribed with the Divine commands."* But, apart from considera-

* "Italian School of Design," by W. Young Ottley. Folio. 1823.

tions of sentiment, the very attitude seems unnatural and strained,—the arms uplifted so high above the head, loaded with a heavy weight, would need counterpoise and support from the lower limbs, resulting from continuous action throughout the frame, which could only be obtained in a standing posture.

Barring, however, these conceits, resulting from error of judgment in Parmigiano, he was undoubtedly a painter of a very high order, full of fancy, with a well-stored mind, and with a free and captivating style. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition he is represented in several examples. The "Holy Family" (169), belonging to Mr. P. Norton, in the attenuation of the limbs, and the grace of the heads, is an example of his prevailing sin, and of the acknowledged charm of his pencil. "The Sleeping Endymion" also (No. 225), belonging to the same gentleman, will be remarked for the elongated proportion of the limbs. No. 202, "Two Cupids carrying a Third," the property of the Earl of Yarborough, is a little gem, in his purely Correggiesque style, full of action, life, *esprit;* and finished with the most exquisite softness, in a rich *impasto*. In the National Gallery is an important work by this master, namely, the "Vision of St. Jerome." It is said that he was engaged painting this picture when the sacking of Rome was going on, and that when the soldiers of Charles the Fifth entered his *atelier*, he was so engaged with his work that he did not notice them. Whether struck with the man, or his work, is not ascertained; but certain it is that the savage spirit of the intruders was subdued, and that they quitted the room without in any way molesting its occupant.

BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS.

No. X.

Young Opie was a native of the parish of St. Agnes, about seven miles from Truro, in Cornwall. He was born in 1761. His father and grandfather were carpenters, and spelt their name Oppy. When he was but twelve years old he had mastered Euclid, and was considered a wonder in the parish. He even began an evening school for the instruction of the peasants in arithmetic and writing. But his father, who was a rough specimen of the mechanic, compelled him to yield the pen, and wield the plane instead, to which labour our young artist submitted but with a bad grace, and often incurred the paternal displeasure by making absurd drawings in red chalk on the deals which were planed up for his use. He very early displayed his love for art. When he was only ten years old, Mark Oats, an elder companion, and in after-life captain of marines, drew a butterfly, which so fired the imagination of John Opie, that he seized paper and pencil, and never rested until he had drawn also his butterfly, and flown with it to display it to his mother. He next was enamoured of a picture of a farmyard, which he espied in a house in Truro, where his father was at work, and angered him by his pertinacity in gazing at it; however, the lady of the house, amused and interested by the boy's unfeigned admiration, indulged him with another look. On his return home, he got cloth and colours, and produced a tolerable copy of the farmyard from mere remembrance. By degrees he covered the walls of the paternal dwelling with likenesses of his friends and relatives; and it seems that his uncle, who was a superior man to the carpenter, praised his nephew, and prophesied great things from him, whilst his father was only angry at him for his idle trade.

There are several different accounts of his early days. The Secretary for Foreign Correspondence in the Royal Academy says, that his sketches and ardour in pursuit of art brought him into notice of Wolcot (Peter Pindar), then resident as physician in Truro. Smith tells the story in these words:—"Dr. Wolcot compassionately took him as a lad to clean knives, feed the dog, &c., purposely to screen him from the beating his father would now and then give him, for chalking the sawpit all over. Oppy—for so we must for the present call him—always staid a long time when he went to the slaughterhouse for paunches for the dog. At last the Doctor was so wonderfully pleased by John's bringing him home an astonishing likeness of his friend the carcass butcher, that he condescended to sit to him, and the production was equally surprising." However these accounts may differ, it is a fact that John Opie lived while a boy in the satirist's family, and his talents gained him his favour.

While yet very young, he commenced itinerant portrait painter. Prince Hoare tells us as follows:—"One of his expeditions was to Padstow, whither he set forward dressed as usual, in a boy's plain short jacket, and carrying with him all proper apparatus for portrait painting. Here, amongst others, he painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of Prideaux, even to the dogs and cats of the said family. He remained so long absent from home, that some uneasiness began to arise on his account; but it was dissipated by his returning dressed in a handsome coat with very long skirts, laced ruffles, and silk stockings. On seeing his mother, he ran to her, and taking out of his pocket twenty guineas which he had earned by his pencil, desired her to keep them, as he should hereafter maintain himself."

Opie's love for his mother was intense, and he delighted to speak of her in after life, and recal her acts of tenderness; and he used to repeat with fondness how she watched over his boyhood, and warmed his gloves and great coat in the winter mornings, when he went to school. This happy mother lived to the age of ninety-two, delighting in her son's fame, and sharing in his success.

Lord Bateman was one of his earliest patrons, and used to employ him to paint old men and travelling mendicants, which was excellent practice, and by which he attained freedom of hand, his sitters not perplexing him by criticism, nor overpowering him with the awe of lofty station, but beholding with admiration their reproduction upon canvas by this mere lad. His price, when he was sixteen, for a portrait, was seven shillings and sixpence. But it seems that none of the portraits he attempted more charmed the good folk of Truro than one which he made of a parrot walking down his perch, and all the parrots in the place acknowledged the likeness, as well as the unfeathered bipeds. When Wolcot asked him how he liked his profession, he replied, "Better than bread and meat."

When he was twenty, Dr. Wolcot took him to London, after a grave consultation as to the feasibility of changing his name from the odd-sounding Oppy, to the more euphonious one of Opie—a name owned by an old Cornish family; and by the new name the new man was presented to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who received him courteously, but did not seem to think that he would by any means set the Thames on fire. But accomplish this inflammatory feat it was determined he should, by his friend Peter Pindar, who forthwith set himself to work to proclaim his *protegé* a wonder—"The Cornish wonder"—"the boy in tin mines bred." Northcote thus relates the success of the manœuvre:—"The novelty and originality of manner in his pictures, added to his great abilities, drew universal attention from the connoisseurs, and he was immediately surrounded and employed by all the principal nobility of England. When he ceased, and that was soon, to be a novelty, the capricious public left him in disgust. They now looked out for his defects alone, and he became in his turn totally neglected and forgotten, and instead of being the sole object of public attention, and having the street where he lived so crowded with coaches of the nobility as to become a real nuisance to the neighbourhood, 'so,' as he jestingly observed to me, 'that he thought he must place cannon at the door to keep the multitude off from it,' he now found himself as entirely deserted as if his house had been infected with the plague. Such is the world!

Nevertheless, when the admiration of the town began to subside, the country took up the wondrous tale; and the thirty guineas, with which he commenced the adventure, was now become a very considerable sum, with which he furnished a house in Orange Court, Leicester Fields. His first care was the comfort of his mother, and the next to improve himself in art so as to deserve and preserve the popularity he had gained. He made great progress; but now that he was in reality greater, the world looked more coldly on him, as being determined not to be twice beguiled. "Reynolds," says Wilton, the sculptor, "is the only eminent painter who has been able to charm the public back to himself after they were tired of him." Mrs. Inchbald says of him, that "his habitual ruggedness of address was stigmatised by the courtly observer with the appellation of ill-breeding; whilst a plainer and wiser description of persons found in this contempt of affectation such a security from design either upon their hearts or their understandings, that they willingly yielded him both; and they made this sacrifice with a kind of joyful astonishment, to observe that where the Graces never appeared, the Virtues acted for them." His uncouthness of manner, which was observed early in life, was probably inherited from his father, who was coarse and uncompromising in character.

Having made a position for himself, Opie now turned his thoughts towards domestic ties; but, unhappily for him, the love of money too much influenced his choice of a wife when he selected a little, dark-eyed woman, the richly-dowered daughter of a pawnbroker, to be his eternal companion. His placability of temper was said to be immense; and that a kind look would make him forgive, and trust again, those who had injured him; but such was the conduct of his giddy, childless wife, that he was driven to sue for a divorce. Thus, having parted from this monied woman, and being left in peace from the crowds of carriages which filled his street, *without* having recourse to cannon, he turned his thoughts to the cultivation of his mind, and "such," says his best biographer, "were the powers of his memory, that he retained all he had read; and Milton, Shakspere, Dryden, Butler, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Burke, and Dr. Johnson, he might, to use a familiar expression, be said to know by heart." Horne Tooke said of him: "Mr. Opie crowds more wisdom into a few words than almost any man I ever knew; he speaks, as it were, in axioms; and what he observes is worthy to be remembered." "Had Opie turned his powers of mind," says Sir James Mackintosh, "to the study of philosophy, he would have been one of the first philosophers of

the age. I was never more struck than with his original manner of thinking and expressing himself in conversation; and had he written on the subject, he would perhaps have thrown more light on the philosophy of his art than any man living."

His forte was portrait painting; but some of his historical compositions have given pleasure; in especial, "The Murder of James the First of Scotland;" "The Presentation in the Temple;" "Jepththa's Vow;" "The Death of David Rizzio;" "Young Arthur taken Prisoner;" "Arthur with Hubert;" "Belisarius;" "Juliet in the Garden;" and "The Escape of Gil Blas and Musidora." "He painted what he saw," says West, "in the most masterly manner; and he varied little from it. He saw nature in one point more distinctly and forcibly than any painter that ever lived. The truth of colour, as conveyed to the eye through the atmosphere, by which the distance of every object is ascertained, was never better expressed than by him. He distinctly represented local colour in all its various tones and proportions, whether in light or in shadow, with a perfect uniformity of imitation. Other painters frequently make two separate colours of objects in light and in shade—Opie never. With him no colour—whether in white, black, primary, or compound—ever, in any situation, lost its respective hue."

For his second wife, Opie made a worthier choice than the first. The merits of Amelia Opie are well known, and to her we are indebted for what is publicly told of her husband's mode of study. "During the nine years that I was his wife, I never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondence on the sofa, exclaim, 'I am the most stupid of created beings, and I never shall be a painter as long as I live.'"

An imaginary sum was always floating before his eyes, which his paintings were to accumulate; and that object having now been attained, he intended to retire, and, with his beloved partner, pass the remainder of his days in peace. Having written a memoir of Reynolds, for Wolcot's edition of "Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters," and delivered lectures at the British Institution, he, now that Barry was ejected, aspired to the professorship of painting in the Royal Academy. The post was gained by Fuseli; but when that eminent scholar was made keeper, Opie again came forward, and was instantly elected.

His four lectures on Design, Invention, *Chiar-oscuro*, and Colouring, contained much valuable matter. When the course was finished, Prince Hoare begged an article for his periodical, "The Request;" but Opie said, "I am tired of writing. I shall be a gentleman during the spring months, keep a horse, and ride out every morning."

But, alas! this happy dream was never realised. He was seized by a slow and consuming illness, which baffled the skill of his five doctors, Pitcairn and Baillie amongst the number. He was engaged at the time on a portrait of the Duke of Gloucester; and, after a fit of delirium, he asked for the picture to be placed at the foot of his bed, which being done, he turned to his friend Thompson, a member of the Royal Academy, and said, "There is not enough colour on the background." More colour was added; and Opie now looked at it with great satisfaction, exclaiming, "Thompson, it will do now—it will do now. If you could not do it, nobody could." Then the delirium returned, and he imagined himself to be painting till he died, which event took place on the 9th of April, 1807. After death it was found that the lower part of the spinal marrow was in a state of inflammation, and the brain surcharged with blood. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, near Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Opie looked like an inspired peasant, and was somewhat abrupt in his language, and careless in his dress. The portrait he has left of himself shows him to have had a fine head, and a beautiful, intellectual eye. His countenance was, on the whole, melancholy. "He had that strength of mind which triumphs over despair. He estimated the patronage of fickle ignorance at what it was worth, and lived to invest his name with a brighter as well as steadier halo than that of fashionable wonder."



HORACE VERNET. (See next page.)

HORACE VERNET.

Horace Vernet, the great painter of Military Life and Scenes of Battle, of France, is the last of a family (for he has no son to bear his name) in which the talent for painting has followed the rule of hereditary development. The revolutions which have swept away the legal inheritance of every fifth man in France have had no power to touch this entailed estate of the Vernets, which they have successively devoted to the history of their country with remarkable effect.



"RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO AT THE VATICAN."—HORACE VERNET.

Horace Vernet's father, Carle Vernet, was a native of Bordeaux, and an historical painter of some eminence. He was especially famous for his delineation of horses, and of the curvetting of cavalry. He rose in reputation under the Consulate and in the early days of the Empire; and his pictures of "The Battle of Rivoli," "The Battle of Austerlitz," and "The Battle of Marengo," bear witness to his unrivalled talent. In the last he gives the famous charge of Kellerman's cuirassiers with remarkable truthfulness and force, and with all the natural movement of cavalry.

Joseph Vernet, father to Carle, was the first painter of Marine subjects of his day, and has become familiar to us through the numerous engravings of his works. He was a native of Avignon, where his father was a distinguished painter. Joseph studied in Italy, and after residing there for above twenty years, and making himself a name, he returned to his native country, and became painter to Louis the Fifteenth, by whose order he produced a series of pieces representing the principal ports in France. During his voyage from Leghorn to Marseilles an incident occurred to Joseph Vernet which his grandson, Horace, has made the subject of one of his pictures. A violent storm arose during the passage, and threatened every moment to destroy the ship and engulf the trembling crew. The enthusiastic painter, under the influence of the ruling passion, had himself lashed to the mast, and with a pencil in one hand and his sketching book in the other, became so absorbed in the mighty spectacle before him that he lost all sense of danger, and only paused in his work to exclaim, from time to time, "How grand it is!" The Gallery of the Louvre contains forty-eight of Joseph Vernet's pictures.

Horace Vernet, with whose portrait, engraved from that taken by M. Tournachon Nadar, jun., photographer to the Empress, we present our readers, was born in Paris, within the precincts of the Louvre, where his father resided, in 1789. If reading and writing did not come by nature to the lively little Horace, drawing may truly be said to have done so, for long before he had mastered those prime keys to knowledge, he would cover all attainable scraps of paper with mimic battalions, to the great delight of his father, under whom he studied for some time. He next entered the *atelier* of Vincent, and there designed from nature and from the antique, with but moderate success. When about twenty years of age, he attempted, at the earnest request of his father, the classic style, then arbitrarily imposed upon all artists by the strict *regime* of the schools. Finding his attempts wholly unsuccessful, and feeling, moreover, the inadequacy of the antique style to represent the stirring events of the age, Horace Vernet had

the courage to paint real nineteenth-century soldiers, in scenes of battle and soldier-life, grouped from the reports of the bulletins, instead of the Hercules hussars, Apollo grenadiers, and the still more unnatural Venuses and Dianas as *cantinières*, whose pure outlines and perfect forms could not make amends for their inappropriateness of place and costume in modern pictures. This bold innovation in favour of the real was warmly received by the people, whose hearts opened at this truth to nature, and they loudly proclaimed Horace Vernet the Painter of the Age. The reception of his "Taking of the Redoubt," his "Dog of the Regiment," and "Horse of the Trumpeter," determined Vernet's future career, and he painted, successively, the "Battle of Toulouse, the "Barrier of Clichy," the "Soldier Labourer," the "Soldier of Waterloo," the "Last Cartouche," the "Death of Poniatowski," the Battles of "Jemappes," of "Valmy," of "Montmirail," of "Hanau," the "Defence of Saragossa," the "Massacre of the Mamelukes at Cairo," and hundreds of other subjects of a similar character, with the fecundity which has never failed him. The events of his own time have abundantly furnished him with subjects. When peace was proclaimed in Europe, this painter in ordinary to Mars and Bellona found a fresh field in Africa, and the history of the conquest of Algeria is written in his glowing colours; the picturesque costume and unique scenery furnishing a splendid background to the stirrring events depicted. "The Camp Scene," No. 44 in the Hertford Gallery, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, is a good specimen of Vernet's pictures of Algerine life. No 655, in the Clock Gallery, representing a "Scene in the Siege of Rome," recals vividly the fruitless struggle of 1848. "Vittoria di Albano," 672, in the same gallery, is an excellent example of Vernet's style in another class of subjects.

In 1822 the entry to the Exhibition in the Louvre was refused to Horace Vernet's pictures, "on account of the seditious tendency of his works." With his usual spirit, the artist made an exhibition room of his studio, and had a catalogue prepared for the use of the public. In 1826, Vernet was admitted a member of the Institute; and in 1830 he was appointed to succeed Monsieur Guerin as director of the Academy at Rome, where he continued to reside for five years, devoting himself to the study of the Italian school. The result was a new class of subjects from his prolific pencil. "Judith and Holofernes," "Confession of a Dying Brigand," "Pope Leo the Twelfth carried into St. Peter's," and the original of our engraving, "Raphael and Michael Angelo at the Vatican," or, as we have likewise heard it named, "The Studio of Raphael," were all painted in Rome. This last picture, which adorns the walls of the Luxembourg, is illustrative of an anecdote of somewhat doubtful authenticity, which states that Michael Angelo, unexpectingly meeting Raphael in the Vatican, surrounded by his pupils, sixteen in number, said ironically to his youthful rival, "You march along like a general with his suite." "And you," Raphael is said to have retorted, "walk alone, like an executioner."

On his return to Paris, M. Vernet again devoted himself to his favourite battle subjects. He was entrusted by the government with the entire decorations of the Constantine Gallery, so called from the town of Constantine, in Africa, and designed to commemorate the achievements of the French troops in Algeria. Three great pictures, descriptive of the siege of Constantine, face the entrance to the gallery, and represent, severally, a sortie of Arab troops repulsed by a battalion, headed by the Duke de Nemours; a column of soldiers marching from the trenches; and the men climbing and entering the breaches. These stirring scenes are all given with that vividness of action and life-like movement for which Horace Vernet is peculiarly distinguished. Critics have pronounced a decided progress visible in these and other recent works of the artist. They exhibit great freedom and warmth of expression, and not less delicacy of touch and elaborate finish, whilst the details are given with photographic exactness. "The Taking of the Smala of Abd-el-Kader," is said to cover the largest canvas in existence. "The Capture of Rome by General Oudinot, in 1849," is another large picture of great merit. The Crimean war has furnished fresh subjects to Vernet; and "The Taking of the Malakoff" is one of his latest works. A French cotemporary gives an anecdote in connection with the execution of this picture, which we shall translate, for the graphic allusions it makes to the painter.

Horace Vernet encountered one day, on the Boulevard, an old sergeant of the line. The artist examined the man with interest, following him closely.

"Pardon me, commander," said the soldier (who thought he spoke to a general), "if I hasten on. I am on leave for two hours."

"Do you know to whom you bear a most marvellous resemblance, my brave fellow?" said the artist.

"Yes; they say I am like the general who commanded us when we took the Malakoff."

Vernet drew from his pocket a gold medal struck in memory of that great exploit, and representing the martial head of General Pélissier.

"Preserve that; it is your portrait," said he to the sergeant, "and to-morrow you will have leave of absence for twenty-four hours to come and sit to me. Here are my name and address."

The soldier read, "Horace Vernet," and, more moved by the words than he had been under the fire of the Russians, performed the military salute three times over.

"I shall go," he exclaimed, "dead or alive. But why does the general desire my portrait?" (He could use no lower title to the artist.)

"To invest it a marshal of France, until you become a sub-lieutenant."

Accordingly, the next day, and for many days following, the sergeant, dressed as a marshal, sat to the artist in the place of General Pélissier, who sits more patiently under the cannon of the enemy than in the artist's studio.

The old soldier who was thus honoured with a place in this last *chef d'œuvre* of Vernet was promoted, by the intervention of the amiable artist, to the post of under-lieutenant in reality, as he is marshal of France in effigy.

In the Saloon of the Modern Masters, at the Art-Treasures Exhibition, is a portrait of Horace Vernet at work in his studio, painted three years ago by J. R. Herbert, R.A. Though in a cold and severe style, it is a faithful likeness of the erect and elegantly-formed little artist, and conveys a better idea of the open, resolute expression of his countenance, and his military air, than of that quickness of eye, and that nervous energy of manner, which are no less characteristic of him, and which make his sixty-eight years appear to sit so lightly upon him. Madlle. Vernet, the artist's only child, was married to the great historical painter, Paul de la Roche, at Rome, in 1835.

R. M.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

THERE was a large number of strangers in Manchester on Monday, September 7th, and there was a numerous attendance at the Exhibition. Amongst the visitors were the Rev. Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. Livingstone, and Dr. Livingstone's brother; Lady Truro, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and Sir Frederick Arthur, Bart. There were special trains from Thorne, Huddersfield, and Liverpool, direct to the Exhibition. C. E. Willing, Esq. (organist to the Foundling Hospital, London), presided at the organ, and the performance included selections from Meyerbeer, Beethoven, Weber, Handel, Donizetti. Mendelssohn, &c.

Among the visitors on Tuesday, the 8th, was Lord Brougham, accompanied by Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., and several members of Sir Benjamin's family, and his lordship was attended in his inspection of the building by Mr. J. C. Deane, the general commissioner. His lordship was exceedingly pleased with the Exhibition. There were also among the visitors Sir James Graham, Bart., M.P., Sir F. Arthur and Lady Elizabeth Arthur, the Dowager Lady Truro, the Hon. G. Ponsonby, Col. Wilson Patten, M.P., and Mr. Wm. Brown, M.P. There were several excursion trains which brought great numbers from a distance. The most noticeable of these was Cook's "moonlight trip" from Newcastle. The train which was thus announced left Newcastle at midnight on Monday, and got into Manchester at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning. It started on the return journey at six o'clock in the evening. By thus encroaching a little on the hours of rest, about 1,500 of the good people of Newcastle had the privilege of a trip to, and a day in, Manchester, for the low fare of 6s. 6d. a piece. There were two special trains from Sheffield, which brought about 800 passengers, and among them the members of the School of Arts and their friends. A special train (Ashton's) also came from Newton-in-the-Willows, and about 100 of the boys and girls attending the Kingerley National Schools had an excursion to the Exhibition.

On Wednesday, Lord Broughan and Sir James Graham, Bart., were again among the visitors. There were special trains from Sheffield, Derby, and the Potteries, and the ordinary excursions from Leeds, Huddersfield, Liverpool, and Yorkshire.

There were amongst the visitors on Thursday the Rev. Dr. Livingstone, Mrs. Livingstone, the Rev. C. Livingstone, of Massachusetts; Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere, the Bishop of Manchester, D. O. Hill, Esq., of Edinburgh; Theodore Martin, Esq., of London, and Mrs. Martin (Helen Faucit). The attendance was a little in excess of the preceding Thursday.

The weather on Friday was very unfavourable; but notwithstanding this, the attendance of visitors exceeded that of the previous Friday. Mr. Henry Walker presided at the organ; and M. Becquie de Peyreville conducted the instrumental performances, which embraced the overture, "Fra Diavolo; a solo on the oboe, by Mr. Jennings, "La Sonnambula;" the overture, "Le Carnival Romain," &c.

On Saturday the weather was gloriously fine, and the people turned out in their thousands to take advantage of the last day of the sixpenny admission. Among the visitors were Lord and Lady Wharncliffe, Lord George Manners, and A. H. Davenport, Esq. There were several excursion trains to the building on Saturday. Mr. Cook had another "moonlight trip" from Newcastle, by which about 1,000 passengers reached Manchester about seven o'clock in the morning. This enterprising manager of cheap excursion trains accompanied the excursionists in person from Newcastle. About 450 of the workpeople in the employment of Messrs. Winkworth, Proctor, and Co., of Macclesfield; about 800 in the employment of Messrs. Cooke, of Oxford Road; about 400 in the employment of Messrs. Houldsworth and Co., of Manchester; and about 520 connected with temperance societies in Bradford and Halifax, were also among the throngs who, by special train or otherwise, visited the Palace. There were also 76 of the pupils attending the Dunmore School, near Blue Pits, belonging to Mr. Kay, manufacturer; and a drum-and-fife band belonging to the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company.

We understand that it is intended the Exhibition shall close on the 15th October, so that those who may have hitherto foolishly deferred reaping the full harvest of pleasure and profit which a careful inspection of the pictures is fitted to afford, should do so no longer. The Lord Chancellor (Cranworth) of England, the Duke of Newcastle, and the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell have been amongst the recent visitors to the Exhibition.

The total admissions last week are quoted below:

	One Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Sept. 7.....	11,701	.....	762	12,463
,, 8.....	8,259	.....	586	8,845
,, 9.....	10,099	.....	990	11,089
,, 10.....	...	3,450	2,835	6,285
,, 11.....	5,445	.....	662	6,107
,, 12.....	3,491 At 6d. 16,928	.....	1,371	21,790

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter X.

THE TWO RUYSDAELS.—MATILDA'S RECEPTION IN THE VILLAGE.—HOPES AND FEARS.

My strength and my prospects lay in the aptitude which I betrayed for the work of restoration. It was, I found, no light matter to satisfy the judgments of the numerous connoisseurs who visited our studio in the palace during the latter portion of our stay. By arrangement the first year (we were two years in all at the work) was spent in the renovation of the larger picture galleries, and in repairing a painted ceiling and staircase which had gone wellnigh to ruin. The gems of the cabinet were reserved until the noble owner's return from the continent, accompanied by some friends who had the reputation of being eminent critics in matters of art. In all the difficulties of the undertaking I was ever permitted to be present, and to take part in the delicate and interesting operations performed; and each day my employer grew more and more confident of "making an artist of me;" and he predicted for me a successful career, providing I courted it in the metropolis. We found the pictures one and all very much in the same dull, monotonous state, to which they had been reduced by their long neglect. For half a century had the damp mists of autumn penetrated the rooms, had settled upon the surfaces of the pictures, and absorbed each particle of dust, until it was no longer possible to distinguish the glowing colours of the Flemish and Venetian masters from the more sombre and pallid hues of the Spanish school. If possible, the smaller cabinet works were even more obscured than the larger and more imposing treasures of the gallery. Among a hundred other examples, by Flemish and Dutch artists, were a pair of sea-pieces by the two Ruysdaels, which had a sort of European reputation. It was by special desire that Sir R. was present during the process of cleaning these two pictures. In their obscured state they might have passed with tolerably good judges as specimens from one and the same pencil. Alike in the character of their subjects, both having passed through the same ordeal under Time's mellowing hand, they were of a kindred complexion—to wit, a murky yellowish brown. This tint was spread equally over the entire pictures, producing an effect similar to that which smoked glass would produce if placed betwixt the eye and natural objects. By some of his lordship's friends this dismal tone was declared to be "superb." Old Lord E. pronounced it the true "golden."

"'Golden' it may be," said Sir R., "but there is no legitimate excuse for its presence on those pictures."

"You would not, Sir R., think for one moment of disturbing the mellow warmth of those Ruysdaels?"

"I would recommend that this unsightly varnish and dirt be removed, in order that we may contemplate the pictures in the condition the master left them as nearly as possible."

"But *that* is the original, natural tone, is it not?"

"On the contrary, it is almost as unlike the colour of Jacob Ruysdael as white is to black."

"You astonish me, Sir R."

"I see no reason for astonishment, my lord."

"Indeed, I always understood that this mellow warmth, or 'glazing,' which you condemn, was the glory of an old picture. I should like you to explain more fully, Sir R., before the destructive process for removing it proceeds, what wonderful effects you expect to obtain by its removal."

"I promise you effects perfectly natural. You will observe, my lord, those breakers on the foreground rocks are of the same tint as the smaller waves in the middle distance, and that the silken flags of the remote vessels are as legible as those which are near at hand. How do you reconcile this want of gradation in a master remarkable for realising the most subtle variations and transitions of light, shade, and tint?"

"I would rather you continued your explanation, Sir R., and you will oblige us very much by being very definite."

"Very good, my lord. This water, which reminds one strongly of mud, ought to be, beyond question, transparent in the shaded portions; the foam wants motion, and the billows have lost form, grace, and rotundity. I will explain to you why those flags in the midst of the ocean are as prominent as those which are near. Jacob Ruysdael, like all great artists, modelled his distances firmly in solid colour, and the brush-marks have become filled with dirt, varnish, and oil, which, having become darkened, have perverted the master's intention entirely; in fact, we have now a yellowish brown for what was once a delicate grey. I have scarcely ever seen a fine landscape in which the distances were not obscured and confounded by discolorations of this sort. Our own Wilson's pictures are instances in which the remote objects are loaded with colour in such a manner as to collect and retain dust, dirt, and superfluous varnish and oil. The air-tints—the aeriel perspective, which commonly is the charm of a landscape, is entirely eaten up by these corrupt glazes."

"But coming more directly to the Ruysdaels under notice, Sir R., pray inform us more directly of the good we are to expect from the removal of these time-honoured 'glazings.'"

"I will ensure you more space, air, and light—greater variety in form and colour—and a multiplicity of details touched in with lightness, precision, and truth, which are now buried in oblivion. Beneath yon overhanging cloud the sea shall look dark and gloomy—a track of sunlight will light up the distant sails, and reveal the silken flags crimped and fluttering in the breeze, as if they were endowed with life and motion."

"Enough, Sir R., we know you for a great connoisseur; as far as I am concerned, you have full licence to do your worst."

This discussion on picture-cleaning was attentively listened to by the owner of the pictures, who, not possessing much critical knowledge on the subject, was only too pleased to raise discussions so interesting to him as the possessor of art-treasures. Sir R. had reigned supreme in our *atelier* until the arrival of his venerable opponent, who opposed him on all occasions. Lord E. was, as you may guess, a veritable relic of the old school of *cognoscenti*, who were great sticklers for rust, mildew, and dirt, and who thought pictures and statues very "much enhanced by age and decay." Sir R. spoke with the authority of one who had paid attention to the subject, and calculated the advantages which accrue to art from restorations judiciously conducted. It transpired in the end, however, that my master, the manipulator, was better informed on the subject in dispute than his illustrious advisers. I said that the two Ruysdaels strongly resembled each other in tone and subject; but it remained to be seen that they were not so nearly allied when regarded as works of art. They had always passed for a pair, and had cost the same amount of money. The observations of the two critics, although pointed especially to one picture, were understood to refer to both; but on my master receiving instructions to clean them, he took the liberty of telling Sir R. that the two works, seemingly so much alike, were in reality by different hands—the one being by Jacob Ruysdael, the other by his brother Solomon. At first this announcement created some astonishment and doubt in the mind of Sir R., but he was speedily converted when the two productions were placed in juxtaposition, and underwent a minute investigation.

"This is no very flattering discovery," he exclaimed, turning to the owner. "The pictures must be cleaned notwithstanding."

"I can recover all the effects you have enumerated, Sir R., in the one case," said the restorer; "but I must forewarn you and my lord that no such beauties are to be found in the 'imitation.'"

"True," returned Sir R.; "but you will find, I anticipate, a relative degree of excellence in it."

"I must tell you, Sir R., that I have no hope of finding any beauties in the imitation whatever. It is not only painted by an inferior hand, but, moreover, by an inferior process. It is in the knowledge of the means and the methods employed by the old masters that the success of our operations in a large measure depends. We know that Jacob Ruysdael painted *his* pictures carefully and honestly, manifesting great discernment in the choice of his 'ground' tint. It was owing to this precaution that his works retain so much of their early natural freshness. Solomon, on the contrary, possessing none of the feeling or ambition, had none of his brother's anxiety for the goodness and durability of his productions. Solomon aimed at the rapid manufacture of an article resembling in leading features his brother's masterpieces. He painted, for instance, on a dark 'ground,' for the sake of the facility it afforded, and the consequence is that his counterfeits have become blackened by time, while his brother's thoughtful and conscientious compositions have still a grey, mineral-like solidity. The brownish tinge on the Jacob Ruysdael is occasioned by an incrustation upon the surface which can be removed; while, in contradistinction, the blackness in the example before us by Solomon Ruysdael, is a radical defect, and utterly incurable."

"Just as I always asserted," cried Sir R., when my master had thus expressed his opinion; "these odious films upon old pictures are as favourable to your imitators as night and darkness are to burglars!"

"What then would you advise under present circumstances?" inquired the owner, of my employer.

"My advice, my lord, is, that you permit me to restore the true picture, and that you dismiss the counterfeit to some other room; but previously to your carrying out this sentence, I will convince you of its justice."

After a lapse of a few days, the genuine picture, the Jacob Ruysdael, shone forth in its original state, very natural and very beautiful. It was now a picture which not only the learned connoisseur, but even the humblest spectator also, could understand and admire. No such transformation took place in the counterfeit. After many unavailing attempts to get at its supposed beauties, it was formally dismissed to a modester place.

But to return to my personal affairs. My employer fortunately brought with him his family, to reside in a cottage on the outskirts of the park. From the first he manifested so much concern for my welfare, that I soon seized an opportunity of telling him the history of my love for the Italian girl, with which he was much interested, and lost no time in introducing Matilda to his wife and family, who received her with every possible kindness. In fact, no sooner had Matilda set foot in the village than the whole population, numbering some seventy individuals, old and young, declared spontaneously in her favour. Had she made her first appearance in that rural district graced with the wings of an angel, she could hardly have created a greater sensation. Visitors came from all parts to view the pictures and statues, and had familiarised those humble people with fair faces enough, but still one and all seemed taken with the noble presence of the beautiful girl from over the sea, even that pompous *dilettante*, Samuel, his lordship's porter, opened his small eyes and left his carved chair when Matilda passed through his gate, and ventured his opinion on the state of the weather and prospects of the harvest in a manner meant to be exceedingly polite. The rustics vied with each other in presenting the new favourite with the choicest of their flowers. Dame Britton sent in a parcel of honey; old Tom, the hedger and ditcher, left a yellow-beaked blackbird in a wicker cage; the children opened all the gates gratis; and, to crown all, the old housekeeper at the Abbey, a very grave personage, invited the "foreign young lady" to tea. In consequence of all this kindness shown to Matilda, I tried to feel very happy. I made good wages. Work was a pleasure to me. I had long acquired that feeling of security and independence which the consciousness of possessing a fair share of practical ability imparts. I saw my way clearly. Matilda had now no motive to slave in the workshop of Campiani. The Signor, her father, unhappily, was not long influenced by me. Since my absence from the old tavern, he had resumed his usual habits of modelling statuettes and gambling. We sometimes met, and he always expressed unbounded confidence in whatever I did or proposed to do. I went so far as to ask of him his lovely daughter, and not in vain. "Matta's visits to the village were," he said, "peculiarly agreeable to him," and that he was "much affected by the kind reception she had met with." A happy improvement, too, in her health was manifest since her change of life—not that she had ever been really ill, only much toil and long watching over her father's strange and desperate career had begun to imprint upon her face untimely marks of care. Herein lay our only grief. In the bright heaven of our hopes there was ever present one small, black, threatening cloud (visible to no eyes save ours), throwing its ominous shadow over our pathway.

(To be continued.)



"THE WANDERING MINSTREL."—DIETRICH.

DIETRICH.

By H. Merritt.

Had there never been imitators of the old painters, picture collecting would still be fraught with difficulties enough. The number and variety of true pictures alone offer a wide field for the exercise of the connoisseur's discrimination. Long and patient study is necessary to master those peculiarities of style by which the several masters are distinguished the one from the other. To the eye of the novice certain masters and scholars bear a mutual resemblance, so strong that the distinction between them is seemingly almost without a difference. Of course the eye of the experienced collector soon discovers the country and period to which a work belongs, and is not necessitated to ask whether it be Spanish, Flemish, or Italian. He will, moreover, readily point out the school from which a picture proceeded. He soon decides upon such broad differences by the general features of the picture; but when it becomes a question as to the actual handwriting—that is, as to who painted the picture—then the quality of the work alone can be appealed to with safety. There never has been more than one Titian, one Raphael, and one Rembrandt. The best pupils of these great men fell far short of the high standard which their masters set up; and it follows, therefore, that with an intelligent appreciation of the works of the supreme head of a school, the lesser constellations may, by comparison, be easily detected in their borrowed lustre. What are called school copies may, for the most part, be readily distinguished by their want of force. Sometimes, it is true, the master was assisted in his labours by illustrious scholars; but in such cases the master claimed the entire credit of the joint production, and properly so, because the assistance thus obtained was com-

monly confined to mere mechanical portions, the design and final finish being the master's share and responsibility. There are rare instances of imitations which deceive the best judges; nay, painters themselves have been deceived by copies, and have mistaken the works of others for their own, as in the case of a painting of the "Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto, which Giulio Romano insisted was painted by himself and Raphael. Where men of genius have made it their deliberate aim to deceive, they have sometimes succeeded. David Teniers would counterfeit a whole gallery of painters, and produce almost fac-similes of the styles of the various schools from the same palette, so that none but the very learned in such matters would think of disputing their authenticity. But perhaps the greatest of all deceivers in this way was Christian William Ernest Diétrich, who was born at Weimar in 1712, and died at Dresden in 1774. The whole career of this painter was devoted to deception. We are doing an injustice to Ostade by calling our illustration after Diétrich, but there is no help for it. It would hardly be possible to select an example from the pencil of this German which might not be justly claimed by some other German, Dutchman, Italian, or Frenchman, among his illustrious predecessors. Gainsborough, painting the portraits of Garrick and Foote, complained that they wore everybody's face but their own; and of Diétrich it may be said that he painted in everybody's manner but his own. He did more to confound picture collectors than all other imitators put together. Hundreds of his imitations of the various masters have been sold to second-rate amateurs for original productions. If there arises any doubt about the paternity of a suspicious-looking Rembrandt, it is the common practice of dealers to place it to the account of Diétrich. If a waterfall turns up which will not pass muster for Ruysdael or Everdingen, it is ascribed to the wily German. It is the same with a disputed Claude. That "Sunrise among Ruined Temples," so like Lorraine, is a freak of Diétrich's. That "Den of Bandits," resembling Salvator, is from the same spurious source. He could so vary his pencil as to descend from the rugged rocks of Rosa into the smiling meadows of Polemberg, where nymphs with fair, round, polished limbs disported themselves in the cool streamlets of the valley. Others made copying their betters an occasional pursuit, for the purpose of improving their hands, or to comply with the wishes of their patrons; but Diétrich delighted only to parade himself in the stolen garments of other men. Proteus-like, he was ever appearing in new and strange disguises, and ever in the extremes of fashion, so that no one could count upon him, and it is just possible that he could not count upon himself. Yet while he copied so much, and at first sight so faithfully, upon critical examination we discover that his productions are really not copies at all. Such was his caprice, that he even invented a style of pictures which were as far removed from copies as they were from being originals. He was one continued uncertainty. You cannot speak of him without laying yourself open to the charge of inconsistency, just as you cannot assert the hue of the chamelion without having your judgment set aside by the next observer. We are not quite sure how his name should be spelt, for he made a desperate attempt to alter its spelling. The y, which sometimes appears at the end of it instead of the h, was an alteration for which he might not have been able to have given satisfactory reasons. Perhaps there is no disputing that he was himself an original, although in his works he resembled everybody but himself. If he carried his eccentricities into other matters, as he did in matters of art, his acquaintance could hardly have been worth the trouble of its maintenance.



"PARTRIDGES AND FERNS."—WALLIS. (See Page 248.)

One very natural consequence of all this deception was an utter absence in his productions of the finer characteristics of the great men whom he affected to represent. His pictures lack sentiment. In him the lightning flash of genius but tips the more prominent features of the scene; it does not illumine the cavernous gloom where the eagle glance of the true artist penetrates. His pictures prove shallow upon acquaintance. Beside the great original masterpieces they hide their diminished heads. They want what the Americans term the "true grit." They are not chargeable with tameness; but instead of being spirited, they are often flippant. As in a second the practised ear detects the base coin by its discordant music, so the learned eye at once turns indignantly from the counterfeit by Diétrich, which the uninitiated or unscrupulous dealer would foist upon him as a genuine example of some other painter.

THE WOOD-CARVINGS AT OLD TRAFFORD.

Wood-carving is an art which has been practised in England with great success from a very early period. There is sufficient evidence of this in the beautiful, though quaint, specimens of architectural carving to be met with in our cathedrals and churches, and in the domestic architecture of our old cities; though it may be here remarked, that wood-carving has not been followed, (at least in this country), as an exclusive art until a comparatively recent date. Formerly an artist was skilled in about a dozen varied callings, commencing with that of an architect and sculptor, and ending with that of a common painter and tailor! Notwithstanding this diversity of occupation in one person, we have it stated, on the authority of Flaxman, that Earl Pembroke's monument, in Westminster Abbey, executed by W. Austin, London, in 1439, is not excelled by anything of its kind produced at that time in Italy, although Donatello and Ghiberti were then living. And the Lady Chapel of Henry the Seventh, with its three thousand figures, and its rich ornamentation, is an example showing the excellence of the English carver in the middle ages, when the same hand that worked in stone also carved in wood and ivory. Unfortunately, specimens of the early English wood-carving have not found a place in the Exhibition at Old Trafford; indeed the beautiful and masterly productions of Grinling Gibbons are unrepresented; nor do we find anything of importance of a later date until we come to our own time, although, within the last century, a brother of the great Flaxman excelled in wood-carving, and Chantrey was, in his early career, known as a wood-carver.

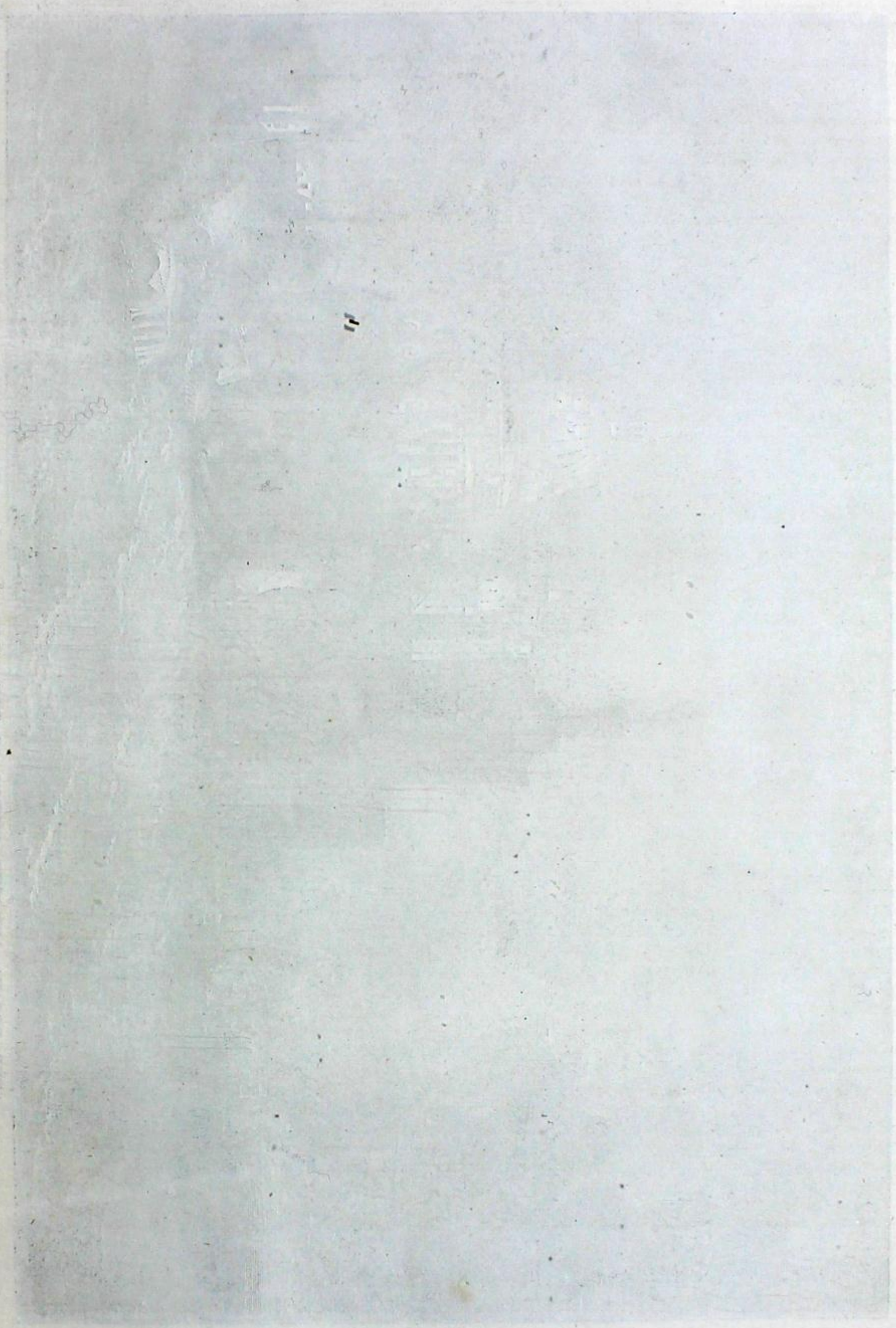
There are, however, many and beautiful specimens of this art by Italian and German masters, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, which are well worth a careful study. In various parts of the central avenue, and in the transept, will be found numerous examples. It will be observed that the devotional feeling of the middle ages, which seemed to demand material forms to represent the spiritual part of our nature, not only brought into existence the great majority of the most interesting paintings, by the old masters, in this great art-gathering, but has also given birth to very numerous works in wood-carving—not to mention, in this article, the multitude of ivory carvings which have been produced. The following remarks will be confined to art as applied to wood.

In the main avenue, in Case H, are several crucifixes carved in boxwood, some of which we notice as being exceedingly beautiful in the anatomy of the figure and in the force of the expression. In this case is a triptych, contributed by Lord Edward F. Howard, M.P., representing "The Crucifixion," with horsemen and numerous figures in front of and behind the three crosses. It is carved in pear-tree. The execution of this small work, not more than about four inches square, is one of those marvels of delicacy that defies comparison even with Chinese ingenuity. Again, there is, at the back of Saloon B, a retable, or altar-piece, contributed by Cardinal Wiseman, with figures four feet high, elaborately carved in wood, and then gilded and painted. It is dated 1496, and is a remarkably fine work of the time. It represents "Three Kings and two Female Saints." Beneath is a work of apparently more modern date, and of ruder workmanship, representing "The Dead Christ and the Virgin Mary." This altar-piece and the above-mentioned triptych, may be taken as examples of the many works of a devotional character which are collected together here, and which display those marvels of skill and beauty which result from real earnestness, and a thorough love for what the hand is employed upon, notwithstanding the absence of progressive drawing-books, schools of art, and similar aids to excellence—and executed, too, with what workmen of the present day would consider very inferior tools. Case H also contains numerous examples of this art employed upon articles of utility, executed by Italian, German, Flemish, and French artists, and ranging over a period of about three centuries—from the 16th century to the present time. Amongst them are some very curious and some very beautiful specimens of wood-carving. The principal contributors are Robert Napier, Esq., G. Field, Esq., and Edward Cheney, Esq. Very elaborate carving is introduced upon nut-crackers, pairs of bellows, spoons, the handles of knives and forks, sheaths for daggers, &c.; and there is a penknife, with a handle fifteen inches long, richly carved with foliage and figures in full relief, but which we imagine could never be used without leaving disagreeable impressions on the fingers. Besides these there are picture-frames, drinking-vessels, &c., which are really very fine works of art. Two works by Albert Durer, in boxwood, are valuable examples of his time (about 1500). One is a small work, representing "The Virgin Mary and the Dead Christ;" it is bold and spirited in the execution, and left from the tool without finish being given to the surface; whilst the other one, "The Judgment of Paris" (No. 6), is perhaps the finest work of its kind in the Exhibition, combining a true artistic feeling with the most careful finish, and not attempting more in the background than was capable of being worked out with success. We may here remark that the attempt, made by some moderns, to produce in wood, or marble, by hard lines, what painting alone can accomplish—namely, perspective distance—will always be abortive. Carved perspective can only be like an outline drawing, which may be mathematically correct, but will not satisfy the eye. We must draw attention to a minute work in boxwood—"Adam and Eve in Paradise"—in a frame No. 14, composed of three different kinds of wood, to mark the design. It is a very fine specimen of Italian scroll-work of the 16th century, though very small; the figures and masks, with wreaths of flowers, fruit, &c., are most beautifully executed. A flagon in boxwood, (German work of the 18th century), is exceedingly fine; the subject is "Returning from Hunting." The contents of this case, in addition to the wood-carvings, will richly repay the careful observer. We think it is much to be regretted that a more detailed catalogue of the numerous and choice objects which are in the Museum of Ornamental Art, has not been published; for we are certain scores of objects—rich, rare, and curious—must be passed over for want of that key which an intelligent catalogue would furnish, but which, in its absence, must remain a sealed book to the bulk of those who devote their spare time to this great gathering of what is very justly called an Exhibition of Art-Treasures.

Wherever the true artist is employed, no matter what the material may be he works upon, great and beautiful effects are produced. It is not the material, nor the labour employed, but the thoughts expressed, that gives a real value to works of art. And sometimes the same hand executed equally fine works in marble, or stone—in metals, terra-cotta, and in wood—or in painting. There is a large frieze of Italian work, carved in oak, though it has no name attached to it, and is very badly placed, being on the floor, where it is more likely to be kicked than looked at, which is evidently the work of a great artist. The subject is the "Siege of Troy," in *alto-relievo;* the figures of the men and horses are full of spirit and life-like; the anatomy of the figures is well shown, and the whole finely composed. We think it was contributed by Messrs. Cookes, Sons, and Meres, to the late Exhibition at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution.

Amongst the Italian furniture of the mediæval period are some works of art, which bear evidence that the highest talent has been employed upon them. In the north aisle are three ancient cabinets, which will bear out this remark. One is contributed by C. K. Mainwaring, Esq. It is oak, designed by Rubens. It seems to have suffered much from the ruthless hand of time, though the panels, of religious subjects, in *bas-relief*, and the rich frieze of cherubs holding festoons of flowers, in *alto-relievo*, with the figures at the angles, denote the highest skill. The cabinet contributed by W. T. Rothwell, Esq., is a fine specimen of Italian workmanship. It has the front divided into sixteen panels, and each compartment is richly carved with figures of a devotional or historical character. The ebony cabinet of the 17th century, contributed by R. S. Holford, Esq., is certainly the most magnificent work of art-furniture in the Exhibition. It is elaborately carved, principally in *bas-relief*, the chief subject representing the "Judgment of Solomon." It is in every respect a very noble work.

We must now pass on, in a somewhat hasty manner, to make a few remarks on the modern wood-carvings. We may here observe, that wood-carving in England, during the latter part of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century, attained to a degree of perfection, under the influence of the master mind of Grinling Gibbons, never surpassed before his time, nor can we say is rivalled by those of our own day, who aim no higher than reproducing Gibbons's style. Hogarth says, applying the simile to the copying of pictures: "To pour wine from one vessel to another cannot create aught new; you *may* spill the wine, and are sure to waste a part." So it is with all mere copies: the execution may be equal or superior: but the spirit, the true beauty, of the original will be wanting. For nearly a century after Gibbons's time (he died 1721) wood-carving declined very much in this country. This might be caused by the severer taste of the ruling architects; and it was not until a comparatively





"THE DOGANA AND THE CHURCH OF THE SALUTE."—E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. (See Page 249.)



"DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS."—JOUVENET. (See Page 249.)

recent date that the art has been revived in England. Perhaps no one man has done more to create a taste for a superior class of wood-carving, and to elevate it above the too common mere wood-cutting of his time, than Mr. Rogers, of London. But whilst according this praise, we cannot for a moment admit that his works will bear comparison with Gibbons's, whose style he imitates, and whose manner he copies. On the continent, the art has been kept up, as far as we can tell, without intermission, and has not only produced many examples of magnificent art-furniture, but also many gems of art, either of a pictorial or of a sculptural character. Demontrueil, of the last generation (he was living in 1790), produced many charming examples of wood-carving. There is a very choice work of his in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, contributed by G. Field, Esq. It is a carving, in lime-tree, of two birds in *alto-relievo*—one feeding the young in a nest, and the other attacking a lizard. It is beautifully executed; the feathering is much elaborated. Mr. Field also contributes two fine specimens of modern French carving, by Leinard, of Paris. One represents "The Chase," in three compartments, surrounded by a frame of rustic work. It is very chastely executed, and beautifully designed, though he has attempted to become too pictorial, which, as previously remarked, can never be more than a partial success. The other work by this artist is a "Stag Hunt;" it is an excellent specimen of his style, but rather a forced composition. It is intended for a small clock or watch, and is executed in full relief, in pear-tree.

There are only two examples of English art-furniture in the Exhibition; and we do not feel quite certain that this term can be applied, with strict exactness, to either of them,—for one has been modelled and carved by a Parisian; and the other, though of great pretensions, has we fear but little claim to be considered a work of art. We allude to the "Alscot Buffet" and the "Warrington Bedstead." The former, contributed by J. R. West, Esq., of Alscot Park, is unquestionably a work of very great merit, and very superior to the "Kenilworth Buffet," exhibited in 1851 by the same firm, Messrs. Cooke and Sons, of Warwick, which obtained a prize medal. The "Alscot Buffet" was modelled and principally carved by Hughes Portat, of Paris, and can therefore scarcely be considered an English production. It has all the character of that high class of art-workmanship about it for which our neighbours are noted. It is carved in oak. The design is in excellent keeping, and the execution more equal than is generally found in so large a work. The four figures, representing "The Seasons," are very excellent, especially the fisherman, as "Winter." The head is exceedingly fine. Of the "Warrington Bedstead," by Charles, contributed by Mr. Morris, we must say, even at the risk of shocking its numerous admirers, that it is more a monument of labour than of art. There is great elaboration throughout the work, and even more apparent than real labour, for much of it is a skilful display of "shaping," or ordinary cabinet work, and not fair, legitimate carving, when compared with the "Alscot Buffet."

We pass now to the consideration of the wood-carvings by Mr. Wallis, of Louth, one of whose most beautiful productions we have had engraved, as an illustration to this article. (See page 243). Any notice of the present condition of wood-carving in this country would be incomplete if it did not make special reference to this artist, of whom we shall not be saying too much in asserting that his contributions to the Great Exhibition in 1851 made an epoch in the history of this department of art in England. The contents of the long case, near the Book-stall, contributed by G. Tomline Esq., M.P., formed, we believe, the whole of Mr. Wallis's contributions to the Exhibition in Hyde Park, and made his name at once familiar to the art-loving public of Europe. Mr. Wallis's relation to wood-carving is a peculiar one; less copious than Gibbons in the fertility of his imagination and fancy, he is, we think, beyond him in delicacy of sentiment; whilst, as a carver, England has never seen his superior, and perhaps not his equal. One thing has always struck us in Gibbons's carvings, viz., their subsidiary character; they are mostly adjuncts to something else. This is not spoken in a grudging or reproachful spirit; we have known Gibbons's works too long, and loved them too deeply, to feel other than proud of the artist who united in himself so many and such rare excellences; but the fact we refer to is before us every time we see Gibbons's works in large masses. At Chatsworth, where he is seen in great force, he is a *decorator*, supplementing other men's thoughts with the sportive fancy of his own brain. It has been Mr. Wallis's aim, as far as possible, to place himself before the public in a more independent form. That he has acted wisely in this matter his contributions to the Exhibition at Old Trafford bear ample testimony. Our illustration to this article is from a "Group of Partridges and Ferns," belonging to our townsman, James Carlton, Esq. We cordially recommend our readers to inspect the contents of this case of carvings with more than usual care. Mr. Wallis's peculiarities are here seen to admirable effect, and we very much question whether he has produced anything so well calculated to show at once the various character of his manipulations. Less imposing, but not inferior to the "Partridges and Ferns," are the statuette groups of "Dead Game," contributed by Arthur Vandon, Esq. One of these examples was, we believe, exhibited in Paris in 1855, and secured a prize medal for its excellence. A more careful study of nature we have not seen. United to a very delicate feeling in art, these statuettes are also remarkable for their faithfulness to nature and their careful execution. The same remarks may also be applied to another of Mr. Wallis's carvings—the "Bird and Fly"—contributed by Mr. John Heywood, of Deansgate. The whole of the works of this artist, now passed hastily in review, are, like Gibbons's carvings, quite English in spirit. Compare them, for example, with the choice specimens by Demontrueil, shown in the transept at Old Trafford, and already referred to in this article, and the difference is just the difference of the two nations represented on the one hand by M. Demontrueil, and on the other by Mr. Wallis. We wish, however, with the best feeling to Mr. Wallis, to urge upon him the importance of breaking into "fresh fields and pastures new." With his quick perception of the beautiful, and his rare power of execution, he will find much in nature that may be easily brought into the legitimate domain of artistic effort; and we shall look with great interest to his future products in the art, already enriched by so many beautiful examples of his skill.

We pass to some good specimens of Mr. Rogers's carvings, placed in or near the transept. The stand for Claudet's stereoscopes is a large work, in boxwood, in the Italian style of ornament. There is much skilful workmanship in this, though but little artistic feeling in the execution. There are also two large pilaster, or panel, ornaments, by Rogers—very good specimens of his style of carving, viz., *à-la-mode* Gibbons. The best work we have seen of his is an oval picture-frame, carved in boxwood, for a portrait of Mrs. Wilkinson. It is entirely composed of flowers, mounted on a gold ground; and is a very good example of modern wood-carving, and very chaste in its execution.

We do not pretend in this article to have done justice to the numerous examples in the art of wood-carving. The careful observer will note, in walking through the "Museum," that although wood-carving occupies a subordinate position in the Exhibition, there is yet much to be seen of great beauty and interest, in the study of which a few hours may be spent with pleasure and profit.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. VIII.

E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.

Mr. Cooke is the son of a late eminent line engraver, whose admirable rendering of Turner's drawings, especially of the series known as "The South Coast," has made his name one of celebrity. We have no authentic knowledge of the art-education he bestowed on his son, and can only judge from the works of that son, that his early-developed power was carefully trained, and not allowed to run to waste, or to spend itself, as is but too often the case, in sketchy imitations of other men's works. E. W. Cooke's early days appears to have been passed in close communication with actual nature, and in transferring his impressions to copper with the etching needle. When hardly known to the public as a painter, he presented to the world a series of six large and spirited etchings, illustrative of the rebuilding of London Bridge; also his well-known work, entitled "Shipping and Craft," which consists of most accurate fac-similes of every object necessary to be known by a marine painter. For truth, taste, and delicacy of line, this latter work is quite unique and unapproachable. These early acquired habits of strictly accurate drawing appear never to have deserted our artist, and herein consists a main element of his strength.

We have more than one instance among our modern painters of men who promised to colour well in their early day, who appeared to know the value of richness, transparency, and depth, but whose organ appeared gradually to decay as they approached, in other respects, the zenith of their powers. We are afraid Mr. Cooke is one who sins somewhat after this fashion. His 411, "Interior with Fish," is an early work; it is delicately painted, and is at the same time richly toned and juicy and transparent in the shadows. It is one of those queer-looking old cabins, the ancient odour of which will be strong in the nostrils of those who have visited similar habitations, as they look upon the picture. The incongruous heap of fish—cod, turbot, haddock, crab, and lobster—tossed on the floor in "most admired confusion," are most exquisitely characterised. 508, "Rouge et Noir," is a soldier lobster just emerged from the coal-black kettle. The lobster is very perfectly done, and though the picture is small, its effect is very powerful.

The two pictures just mentioned are of the artist's early time; a wide gap ensues between these and his other pictures at Old Trafford. During this interval Cooke appears to have laid his greatest stress upon finish—close, identical, photographic finish. But for his painting on a lighter key, his works might be fairly compared

in this respect to those extraordinary Canalettos hung above the staircase to the Clock Gallery. But we cannot but think that in this close application to this one quality he has injured his eye for another, viz., chromatics, many of his latter works being sadly colourless and cold, with walled-up grey skies which set atmospheric effect at defiance. His 573, "Elizabeth Castle, Jersey," is placed too high for close inspection. It is an extremely sober piece of colouring, the greys very pure in tone, and, as far as we can judge, the finish is less indurate in quality than is usual in the artist's later works. Let us now put on our seven-league boots, and stride over with Mr. Cooke to Venice, the city of mystery and moonlight, of romance and rhymery. But our artist is a realist; and in his 324, "The Dogana and the Church of the Salute," (of which we give an engraving in page 246), approaches the city of the waters more with the gravity of a philosopher than the ardour of a poet. He peoples not her courts with doges, courtiers, and magnificos—plotting senators and guitar-strumming gallants; but gives us the outward garb of Venice—the Venice of to-day, with her mighty marble palaces, surrounded by the bustle of a petty port. The picture is throughout an exquisite piece of exactness, the drawing of that marvellously perfect kind which clings with tenacity to the most minute detail and infinitesimal particular. The reflected lights on the buildings, &c., are well managed, and one can look the picture into a very perfect representation of daylight—though certainly not into sunlight. The colouring is too cold and snowy. Mr. Cooke appears to have fallen into the error that *white* is *light*,—it may be so in one sense, but it will never give that effect of sunlight which has obviously been intended by him in this present instance.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

No. II.

By H. Ottley.

JOUVENET.

Under Louis the Fourteenth, who founded an Academy of Painting in 1648, grand art was cultivated in a style which became the dignity of the Grand Monarque, who pretended, in his own person and in his court, to revive at once the glories of Pericles and Alexander. Religious subjects were still the themes of the greatest efforts of Sebastien Bourdon, Le Brun, Jouvenet, and others of this period; but how hollow, mannered, and insincere were these theatrical displays. There was still some restraint of modesty and propriety in Bourdon (b. 1616, d. *circa* 1670), whose "Acts of Mercy" contain some beautiful passages (see a specimen in No. 604, contributed by the Earl of Yarborough). But in Le Brun (b. 1619 d. 1690) ostentation and glitter, and a laborious striving after effect, are painfully conspicuous. His greatest works are the series of the "History of Alexander," now in the Louvre. He at one time feared the rivalry of Le Sueur; but court patronage, and the benefit of survivorship, gave him the advantage over him.

Jouvenet (b. 1644, d. 1717), the last distinguished ornament of the historic art of this period, was decidedly an improvement upon Le Brun, although, commencing after him, he did not enjoy the same amount of court patronage. He was less theatrical, less pretentious, but more earnest than Le Brun, and some of his works possess much grandeur of character, and display ingenuity and correctness in the design. His greatest work is the "Deposition from the Cross," painted for the Church of the Capucines at Paris, but now in the Louvre, of which we give an engraving in page 247. There is unquestionable merit in this work—a merit which might perhaps put it fully on a par with the similar work by Daniel de Volterra, though we should hesitate to admit it to an equal rank (as some critics have done), with that of Rubens. Neither can we go the whole length of an eminent French writer, M. Watelet, who says of it: "In this picture Guercino is united to Carracci, or, rather, it is Jouvenet breathing defiance to all the great masters. If this picture had been painted at Rome, and if Poussin could have seen it there, he would have ranked it as the fourth of the *chef d'œuvres* in that emporium of art."

A circumstance occurred to Jouvenet in his professional career which singularly marks the change which at this time had been woked in the opinions of society, in respect to religious art. He was employed by the brothers of the Abbey of St. Martin-des-Champs, at Paris, to paint four pictures appropriate to their establishment; and Jouvenet produced his great works, "The Raising of Lazarus," "The Repast at Simon's, the Pharisee," "The Dealers Driven from the Temple," and "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." The brethren refused to take these admirable pictures, alleging that the artist had been commissioned to paint the life of St. Benedict, their patron saint. Upon this issue the case was brought into a court of law; when Jouvenet, in his defence, frankly stated to the advocate of the abbey: "I drew upon a large canvas several scenes of the illustrious St. Benedict, surrounded by his followers; but this could not succeed in painting. What could I do in a composition of thirty coal sacks, like the one you have there?" The judge could not help smiling at this sally; and Jouvenet won the cause. Louis the Fourteenth afterwards sent for the pictures, and was so pleased with them that he employed the artist to make copies of them, to serve as models for the tapestry manufacture at the Gobelins.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S ADMIRATION OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

If the high esteem and veneration in which Michael Angelo has been held by all nations and in all ages, should be put to the account of prejudice, it must still be granted that those prejudices could not have been entertained without a cause: the ground of our prejudice then becomes the source of our admiration. But from whatever it proceeds, or whatever it is called, it will not, I hope, be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet, however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this academy, and from this place, might be the name of—Michael Angelo.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses at the Royal Academy.*

NATURE'S VARIETIES.

Of all the principles of beauty by which nature appears to move, one of the most striking seems to be variety. If we examine natural appearances, whether with regard to form, to colour, or to light and shade, we find that throughout they always exhibit this feature, which seems to distinguish her works from those of man. Regularity is characteristic of human works, and the stamp of our weakness. Whenever man leaves regularity he becomes confused; not so nature. Every natural appearance is varied, and to a much greater extent than cursory observers would imagine. The two sides of no man's face are alike; hills are never the same on both sides; trees appear to be wonderfully irregular; very few of them have even their trunks upright, and their beautiful ramifications are quite bewildering; their foliage is as wayward, and its variety is increased by accidents, the twigs overlapping and crossing each other; the different age and growth of the leaves, and their unequal advance to maturity, some faded beside others in early vigorous growth. Accidents vary the appearance of trunks of trees and stones, producing fog on the side which is away from the sun, and affecting the appearance of every surface which is exposed to the inclemency of the weather, the influence of the sun or other tear or wear.

The ancient artists seem to have noticed this principle of beauty in nature, and to have deferred to it. Some modern critics have expressed astonishment that the most beautiful architectural decorations of ancient Greece showed a neglect of regularity; and that where, in the execution of characteristic, difficult, and delicate foliage, the greatest care and most exquisite finish were bestowed, so simple a consideration as regularity should have been overlooked. In some of the finest of their remaining friezes the ornament is on a line not quite straight; and where the same member is repeated, it is not of the same size throughout. Some of the finest statues of ancient Greece—the Niobes, among others—have the eyes not exactly on a line. It seems strange that a critic who was an artist, and might be expected to have understood how to proceed with works of that kind, should have made such a mistake as to suppose that this irregularity could have happened through ignorance or carelessness; for he must have known that in the execution of a running ornament the easiest and the most obvious way of proceeding is by drawing a line, and dividing it into equal parts; the simplest way of beginning a head is by describing upon the intended surface what drawing-masters call facial lines. It cannot be supposed that the Greeks, the most thoroughly educated, the most methodical of artists, could have slipped into so absurd an oversight; or rather that, from want of reflection, they avoided an obviously easy path. This irregularity was undoubtedly intentional: they had no doubt observed the variety shown by nature; and after they had designed their admirable work, added, as a last finish to it, the same irregularity which they had remarked throughout the operation of their infallible preceptress.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE THE WAY TO EMINENCE.

When we read the lives of the most eminent painters, every page informs us that no part of their time was spent in dissipation. Even an increase of fame served only to augment their industry. To be convinced with what persevering assiduity they pursued their studies, we need only reflect on their method of proceeding in their most celebrated works. When they conceived a subject, they first made a variety of sketches; then a finished drawing of the whole; after that, a more correct drawing of every separate part—heads, hands, feet, and pieces of drapery: they then painted the picture, and after all, retouched it from the life. The pictures, thus wrought with such pains, now appear like the effect of an enchantment, and as if some mighty genius has struck them off at a blow.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.*



"SPRING."—SPENCE.

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. XI.

J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

This artist, although his pictures are not often of large size, aims at the severe dignity of historic art more legitimately, perhaps, than any of his cotemporaries. His earlier pictures had in them something of the horrible, and signified a mind awake to revelations of the dark rather than the light side of human nature. The fiery eye gleaming beneath a shaggy and scowling brow, the huge cloak and stealthy step, such as belong to those midnight doings with which poets and novelists ornament the history of Venice, have found a genial illustrator in the person of Mr. Herbert. Of late years he has wrought with a higher and more serious impulse, and has sought inspiration in English history, in the tragedies of Shakspere, and occasionally in the sacred writings.

Viewing his works from the point of artistic merit, they demand careful consideration, as displaying much that is powerful and daring in drawing, a fine sense of the picturesque in grouping, and ofttimes expression of the very highest order. A memorable example of this latter quality was his "Christ and the Woman of Samaria at the Well," exhibited some dozen years ago. Never were the inward feelings of the mind more thoroughly embodied to the outward eye, than in the awe struck countenance of the woman. The very soul of expression was there. Mr. Herbert's claims to favourable consideration as a colourist are rather equivocal; we have seen well-coloured pictures of his, but never anyone which could by any stretch of possibility be pronounced *fine*. His earlier pictures are, in this respect, certainly his best; they possess at least harmony and tone, qualities certainly too much lost sight of in his latter works. We regret to find Mr. Herbert very inefficiently represented at Old Trafford; there is no one work of his there which gives a true idea of his power; the only picture of any importance, as regards size, being that of (333) "The Piracy of the Brides of Venice." It is a work of 1841, and has more dash of hand, and less of laboured finish, than obtains in his present performances. It is a fine development of energetic melodramatic action; the devil-may-care, reckless character of the pirates, and the frantic struggling of the fair captives in the fierce clutch of the brawny victors, are admirably sustained. Nothing can be more easy and unconstrained than their attitudes; the true spirit of action is felt throughout. The drawing and execution are most careful, and there is in the picture a fusion of parts and a truth of texture, on which the artist's present hardness of style seems to us anything but an improvement. 468, "The Boy Daniel," is a more recent production. It is painted in what the Italians would call a fine *gusto*. An almost divine spirit seems breathed on the boy. His fine countenance is under the influence of deep passion, of which it is the true interpreter; and putting aside a certain chromatic incongruity in the raw contrast of the green and red clothing, we may safely term it one of the best of the artist's smaller works. (We have engraved this picture.) 324, "Lear Disinheriting Cordelia," is a study, in miniature, of the large fresco in the new Houses of Parliament. The picture is singularly hard in result, firmness of touch and completion of outline being so tenaciously adhered to as to give an inlaid and metallic appearance to its surface, which is more novel than agreeable. Its chief merit resides in its justness of expression. Lear looks stern and unbending, and poor Cordelia seems lost in grief and disappointment, and the bitter consciousness of ill-requited love. 625, "Saint John the Baptist reproving Herod," is also a reduced duplicate of a larger work, and is very elevated and truthful, as regards force of expression, yet not without fault as an exposition of colour. 318, "The Outcast," appears to be an early work. It represents a touching incident of an erring woman driven from home shelter. One truly feels the pathos of the picture, even though the artist has followed the example of Timanthes, the Greek, and covered the face of the figure, thus leaving every spectator to imagine an agony of his own. 318, "Portrait of Horace Vernet," though painted in a hard, flat style, and on an extremely light key, is surprising as an accurate physiognomical study. The man is before us,—and we read his countenance as t'were a book. What self-reliance and determination in that thin muscular countenance! The eye is not especially lustrous, but it betokens quick and acute perceptions; and the mouth, firm and well set, almost to fierceness, indicates the will and power to carry them out. We can truly see in this man's face that aptness of conception and the capacity for rapid execution which has sustained him throughout a larger number of important works than were perhaps ever executed by a single individual, and which induced Haydon to say, in a sportive moment, "He paints a head in five minutes, a whole imperial family in ten minutes, and an historical picture in twenty."

We believe Mr. Herbert resides almost altogether in Paris, a congenial locality for one of his high and exalted aspirations. He is well known in Manchester; and his fine pictures of "The Origin of Christianity," "The Assertion of Liberty of Conscience," and "The Trial of the Seven Bishops," executed for a Manchester publishing house, of singular enterprise, must be fresh in the recollection of our readers.

"THE BOY DANIEL."—J. R. HERBERT, R.A.

GUIDO AND HIS COLOUR GRINDER.

Guido's fancy appears to have been engrossed by an imaginary grace, and to this ideal every other quality in art was made subordinate. The individual was of so little consequence to him, that his women are said to have been painted from an old colour-grinder of his. Malvasia tells a curious anecdote of Guido relating to this subject. Richardson quotes it in his own original way in his chapter on Grace; he says: "A Bolognese nobleman (Filippo Aldovrandi), a great patron of Guercino's, was induced by this last to endeavour to get out of Guido what woman was the model he made use of for his fine and gracious airs of heads. Accordingly he came to see him; and in conversation, while he was admiring one of his fine heads, 'For God's sake, Signor Guido, what astonishing beauty of a girl do you hug up to yourself, that supplies you with such divine airs?' 'I will show you,' said Guido (who found what he was about); so he called his colour-grinder, a great greasy fellow with a brutal look like the devil, and bade him sit down, and turn his head and look up to the sky; and then, taking his chalk, drew a Magdalen after him, exactly in the same view and attitude, and same lights and shadows, but as handsome as an angel. The count thought it was done by enchantment. 'No,' said Guido, 'my dear count; but tell your painter, that the beautiful and pure idea must be in the head, and then it is no matter what the model is.'"—*Wornum's History of Painting.*

CONVENTIONAL FORMS.

THE HISTORICAL STYLE IN ART.

The rise of the conventional fancies for idealising form and action which were built upon the supposed perfection of the statues of Antinous and the Belvedere Apollo, and their overthrow by the appearance of the Elgin collection of ancient Athenian sculpture, are instances of the fate of systems raised without reference to nature. Before the advent of those examples of the perfection of Greek art, we heard a deal about a wonderful process for refining our notions of form. One very simple plan consisted in making every form as square as possible; another in omitting altogether those delicate details by which nature finishes off her work,—this smoothing process was called generalising; another in what was called selecting fine forms, although it would have been more correct to have called it manufacturing, for no collection was ever made from which to select. But indeed to really go about and choose from all the wonderful variety which nature has provided, would have been an alarming process, too practical a task for these refined theorists, so they found a smoother road, and agreed among themselves that the work had been already done to their hand in the said Antinous and Apollo, and in so perfect a manner that nothing further could be imagined. As for those profane rebels who should question the infallibility of the two model guides, they borrowed an answer to their objections from Peter's reply to his brother's doubts in Swift's "Tale of a Tub," and having appointed these two stiff standards, they began, *usque ab limine*, to straighten, to square, and to smooth every form which they saw in poor ordinary nature, to an accordance with them. Some idealists, again, would shut their eyes and try to fancy all sorts of—shall we say noses?—not, however, the individual noses of Miss This or Mister That, for these are not objects of fancy, though they might have been of recollection; but then the speculator would need a correct drawing of such an actual feature, and that would cost trouble, so rummaging in his own brain with his eyes shut, he thought he might conceive something more geometrically beautiful than nature had created. These conceptions turned out uniformly very much alike, but then it was said that perfect beauty was rather a dull affair. In short, it seemed that everything was to be tried in preference to honest labour: but we may tell such lazy students that there is no royal road to the designing of fine form; the only way to arrive at that is, first, to get a power of drawing, and then to make use of that power to procure as extended an acquaintance as possible with forms of every kind; and this is surely best attained by drawing them always just as we see them, without alteration. If you alter your model—call it generalise, idealise, what you will—you mar and stultify the very intention of such good study; how can you get a correct register of figures differing one from another, if you make them all alike? After you have gone through a long course of careful study of all sorts of figures, muscular, slender, old, young, male and female, of every variety, and acquired a great knowledge of their respective peculiarities; or, what is much more valuable, after you have from long study obtained correct notions of general principles of form, you may then, and not till then, venture upon improving your casual model, working up those parts which, from experience, you find to be defective, to the forms you had observed in others.

Along with the fantastic notion of determining from reflection, with little reference to nature, a principle of perfect shape, arose another about historical* style in art—a worthy associate to idealisation. Historical style, it was said, should be, in action as in every other requisite, as far as possible removed from common nature; action, turgid, strained, affected, was called sublime. Such speculators designed a hero with one leg stretched straight out, and the other doubled up at the knee, the head thrown back, the eyes closed or not, but closed was thought the most sublime. They made suppliants stretch out their two arms together, or cross them on their breasts. Angels or spirits, ascending or descending through the air, were favourite subjects; the legs of such must flow backwards, the feet be placed together, arms crossed on the breast; as for the head, it was thought most sublime to throw it back, unless where a very sweet angel was made benignly to look down upon a particular object—a graceful child or proper mother. They urged the necessity of historical art always going on stilts, and affirmed that whatever partook of common nature was inadmissible in lofty style. Michael Angelo might introduce in the Sistine Chapel a woman dancing a child perched on her foot, while she held him by the hands in the manner women commonly adopt; Raphael and Correggio might paint Madonnas suckling or lulling to sleep their babies in exactly the same way as is seen in ordinary life; but all in vain. Our magniloquent artists allowed indeed that these pictures were exceedingly charming, and did not hesitate to declare they were very sublime; but they could not find out that one great difference between such pictures and their own consisted in these being natural, which their own were not. As for sublimity, the works of these great men rise to that point simply by avoiding all petty or local peculiarities; their pictures are generic representations of action, and are designed from true and simple nature, uncontaminated by affectation; while the high-flown modern designs, being mixed up with fancies of mere human invention, become sophisticated and debased.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

* In art the term historical has nothing to do with history; we have borrowed it from the Italians; it means simply epic art. The most essentially historical compositions we know are taken from legendary stories; such are Raphael's frescoes of Cupid and Psyche, in the Farnesina Palace, the Greek friezes of the battles with the Centaurs, the Amazons, &c.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

On Monday, September 14, there was a large number of strangers in Manchester. A train from Leeds arrived at the Victoria Station with 41 carriages, bringing about 2,000 people. There were also excursion trains, direct to the Exhibition station, from Liverpool, Leeds, Sheffield, Macclesfield, and Crewe. Amongst the visitors were the Lord Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mr. Justice Crampton and lady.

On Tuesday there were two well-filled special trains to the Exhibition station—one bringing excursionists from Lincoln, and the other from Glossop, Hadfield, and the neighbourhood. Amongst the company were Lord Overstone, president of the general council of the Exhibition; the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; and Lieutenant-General Angerstein, a contributor. The orchestral performances included the first movement from the first symphony, by Beethoven; Haydn's minuetto in D; a selection from "Don Giovanni;" andante in F, by Beethoven; solos on the cornet and the flute; and several overtures.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton visited the Exhibition on Wednesday, with the Hon. Miss Stanley, of Alderley Park. There were also amongst the visitors his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Overstone, the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; Mrs. M'Donnell; Mrs. and Miss Gaskill, J. F. Waller, Esq., LL.D., honorary secretary of the Royal Society of Dublin, and author of the celebrated Slingsby Papers, in the *Dublin University Magazine;* Major-General Angerstein, a contributor, &c. &c. The attendance was very large, owing to the numerous arrivals by special trains. More than 2,000 visitors were brought by Mr. Cook, the indefatigable manager of cheap excursions, who deserves great praise for his unwearied and successful exertions in catering for the public. Mr. Cook brought two large trains from Scotland, and one from Whitehaven by the new line. There were also good trains brought by Marcus from Liverpool, Leeds, *viâ* Huddersfield, and the Yorkshire district, by the Lancashire and Yorkshire line. 63 of the children attending the Manchester Jews' School were treated to a visit to the Exhibition, and appeared deeply interested in their inspection of the costly collection.

It was quite cheering to witness the large attendance of cash visitors at the Exhibition on Thursday. Only one excursion train arrived during the day, and that was from Sheffield, a town which appears to have been better worked for excursionists than any other in the kingdom. Amongst the visitors were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Lady Stanley, Lady Cadogan, Baron Marochetti, Judge and Lady Crampton, the Countess Wilton, Lady Overstone, M. Engels, the sculptor; the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin; Dr. Todd, president of the Royal Irish Academy; J. E. Walker, Esq., Captain Drummond, private secretary to Sir Chas. Wood, Bart., M.P.; the Mayor of Leicester, &c. &c. The musical performances included the music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and selections from the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Bach, Auber, and Kalliwoda.

There were many visitors of distinction at the Exhibition on Friday, and, in point of numbers, it was the best Friday since the visit of Her Majesty the Queen. Amongst those who inspected the treasures were Sir George Grey, Bart., secretary of state for the home department; the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, Lord and Lady Wilton, Lady Stanley, Richard Doyle, Esq., W. H. Hunt, R.A., Engels, the sculptor. The following were also at the Exhibition during the day:—The Lady Anna Gore Langton, Mr. Gore Langton, M.P., Captain the Honourable S. T. Carnegie, R.N., C.B., Colonel the Honourable Percy Herbert, M.P., C.B., Captain the Hon. G. R. Drummond, R.N., C.B., Lord and Lady Overstone, Miss Loyd, Lord and Lady Warwick, Lord and Lady Greville and the Miss Grevilles, Lord Effingham, Lord Fortescue, Sir John Pakington, Captain Peter Richards, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. During the performance of the "Coronation Anthem," upon the organ, by Mr. Walker, the hydraulic machine which works the bellows got out of order, and brought the piece to a sudden termination.

Saturday was a day of peculiar interest at the Exhibition, the most gratifying feature being the visit of upwards of 2,500 workpeople from the monster manufactory of Messrs. Titus Salt and Co., of Saltaire. These visitors, all attired in their Sunday best, were brought to Manchester in three special trains, the first train consisting of 37 carriages. The fine brass band belonging to the establishment accompanied the first two trains, and the Saltaire drum-and-fife band the last. The workpeople entered the Exhibition in an orderly manner, with the bands playing "The Fine Old English Gentleman." They were accompanied by their generous employer, Mr. Titus Salt, who paid all the expenses connected with the trip, and remained with his interesting charge during the time they were in the palace. The 2,500 partook of dinner in the large refreshment tent adjoining the second-class room. The dinner was served at two instalments, 1,300 sitting down at first, and then giving way to the others. During the repast Miss Burdett Coutts entered the tent, and was conducted through it by Mr. Titus Salt. She expressed her great gratification at the novel sight she witnessed, in the many happy faces gathered round the festive board. While the workpeople were partaking of the bounty of their employer, the Saltaire bands entered the tent and played an appropriate selection of music. After dinner, the drum-and-fife band took up a commanding position in the Clock Gallery, and played several of their most popular pieces, to the evident gratification of many of the visitors, though some thought the music hardly of a fit character for the place; but even these cheerfully acquiesced on the principle that some license should be conceded on such an extraordinary occasion. The drum-and-fife youths were dressed in a neat uniform, and bore upon their caps the word "Saltaire." Another interesting arrival on Saturday consisted of 400 children from the Prestwich schools, who were treated to the Exhibition by the Countess of Wilton and Thomas Fairbairn, Esq. The juveniles were conveyed to the building, about 100 of them in the carriages of Lord Wilton, and the rest in omnibuses provided for the occasion. They were accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Birch, of Prestwich, who pointed out to many of them some of the gems of the Exhibition, and was remarkably considerate in the attention he paid to them. There were also in the palace 116 scholars from Lymm. Amongst the visitors were Viscountess Northland and party, Earl Fortescue and party, Miss Burdett Coutts and party, Sir William Clay, Bart., the Duke de Montmorency, the Hon. Captain Drummond, R.N., Titus Salt, Esq., J. Cheetham, Esq., M.P., R. Cross, Esq., M.P., Miss M. Smith, and James Thompson, Esq., author of several works on archæology and history. In addition to the Saltaire and Lymm trains, there were specials from Liverpool and Sheffield, bringing a goodly number of visitors.

The returns during the week were—

		Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Sept.	14.....	10,086	...	831	10,917
,,	15.....	6,672	...	1,061	7,733
,,	16.....	11,133	...	905	12,038
,,	17.....	...	4,528	3,146	7,674
,,	18.....	6,414	...	913	7,327
,,	19.....	9,928	...	1,631	11,559

INVENTION.

Invention is one of the great marks of genius; but if we consult experience, we shall find, that it is by being conversant with the inventions of others, that we learn to invent; as by reading the thoughts of others we learn to think.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses at the Royal Academy.*

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter XI.

A CATASTROPHE.—THE CONNOISSEUR SETS OUT WITH A WANDERING JEW.—PICTURE COLLECTING.

My forebodings were too well founded. The cloud which had so long cast its shadow over our pathway at length burst. Albano, as I gleaned from Madame Mitchel, became more and more addicted to gaming. An addition had been made to the number of his friends (?) in the person of Signor Spada, a teacher of languages. The absence of Matilda left her father even more licence than he had been accustomed to take while she resided wholly in the tavern. He now, to use the old carver's words, "literally turned night into day." Signor Spada was of a good family; but having rendered himself offensive to the despotic rulers of his country (which ought to be considered something in his favour), he sought refuge in England, and procured a pittance by teaching the language of his fathers to the stranger who gave him shelter and protection. He took up his abode at the "house of call," with others of his countrymen. Here he found no scope for the display of many noble qualities which he assuredly possessed. Excitement offered itself in the dice-box; he found sympathy in Albano; their misfortunes had originated in the same cause, and they sought solace in the same vice. What crime will not poverty and loneliness and despair lead to! He came one night and staked his last shilling. The game ran high. He won back in an hour the losses of weeks: he had come prepared with false dice. Aroused to watchfulness, his rival's keen glance detected the villany, and denounced it in no measured terms. Then those two men who had so often met as friends became hateful in each other's eyes, and soon keen words gave way to keener weapons. It chanced I was with Madame in her little bar, talking over the prospects of my speedy marriage with Matilda, when the alarm was raised. I hurried upstairs, but all too late:—the father stopped me halfway down, and there, with pallid face, and still grasping the murderous knife, implored me, as I loved his daughter, to take her and guard her as her only friend. He left the house, and fled. I found the Signor Spada attended by old Lazarus, who, it appeared, happened to be near at the moment of the fatal quarrel. The wounded man was perfectly cool and collected. His first and only care was to ascertain whether the alarm had spread, for the affrighted Jew had shouted ten thousand murders. Madame Mitchel came up, and Signor Spada conjured her, by all that was sacred, to shut to her doors, so as not to allow a breath of what had transpired to escape. He would not, he said, have Albano molested for the wide world. He had himself given provocation, and then tried to hide his fault by appealing to the knife.

"That is all very well and very good, my dear sir," broke in the Jew; "but if you should die, and the officers come, they will make *me* know all about it."

"I have taken care of that," said Madame. "You may make yourself perfectly easy on that score. If you have any regard for me, my house, or the Signor Albano, don't utter a syllable about what you have seen. We have had noise enough; now let me see what it all amounts to."

Signor Spada had been bred to the medical profession, and was enabled to calm our fears with some show of authority. He assured us that, although the wound was very painful, it was not more dangerous than the prick of a needle. Notwithstanding, Madame procured lint and bandages enough to stock a hospital, and, by instructions from the patient himself, the injured part was dressed, he all the time watching the progress of the operation through a looking-glass, with the sort of interest he might have felt had he himself been operating upon some other person. The dagger had glanced from a rib and lacerated the left arm. The wound on the breast looked terrible at first sight, but upon investigation turned out to be a mere scratch. That night I insisted upon taking up my quarters in the Signor Spada's room, in order to pay him any attentions of which he might stand in need. I felt how much depended upon his recovery, and essayed to hide from myself the gloomy consequences which would follow upon his death. I tried to sleep, but the red spot in the young man's breast grew larger and more terrible to contemplate in my dreams. Before the dawn of the morning I stole softly to the patient's side, and finding him calmly sleeping, I again lay down, and tried to lull my fears. This time I was more successful. It was broad daylight when I awoke from my slumbers, and this time to find myself alone in the room. The Signor had flown no one knew where. In the confusion consequent upon this discovery, I did not observe, while looking about for an explanation, that I held one in my hand. A slip of paper fell from my grasp on to the floor, which revealed all. It ran thus:—

"Keep the affair of last night secret as the grave. I am on the track of Signor A. It is my hope to find and bring him back, so to spare the feelings of his dear child. If I find him not, adieu; I shall never return."

The chief part of this noble design was never realised. Matilda came in, according to custom, during the morning, and, missing her father from the workshop, immediately sought Madame, to make inquiries. Madame and I had previously reasoned over the matter, and concluded that it would be much the wiser course not to make reservations, but to let the daughter know the real truth concerning her father. The effect of our communication was, as we expected, not overwhelming. "Poor Matta," as Madame remarked, had been so long prepared for the worst. Besides, having told the whole truth, we could the better offer consolation. Signor Spada's note was in itself very assuring. To make matters more so, old Lazarus, who was about to leave for London, pledged his word to find the Signor Albano; and Madame, like a true woman, clasped the weeping girl to her heart, and promised to be a mother to "poor Matta."

Having arranged my affairs with my master at the palace, where the work of restoration was nearly concluded, I took twenty pounds of my savings (leaving the surplus with Madame Mitchel), and set out with the Jew for London. If any man could find the fugitive, that man was old Lazarus. I very soon suspected, however, that he had little or no feeling for the cause in which he had engaged. Confident of success, he was in no hurry to fulfil his promise. He often admitted that his honour was pledged "to restore Albano to the arms of his daughter," but he insisted that he had not "said when." O! what weary days and weeks and months went by before that frightful pedlar thought it "high time" to "settle that little business of finding the Signor."

On setting out, I proposed taking stage-coach direct to the metropolis. I think I now see the economical pedlar raise his eyes to heaven when he heard my proposition.

"Take coach!" he exclaimed; "why I have a hundred places to call at by the way."

He was laden with trinkets, and his "by the way" implied a wide latitude. He called at every market town, village, farmhouse, and broker's shop; and often, to my horror, he would ascend an eminence, and cast his longing eyes over the hills and vales; and wherever a Christian spire rose towering up among the trees, or on the hill top, he would sigh from his very heart, and wish that it was more near at hand. He took a great sum of money, and ate very little food. He could so fast, that, if fasting were a virtue, there never was a more virtuous man than he. I myself ate very little, and yet he pronounced me a "big glutton."

After several weeks we came to Houndsditch, a place not inappropriately designated. I had long known my friend as an enterprising dealer in old paintings, and things of that sort. I now had most inconvenient proof of the mode in which he conducted his business. He made a very packhorse of me by the way; and I reached the salubrious district of our London resting-place, groaning beneath the weight of rotten boards and decayed canvasses, with something painted on them, and which the collector called by all manner of queer names, quite new to me, and quite unknown in Pilkington. Barry, speaking of the picture importations in his day, very unflatteringly described England as the common receptacle of "all the refuse of Europe." This assertion required qualification. The irascible Royal Academician might have admitted that some of the finest pictures of the continent accompanied the "refuse." I can, on my part, assert without scruple, that the pictures I carried into Houndsditch, at the instigation of my friend Lazarus, were the veriest rubbish in the world. Never was a less dainty connoisseur. He bought mere sign-boards, among which were "cows with crumpled horns," which had done duty in dairy-shop windows; discarded Brown Bears and Turk's Heads, which from time out of mind had been rejected from road-side inns;—he even secured one or two fine examples of that popular subject with market-town limners,—the mangle, with the elegant inscription, "Mangling Done Here," written beneath. Nothing came amiss to our collector in the way of barter. He had a market for anything and everything; and the brokers at every place through which we passed, knowing his taste and resources, had bought at sales, and reserved, little masterpieces of the kind enumerated, until the arrival of the Jew.

(To be continued.)

RUBENS AND MICHAEL ANGELO COMPARED.

"What has been said of Michael Angelo in form (observes Fuseli), may be said of Rubens in colour—they had but one. As the one came to Nature and moulded her to his generic form, the other came to Nature and tinged her with his colour—the colour of gay magnificence. He levelled his subject to his style, but seldom, if ever, his style with his subject; whatever be the subject of Rubens, legend, allegoric, stern, mournful, martyrdom, fable, epic, dramatic, lyric, grave or gay—the hues that embody, the air that tinges them, is an indiscriminate expanse of gay magnificence. If the economy of his colours be that of an immense nosegay, he has not always connected the ingredients with a prismatic eye: the balance of the iris is not arbitrary; the balance of his colour often is."—*Wornum's History of Painting.*

WOOD CARVING.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

In the 15th and 16th century wood was much used as a substitute for stone and marble in decorating the ecclesiastical edifices. For the larger pieces oak was considered the most durable; for smaller objects, box, which was capable, from its tenacity of fibre, of being worked to a very high degree of finish.

The Exhibition contains a very extensive collection of carvings in wood of the former period, one characteristic of which was its being generally painted and gilt, consisting of altar-pieces, triptychs, panels, retables, statues, &c.

The Germans were the most indefatigable workers, and supplied all Europe. Germany was, in fact, the great school of art, not only in wood but in every other material which was capable of being fashioned by men's hands. With such masters as Albert Durer, Adam Kraft, Michael Wölgemuth, Peter Vischer, and others, in Nuremberg, and pupils of less note in Augsburg, Wurtzburg, and other cities, it is not to be wondered at that so many monuments should be preserved.

The Italian artists in the 16th century also excelled in carvings in boxwood, of which there are several fine examples of the *Renaissance* taste, which was eventually introduced into the German and Flemish schools, to the utter demolition of the originality of their works, which they had hitherto preserved. Such was also the case in France, although we are very slightly acquainted with the names of the French artists until the reign of the Grand Monarque, it being difficult to identify their works as a distinct class; and the same observation will apply to England.

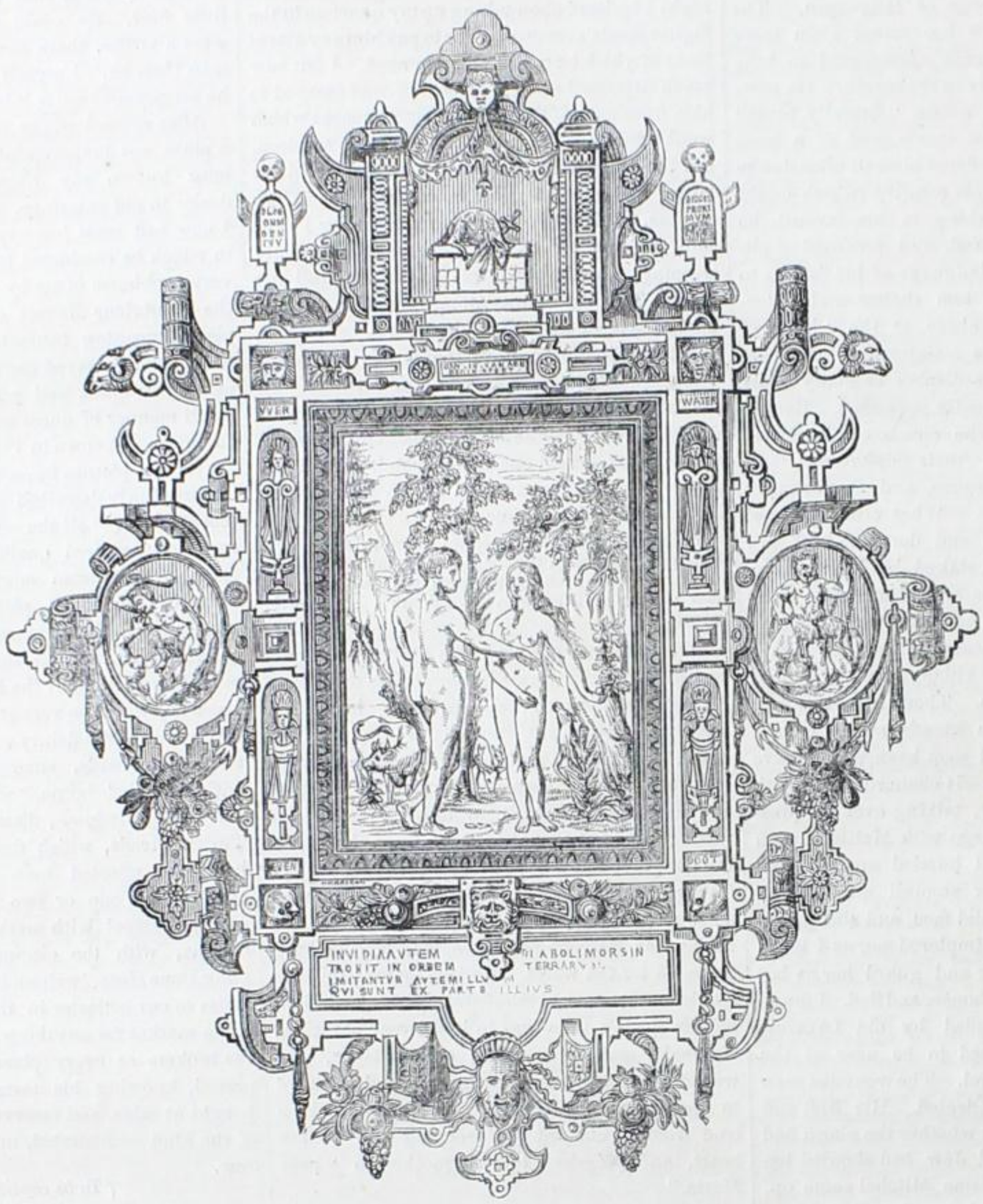
Of the 15th century there is, in Case H, a very fine carving of "St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour," and two other figures, attributed to Albert Durer—belonging to Lord Delamere. Also a long panel, in low relief, representing a wedding ceremony, or procession, in which are some very curious examples of the quaint head-dresses and costume of the period. It is coloured and gilt, from the museum of the Archæological Institute.

Some of the carvings of the 15th century are so exceedingly minute that it requires the assistance of a powerful lens to appreciate their beauties, although, at the same time, the grouping and expression are equally effective, when seen through this medium, as the larger pieces.

We have only selected a few for especial notice, but there are many others equally deserving attention. A whole host of amateurs have sent their contributions, and the Colleges of Oscott and Stonyhurst have liberally thrown open their museums of Gothic carvings, allowing their choicest pieces to be transferred to Manchester.

We will now briefly advert to the *Renaissance* period, of which there are numerous fine examples. Of the Italian artists may be noticed, a carved boxwood casket (arranged in a frame), with seventeen compartments, representing the favourite subject of "The Labours of Hercules," with arabesques and terminal figures between, forwarded for exhibition by Philip Hardwick, Esq.

As a specimen of the Flemish school we engrave a fine carving in boxwood, belonging to Geo. Field, Esq. The centre subject is of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, plucking the forbidden fruit, enclosed by an elegant frame of arabesques and strap-work ornaments, with fruit, masks, skulls, and other emblems; and on the sides, two medallions of Cain slaying Abel, and a drunken Satyr, illustrative of the passage in Holy Writ, "By sin came death." At the top is a cross, and the lamb sacrificed on the altar; at the bottom a Latin inscription. It is in Case H.



A CARVING IN BOXWOOD. FLEMISH, OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—(G. FIELD, ESQ.)

The labour and ingenuity occasionally bestowed on carvings in wood may be observed in the minutely-executed tankard of the 18th century, "The Return from the Chace," belonging to R. Goff, Esq.

There is a great variety of elegant domestic and personal objects, as knife and spoon handles, sheaths and watch-cases, to be seen in Wall Case A. C.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGRAVING.

By H. Ottley.

No. III.

ETCHING—MEZZOTINT—AQUATINT—LITHOGRAPHY.

We have hitherto spoken only of the process of copper-plate engraving, in which the lines from which the impression is taken are cut in by hand, by means of the point or graver. Without encumbering the subject too much with technical details, we will now examine some other modes by which a design may be engraved upon a sheet of copper, or metal, for the purpose of printing from.

Etching is the process by which the lines, instead of being cut by the hand, are "bit in," as it is called, by means of aqua-fortis. For this purpose the plate is covered with a coating of varnish, through which the lines of the design are delicately incised; the plate is then surrounded with a wall of wax, and upon its surface is poured diluted sulphuric acid, which effects the object desired. Etching is now seldom used by itself; but for laying the first foundation of an engraving, upon which the cutting tool is afterwards employed, it is very useful and effective.

It is by no means certain to whom the invention of this process is due. Some very good judges are of opinion that it was practised occasionally by Leonardo da Vinci. He certainly engraved; and two very fine works, supposed to be by his hand, are in the British Museum,—the one representing the bust of a young and beautiful female, the other being a study of "Heads of Three Horses." Other writers have attributed the invention of etching to Parmigiano; but this is obviously an error, as the process was practised in Germany many years before he could have handled a brush or graver. Parmigiano was born in 1504, and there are etchings by Albert Durer of as early a date as 1515; and M. Duchesne mentions a small etching, which he discovered in the British Museum, executed by Winceslas d'Olomutz, and dated 1496.



"UNDINE."—A. MUNRO.

In *mezzotinto engraving*, which is a comparatively recent invention, the whole surface of the plate is scraped over with lines crossing and recrossing so as to form an uniform rough surface, upon which if ink were applied, it would give a simply black impression. Upon this plate, so prepared, the design is produced by means of scraping off, or rubbing down, the surface for the lights and medium tints. The invention of this process has been very generally given to Prince Rupert, and is said to have been accidental. The story is, that the Prince, going out early one morning, saw a soldier employed in cleaning his musket from some rust, and observed something like a figure corroded upon the barrel, with innumerable small holes, close together, like friezed work on gold and silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away. He immediately conceived the idea of covering a sheet of copper with fine-grained holes, to be afterwards treated in the way described, which view, with the assistance of Wallevant Vaillant, an artist in his service, he successfully carried out. Heineken, however, states that "it was not Prince Rupert who invented the art of mezzotinto engraving, as Vertue and several other authorities pretend to say. But it was Lieutenant-Colonel de Siegen, an officer in the service of the Landgrave of Hesse, who first engraved in this manner; and the print which he produced was a portrai of Amelia Elizabeth, Princess of Hesse, engraved as early as 1643. Prince Rupert learned the secret from this gentleman, and brought it into England, when he came over the second time with Charles the Second." Again a claim has been put in, in regard to this invention, for Sir Christopher Wren. The editor of the "Parentalia" boldly asserts that "Sir Christopher was the first inventor of the art of graving in mezzotinto, which was afterwards prosecuted and improved by his Royal Highness Prince Rupert, in a manner somewhat different, upon the suggestion, as it is said, of the learned John Evelyn, Esq." This last claim, however, is one which cannot stand for an instant, when we consider the dates. Wren was not born until 1632, and Count Siegen's portrait of the Princess of Hesse was produced in 1643, only eleven years afterwards. Wren, however, perhaps improved upon the invention in some particulars; and the journals of the Royal Society, for Oct. 1662, record that "Dr. Wren presented some cuts done by himself in a new way, whereby he could almost as soon do a subject on a plate of brass or copper as another could draw it with a crayon on paper." Prince Rupert's engraving in mezzotinto of an executioner holding a sword in one hand and a head in another, is dated 1658. Mezzotinto produces an admirable effect in combination with line engraving, giving breadth and depth of colour, and is especially appropriate to portrait subjects. In works of this class modifications of the above-described process, under the denomination of dot and stipple, are introduced. There is a fine collection of mezzotinto prints in the Art-Treasures Gallery, including many by Prince Rupert, Count Siegen, and the earlier practitioners; and a still more numerous display by John Dixon, Richard Earlam, Turner, Cousins, and other modern artists, who carried it to great perfection.

Aquatint is a process somewhat similar in its results to that of mezzotint, only that in it the surface of the plate is roughed only to the extent of producing a medium tint, something like that in a drawing in Indian ink. The result, in short, is produced by a sort of etching process, the plate being strewed with a fine powder, which prevents the aqua-fortis from acting on the parts where it adheres. This invention is due to a French artist, of the name of Le Rose, who flourished in 1662. It was introduced into this country, and much improved upon, by Paul

Sandby, who employed it with beautiful effect in his well-known topographical sketches.

Steel engraving is not so much a new process as the application of the old processes in copper-plate engraving to a different material, to which its superior hardness is an important recommendation. Steel plates themselves may be multiplied by the following simple process :—an impression from the plate is taken upon a roller of soft iron ; this roller is afterwards hardened, and impressions *ab libitum* taken from it upon soft iron plates, which are afterwards, in turn, hardened. Zinc, iron, and other substances susceptible of a hard and polished surface, have also been used for engraving purposes ; but it is unnecessary to go into details with respect to them.

We must say something here, however, of *lithography*, or engraving upon stone, although the engraving process is employed in it upon exactly the reverse principle to that in copper or steel engraving,—the lines forming the design being left in low relief, instead of indented, and the ink made to apply to them through circumstances peculiar to the material employed. The principle of this art, which was invented by a German of the name of Senefelder, early in the present century, is based upon the fact that ink or colouring matter, prepared of certain materials, will adhere to certain portions of a porous stone surface, which are marked with lines made with a greasy chalk, and not to the other parts of the stone. The subject, therefore, being designed upon the stone with the properly-prepared chalk, the remainder of the surface of the stone is bitten away with diluted sulphuric acid to the depth of about the 100th part of an inch, the chalked lines remaining in relief. The process of printing in lithography requires a smaller pressure than in copper-plate printing. The great rapidity and comparative cheapness are the great recommendations of this process ; but the impressions it is capable of yielding are limited, being far short of those obtained from steel engraving.

THE OLD MASTERS.

GIORGIONE.

Giorgio Barbarelli, who, owing to his large stature and a certain grandeur of style, was called Giorgione, by which name he is generally known, is entitled to rank with Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio, as one of the great *inventors* in painting. Owing to his dying young, and having chiefly painted in fresco, a perishable vehicle, his works are but seldom met with ; and we have few opportunities of forming an estimate of his performances, except from the accounts of Vasari and others, who wrote near his time. This is no reason, however, why his genius should pass unscrutinised by those who would study the wide field of art in its progressive history, for without a proper appreciation of what he did for art, an important link in that history would be wanting.

Born in 1478, at Castelfranco, near Trevigi, Giorgione first became a pupil of Bellini, at Venice ; but he soon began to despise his dry and little manner, and to adopt a free, bold style of handling which, finding numerous and ready imitators, was destined to lay the groundwork of a revolution in art. He is supposed to have been partly indebted for the suggestion of this new manner to Leonardo da Vinci ; but there is a sufficiently wide difference between the subdued *chiaroscuro* of the latter, and the glowing colour of the former, to entitle each to an independent position. Living in an atmosphere of peculiar luminousness, with ever-changing effects throughout the live-long day, it is not wonderful that to a highly-imaginative mind an entirely new system of colour should reveal itself ; and these circumstances were never shared by Da Vinci with Giorgione. Lanzi, though he admits it probable that Giorgione derived something from the founder of the Milanese school, observes, that "Da Vinci evinces greater predilection for shadow, which he goes on gradually diminishing with great care ; while, with regard to his light, he diffuses it in partial masses, calculated to produce a powerful effect. Giorgione's manner is more open, and less overcharged with shadow, nor do his demi-tints betray anything of a greyish or iron tinge, being remarkable for truth and beauty ; in fact, his style bears a stronger resemblance to Correggio's than any other master." Amongst his numerous fellow-pupils and co-temporaries, to whom Giorgione imparted his new style, was the great Titian, who modified it according to views of his own, and, blessed with long life, has in many quarters been honoured as the founder of the Venetian school of colouring It has been already remarked that the peculiar excellence and character of this school was in great measure owing to the effect of local influences. Sir Charles Eastlake, in a note to Goëthe's "Theory of Colours," has some very just and striking observations on this subject,—from which it appears clearly that the various systems of colouring of different schools were not always the result of calculation or caprice on the part of the artist, but that they owed their origin, as well as the truth of their effect, to the atmospheric influences under which they were produced. Then, with regard to the peculiar happy influences of a Venetian atmosphere, he says : "The colour of general nature may be observed in all places with almost equal convenience ; but with regard to an important quality in living nature, namely, the colour of the flesh, perhaps there are no circumstances in which its effects at different distances can be so conveniently compared, as when the observer and the observed gradually approach, and glide past each other in so smooth an element, and in so undisturbed a manner, as on the canals and in the gondolas at Venice,—the complexions, from the peculiar, mellow carnations of the Italian women, to the sun-burnt features and limbs of the mariners, presenting at the same time the fullest variety in another sense. At a certain distance—the colour being always supposed to be unimpaired by interposed atmosphere—the reflections appear kindled to intense warmth, the fiery glow of Giorgione is strikingly apparent, the colour is seen in its largest relation. The *macchia*, an expression used emphatically by Italian writers (*i. e.* the local colour), appears in all its quantity ; and the reflections being the focus of warmth, the hue seems to deepen in shade." Again : "A nearer view gives the detail of cooler tints more perceptibly, and the forms are more distinct. Hence Lanzi is quite correct when, in distinguishing the style of Titian from that of Giorgione, he says that Titian's was at once more defined and less fiery ; in a nearer observation the eye detects the minute lights which Leonardo da Vinci says were incompatible with the effects we have just been describing, and which accordingly we never find in Titian and Giorgione." The broad, diffused light, which we admire in the Venetian colourists, was generally that of the cool eventide, when languishing dames and pensive cavaliers, with lute or pencil in hand, loved to loiter on the surface of the smooth Lagune. Venetian colouring, therefore, to be fully understood and relished, demands a stay at Venice.

But it was not merely as a colourist that Giorgione is to be known. With all his soft and glowing mode of treatment, he had a creative fancy, the workings of which are eminently suggestive and captivating. His draperies are flowing, and the limbs of his figures remarkable for their exquisite roundness. Venice once abounded with his works, for he adorned the exterior of his own house, as well as many public buildings, with frescoes, which have since almost entirely perished. One of his most celebrated works in this way, was a fresco in the School of St. Mark's, representing the ship conveying the body of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice, assailed by a tempest, which evil spirits are exciting to the utmost. Vasari, who was not lavish in praise of Venetian art, is enthusiastic in his account of this picture. "You hear," he says, "the howling of the blast, you see the grasp and fiery exertion of the men, the fluctuation of the waves, the lightning that bursts the clouds, the oars bent by the flood, the flood broke by the oars, and dashed to spray by the sinews of the rowers. What more? In vain I labour to recollect a picture that equals the terrors of this, whose design, invention, and colour make the canvas tremble."

Giorgione's portraits are magnificent — inimitable for characteristic truth, and for a peculiar ideal sentiment which pervades them, in which solemnity and sadness predominate. But all this was in a great measure the reflex of the painter's mind, whose prevailing melancholy tinged all his works. We see it in his Armed Knight in the National Gallery ; we trace it hanging in a sort of mystic gloom over his numerous *al fresco* scenes—his favourite subjects—groups of cavaliers and ladies seated in beautiful landscapes, under the shade of trees, whiling the time away with converse sweet, or the sweeter strains of music. Of one charming example of this class of works, contributed to the Art-Treasures Exhibition (No. 253) by Lord Northwick, we give an engraving. Giorgione was himself passionately fond of music ; and we can imagine that in scenes of this description he generally supposed himself to be present. Some have questioned this picture to be by Giorgione, and have attributed it to Palma Vecchio ; but we think it must be genuine. Observe the peculiar glow of light when viewed from a distance ; whoever produced such an effect must have been the master of his school, and an inventor in his art. In the Art-Treasures Palace we also admire two remarkably fine specimens of this rare master—251, "The Judgment of Paris," belonging to the Earl of Malmesbury, and 252, "The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of St. John," belonging to Mr. T. Baring. In the heads of the latter is a severe, cold, melancholy which actually fascinates.

Giorgione, like other men of original genius, occasionally indulged in peculiar conceits. Hearing it once said that painting was an inferior art to sculpture, because in the former art all the sides of a figure could not be made visible, he painted a figure in a back view, whose face was represented reflected in a fountain, whilst a polished suit of armour reflected the left side and a mirror the right.

Giorgione died of plague in 1511, at the age of 34. Some say his death was brought about by grief, at being robbed of his mistress by Morto da Feltri, an artist whom he employed to paint some of the grotesque accessories in his pictures, and who lived with him in his house.

Pre-Raph.





"A MUSIC PARTY."—GIORGIONE. (See Page 256.)

WATER-COLOUR ART.

No. IX.

BY J. A. HAMMERSLEY, F.S.A.

After a long and inevitable interval, we resume our notices of the water-colour drawings of the Art-Treasures Exhibition. This interval will have had its value to both reader and writer,—to the former by enabling him to examine and re-examine the exhibited works in association with the principles developed; to the writer by permitting a leisurely re-consideration of his various positions — strengthening him in his convictions of their soundness, or prompting a recantation if a more deliberate and undisturbed examination should indicate the fallacy of his opinions. We hope our readers may likewise have had another opportunity of testing the soundness of our views, by the privilege of a midsummer glance at ever glorious nature. Practical observation of nature has one supremely beneficial effect upon the head and heart of the critic,—it makes him more considerate for failure where an imitation of natural fact has been the object of attainment.

It will doubtless be remembered that our last article ended with brief notices of Evans of Eton, and of his works at Old Trafford. Passing from these works, and in a consecutive manner we arrive at those of Bartholomew, four in number, and presenting his well-known peculiarities. Bartholomew has a failing somewhat akin to that already complained of in the works of Mrs. Margetts, viz., unbroken force of colour. Flowers, which present to us the most unquestionable approaches to positiveness of colour, are yet quite amenable to the laws of space, or reflection of hue, and of numerous other modifying influences. These laws are not sufficiently acknowledged in the drawings of this artist, as No. 589, "Convolvoli," abundantly exhibits, in the absence of softness and of variety. His succeeding three pictures exhibit abundantly Bartholomew's love of nature, though this is seen only in the floral portions of the works, the accessories greatly needing more active recognition of particular forms and local conditions, as will be sufficiently apparent in the rocks forming the back portion of 589. In the fruit portion of No. 591 there is a want of substantiality.



"GOOD DOG."—HUNT.

593, "Arden Hall," Mitchell, is an excellent drawing, very like the place, but, what is more to the purpose, like the place under most favourable circumstances. The crispness and fullness of the foliage and grassy foreground, are remarkably clever, and exhibit a wholesome recognition of the value of actual resemblance of colour. We venture upon two suggestions touching the actual truth, no less than the artistic value, of portions of this drawing. First, the depth of colour in the remnant of the old moat; to us this appears too light, whether considered as a fact or as a portion of the pictorial arrangement. Again, we cannot resist a feeling of objection to portions of the perspective of the building. Our objection may arise from the work being hung indifferently; but certainly it has an inaccurate look.

595, 596, and 597, are three good specimens of W. Bennett, two of them containing remarkable evidences of his skill,—we allude to the idea of solemnity in the first, which, though somewhat conventional, especially in the near trees, is very grand and poetical as a whole; in the second the water is admirably painted, the portion where the surface begins its tremulous gliding over the shallow bed being singularly real.

The three drawings by W. Hull, Nos. 598, 599, and 600, are not hung so as to admit of a just appreciation, and we feel the hazard of remarking upon them in consequence. No. 598, "River Scene in Westmoreland," has a most complete and happy arrangement of masses of light and shadow. The whole shows a fine feeling for the picturesque. The next specimen, especially that portion which represents the water, is admirably drawn and executed, showing a force of treatment greaty at variance with No. 600

"Harvest Time," which, though full of charming passages and exquisite tones of colour, wants emphasis. If Mr. Hull's three drawings were well placed, it would be profitable to make them the text for a few words on a class of art which, at the same time that it recognises the claims of nature to a serious imitation, unites with this recognition the association of certain philosophical laws, not necessarily present in Nature when she is the model for the artist. It would, however, be obviously unjust to the artist, under present circumstances, to do this, and we consequently reserve our remarks on this subject until we have the works of T. M. Richardson before us, though the latter does not furnish nearly so subtle an instance of the law alluded to as Mr. Hull. The trick of this union is coarsely apparent in Richardson; in Hull it is governed or controlled by a taste evidently of the most refined and sensitive character.

Of the productions of C. Branwhite there are six specimens, all of them characteristic, though furnishing a decided instance of a dangerous facility of execution, accompanied by sterling originality of perception. His best works are, without doubt, the delicate gradations of approaching winter; in which, although the features are more difficult of seizure, he is infinitely more successful than in the rendering of the absolute reign of King Frost. In some respects (though otherwise how different!) Branwhite calls to mind Constable, particularly in the reverberating reflections of earth and sky. In this respect he is aided by his worst fault—a touchy kind of workmanship. In the "Sunset (Winter)" (605), Branwhite has been guilty of a mistake, unaccountable on his part, though often seen in the works of less experienced painters;—the lower edge of the sun is darker than the ground of sky beyond—a quite impossible circumstance. The best of his works is 605, in which the tree-stems are drawn with a force, a truth, and a purity quite matchless.

Samuel Palmer has nothing very worthy of his general reputation, though in "The Brothers (Comus)" (608), there is a skilful rendering of light.

H. Cook exhibits great force of drawing in 611, "A Bay, Isle of Arran." There are two quite charming successes in this work, one the *pervading* quality of light, and the other the drawing and texture of the distant hill, which is as skilfully rendered as anything of the same class that we at this moment remember. The drawing, however, is injured by the very conventional forms of the clouds. 612, "Temple of Jupiter, Athens," is less satisfactory, the general look being gaunt and meagre—the fault, perhaps, more of the subject than of the treatment. Mr. Cook's drawings appear to us to want passages of simple colour, unbroken and free from a touchiness of handling which robs his works of that space and recession constituting so great a charm in our leading water-colour artists. His drawing is scrupulous, but his treatment wants repose.

Of Brokedon, Fahey, and Rayner, we have but indifferent specimens, though each of these artists has produced works indicating very considerable skill, with an occasional approach to power of imagination. With the last named we have always had a quarrel on account of his determined resemblances to Cattermole, and not the less for a rocky *impasto* at times altogether unwarrantable. The next works given in the catalogue are those of W. Mulready; but as these articles are written and altogether intended as an exposition of water-colour art, Mulready's works are inadmissible. They are certainly, and with impropriety, hung with the water-colour drawings, but they are almost exclusively executed in coloured chalks, or are in monochrome. Subject to elements of their own, they demand an especial consideration.

Of the works of J. Nash, we have some fifteen examples, all with more or less of the artist's manner. These drawings call for no detailed criticism. They are for the most part very accurate portraits of well-known buildings, in which we have the constructive and decorative features given with peculiar precision, and invariably with perspective accuracy. Figures are introduced with a due observance of mediæval costume, and a certain pictorial unity and sparkle is secured; but the whole, with all its accuracy and all its evident knowledge, is without imagination, and scarcely more than a superior perspective drawing from the architect's office. Let our readers turn for a moment from the architecture of Nash to that of Haghe, and our meaning will be clear.

539, "Good Dog,"—W. Hunt. In a former article we have dwelt at considerable length on the peculiarities of Hunt's works, therein endeavouring to exhibit the manifold aspects of his genius; therefore in alluding to the subject from his pencil, engraved in this week's *Art-Treasures Examiner*, we are not called upon to do much more than refer our readers to a previous notice, and to ask them to observe how the picture of the "Good Dog" exemplifies the truth of our remarks, especially those observations which indicated the artist's susceptibility to ideas of humour. In the "Good Dog" we have this feeling exhibited, not only in the thorough enjoyment with which the lad enters into the joke, but there is the no less successful fulfilment of the general drollery in the serio-comic participation of the animal. The "Good Dog" is not only obedient to the demands of his immediate master, but seems to consider it incumbent upon him to lend as much gravity as may be to the requirements of the moment. So far the intention of the work;—it is even less necessary to give admiration to the work in its executive character, only so far as relates to the harmony of the treatment with the story. The incident is a sunny bit of humour, and the treatment is appropriately brilliant and cheerful.

HISTORICAL SKETCH
OF
CARICATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.
No. III.

By Dr. Blakey.

It has been a practice with many artistic critics to lament the state of prostration which British caricature experienced after the death of Hogarth. This regret is somewhat misapplied. Hogarth, as we have already said, was a caricaturist of a general stamp—of a cosmopolitan order. He personified abstract ideas for purposes of moral teaching, and certainly after his death left none behind him as rivals in this special vocation. But the caricature of the day—the light, sportive, witty, and graphic lampoon, made for the hour, and to do its work, and die—did not suffer by the demise of this great artist. On the contrary, there arose after him, and close upon his decease, a numerous host of comic artists, all more or less men of wit and pictorial skill in matters of fun and drollery. Most of their productions, it is true, are now forgotten; but they were intended to be so. They were created for the moment—they executed their mission—and thus fulfilled all that their authors aimed at or desired.

Collet was cotemporary with Hogarth, and a designer of humorous subjects. He was the son of a gentleman in one of the government offices at Whitehall. The younger Collet had ample pecuniary means of his own, and practised caricature as an amateur. In one of the presidential lectures given to the Royal Academicians, about the commencement of the present century, it is said that Collet's productions "were less satirical than narrative, more ludicrous than witty, and oftentimes dispensing without conveying any moral instruction." This may, perhaps, be generally correct; but certain it is, his abilities were far beyond an average, for we know that many of his graphic pieces of humour were taken to be Hogarth's, of whose style and artistic spirit he was a most successful imitator.

Vandrebank, though but a painter of mediocre abilities, enjoyed great fame for his comic sketches. Lord Cartaret preferred him to Hogarth himself. This, however, was an instance of bad taste and judgment. His lordship employed Vandrebank to illustrate a Spanish edition of Don Quixote, which was published by Tonson in 1738. These illustrative sketches were failures; but this was no wonder. The difficulties of entering into the humour of such a work as Cervantes', are almost insuperable. This artist designed some electioneering squibs with great effect. Indeed his humour was original, and he was very fertile in invention. His productions are now rare, and of considerable value.

The Countess of Burlington had a lively and refined taste for caricature. She employed her pencil in lashing the two parties of fashionable life that were engaged in her day in low and petty quarrels about the management of the Opera House. She is supposed to have sketched the print, afterwards etched by Monsieur Groupy, in which Farinelli and Cuzzoni are singing a duet. Farinelli figures in the character of a prisoner chained by the little finger. A personage in the background is giving utterance to the following lines:—

"Thou tuneful scarcrow, and thou warbling bird,
No shelter for your notes these lands afford.
This town protects no more the sing-song strain,
Whilst balls and maquerades triumphant reign."

The noble countess is likewise considered the sketcher of a plate which represents Handel, the famous musical composer, and who was noted for his gormandising habits, with the head of a pig, seated at an organ, from the front of which were suspended turkies, geese, hams, sausages, and many other epicurean luxuries.

Benoist was a foreign artist, and cotemporary with the preceding caricaturists. He lived in Covent Garden, and is described as a man of lively wit and of a good-humoured jocularity. His droll productions are numerous· the best known of which is his "Scold Miserables," nearly four feet in length, the satire of which is levelled against the different lodges of freemasons, in their several public processions. This print gave rise to the famous mock procession of masonry, got up by Whitehead and Cary, and which created so much merriment in London, in 1742.

Leroux was a fellow labourer with Benoist, and was chiefly employed by Bowles, of Cornhill, in the execution of the various pieces of graphic humour which regularly flowed from this well-known emporium of fun and frolic. There were, indeed, a whole phalanx of caricaturists connected more or less with Leroux and Benoist, who were

chiefly engaged in satirical sketches of the *times* and *manners* of the hour. The names of the principal of these are George Bickham, Vanderglucht, Boitard, Gravelot, and Mason. They severally produced many laughable frontispieces for humorous books and pamphlets. Mathew Darly, of Hungerford Market, had likewise a regular staff of comic sketchers, who exercised their talents on the *political* events of the day. The entire collection of prints which issued from Darly's mart, furnishes a tolerably correct graphic history of the governmental movements and party contests which characterised the period of the great Lord Chatham, and the favourite minister of George the Third, the Earl of Bute.

Henry William Bunbury was an ingenious caricaturist, and entitled to rank among the first of this class of artists. He was the son of Sir William Bunbury, of Middlehall, Suffolk. Young Bunbury took up the art of comic sketching without any previous instructions in drawing; and the great surprise has always been that he succeeded so admirably in hitting off the peculiarities of character, and kept them from running into exaggeration or burlesque. Sir Joshua Reynolds greatly admired his caricatures. Bunbury published his able volume of drawings, entitled "Directions for Bad Horsemen," which amused both town and country for many a year. His natural taste was exquisite, for almost everything he did bore the stamp of great delicacy of perception, and a rigid adherence to the established canons of artistic criticism.

The Marquis Townshend had such an adroit and consummate skill in comic sketching that many considered him equal to Bunbury. In early life the marquis was in the army, but having severely caricatured the Duke of Cumberland, a stop was put to his further promotion. One of the most happy of the noble artist's designs, and the best known, is his sketch of a well-known physician, who practised the *warming* system. This print made a great noise among the medical profession in London. His "Doctor Spindle and Miss Maria Mincemeat," was another notable squib on an Irish practitioner of note.

The marquis's own portrait was taken by a brother caricaturist, who hit off his peculiarities in the most happy manner. The sketch had the two following lines appended to it :—

"Arm'd at both points, unless you keep aloof,
With sword or pencil he can take you off."

Captain Grose was an amateur professor of caricature and comic design, and the author of a short but imperfect "Essay on the Principles of Humorous Etching." Paul Sandby caricatured Hogarth himself in the most pungent manner, as well as many of the artist's intimate friends and associates. Some of the episcopal clergy likewise entered the lists as comic designers at this period. The Rev. Mr. Bareblock, a fellow of one of the colleges in Oxford, and who had a lucrative church living in Essex, was well known for his spirited caricatures. It is said he was the designer of "Justice Buttonhole,"—a print that brought the engraver, Baldwin, within the grip of the law; and he paid the penalty by six months' imprisonment. There was another member of the Established Church well known for his talents for the comic, whose sketches used to be exhibited at Mother Dawson's, the fruiteress, in Dean's Yard, Westminster.

The early editions of Pope's "Dunciad" were embellished with comic representations of great talent. In one etching we have an ass, bearing on its back the works of Welsted, Ward, Dennis, Theobald, Haywood, and others, with a number of the most noted journals of the day. In "Gay's Fables" there were many able caricatures; and in the "Political Register," in six volumes, there are a considerable number of caricatural sketches of much wit and humour. In the "Oxford Magazine" there were likewise a number of spirited designs, chiefly levelled against the manner in which the higher clergy treated their more poor and humble brethren.

Kingsbury was a comic artist of reputation. His productions give evidence of much refined wit, and are now highly sought after by collectors. Captain Tatham, a military gentleman, was a zealous and able caricaturist. His pieces display great spirit and life. They are chiefly directed against the stage. Mr. Rushworth, a barrister, was also an amateur designer of comic sketches. He took the fashions of the day for his peculiar field of action. These were very grotesque and *outre* at this period (1780), and afforded ample room for the artist's genius. Wicksteed was a seal engraver, and lived in Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. He was a man of a fierce satirical cast of mind, but evinced great ingenuity in all his productions. One Mathew Dawson kept a small shop in the vicinity of London Bridge, and sold caricatures, chiefly devoted to city politics and parties. Some of these fugitive pieces are very humorous, and must have told sharply on the parties against whom they were levelled. Dawson was twice imprisoned for graphic libels on some city functionaries. We have seen above a hundred representations sold by Dawson, but none had any of the designers' signatures to them. We speak only from apocryphal authority; but the names of the persons he employed were Hall, Osborne, and Gill, of any of whom we have not been able to learn anything.

Mr. Byron, a lieutenant of the navy, was a grotesque and satirical sketcher of acknowledged merit. Mr. Austin, a teacher of drawing, became a political caricaturist of considerable notoriety. A piece called the "Royal Society" excited public attention, and was redolent of fun and joyous conviviality. Phillips appeared on the graphic stage about the same time, and displayed great wit and drollery in his sketches. The best known of his productions is, "The Dissolution; or a Young Grocer making a Palatable Punch for his Company." The young minister is represented as squeezing the heads of Fox and North (as lemons), into a copious china bowl; and the House of Commons is laughably depicted as an immense sugar-loaf. The punch-maker is exclaiming, "Thus I dissolve ye! thus, thy parts being disunited, the effects will be the less pernicious to *my constitution*."

Art itself, in all its phases, often became a subject for graphic satire in this century. The Elgin Marbles were ridiculed; several modern sculptors were depicted in no very flattering attitudes; and the Royal Academy was held up to derision by Bonnell Thornton, in his "Exhibition of Sign Painters." Sir Joshua Reynolds became the object of comic sketches, descriptive of several of the artistic dodges he was accused of using in the execution of his pictures. It has been said that Sir Joshua sent a present of fifty pounds to one of his satirical enemies, on hearing he was in straitened circumstances. Whether this timely douceur mollified the bitterness of the caricaturist, we are not informed.

In the latter section of the last century, Darling's shop, in Newport-street, St. Martin's Lane, was a noted emporium for comic prints. There were always on sale a great number of graphic oddities, more or less satirical of living characters. What were called the "*Bourgeois Macaronies*" were of this stamp. Soubise, a black man, under the protection of the Duchess of Queensberry and Old Laurington, who kept a noted billiard-table at Windsor, well known to the Etonians and men about court, were caricatured in this shop very smartly. Who the artists of these pieces were is not ascertained; but they were more than usually popular in their day.

Edy was a clergyman of eccentric habits, and a keen political humorist with the pencil. He had a rival in another member of the church, who went under the name of "Jemmy Twitcher." The latter was in the habit of satirising the more free-living members of the aristocracy, and members of the government and the church. His sketches were severely felt at the time; and he was more than once punished for libel, and his church living, of considerable value, threatened to be taken from him. A clergyman of the name of Bates sketched a number of prints descriptive of some of the bishops of his day. These were all executed *sub rosa*.

Fox's propensity to gambling was a constant theme on which the artists of the day exercised their pencils. He is often depicted at the card table, in company with Lords Bath, Sidmouth, and Dundas. Underneath one of the caricatures are the following lines, alluding to Fox's insatiable fury for gambling, and his general ill-luck :—

"In gaming, indeed, he's the stoutest of cocks,
No man will play deeper than this Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card—if he rattles a box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'am affraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox."

We are told that Burke and Fox once entered into a warm debate, at the residence of the late Lord Holland, on the question as to who had been subjected to the most numerous and annoying caricatures. After a long discussion, Fox carried off the prize. This statesman has left upon record his testimony of the powerful influence of comic sketches on the public feeling of the day. He says: "After the appearance of the caricatures on the question, I had no hopes of carrying the India bill."

No British minister was ever lampooned with so many caricatures as Pitt. To enumerate them would fill the space of a small volume. His personal habits were often attacked by the graphic artists, especially his fondness for the bottle. One of the best sketches is called "Uncorking Old Sherry" (alluding to the debate on the Regency Bill, when he made some remarks that excited the wrath of Sheridan), which represents Pitt uncorking a bottle, and completely inundated with the sparkling and effervescing contents. The bloated countenance and fiery nose of Sheridan is seen through the foam. Appended to the piece we have the minister described, in *dog Latin*, thus :—"Warcarryonissimus, taxgatherissimus, vinum guzzleando potentissimus, prettygirlibus indifferentissimus, et filius bitchæ damnatissimus."

"LET THE COBBLER KEEP TO HIS LAST."

The old proverb of "Let the cobbler keep to his last," originated, it is said, with Apelles. It was a custom with the Greek painters to expose their pictures when finished to the public view, in the front or in the porches of their houses; and a cobbler found fault with the sandal of one of the figures of Apelles thus exposed; but perceiving it corrected on the following day, was bold enough to venture his criticism upon the leg also, when Apelles came out and indignantly told him that the "cobbler should keep to his last," which from that time became a proverb (*Ne sutor supra crepidam*).—*Wornum's History of Painting.*

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

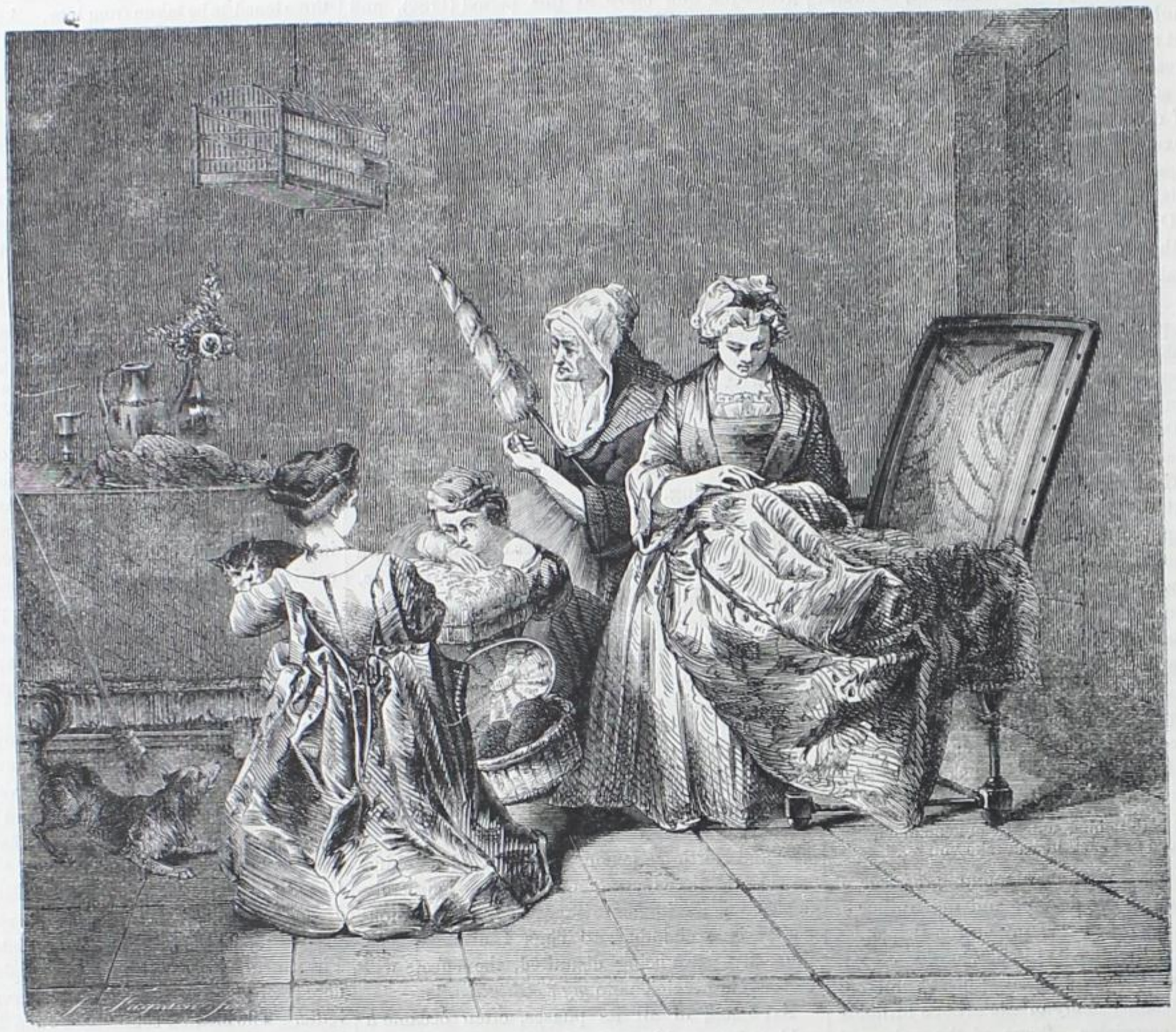
No. III.

By H. Ottley.

ARTISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

With the Fourteenth Louis, even the externals of majesty and grandeur departed from the land. Under his degenerate successor the very semblance of manliness, of religion, of stately thought, gave way before the inroads of an effeminate luxury. The hollow pageantry of France's "grand" era, which at any rate was great in its proportions, was now replaced by the most tawdry frippery, and painters painted down to the weakest and most depraved tastes.

Watteau (born 1684, died 1721) leads the way in this new and frivolous career; but he was much superior, both as an artist and a moralist, to what succeeded him. His style was formed in the *atelier* of a scene painter, and some of his earliest performances were the stage decorations of the Opera House at Paris. The meretricious materials and influences picked up in this school are seen in all his works, though he had genius enough to apply them to subjects, and in a manner altogether original. Horace Walpole thus cleverly characterises him: "The genius of Watteau resembled that of his countryman D'Urfé; the one drew and the other wrote of imaginary nymphs and swains, and described a kind of impossible pastoral, a rural life led by those opposites of rural simplicity—people of fashion and rank. Watteau's shepherdesses—nay, his very sheep—are coquettes; yet he avoided the glare and *clinquant* of his countrymen; and, though he fell short of the dignified grace of the Italians, there is an easy air in his figures, and that more familiar species of the graceful which we call genteel. His nymphs are as much below the forbidding majesty of goddesses, as they are above the hoyden awkwardness of country girls. In the halts and marches of armies, the careless slouch of his soldiers still retains the air of a nation that aspires to be agreeable as well as victorious." His trees and landscapes were as conventional as his rustic belles, and all equally drawn from the creations of the stage, or at furthest from the well-trained products of the Tuileries. Walpole goes on to remark upon this: "His trees appear as unnatural to our eyes as his figures must do to a real peasant who had never stirred beyond his village. Watteau's trees are copied from those of the Tuileries and villas near Paris—a strange scene to study nature in! There I saw the originals of those tufts of plumes and fans and trimmed-up groves, that were to one another like the scenes of an opera. Fantastic people! who range and fashion their trees, and teach them to hold up their heads as a dancing-master would if he expected Orpheus would return to play a minuet to them." Nevertheless, Watteau had great merit; his pictures generally produce an agreeable impression, altogether free from offence; and his colouring was rich and florid, in harmony with his subjects. Watteau however, did not always confine himself to these shallow displays. Sometimes he visited the scenes of humbler life, which he transferred to his canvas with considerable success, and sometimes even made them the vehicle of thoughts of a more serious cast. The "Happy Family" (of which we give an engraving) is a charming group, full of nature, and breathing calm content. In the "Three Ages" we see an old woman slaving at the distaff; a young woman in the full bloom of life, occupied in the vanities of dress; and two children, frolicsome, happy—yet in the face of one of them a tinge of thought which harmonises well with the careworn expression of the ancient dame.



"THE THREE AGES."—WATTEAU.

Watteau had many followers and imitators, amongst whom Jean Baptiste Pater and Nicolas Lancret, whose works have sometimes been passed off as those of the master himself. It has been suggested as probable that our Stothard partly followed Watteau in his *al fresco* scenes; but he was no servile imitator. His richness of *impasto* he probably attained through a close consideration of Watteau's manner of handling. There is a very fine Watteau in the Dulwich Gallery, and another in the National Gallery. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition, Saloon H, are two brilliant specimens of this artist, both representing

his favourite subject, "A Fête Champêtre,"—one (No. 993) contributed by Mr. F. Perkins, the other (No. 27) by the Marquis of Hertford. This nobleman also exhibits (No. 28) "A Party Regaling by a Fountain," by Lancret, and (No. 29) a "Fête Champêtre," by Pater, which it is curious to examine in connection with the work of the great original.

Watteau's prettinesses were innocent, harmless, and agreeable, if not instructive; but in Boucher (born 1704, died 1768) we have the very essence of what Mr. Carlyle calls "Dubarrydom," a term which significantly embodies every offence against propriety and good taste which history attributes to the scandalous court of Louis the Fifteenth, to whom he was appointed "first painter." His subjects are generally pastoral scenes, after the manner of, but much inferior to, those of Watteau,—groups of Cupids, goddesses, &c., and, now and then—a Madonna! His tawdry, facile pencil tricked out the most commonplace models, from the purlieus of the Boulevards, and the coulisses, with an attractiveness which exactly suited the genius of the age. "Never," says M. Watelet, "was there an artist that so much misused a brilliant disposition, an extreme facility; never was there a painter who so openly set at naught the truly beautiful, such as it appears in selected nature, such as it was felt and expressed by the sculptors of Greece, and by Raphael; never did anyone excite a more general depravity." Diderot, himself not over scrupulous in his morality, handles this artist with still greater severity. "I know not," he says, "what to say of this man. The debasement of taste, colour, composition, character, expression, and drawing, has followed step by step on that of morals. What do you expect this artist to throw off upon canvas?—that which is in his imagination. And what can a man have in his imagination who passes his life with degraded women of the lowest class? The grace of his shepherdesses is the grace of Favart in Rose and Colas; that of his goddesses is borrowed from Deschamps. I am bold enough to say that this artist in truth knows not what grace is; that he has never known what truth is; that all ideas of delicacy, purity, innocence, or simplicity, have been entirely strange to him. I am bold enough to say that he has never for one moment seen nature, at least not that nature which is such as to interest my feelings or yours, or the feelings of any decent child or woman of sensibility. I am bold enough to say that he is without taste. Among a multitude of proofs which I could give you of this fact, one will suffice, and that is, that in all the numbers of figures of men and women which he painted, I defy you to find four of a character fit for a *bas-relief*, much less fit for a statue. There are too many airs and graces, too much manner and affectation for any severe style of art. He may paint nude figures if he pleases, but I always see the rouge and the patches upon them, and all the gewgaws and tinsel of the toilette." This is strong language, but not more so than the subject deserved, and rightly denounces a depravation of fancy and principles in art which would seem to foreshadow the general disorganisation and demoralisation of society which shortly followed. We notice only a single example of Boucher in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, namely (563) a "Portrait of Madame de Pompadour," belonging to Mr. J. G. Craig.



"THE FAMILY MEAL."—WATTEAU.

THE CELEBRATED CONTEST OF LINES BETWEEN APELLES AND PROTOGENES.

Apelles paid a visit to Rhodes, to see the works of Protogenes, a celebrated painter of that place, and the following is Pliny's account of the contest between the two painters on this occasion. Apelles upon his arrival at Rhodes immediately sought out the studio of Protogenes, who happened to be from home, but an old woman was in attendance, taking charge of a large panel, which was standing ready prepared upon the easel. When the old woman inquired what name she should give to her master upon his return, Apelles answered by taking a pencil wet with colour, and drawing a *line (linea)* on the panel, saying simply "*His.*" When Protogenes returned, the old woman pointed out what had happened, and the story says that Protogenes, when he saw the panel, cried out instantly, "Apelles has been here, for that is the work of no other hand;" and he took a pencil and with another colour drew upon the same—line or panel, *in illâ ipsâ* (*linea* or *tabula?*)—a still finer line, and going away, gave orders to the old woman that when Apelles returned she was to show him "*that*" and tell him it was whom he sought. Apelles returned, and blushing to see himself surpassed, drew a third between or upon those two (*secuit lineas*) in a third colour, and attained the summit of subtilty, leaving no possibility of being surpassed. When Protogenes returned a second time, he confessed himself vanquished, and immediately sought out Apelles. This panel, continues Pliny, was handed down a wonder for posterity, and particularly to artists; and, notwithstanding it contained only three scarcely visible *lines (tres lineas)*, still it was the most noble work in the gallery, although surrounded by the finished paintings of the most renowned masters. It was preserved in the gallery of the Imperial Palace on the Palatine, and was destroyed by the first fire which consumed that palace in the time of Augustus.—*Wornum's History of Painting.*

DEGREES OF PROFICIENCY IN PAINTING.

The first degree of proficiency is, in painting, what grammar is in literature, a general preparation for whatever species of the art the student may afterwards choose for his more particular application. The power of drawing, modelling, and using colours, is very properly called the language of the art. When the artist is once enabled to express himself with some degree of correctness, he must then endeavour to collect subjects for expression; to amass a stock of ideas, to be combined and varied as occasion may require. He is now in the second period of study, in which his business is to learn all that has been known and done before his own time. Having hitherto received instructions from a particular master, he is now to consider the art itself as his master. He must extend his capacity to more sublime and general instructions. Those perfections, which lie scattered among various masters, are now united in one general idea, which is henceforth to regulate his taste, and enlarge his imagination. With a variety of models thus before him, he will avoid that narrowness and poverty of conception which attends a bigoted admiration of a single master, and will cease to follow any favourite where he ceases to excel. This period is, however, still a time of subjection and discipline. Though the student will not resign himself blindly to any single authority, when he may have the advantage of consulting many, he must still be afraid of trusting his own judgment, and of deviating into any track where he cannot find the footsteps of some former master. The third and last period emancipates the student from subjection to any authority, but what he shall himself judge to be supported by reason. Confiding now in his own judgment, he will consider and separate those different principles to which different modes of beauty owe their original. In the former period he sought only to know and combine excellence, wherever it was to be found, into one idea of perfection: in this he learns, what requires the most attentive survey, and the most subtle disquisition, to discriminate perfections that are incompatible with each other.—*Reynolds's Discourses at the Royal Academy.*

THE IMAGE OF FLAXMAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

I remember him well (says one who respected his genius and his worth), so do I his wife, and also his humble little house in Wardour-street. All was neat—nay, elegant—the figures from which he studied were the finest antiques—the nature which he copied was the fairest that could be had—and all in his studio was propriety and order. But what struck me most was that air of devout quiet which reigned everywhere—the models which he made, and the designs which he drew, were not more serene than he was himself, and his wife had that meek composure of manner which he so much loved in art. Yet better than all was the devout feeling of this singular man—there was no ostentatious display of piety—nay, he was in some sort a lover of mirth and sociality—but he was a reader of the Scriptures, and a worshipper of sincerity, and if ever purity visited the earth she resided with John Flaxman.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Sculptors.*

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

An instance occurs to me of two painters (Rembrandt and Poussin), of characters totally opposite to each other in every respect, but in nothing more than in their mode of composition, and management of light and shadow. Rembrandt's manner is absolute unity; he often has but one group, and exhibits little more than one spot of light in the midst of a large quantity of shadow: if he has a second mass, that second bears no proportion to the principal. Poussin, on the contrary, has scarce any principal mass of light at all, and his figures are often too much dispersed, without sufficient attention to place them in groups. The conduct of these two painters is entirely the reverse of what might be expected from their general style and character: the works of Poussin being as much distinguished for simplicity as those of Rembrandt for combination. Even this conduct of Poussin might proceed from too great an affection to simplicity of another kind; too great a desire to avoid that ostentation of art, with regard to light and shadow, on which Rembrandt so much wished to draw the attention: however, each of them ran into contrary extremes, and it is difficult to determine which is the most reprehensible, both being equally distant from the demands of nature, and the purposes of art.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses at the Royal Academy.*

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

On Monday, the 21st September, there were amongst the visitors, the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.P., and party; Miss Burdett Coutts, the Countess of Wilton, General Sir Harry Smith, the Hon. Captain Drummond, Sir John Liddell, superintendent of the medical department of the navy; the Duc de Montmorency, Mrs. Gaskell, Viscountess Northland and party, Earl Fortescue and party, Colonel Hodge, 7th Dragoons; Colonel Hart, 36th Foot; Mr. Devonport and party, &c. Sir Harry Smith conducted Miss Burdett Coutts through the Exhibition. The attendance was more numerous than on any previous Monday. The large attendance may be traced to the arrival of well-filled specials—Potteries, Halifax, Liverpool, Chester, Birmingham, Derby, and Leeds. About 450 of the children of miners employed on the Worsley estates, who attend the schools at Worsley, were treated to the Exhibition by the Earl of Ellesmere. They were accompanied by the Rev. St. Vincent Beechey, of Worsley.

Tuesday's returns showed a larger attendance than on any Tuesday since the Exhibition opened. There was a large special train (Cook's) from the West Hartlepool district, which left West Hartlepool at midnight on Monday, and reached Manchester at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning. The excursionists left Manchester on the return journey at six o'clock. There was a large special of 27 carriages, bringing to the Exhibition the workpeople employed by Messrs. Sanderson and Co., of Sheffield, and a well-filled "special" from the Whaley Bridge district. The Sheffield train reached the Exhibition at eleven o'clock, and left about six in the evening. There was also a good train to the Exhibition from Liverpool. Amongst the visitors were the Prince of Prussia (cousin to Prince Frederick William) and suite; the Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg Gotha; the Duc de Nemours, Comte d'Eu, Duc d'Alençon; Earl and Countess of Wilton, Miss Burdett Coutts, Professor Wilson, General Sir H. Smith; Wm. Dargan, Esq., chairman of the Dublin Exhibition Executive; Colonel Pennant; H. J. Phillips, Esq., the artist; J. Cheetham, Esq., M.P.; W. T. Egerton, Esq.; W. H. Hunt, Esq., the pre-Raphaelite painter; Lord Talbot; Mr. Grenfell, late M.P.; Mr. Ferguson, general manager of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Wm. Biggs, Esq., late M.P. for Newport, Isle of Wight; W. E. Frost, Esq., A.R.A.; Mr. W. Bromley, accountant-general of the navy; R. Cross, Esq., M.P.; Colonel Hodge; Mr. Nelson, secretary to the British Institute of Architects; Dr. Ure, the celebrated professor of chemistry; Mr. Richard Doyle, &c. &c. The distinguished foreign visitors made the following entries in the autograph book:—Augustus, Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha; Louis d'Orleans (Duc de Nemours), Gaston d'Orleans (Comte d'Eu), and Ferdinand d'Orleans (Duc d'Alençon).

On Wednesday, every department of the Exhibition had as many visitors in it as could conveniently inspect the objects, while access could scarcely be obtained to a close view of many of the best pictures, particularly those in the lowest range. Amongst the visitors were Mr. H. J. Phillips, artist; Mr. J. Ferguson, manager of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Miss Burdett Coutts and party, Mr. W. E. Frost, A.R.A., Mr. W. Holman Hunt, &c. There were special trains from Liverpool and Sheffield, and a Lancashire and Yorkshire train to the Victoria Station brought 34 carriages from Goole, Pontefract, and stations along that line, many of whom immediately made their way to Old Trafford, on arrival.

Although the weather was rather threatening on Thursday afternoon, and a little rain fell, the cash admissions were rather in excess of the previous Thursday. At four o'clock there were 4,473 admissions, at half-a-crown; and at five, 4,790, against 4,492 the same day previous week. Among the visitors were Lord John Russell, lady, and daughter; Miss Burdett Coutts and party, Professor Wilson, P. F. Pool, R.A.; Colonel de Bathe, Lady Overstone, Baron Rothschild and son, C. W. Grenfell, M.P.; Mr. Walter, M.P.; Lord and Lady Leigh, W. H. Hunt, David Bles, *peintre de genre*, of the Hague, &c.

The attendance on Friday was again an improvement upon that of the previous Friday. Among the visitors were Lord and Lady Overstone; Lady C. Mansell; Lord Edward Howard, M.P.; Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., M.P.; Sir H. Hervey Bruce, Bart.; Mr. A. Layard and Mrs. Layard; and Mr. Mark Philips. Mr. George Cooper played a selection of sacred music on the organ, commencing at twelve o'clock; his programme included two preludes and fugues by Bach, adagios by Mendelssohn and Sphor, a fugue by Schwanke, the andante from the Italian symphony, and several pieces by Handel, Hummel, and Wesley.

On Saturday the price of admission throughout the day was again a shilling, and the attendance was above the average of the Saturdays previous to the commencement of the sixpenny charge of entrance. Amongst the visitors were Lord Talbot and party, Lord Clarendon, Lord and Lady Leigh, Lord Overstone, Right Hon. Spencer H. Walpole, M.P., Right Hon. E. Cardwell, M.P., and party; Hon. W. Sumner, A. H. Layard, Esq., &c. There were also present 300 of the workpeople employed by the Horwich Vale Printing Company. The special trains were from Liverpool and Sheffield, both well filled.

The admissions during the week were as follows:—

	Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Sept. 21.....	11,368	...	761	12,129
,, 22.....	9,426	...	1,180	10,606
,, 23.....	12,349	...	1,138	13,487
,, 24.....	...	4,790	3,369	8,159
,, 25.....	6,514	...	872	7,386
,, 25	8,994	...	1,911	10,905
				62,672

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt

Chapter XII.

THE JEW'S DESIGNS.—THE LONDON PICTURE TRADE.—THE PASSAGE TO ROTTERDAM.

"Well, my dear young friend," exclaimed old Lazarus to me, after I had partaken of his rather shabby hospitality in the Houndsditch lodging, "what are your plans? Will you be guided by your humble servant? I happen to be acquainted with every street, lane, and court, in this little village called London; I intend to begin at the one end and to leave off at the other, so, you see, if the Signor Albano is to be found I shall find him. You are very clever with the pencil, and I am very clever in hunting down a suspicious-looking fugitive. Suppose we split the difference, and while I go to look for the Signor you wile away the time in renovating the charming pictures you were so good as to carry for me, and likewise those which you could not carry, but which will come by carrier to-morrow."

While I did not like the Jew's sinister expression, as he made this proposition, there was nothing very unfair in it. I therefore agreed to tinker up his rubbish, and set to work in good earnest. The principle upon which my friend bought paintings was very simple. As his knowledge of art was very limited, he seldom parted with money, but bartered by means of tawdry trinkets, which cost him next to nothing. Old paintings had no more interest in his eyes than so many napless hats. As my work of renovation proceeded, he had plenty of people come to buy up the daubs. Sometimes he would go out laden with a number of the smaller *chefs-d'œuvre*, such as the "mangle pictures," and it was seldom that he brought any of them back. Weeks went by in this way, during which I ate of his bread, such as it was, and it was understood that I was not to expect money remuneration—the finding of the Signor was to cancel every obligation. I persuaded the Jew, on several occasions, to permit me to accompany him in his search. We called at all sorts of queer, likely places; saw a vast number of foreigners; but although many knew the Signor, not one had seen him for many years. I often grew disheartened, but the Jew continued to speak of finding "his man" as confidently as on the first day. The low diet which I got in return for my labour, and the bad atmosphere of the court, combined to weaken my health, and left me more and more at the mercy of my tyrant, and added to my anxiety. In this state I often wandered about the streets by night, and stood watching in dark and dreary places, and fancying I saw the Signor in every passenger. By and by I grew out of all patience with the Jew. My tidings of Matilda, with whom I frequently communicated, were not of the most cheering description. What could I do? The Signor must be found. In doubt, misgiving, and slavery, six months passed away. The Jew laughed me to scorn when I complained, and still declared in his old style that his honour was pledged to restore the Signor, and that he dare not do less, but that he had not stipulated as to time. At length even my tormentor began to weary, or feel ashamed of deceiving me. Often I painted to him the pangs, the agonies of a loving child counting the long, sad hours, and implored him to do his utmost in finding the lost parent; but judging by his vacant, idiotic stare, not one word of my eloquent appeals could he understand. Like Laban, he did know how to exact to the last extremity. I had served six months for the London search. I should, he told me, have the pleasure of serving him "a little longer." If I had in my possession any money, I might "keep it for a rainy day;" that I could continue "to eat of his bread." He had done his utmost to find my friend, the Signor, who, he had now received almost certain intelligence, was in a foreign land, where he would pounce upon him. He could not go at once. He had bought largely, and sold next to nothing. Again, under these assurances, I laboured at the pictures. Finding he had a restorer in his power, he attended sales, and brought home works of some value, so that the rooms in the crazy tenement where I was confined began to look cheerful with glowing colours and gorgeous gilt frames; and West-end dealers came down in shoals to buy, because the Jew could give them good bargains, inasmuch as he bought his gems cheaply, and had them restored for nothing. The stock diminished daily, and the slack season came round, when, as I learned from another Hebrew, it was the annual custom of my employer to visit the continent. Great was my joy when, on one rainy morning in November, I and my tormentor took passage at one of the bridges for Rotterdam. My travelling companion had a different costume for every class of business in which he engaged. When selling he looked very grand with jewellery, when buying he looked poverty-stricken and chapfallen. On setting out for Holland he presented himself in a shabby suit of fustian, and carried over his shoulder a sack, to all appearance the poorest person on board. To be in keeping with his forlorn aspect, we took deck passage, in common with a large number of German drovers, who had brought cattle to England, and were then on their way home. Little thought that motley array of passengers that my shabby acquaintance carried about him enough wealth to buy the vessel in which we were embarked. Such was the fact. Unaccustomed to sea-life, it was not long before I lay prostrate upon a heap of chain and rope, near the middle of the deck, from whence, when night set in, the captain ordered me to be carried below. I had sufficient consciousness remaining to buy some brandy of the steward, which so far restored my strength that I began to look about me, and the first object that met my gaze was the Jew, crouched down in the corner like a dog. His proper place was upon deck, but, disliking salt water, he had slunk down unperceived to the snug place where I beheld him. I was about to call out to him, when he enjoined silence; he had no wish to pay four shillings fare in addition to what he had paid. It was a rainy, boisterous night, so much so that the captain's heart was moved for the poor drovers, and he permitted them also to descend for shelter. They came below half drowned. There was only standing room, and as they all smoked enormous pipes, the place became suffocating. What with the odour of their vile tobacco, and greasy, steaming garments, I began to wish that the good captain had allowed me to perish on deck, or that he had thrown me overboard. And yet, amidst the smother and confusion (they all appeared to be dancing), I could now and then see Old Lazarus tempting the poor fellows with his trinkets. He came to my side, as if to comfort me, but altered his mind, and drank the little brandy I had left; he had to loosen my fingers one by one to get it from my clutch. In return for this robbery, he stooped down and whispered in my ear that I should soon behold the Signor, and be made happy for ever. Morning found us in sight of land. Smooth water announced our entrance into the broad river, when I arose, not much refreshed, but very hungry, after that terrible night in the hold. In the course of the morning I ordered some coffee for my breakfast. The Jew expressed his amazement at so great a piece of extravagance on my part, and, in order not to lay himself open to the charge of inconsistency, he partook of my loaf and coffee, and forgot to pay his part of the reckoning, which was very characteristic of him, and as it appeared to me then quite of a piece with his character all through. Arriving at a shallow part of the river, we had the misfortune to run aground; whereupon the captain made the following announcement:—

"We shall stay where we are, gentlemen, for about fourteen hours. Those who happen to be in a hurry, can land here and walk to Dort, from whence they can go on in a barge to Rotterdam. That's all I have to say."

Strange and wonderful, Lame Lazarus was the only individual who chose to land. He had made arrangement to sup in Rotterdam that night, and punctuality was one of his virtues under certain circumstances.

A miserable-looking wretch, who had by means of stakes, hurdles, stones, and faggots, rescued a strip of land from the river, came alongside in his boat, and landed us on his humble quay, where we sunk up to our knees in soft mud. Touched by the abject looks of the boatman, I opened my heart and gave him a shilling, being the smallest silver coin I had.

"God of Abram! was ever such waste!" screamed the Jew. Instead of thankfulness, however, the poor boatman looked more abject than before, and holding the shilling in the palm of his hand, declared (as the Jew informed me) that he would prefer the smallest coin of his own country to that which I had given him. The Jew was kind enough to take him at his word, and made an exchange with another piece of silver weighing about one-third of the one I had given the Dutchman. Our way lay along an apparently interminable straight path, fringed on either side with stunted willows, all of the same age, shape, and height. On the right was a vast marsh or bog; on the left, some smooth, even meadows, of a velvet-like softness, cut into square pieces, and intersected by narrow ditches. The morning sky, purified by a strong sea breeze, had worn a silvery brightness; but, as evening approached, a dense fog suddenly rose up from the fens and marshes, which, mingling with the warm sunbeams, yielded an intense radiance, blending, in broad, luminous bars, the tints of amber, saffron, and gold. In these very meadows Albert Cuyp found the subjects of his rich and glowing pencil. It was milking-time, and fat, ruddy girls, bedizened with all manner of strange trinkets, in the form of jewellery, passed to and fro, carrying large brass vessels on their heads. The Jew stopped and managed to sell them a portion of the more tawdry articles of merchandise which he carried about him. I much enjoyed some of the sweet milk which they profferred us, and regretted that my niggardly friend prevented my paying for it. We came to a roadside inn, and did a little more business. An English gentleman, who had been one of our fellow-passengers, came up and engaged the Jew as interpreter; my friend also took advantage

of the stranger's necessities, to change a sovereign for him at a tolerably good discount. Wherever he went he had an eye to business. Taking a barge at Dort, we ran into the mud at Rotterdam about midnight, and having left the adventurous Englishman at his hotel, we crossed over about forty bridges, and arrived without further hindrance at the Jew's paternal home. We had hit the time to a minute. The widow Lazarus was expecting her son, and was actually broiling a large carp for his supper. She had not beheld her most amiable offspring for a year, yet she displayed no very great excitement. In fact, she hardly raised her eyes as we entered the dismal room. A few gutteral sounds escaped her lips during the demolition of the broiled carp, which the Jew almost consumed without assistance on my part.

(To be continued.)

SCULPTURE.



JEWSBURY

"CHILDREN'S PLAY."—A. MUNRO.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGRAVING.

By H. Ottley.

No. IV.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

In engraving upon wood a process entirely the reverse to that of engraving upon copper is employed. The subject being drawn upon the smooth surface of the wood—generally that of the box—the lights are cut away, the portions intended to receive the ink and produce the impression being left standing in relief. The facilities which this art affords for the free exercise of the draughtman's fancy has made it a favourite with many painters of eminence,—Martin Shoen, Michael Wolgemuth, and Albert Durer, in Germany, and Parmigiano, in Italy, resorting to it for the multiplication of their works.

Although treated of last in this series of papers, the invention of wood engraving was of earlier, probably very much earlier, date than that of engraving on copper. When and with whom it originated, however, has been long, and will probably long continue, a matter of doubt and dispute. The generally received opinion up to a comparatively recent date, by those writers who have been content to copy from one another, drawing only from the old received authorities, without reference to subsequent discoveries, every day making, has been that Germany originated this invention, which was first used for the printing of playing cards; and the researches of some German antiquaries go to show that it was so used as early as the beginning of the 14th century.

On the other hand, a contrary opinion to this has gradually grown up, supported by fact and inference; and it is now very generally considered that this art is of oriental origin, and was first imported into Europe through Venice, which it is well known carried on an extensive commerce with China, at a period much more remote than that above indicated, but which we have no means of fixing with even probable accuracy.

As it supports the prior claim of Italy, over other European states, in the use of this art, we must not overlook the curious story of the brother and sister Cunio, related by Papillon in his "*Peintre Graveur*," and who, if his statements be true, would seem to have engraved upon wood as early as 1285. Papillon begins by telling us that in 1758, when employed in his trade papering an apartment in the house of a Swiss officer, whom he names, at Bagneux, near Mont Rouge, he discovered a book of wood

engravings representing events in the life of Alexander the Great, the production of a brother and sister of the name of Cunio, and which were dedicated to Pope Honorius the Fourth, who lived 1284-5.

These young artists were the twin children of the son of a certain Count de Cunio, by a Veronese lady, allied to the family of the said Pope Honorius the Fourth, whom that young nobleman had married clandestinely. This marriage was annulled, and the Count de Cunio obliged his son to espouse another lady; but the twins were nevertheless brought up and carefully educated in his house, the step-mother loving them as if they had been her own children. At the age of 13, we are told, they had both made astonishing progress in their studies, being well acquainted with Latin, in which they wrote verses; and also understanding geometry and being proficient in music, playing upon various instruments; and, moreover, drawing and painting with taste and delicacy. The boy went with his father to the wars when only 14 years of age, was wounded, and knighted by his father on the field of battle. With the permission of his father, he then repaired to visit his mother at her residence, a few miles from Ravenna. It was soon after this that, jointly with his sister Isabella, he began these designs of the actions of Alexander, engraving them on wood, and of which he presented copies to Pope Honorius, and other relatives and friends. He afterwards again joined the army, and was killed in battle; and his sister Isabella died of grief, shortly afterwards, at the age of 20. Such is a brief abstract of the narrative given by Papillon, as copied by him from a statement in writing in the volume itself. "Some years afterwards," concludes the writer of this statement, "the generous Count de Cunio gave this copy of the 'Actions of Alexander,' bound as it now is, to my grandfather; and I have caused the leaves of paper to be inserted, upon which, by my orders, this history was written."

Unfortunately this curious volume, which Papillon states that he saw in 1758, has not been since discovered by any one who has written on the subject, and the whole statement rests upon his evidence. Heinecken, who espouses the claim of Germany to the invention of wood engraving, contemptuously dismisses Papillon's narrative as altogether unworthy of credit, and argues upon the names and dates referred to in it, to show its impossibility. These arguments, however, have since been investigated at length by Lanzi, and by Ottley, in his "Early History of Engraving," the result of whose researches is to establish the existence of all the principal persons mentioned, with other corroborative circumstances; and they consequently come to the conclusion that the story of the works of these Cunio is true.

But again, in further opposition to this claim of the Cunio, it is contended that there is no evidence to show that the Chinese themselves were acquainted with this art so early as the 13th century, much less of their having communicated it to the Venetians. Indeed, it is certain that Marco Polo, in his celebrated account of China, written in 1295, after his return to Venice, makes no mention of this art amongst the many wonders of the country which he dilates upon. This silence upon so important a subject would hardly have occurred had the art been in practice in China and unknown in Venice; but it may be at once explained upon the supposition, not unreasonable in itself, that the art was one already well known, and habitually practised, both in Venice and China. And that it must have been familiar to the Chinese previous to this period, seems to be established by a paper in the *Origines Typographicæ*, by the learned Baron Meerman, where, quoting from a History of China, written by Abusaid, in Persian, A.D. 1317, we find the following, amongst other statements to a similar effect:—"All the books edited by the persons in question (alluding to three Chinese *savans* whom he names) are written in a beautiful hand, so that

SCULPTURE.



"HIGHLAND MARY."—SPENCE.

each page may be transferred in the same handsome characters *to the blocks*, with which the men of learning are always at great pains to collate their MSS., attesting, by a private mark on the back of each block, their approbation of it. They next commit these blocks, or tables, to the *best engravers*, and finally complete the whole by numbering the pages." The Persian author then goes on to describe the regular system upon which these blocks were preserved in cases, under seal; which would argue it to have been an old-established practice, and not one of recent adoption.

In further support of the antiquity of the Chino-Venetian claim, may be cited a very remarkable decree of the Government of Venice, which was published from an engraved wood block, in 1441, which recites "the *decay* into which the art and mystery of *making cards and printed figures* had fallen;" and, with a view to the restoration of this art and the encouragement in it of native talent, prohibits the importation of "playing cards, and works of art *printed or painted* on cloth or paper." This document appears to be good evidence to show that wood engraving was well known and commonly practised in Venice at the commencement of the 15th century; indeed that it had then fallen into comparative decay, which no art does for some time after its first discovery or introduction; and a variety of other corroborative facts, as the existence of engraved remains, and other circumstances, might be adduced in support of this view. Finally, the author of the "Origin and Early History of Engraving" contends, and with every appearance of reason on his side, against the probability of an invention of this importance being first invented in central Europe in the dark period of the 12th and 13th centuries.

The earliest wood engraving extant, bearing a date, is one discovered by Heinecken in the Chartereuse, at Buxheim, near Meiningen, one of the most ancient convents in Germany, representing "St. Christopher carrying the Infant Jesus across the Sea." This print, commonly known as "the Buxheim Print," is of a folio size, and bears the date 1423. It was found pasted within the cover of a book of the 15th century. Being imported into England, it went into the collection of the Earl of Spencer. A fac-simile of it is given in Ottley's "Early History of Engraving."

Amongst the earliest applications of the art of wood engraving were the "block-books" on devotional subjects, which in time superseded the ancient missal, with its artistic miniature decorations. The most celebrated of these were the "*Biblia Pauperum*," or "Poor Man's Bible;" the "*Speculum Humani Salvationis*," and the "*Ars Moriendi*,"—all supposed to have been executed by the same engraver, though after the designs of different artists. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition are two curious specimens of these productions—Nos. 1345 and 1346, the "*Ars Moriendi*," and "The Apocalypse," of about the date 1439, contributed by the Rev. J. Griffiths. The same collector exhibits some other curious old woodcuts, of the date 1450, in which a peculiar kind of shading, by means of dots, on a system called *cribblé*, is introduced.

The first engravers on wood whose names reach us (barring the Cunio, whose claims we have already discussed) were William Pleydenwurff and Michael Wolgemuth, who engraved the cuts for the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, published in folio in 1493. Under Albert Durer, the pupil of Wolgemuth, the art was carried to a high state of perfection, although there is good reason to doubt whether he actually engraved on wood himself. It is probable that he contented himself with making the designs, employing the best hands he could get to cut them. His works in this class are very numerous. In the Exhibition, amongst others, is a fine head of Christ, in two states (No. 1374); a portrait of himself, two states (1375) contributed by Mr. W. Russell; and a set of the famous series of twenty plates of "The Life of the Virgin" (1377), which Marc Antonio copied

in copper, contributed by Mr. R. Fisher. A large woodcut map of Venice, date 1500, printed from several blocks, and attributed to Albert Durer, though questionably, is interesting, and striking as an example of the bold and artistic handling employed at this early period, when artists of the highest rank did not disdain furnishing the designs. Amongst the other German masters, who laboured with distinction in this line, was Holbein, whose series of the "Dance of Death" (No. 1411), contributed by Mr. R. Fisher, is a work of deserved celebrity.

Amongst the Italian masters engraving on wood, whose works are exhibited, are Zoan Andrea (who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century), Beccafumi, Ugo da Carpi, Titian (or rather some engravers after him), A. Andreani, &c.—and they will all repay a careful inspection.

A few words must here be said of a process called the *chiaroscuro* style of engraving, which was invented as early as the 16th century, by Ugo da Carpi, and which is interesting as bearing some relation to the attempts now in vogue amongst us for printing in colours. By this process a ground was laid upon the paper—sometimes two grounds, a tint and demi-tint, suitable to indicate the shadows and the edges of the lights—adapted to the composition, which was engraved in a distinct outline on a separate block. The effect of this combination of resources in the hands of an artist of genius was admirable. It was used to a considerable extent by Ugo da Carpi, in the production of works after Raphael, Parmigiano, and others; afterwards by Andrea Andreani, towards the end of the 16th century; and in the middle of the 17th century by Coriolanus, an artist of Bologna, who produced by it several meritorious works after Guido. See a fine specimen of Coriolanus, in "The Fall of the Giants" (1429), contributed by Mr. W. Russell. Another compound practice in use from a very early date, was one in which wood engraving and copper-plate were brought into combination, the one working over the other, and the effect of which was generally successful and pleasing.

Towards the latter end of the 17th century the art of wood engraving began gradually to decline, in the presence of the superior attractions of copperplate and steel engraving, and lithography; but it subsequently made a creditable and cheering advance, and chiefly in this country. J. B. Jackson, Bewick, Thompson, the Williams's, Mason Jackson, Landells, Dalziel, &c., of whom numerous specimens are exhibited, assert our pre-eminence and progress in an art so essentially and pleasingly connected with the labours of a free and enlightened press.

AN ARTIST'S LIBERALITY.

When Chantrey sent his bust of Horne Tooke to the Exhibition, he was young and unfriended; but the great merit of the work did not escape the eye of Nollekens. He lifted it from the floor—set it before him—moved his head to and fro, and having satisfied himself of its excellence, turned round to those who were arranging the works for the 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 it well deserves it." Often afterwards, when desired to model a bust, he said, in his most persuasive way, "Go to Chantrey, he's the man for a bust—he'll make a good bust of you—I always recommend him." Nor did he hesitate to give a piece of marble to a deserving sculptor—"Take it," he said; "it encourages more than money does." He sat for his bust to Chantrey, who always mentions his name with tenderness and respect.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Sculptors.*

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. XII.

RICHARD ANSDELL.

The town of Liverpool has done good service to the arts. It has not only produced many clever artists, but was, moreover, the first Lancashire town which ventured to establish an Academy, with the attractive and indispensable concomitant of an annual Exhibition of Pictures. This Academy has now held its way for upwards of thirty years, and has given an artistic prestige to Liverpool, hardly equalled by that of any other provincial town.

We may point out as contributions of Liverpool men, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, the many exquisite pieces of sculpture, by Gibson and Spence, which adorn the great hall; the water-colour drawings of Austin; Westcott's masterly whole-length portrait of Archdeacon Brooks; and Windus's touching and studiously-finished picture illustrative of the old ballad, "Burd Helen." But these are not the only men of talent Liverpool has produced. The marine pictures of Samuel Williamson, and the portraits and cabinet subjects of Mosses were deservedly esteemed in their day; and, among living men, we may refer to the works of Marshall and Huggins, to the landscapes of Oakes, the water-colour interiors of Collingwood, and to the portraits of Robertson, which last are, in our humble opinion, unsurpassed by those of any artist of the day.

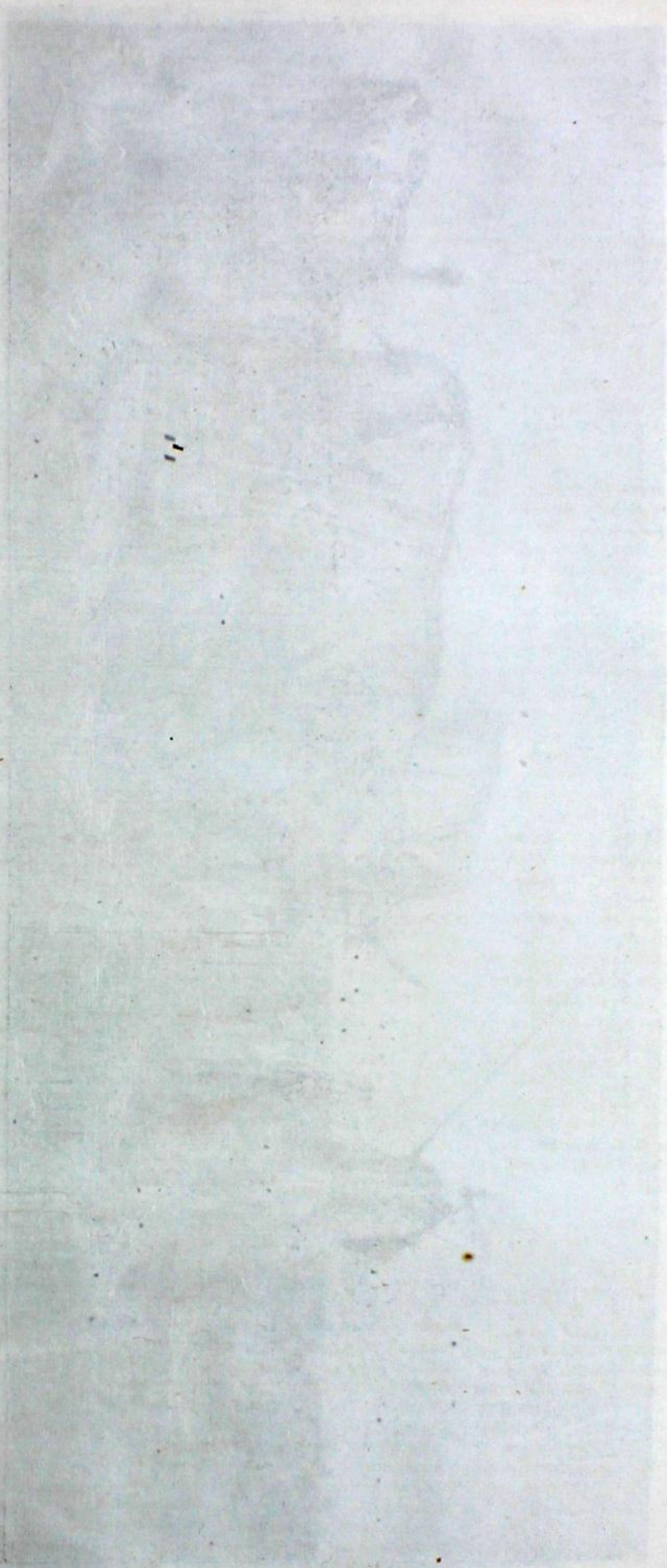
But among Liverpool artists none has attained so widely-extended a reputation as Richard Ansdell. He is a Liverpool man, born and bred, and his fame was initiated in the Exhibition of its Academy. We well remember the cleverness and skilful touching displayed in these early productions. Disfigured as they were by bad and chalky colouring, it was impossible not to perceive in them a rich promise for the future. One of Ansdell's earlest patrons was the late Earl of Derby, of zoological memory, for whom he executed many groups from the numerous collection of animals at Knowsley Park. His masterly touch and rapid execution, and above all, his aptness at seizing upon character, and placing it in the strongest and most favourable point of view, early recommended him to the notice of the publishers, and he was much engaged in pictures of coursing meetings, &c. These works were generally of large size, and contained numerous portraits of men and animals, and it required much tact and talent to convert them into agreeable pictures, to satisfy the connoisseur, as well as the sportsman or agriculturist. The colossal picture of "The Great British Agricultural Meeting," which included the portraits of a hundred or so of gentlemen of all ages and sizes, attired in modern coats and waistcoats, surrounded by agricultural implements and machines, was a notable instance of his skill in overcoming the difficulties incident to undertakings of this description.

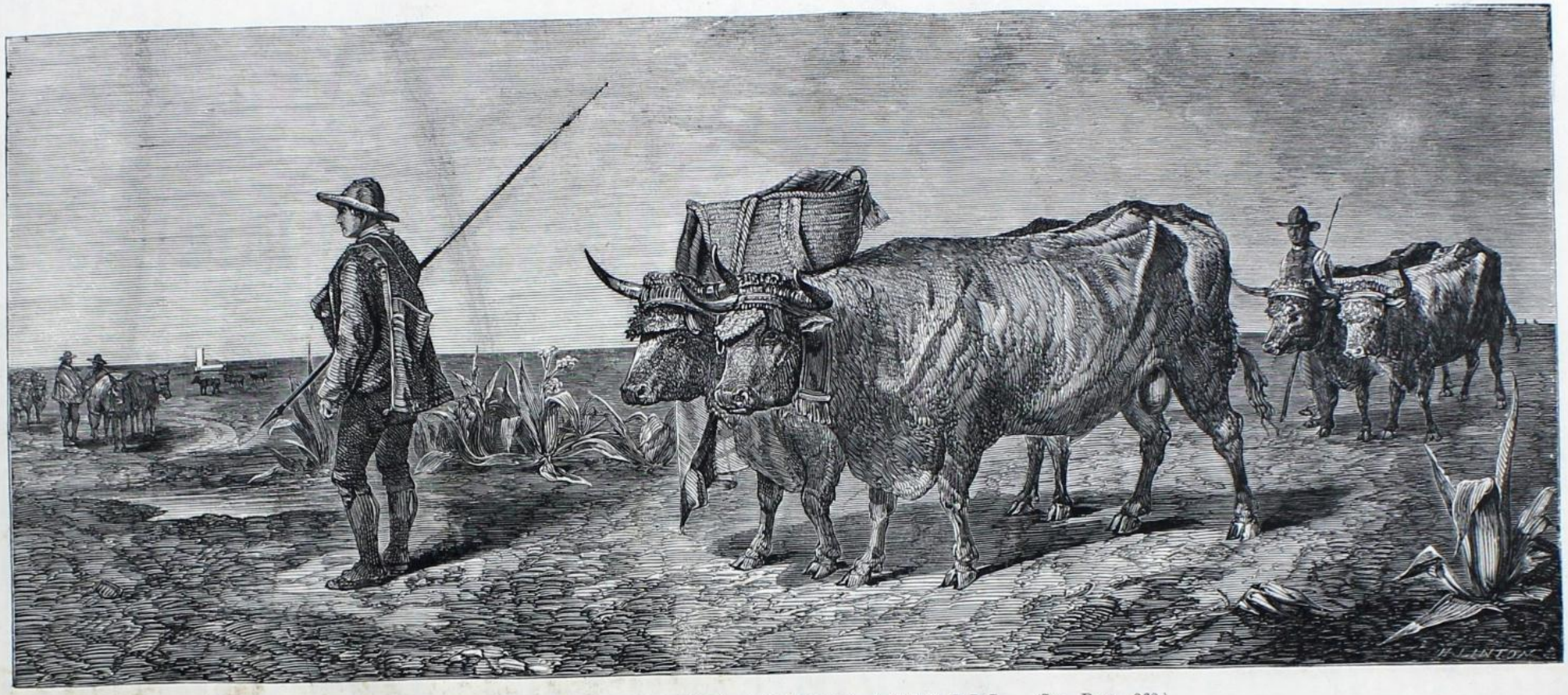
The name of Ansdell soon became known far beyond his native town. His pictures exhibited in London were favourably received by the public, and he found it his interest to remove thither some dozen years ago. His career in the metropolis has been one of unvarying success; he enjoys a full share of public favour, rejoices in a large circle of friends, and possesses one of the best-appointed studios in London, with its neighbouring paddock, where range at large his quadruped models in convenient propinquity.

Mr. Ansdell is not largely represented at Old Trafford, the contributions in his name amounting to two pictures only (of which we give illustrations in pages 270 and 271). 440, "Lytham Sandhills," is extremely simple in subject, being merely a narrow road winding among the numberless low sandhills collected at the embouchure of the Ribble. On one of these stands a robust-looking shepherd; at his feet two dogs are anxiously waiting for their cue, while a flock of sheep, which crowd the narrow road, have come to an irresolute halt. The dry and arid nature of the sandhills is truthfully rendered; and in the figures there is much freedom and delicacy of touch. Yet the picture has altogether that thinness and weakness of effect which is the drawback on most of the artist's early pictures. 583, "Returning from Labour," is a work of the present year, painted in Spain. All Ansdell's subjects had previously been taken from British life; but this year, excited perhaps by the continental successes of so many of his brother artists, he accompanied his friend Mr. Philip to Spain—a most admirable choice of a companion, Mr. Philip's pictures possessing just that strength of colour and power of effect which Ansdell's works are most deficient in. Whether he has been influenced by his friend's example, or whether there is something in the complexion of Spain favourable to the development of chromatic power, it is not for us to assert, but certainly all Ansdell's friends and well-wishers must congratulate him on the increased strength and fulness of colouring of this and his other Spanish productions. That horror of positive colour, and that love of cold grey and purple hues, unfortunately so prominent in many of his early performances, seem to be almost renounced. He has here dismissed the thin and vapoury, and courts the strong and substantial. We would only say, cling fast to it, Mr. Ansdell; don't loose your hold; and by all means go to Spain with Mr. Philip again! The subject of this "Returning from Labour" consists of a team of oxen, with their gay trappings, walking with ponderous and careful steps along a clodded road; a few aloes skirt the path, and beyond lies one of those interminable plains so frequently encountered in Spain. It is a work of great power, and the peculiar nature of Spanish character is picturesquely sustained.

THE REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

The young artist (Raeburn) and the young advocate (John Clerk, afterwards a judge of the court of session, under the title of Lord Eldin) were frequently together; and, as the one had to purchase costly colours, and the other expensive books, it is said they were sometimes so poor that they scarcely knew how to live till more money came in. On one of these occasions, Raeburn received an invitation to dine with Clerk; and, hastening to his lodgings, he found the landlady spreading a cloth on the table, and setting down two dishes, one containing three herrings and the other three potatoes. "And is this all?" said John. "All," said the landlady. "All! did I not tell ye, woman," he exclaimed, "that a gentleman was to dine with me, and that ye were to get six herrings and six potatoes?" The tables of both were better furnished before the lapse of many years; and they loved, it is said, when the wine was flowing, to recal those early days, when hope was high and the spirit unrebuked by intercourse with the world.—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*





"RETURNING FROM LABOUR."—ANSDELL. (See Page 268.)



"LYTHAM SANDHILLS."—ANSDELL. (See Page 268.)

HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF

CARICATURE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

No. IV.

By Dr. Blakey.

The Rev. James Douglas was a clerical caricaturist of merit and popularity. His productions are now scarce. Mr. Gibbon, the historian, was deeply offended by one of the artist's etchings of his *head*. This was extremely comic, and yet the resemblance was admirably preserved. Underneath is the phrase, "The Luminous Historian."

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell felt the heavy hand of Collins and others. It is somewhat curious, but there has long prevailed a suspicion that the doctor's intimate friend and admirer, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted his picture, gave a decided touch of the caricatural to it. The great painter depicts the essayist peering with a single eye, with his nose close upon the page of a black-letter book. This gave offence to the author, for when a lady complimented him on obtaining a portrait from such a distinguished artist, the doctor angrily replied, "Why should he transmit me to posterity as blind Sam?"

De Louthërbourg was happy in his caricatures, and succeeded in exciting the risibility of the London people to a high degree. His single figures were universally admired for their pungency and originality. Dent and Conde were likewise popular artists in comic designs. They realised considerable sums of money by their profession. Biagio Rebecca devoted himself to sketching the frovolities and absurdities of his day, in which line he had scarcely any rival.

James Sayer was an artist of comic renown, the son of a captain-merchant of Yarmouth, and was educated as an attorney. But he soon left the law, and commenced song writer and caricaturist. Displaying great talent, the ministry of the day enlisted him on their side, and he annoyed the opposition with his pungent sketches of their defects and shortcomings. He was patronised by William Pitt and other influential members of the government; and early in his career obtained the profitable situation of marshal of the Court of Exchequer, and receiver of the sixpenny duties, which enabled him to pass his life in comfortable affluence. His best piece was a parody on Milton's passage descriptive of the fallen angels. He sketches Fox as the political Satan, surrounded by his fallen coadjutors—Lords Portland, Carlisle, Cavendish, Keppel, and North, and likewise of Edmund Burke. Fox speaks a word of encouragement to his disconsolate friends; he,

"With high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears."

Nixon was a graphic wit of reputation, and was so quick with his pencil that he could take a good likeness from a few hasty scratches. Cotemporary with him was George Moutard Woodward, commonly called *Mustard George*. He first tried his skill at caricature in the country; but this being too confined a sphere for his genius and ambition, he repaired to London. He says himself, "A caricaturist in a country town, like a mad bull in a china-shop, cannot step without noise; so, having made a little noise in my native place, I persuaded my father to let me seek my fortune in town." He was for many years a constant guest at the Brown Bear, Covent Garden, where he was enabled to draw from life those low characters, and well-known officers of Bow-street, which he delighted to sketch. His wit and invention were unrivalled in his own peculiar walk of comic art.

We come now, though a little out of strict chronological order, to a conspicuous landmark in the history of English caricature—the appearance of John Gilray, a man who stands unrivalled at this hour, either in this or any other country, for the richness of his comic invention. He engrossed the attention of the British people from 1779 till 1810, with a constant succession of the most able caricatures. He served his apprenticeship to an engraver, and displayed an early genius for the burlesque and satirical. His first patron was Mr. Holland, in Drury Lane. The long career of Gilray displays unparalleled powers of creative invective, and a constant watchfulness of public events and feeling. No legislative measure was allowed to pass without receiving the signature of his graphic pencil. Not long after the commencement of his labours, the French Revolution of 1789 broke out. This event, in all its marvellous and hideous phases, and in the corresponding excitement on the subject in England, afforded ample scope for his powerful imagination. He laboured incessantly in rendering the French movements atrocious in the eyes of English people. He paints the *sans-culottes* as a band of savages, greedily feeding on the mangled remains of their victims. This artist carried his fierceness against the revolution into all his descriptions of public characters in Great Britain who sympathised with the political movements in Paris. He clothes Burke, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Priestly, in the costume of the National Assembly, and designates them as revolutionists of the worst class.

To scan in detail the numerous productions of this singular man, is beyond our limits. They are now published in a collective form, accompanied with appropriate and explanatory letter-press. Suffice it to say, Gilray's style of drawing was of a bold and dashing character. He was naturally fond of the rugged and jagged in human life. The soft and sentimental he despised; and loved to grapple with the vicious, the eccentric, the bitter, and the grotesque. He was occasionally, however, quite sportive in his humour. All his sketches possess great force and skill, and display an endless invention. He lived in very excitable times, and undoubtedly exercised a powerful influence on the general current of political opinion, both in his own country and in foreign states. He died in 1815.

Rowlandson commenced his career as a caricaturist a few years previous to the beginning of the present century. He was an artist of great but eccentric power, and his drawing had much of the vulgar and rustic about it. In 1802 he successfully caricatured the ratification of peace between France and England, in a sketch which, it is said, Napoleon was so amused with that he ordered copies of it to be framed for the palaces of Versailles and St. Cloud. This good understanding between the graphic satirist and the Emperor was only of short duration. In the subsequent portraitures of this military chief, Rowlandson invariably depicted him in the most degrading forms and attitudes. The artist gained great popularity from satirising the manners and customs of the Dutch nation, as well as those of the Parisians. His Dutch and Flemish are especially witty and amusing. He was in the habit, when in the Low Countries, of rambling about in all the obscure and unfrequented localities in Antwerp, Amsterdam, and other cities, and collecting everything odd and out of the ordinary course of social life. These he preserved, and turned to good account. He was an artist of great industry, and of surprising rapidity of execution. It has been maintained by some critics, that he sketched more scenes and figures in an off-hand way than any dozen of his cotemporaries, and that he etched more plates than any artist, ancient or modern. He died in 1825.

We must now cast a cursory glance at the caricature of Scotland; this is but scanty in amount, and local in character. There was one singular case of graphic satire in Edinburgh in 1701. Two men, a designer and an engraver, were tried for high treason, for executing a representation having an alleged tendency to bring the general government into contempt. This piece simply depicted the African Company in London, and some of its leading commercial measures, in a somewhat ludicrous manner. For this the two comic artists ran a great risk of being hanged and quartered. Luckily, however, a verdict of not guilty was recorded; but they were again tried for the same offence on another indictment, and subjected to a twelve months' imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle. The obnoxious plates, and all the copies taken from them, were likewise ordered to be burnt by the common hangman at the public cross of the city. We have greatly advanced, as a nation, in the path of justice and liberty, since this mock-tragedy was acted.

David Allan, called the Scottish Hogarth, deserves notice as a caricaturist of great wit and comic power. He displayed this sarcastic and burlesque genius when quite a boy at school. It was at Rome that he sketched and painted his four famous pictures, which are striking caricatures of the follies of the Romish Carnival, as witnessed in the Capitol. Allan did not, however, persevere in the comic line, but devoted his time to serious subjects. In Edinburgh, John Kay, a few years ago, exercised his satirical and facetious pencil with considerable effect. His representations of most of the social oddities of his native city, in all ranks of life, have been collected in two volumes, accompanied with ably-written notices, by James Maidman, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh. Geikie was likewise a comic sketcher of this city, of considerable enius. He was totally deaf, but early in life displayed a great aptness for comic drawing. His collection of etchings have been recently published. Crombie was another caricatural genius of Edinburgh, and the sketcher of the "Modern Athenians," which consist of comic portraits of many of the most eminent and eccentric members of the Scottish church, the bar, and the medical profession.

We must now draw our remarks into a narrow compass, with a brief notice of modern caricaturing in England. This is a subject which has been often ably dwelt upon, but is still far from being exhausted. It would take a volume itself to do it justice. Within the last thirty years numerous comic artists have made their appearance, and obtained great and well-merited public commendation for their ingenious labours. In point of wit, invention, taste, delicacy, and accuracy of design, the artists of the present day are far superior to the general run of those who had hitherto preceded them in the same profession. We can only now offer a formal enumeration of some of those who have gained—and are still daily before the public eye—undying laurels for their exuberant drollery and pungent satire.

Isaac Cruikshank, the father of the present famous Mr. George Cruikshank, entered the arena of comic sketching about the same time

with Rowlandson. Isaac became a worshipper of Pitt, whom he represents, in one of his pieces, as the royal extinguisher putting out the flame of sedition. His son George has become more celebrated than his parent. George published a series of caricatures for a publication called "The Scourge," before he had attained his twentieth year. He afterwards became connected with Mr. William Hone, and etched all the famous caricatures and burlesques for the "Political House that Jack Built," "The Man in the Moon," "The Political Showman," and "*Non Mi Ricordo*." The satire conveyed in these pictorial productions was of the bitterest kind We cannot enumerate a hundredth part of his publications. Suffice it to say, that he has attained great excellence, and secured a fame that will endure for many centuries. It is a signal honour to him, that his talents have never been abused to any base or sordid purpose.

The caricatures of H. B. are well known. The author of them is said to be a Mr. Doyle, father of the artist of the same name, who was one of the chief contributors to the early volumes of *Punch*. The political sketches of H. B. display great wit, taste, and comic humour.

Richard Doyle is an artist of great repute, and his sportive and graceful designs from the manners of the day have attracted a considerable share of public attention. Mr. John Leech has likewise evinced a genuine caricatural genius. His sketches in *Punch*, and his "Pictures of Life and Character," have extended his reputation far and wide.

Of late years *Punch* has been the chief political caricaturist in Great Britain. Its various artistic productions are too well known to be particularly dwelt upon here. We only give expression to the general opinion of Englishmen when we say that the caricatural and burlesque department of this notable periodical has displayed unrivalled genius, and that it has been mainly through its pictorial influence that the great popularity of the publication has maintained its ground for so many years.

In conclusion, we would simply remark, that caricature displays the general state of manners and refinement of a people. It portrays the humours and peculiarities, and even the vices, of an age, and distinguishes the rudeness and delicacy of the public feeling in reference to all that is enjoyed or pursued. If society is rude; if tastes and entertainments are coarse and indelicate; if low humour, or wit, or pointed conceits prevail; or if decency, vivacity, genuine wit and humour do not characterise the ordinary intercourse of social life;—caricature will certainly partake of the qualities of its age, and will be less entitled to regard and commendation.

In the graphic art of caricature we recognise the same general principles of criticism that regulate both genteel and broad comedy. Every grotesque effort of the pencil must present a unity of representation. It must tell one tale. All its parts must harmonise, to produce the intended effect upon the imagination of the public. There must be nothing extraneous—nothing out of keeping—nothing beyond the bounds of propriety and fitness. The general aim of the caricaturist is to exhibit pictures of human life—to ridicule follies and singularities, whether in character, manner, opinion, or conduct. To effect this a set of rules are indispensable, in order that the several ingredients of the picture may be duly balanced, and the chief purpose of the artist produced:—the successful ridicule of all that is vain, affected, pompous, and *outre* in manner or physical conformation. There is a proper limit to caricature. It must not trespass on the tragical or solemn, nor on the constitutionally serious and grave. There are thousands of things in human conduct and demeanour which will not bear to be laughed at, nor subjected to lightness and humour. The graphic pencil of the humourist must never presume to reprehend those crimes, or to excite those passions about which the moralist or divine or tragic poet are exclusively conversant. He must confine his operations to the sense of shame, which deters men from performing what may render them contemptible or foolish in the eyes of the world. By exposing only singularities, or the lighter vices or fallacies of mankind, he is almost certain of reforming them to a certain extent. He is occasionally privileged to assail positive crimes, when they are of such a nature that ridicule can be successfully brought to bear upon them, either by the peculiar oddity of their nature, or some whimsical circumstances attending their perpetration. But this license requires the most delicate artistic management. Whatever produces seriousness of emotion, is, more or less, destructive of real caricatural effect.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

Though painting and sculpture are, like many other arts, governed by the same general principles, yet, in the detail, or what may be called the by-laws of each art, there seems to be no longer any connection between them. The different materials upon which those two arts exert their powers, must infallibly create a proportional difference in their practice. There are many petty excellences which the painter attains with ease, but which are impracticable in sculpture; and which, even if it could accomplish them, would add nothing to the true value and dignity of the work.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses at the Royal Academy.*

RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

If we put these great artists in a light of comparison with each other, Raphael had more taste and fancy; Michael Angelo more genius and imagination. The one excelled in beauty, the other in energy. Michael Angelo has more of the poetical inspiration; his ideas are vast and sublime; his people are a superior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions or their attitudes, or the style and cast of their limbs or features, that reminds us of their belonging to our own species. Raphael's imagination is not so elevated; his figures are not so much disjoined from our own diminutive race of beings, though his ideas are chaste, noble, and of great conformity to their subjects. Michael Angelo's works have a strong, peculiar, and marked character; they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely, and that mind so rich and abundant, that he never needed, or seemed to disdain, to look abroad for foreign help. Raphael's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own. The excellency of this extraordinary man lay in the propriety, beauty, and majesty of his characters, the judicious contrivance of his composition, his correctness of drawing, purity of taste, and skilful accommodation of other men's conceptions to his own purpose. Nobody excelled him in that judgment, with which he united to his own observations on nature, the energy of Michael Angelo, and the beauty and simplicity of the antique. To the question, therefore, which ought to hold the first rank, Raphael or Michael Angelo, it must be answered, that if it is to be given to him who possessed a greater combination of the higher qualities of the art than any other man, there is no doubt but Raphael is the first; but if, as Longinus thinks, the sublime, being the highest excellence that human composition can attain to, abundantly compensates the absence of every other beauty, and atones for all other deficiencies, then Michael Angelo demands the preference.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses at the Royal Academy.*

WOOD-ENGRAVING.

In respect to wood-engraving, Mr. William Howitt has justly observed "that before Thomas Bewick gave a new impulse and a new life to this beautiful art, it had fallen into the lowest condition of contempt; and though not entirely extinct, it was all but extinct, having ceased to be used for the embellishment of books, and being chiefly retained for the rude ornament of the most wretched songs, and the imprint of ships, the gallows, or a man running away with knob-stick and bundle, in newspapers. Bewick saw all that it was capable of, and introducing it into works of taste, the best known and most perfect specimens of which are his own Natural Histories, the whole public were astonished and charmed with the effect. George the Third, who was, according to Peter Pindar, filled with amazement at the way that the apples could have got into the pudding, was, if possible, still more amazed at the engravings of Bewick. When they told him they were done on wood, he declared he could not believe it till he saw the blocks. The taste for wood-engraving has since then constantly grown, and now gives employment to a host of admirable artists, both as designers and as engravers. There is scarcely a living painter whose productions now adorn the walls of our houses, or are seen annually in our exhibitions, who is not proud to see his fame spread still wider, by means of this art; and the number of works that are now embellished by it, is immense."

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

William Hogarth is the first great name in the annals of British art; and he was more of the satirist than the painter, though in this respect also he is entitled to rank with the most eminent masters of his class in Europe: as a painter he belongs to the province of the higher *genre*. When his origin is considered, it is remarkable that he attained to the great technical excellence which indisputably distinguishes his best pictures. Born of poor parents, and bred an engraver of crests and ciphers on silver and metal plates, nothing but the most persevering energy could have carried him to the eminence he afterwards attained. "Our juvenile satirist," says Ireland, "was apprenticed to a Mr. Ellis Gamble, who kept a silversmith's shop in Cranbourn Alley, Leicester Fields. This vender of salvers and sauceboats had in his own house two or three rare artizans, whose employment was to engrave ciphers and armorial symbols, not only on the articles his master sold, but on any that he might have to mark from cunning workmen, in silver or meaner metals. In this branch he covenanted to instruct William Hogarth, who about the year 1712 became a practical student in Mr. Gamble's Attic academy. In this school of science we may fairly conjecture his first essays were the initials on teaspoons: he would next be taught the art and mystery of the double cipher, where four letters in opposite directions are so skilfully interwoven, that it requires almost an apprenticeship to learn the art of deciphering them. Having conquered his alphabet, he ascended to the representation of those heraldic monsters which first grinned upon the shields of the holy army of Crusaders, and were from thence transferred to the massy tankards and ponderous two-handled cups of their stately descendants. By copying this legion of hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire, he attained an early taste for the ridiculous, and in the grotesque countenance of a baboon or a bear, the cunning eye of a fox, or the fierce front of a rampant lion, traced the characteristic varieties of the human physiognomy. He soon felt that the science which appertaineth unto the bearing of coat-armour was not suited to his taste or talents; and, tired of the amphibious, many-coloured brood that people the fields of heraldry, listened to the voice of Genius, which whispered him to read the mind's construction in the face, to study and delineate man."—*Wornum's Histor of Painting.*

PIETRO FRANCESCO MOLA.

By H. Merritt.

In the academy which the three brothers, Annibale, Ludovico, and Agostino Carracci established at Bologna, art-teaching was elevated into a science. Fuseli is, notwithstanding, very severe upon Agostino's sonnet, "which details the ingredients required to form a painter;" "and which," says Fuseli, "has more the air of a medical prescription" than a sonnet. "Take," says Agostino to his pupils, "the design of Rome, Venetian motion and shade, the dignified tone of Lombardy's colour, the terrible manner of Angelo, the just symmetry of Raphael, Titian's truth of nature, and the sovereign purity of Correggio's style," and so on. The various excellences here enumerated were to be so blended as to realise a "legitimate whole." The eclectic school, thus founded by the three brothers, sent forth into the world a large number of scholars who became distinguished masters. Albano, Lanfranco, Guercino, and Guido Reni were among those who profited by the teachings of the Carracci. However unsound might have been the theory of Agostino's sonnet, the works of his pupils possess very beautiful and commanding qualities. Students who arose soon after the closing of the great original Bolognese Academy were bewildered by the numerous masters and teachers whom they found in the field. Some followed Guido, some took up with Albano, others were allured into the studio of Guercino, while many, not knowing what course to take, wandered from master to master, like bees from flower to flower, and dissipated half their lives in laying the foundation for a future greatness which never reached them. One of the few who at this time survived the pursuit after perfection, was the subject of our paper, Pietro Francesco Mola, who was born at Milan in 1612, and who died at Rome in 1668.

Mola was first heard of in Rome, whither he had accompanied his father, who went to that city in the capacity of an architect. The Cavaliere d'Arpino received the young aspirant into his school, and taught him the rudiments of his art. The Cavaliere was a man well calculated to exercise a wholesome influence on the mind of his pupil. Like many more, he had risen from the meanest state to the receipt of the highest honours ever accorded to the successful artist. From the fostering hands of Arpino, young Mola boldly set out for Venice, where the tints of Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese were still fresh upon the walls. Here he lingered in the painted palaces, and feasted his eyes upon the unrivalled charms of the Venetian palette. Satiated at length with the splendours of St. Mark's, he retraced his steps to the city of his boyhood, and once more busied himself in the galleries of the Vatican, where the severer forms of Angelo and the eloquent groups of Raphael half obliterated from his memory the allurements of the sea-girt island. He now wavered betwixt the various influences of Arpino, Raphael, Angelo, and Titian; and in this state we find him, eager to increase his confusion by a visit to Milan, whither the immortal wreck of the "Last Supper," by Da Vinci, attracted him. One would think that he might have settled down after this last trip; but it happened that while at Milan he received intelligence of the great things which had been done at Bologna, where Guido and some of his old, illustrious schoolfellows were established in great strength. To Bologna young Mola straightway departed, and found there masters whose eclectic performances united all the rare qualities of the great men whom he had previously studied and idolised.

Thus we find that Mola went through precisely the same course of studies which are recommended to students of the present day. An orthodox English youth, who can scrape together money enough, goes over the same ground, lingers in the same repositories of art-treasures, and founds his style upon the same models as Mola did more than two hundred years ago. The results of all this study of the great masters are not always very encouraging, but, in many instances, quite the reverse. It is true that students thus familiarised with all that is great in art, rarely commit blunders against good taste; on the other hand, while their productions are free from glaring fallacies, they frequently lack the force and novelty which have characterised the works of men of genius, who, like our own Gainsborough, have gone more directly to nature for inspiration. Gainsborough, beyond doubt, derived great good from the study of certain old pictures which chance threw in his way; but he did not permit those exemplars to keep him long absent from the silent, fresh, green,



"THE VIRGIN SUCKLING THE INFANT JESUS."—MOLA.

fields. He properly preferred the golden tints of the English woodlands even before the gorgeous hues of the Venetian masters; and he equally displayed a just discrimination in remaining loyal to the graceful forms and pure white and red of his own fair countrywomen.

To return to Francesco Mola. It is no slight commendation of him to say that he heartily appreciated the great masterpieces which he beheld in his wanderings over Italy. He moreover really painted so well as to warrant the high honours conferred upon him. His large experience as a connoisseur highly qualified him for the important post which he held as president of the Academy of St. Luke. What he most prided himself upon accomplishing was, to our thinking, his greatest defect—to wit, that he made some of his chief works so that they might be easily confounded with, and mistaken for, the productions of other painters. We know a fine picture of "John the Baptist," by Mola, which

irresistibly reminds us of Guido Reni. "St. John" has the grace, ease, and fascination of that master, and so much of his expression, that all idea of originality on the part of Mola is out of the question. Again, looking at his forest scenery, so solemn and impressive, one cannot fail to revert to that monarch of sylvan haunts and patriarchal trees—Titian. Mola's classical and scriptural groups, no less belong to Albano,—even to the choice of subjects, the adjustment of the draperies, and to the expressions of the faces. Notwithstanding, however, this deficiency of natural genius which left our painter to follow feebly in the footsteps of others, in preference to striking out a pathway for himself, his pictures are extremely well painted and delightful to contemplate. He has correctness in his contours and elegance in his compositions, united with delectable colouring.

representing a father handing over his daughter, with a handsome dowry, to his intended son-in-law, a composition of twelve figures, has been much admired, and was described by Diderot, in a letter to Grimm of eight or ten pages. But he chiefly delighted in studies of children and females, with trivial additions, in the shape of a pet bird or dog. His heads are full of affectation; and the class from which he took his models in most cases, is not for an instant to be mistaken. His colouring was unfortunate—dark and leaden in the shading, and the flesh tints of a cold, pinkish hue, very far removed from that of health. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition are several specimens of this artist, in all of which his peculiar mannerism will strike the most unprejudiced eye,—as 960, "Girl with a Dove," the property of Mr. Holford; 961, "A Little Girl with a Lap-dog in her arms," the property

his back is his aged father, who clings round his neck as though he would choke him. With his right hand he holds, suspended over the abyss, his wife, who has swooned away, but still holds her baby in her arms, whilst an elder boy holds on by the hair of her head. Under this enormous and complicated load the unhappy man endeavours to support himself by catching hold of the stump of the tree already mentioned, and upon whose stability depends all the remaining hope of this unhappy family. But even this is already failing them, for, upon examining further, we find that the said stump of tree is cracking, and about to give way, and that in another second the whole struggling family will topple over, to be overwhelmed in the devouring flood. Truly there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, from the terrible to the absurd, and here it has been taken.



"GIRL WITH A DOG."—JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

No. IV.

By H. Ottley.

ARTISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In Jean Baptiste Greuze (born 1726, died 1805), who lived immediately after Watteau and Boucher had retired from the scene, we have a display of prettiness and sentimentalism, not so gay and glittering as in the former, but more harmless than that of the latter. Early in life he ambitioned historical painting; but, much to his chagrin and disgust, was consigned to *genre* on his election into the French Academy. His group pictures are not numerous, and are chiefly of domestic incidents, after the fashion of a scene at the Vaudeville Theatre. In the Louvre, one entitled "L'Accordée du Village," and of Mr. E. Foster; and 32, "A Rural Offering," and 33, "A Young Girl with a Dove," from the collection of the Marquis of Hertford. Our engraving of the "Girl with a Dog" will give a fair illustration of the artist's general style.

David belongs to our own age, or the one immediately past. He was the painter as well as the champion of Republicanism, and afterwards of the Empire; but his artificial style was not destined to live, or to be largely felt beyond his own country. The extravagances into which his followers degenerated may be illustrated by a single example,—"A Scene from the Deluge," by Girodet, exhibited in 1806. Here we see the whole expanse of the canvas covered with a roaring flood, which has already swallowed up the whole generation of the descendants of Adam, with the exception of a man who has climbed to the top of a rock, on which is a solitary withered tree, and carrying all his family with him. On

Vernet, Paul Delaroche, Scheffer, and Ingres, have produced some fine works in a more classic and dignified school, and worthily represent the late historical art of France. The elder Vernet (Claude Joseph, born 1714, died 1789) was an admirable painter of landscapes and sea-pieces, in the latter of which his style is sometimes a medium between Salvator Rosa and Stanfield. More recently—we speak of our own time—owing partly to the example of the English, and partly to that of the Flemish, landscape and *genre* painting have again been taken up by many French artists of superior talent. Rosa Bonheur, with her cattle-pieces, contests the wreath with Paul Potter; whilst Meissoniere, Chavet, &c., with their small, miniature-finished interiors, remind us of the Terburgs, Netschers, and Meiris's of the Netherlands.

THE COSTUME OF ANTIQUITY *versus* THE MODERN GARB OF EUROPEAN WARRIORS.

The first picture of West's which attracted much notice was the "Death of General Wolfe," by which he conferred a great service upon the arts through the breach of a common and absurd practice prevailing at that time, of representing, in historical compositions, modern characters in ancient costumes. Sir Joshua Reynolds was among those who considered the innovation an injurious one. The following is, according to Galt, West's own account of this subject:—"When it was understood that I intended to paint the characters as they had actually appeared on the scene, the Archbishop of York called on Reynolds and asked his opinion; they both came to my house to dissuade me from running so great a risk. Reynolds began a very ingenious and elegant dissertation on the state of the public taste in this country, and the danger which every innovation incurred of contempt and ridicule, and concluded by urging me earnestly to adopt the costume of antiquity, as more becoming the greatness of my subject than the modern garb of European warriors. I answered, that 'the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to Greeks and Romans, and at a period of time when no warriors who wore such costume existed. The subject I have to represent is a great battle fought and won; and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque, but by using it I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people; and to do this I must abide by truth.' They went away then, and returned again when I had the painting finished. Reynolds seated himself before the picture, examined it with deep and minute attention for half an hour; then, rising, said to Drummond, 'West has conquered—he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated: I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art.'"—*Wornum's History of Painting.*

RAEBURN, THE ARTIST—DESCRIPTION OF HIS GOING TO WORK.

From one who knew him in his youthful days, and sat to him when he rose in fame, I have this description of his way of going to work:—"He spoke a few words to me in his usual brief and kindly way—evidently to put me into an agreeable mood; and then having placed me a chair on a platform at the end of his painting-room, in the posture required, set up his easel beside me with the canvas ready to receive the colour. When he saw all was right, he took his palette and his brush, retreated back step by step, with his face towards me, till he was nigh the other end of his room; he stood and studied for a minute more, then came up to the canvas, and, without looking at me, wrought upon it with colour for some time. Having done this, he retreated in the same manner, studied my looks at that distance for about another minute, then came hastily up to the canvas and painted a few minutes more. I had sat to other artists; their way was quite different—they made an outline carefully in chalk, measured it with compasses, placed the canvas close to me, and looking me almost without ceasing in the face, proceeded to fill up the outline with colour. They succeeded best in the minute detail—Raeburn best in the general result of the expression; they obtained by means of a multitude of little touches what he found by broader masses; they gave more of the man—he gave most of the mind. I may add, that I found him well informed, with no professional pedantry about him; indeed, no one could have imagined him a painter till he took up the brush and palette: he conversed with me upon mechanics and ship-building, and, if I can depend upon my own imperfect judgment, he had studied ship-architecture with great success. On one of the days of my sittings he had to dine with me at the house of a mutual friend; our hour was six, and you know how punctual to time we of the north are; he painted at my portrait till within a quarter of an hour of the time, threw down his palette and brushes, went into a little closet, and in five minutes sallied out to dinner in a trim worthy of the first company."—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

"THE SOLITARY HUT." BY REMBRANDT.

Turning to a more homely scene. Here, on the banks of the Skeldt, a solitary hut is reared, protected by a few stunted, weather-beaten trees. Daylight yet lingers on the quaint and friendless home, mingling with the glowing warmth which issues from the half-open door, and glistens on the clean threshold and on the porch. A venerable dame, with wrinkled face, is there. You almost hear her footfall as she moves over the crisp, dry sand. Drearily and forebodingly she comes to steal a last furtive glance over the scene, prior to shutting out the night. As the eye tracks its way along the cheerless shore, broad, massive clouds of luminous, pitchy blackness are visible, gathering all around, and one long streak of lightning rends the gloom, which shrouds the murky sky, and quivers on the sullen waters, unbroken by dot, or speck, or sign of living thing.—*H. Merritt.*

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

On Monday, September 28th, the Sunday school movement swelled the attendance very considerably, and the ordinary admissions were above the average, the "specials" bringing large numbers of visitors. There were two good trains from Chester, one from Liverpool, one of 33 carriages from Birmingham and Crewe, good trains by the Lancashire and Yorkshire line from Bradford, Halifax, and Wakefield, an equally good one by the North-Western line from Huddersfield and Leeds, a train from Rotherham and Masbro', bringing the workpeople engaged at the iron works in the district, and well-filled trains from Macclesfield and the Potteries. Amongst the visitors were the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Overstone, A. H. Layard, Esq., E. G. Salisbury, Esq., M.P., Richard Doyle, Esq., and Mrs. Gaskell.

Though there was not a single special train to the Exhibition on Tuesday, the attendance was larger than on any previous Tuesday. Amongst the visitors were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl and Countess of Wilton and party, Duchess of Beaufort and her daughters, the Ladies Somerset, Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., Lord Grey Egerton, Lady Katherine Egerton, Lady Charlotte Egerton, Miss Burdett Coutts, Lord Charles Russell, and party; Lady Stanley, of Alderley Park, and a large party; Lady Belcher, wife of the celebrated arctic voyager; Lady Caroline Towneley, Dr. Turner, of Salford; Charles Swain, Esq., A. J. Beresford Hope, Esq., M.P., Lord Edward Howard, C. C. Egerton, Esq., Mr. Grenfell, M.P., J. Haywood Hawkins, Esq., of Bignor Park, Sussex, a large contributor of old, valuable engravings, etchings, water-colours, &c. &c. About fifty workpeople, in the employ of Lord Edward Howard, visited the Exhibition, from Glossop.

The Duke of Devonshire was in the Exhibition nearly the whole of Wednesday. The Marquis of Lansdowne, Lady Belcher, the Marquis of Camden, and Mr. T. Baring, M.P., were also amongst the visitors. The special trains were all well filled. Marcus brought 700 from Liverpool, the Lancashire and Yorkshire train from the Halifax district consisted of 27 carriages, the North-Western train from Leeds and Huddersfield of 28 carriages, and Cook's train from Kelso, Newcastle, and Darlington consisted of 50 carriages. There was also a good train from the Potteries, and 40 of the workpeople from Lord Edward Howard's estate at Glossop were brought to the Exhibition in two carriages.

There were excursion trains on Thursday from North Staffordshire and Sheffield, but they were not so large as the trains which run to the Exhibition on the shilling days. Amongst the visitors to the Exhibition were the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., Lord and Lady Monck, Lord Crewe, General Sir Harry Smith, Lady Belcher, Mr. Blake (director of the Bank of England) and Mrs. Blake, George Dawson, Esq., M.A., John Ruskin, Esq., M.A., Admiral Sir Charles Napier, Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes (the poetess), Miss Burdett Coutts and party, &c.

The experiment of a military display was made on Friday, and proved successful beyond anticipation. It was the great success of the season, and will furnish a greater contribution to the treasury of the executive than any previous day. Never before has there been such a lively scene within the building—lively almost beyond convenience; but visitors went expecting a crush, and they had it. At three o'clock more than 15,000 persons had entered the palace, and the great hall was crowded with a dense living mass, surging to and fro in a state of indescribable restlessness, all anxious, but none able, to get to some part where there was more freedom of locomotion. We do not suppose a third of the visitors went to see the valuable specimens of art; the majority were attracted to Old Trafford with varied expectations. A vast number went to hear the military bands, and see the soldiers; a large number went expecting to see the commander-in-chief of Her Majesty's forces, as could be readily learned by the inquiries on all sides, "Do you know where the Duke of Cambridge is?" and not a few went to have a glance at "old Charley Napier." Those who expected to see the duke were disappointed, though many are still in blissful ignorance of the fact, having consoled themselves with the impression that Colonel Wilbraham, deputy adjutant-general, who was present in his attractive military costume, was the duke. We fear the gallant colonel was the innocent victim of much annoyance in consequence of this impression. As to Sir Charles Napier, there was no mistaking him; everybody seemed to recognise him, and crowds followed him whenever he moved, occasionally greeting him with a round of cheers. The gallant admiral passed round the building, accompanied by Miss Burdett Coutts and Sir Harry Smith. His department of the national service was very characteristically represented by a detachment of men-of-war's men from Liverpool, 36 of the sailors from Her Majesty's ship *Hastings*, whose bearing and general appearance readily indicated the kind of craft to which they were attached. The army was more numerously represented by Colonel Hodge, C.B., all the officers, and about 500 men of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoons, many of them wearing medals, bars, and the legion of honour, and Colonel Hort, with all the officers and about 200 men of the 36th Infantry. Amongst the visitors were the Marquis of Lansdowne, Sir Edward Prideaux, Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, M.P., the Dean of Faculty, Sir Harry Smith, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, Miss Burdett Coutts, Lady Belcher, the Marquis of Aylesbury, the Mayor of Manchester, Prince Woronzoff, the celebrated Russian general; John Cheetham, Esq., M.P., Sir Francis and Lady Moon, John Ellis, Esq., chairman of the Midland Railway; A. H. Devenport, Esq., and party. Mr. Erving brought a very good train from Chester, and one from Birkenhead. There were also long special trains from Sheffield, Liverpool, and Crewe. The musical arrangements of the day, which were the great attraction, were as successful as could be desired. The 4th Dragoons and the 36th Regiment played an hour each, between twelve and two o'clock, and were followed by the Art-Treasures Exhibition Band, which played from half-past two until four o'clock. At four o'clock the three bands united in the orchestra, and performed, in a brilliant style, a Grand Polonaise, "Faust," Spohr; Grand March, "Tannhauser," Wagner; and the National Anthem, the well-known strains of which reached all through the building. At the conclusion a round of cheering was given for the Queen, and in response to a vociferous encore, "God save the Queen" was repeated.

On Saturday there was a royal visit to the Exhibition. At half-past two o'clock, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, arrived from Heaton Park, and were received in the Queen's reception room by Mr. T. Fairbairn, chairman of the executive committee, and Mr. J. C. Deane. Here they were joined by the Duchess of Beaufort, the Ladies Somerset, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Earl and Countess of Wilton, the Hon. Katherine Egerton, and the suite attached to their royal highnesses. After a brief inspection of the reception rooms, Mr. Deane handed catalogues to the royal visitors, and they proceeded up the central hall to the Hertford Saloon, the Duchess of Cambridge leaning on the arm of the Earl of Wilton. Their royal highnesses minutely inspected the Hertford Collection, and, after a brief glance at the Dutch pictures, entered the A Saloon, and examined the paintings on the south wall. They continued their inspection of the specimens on the south wall of the three saloons, and then returned to the west end, and commenced an examination of the works of early German art. A very partial examination of the specimens detained the party in the ancient saloons until five o'clock, when a movement was made to the modern saloons. There was only time to pass half round the D Saloon, when the shades of evening came on, and rendered a further examination that day impracticable. The royal party again entered the reception room, followed by a dense crowd of the visitors, who had surrounded the party for some time. They entered their signatures in the autograph book as follows:—"Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge," and "Mary Adelaide." They then left the palace for Heaton Park. Amongst the other visitors during the day were the Earl and Countess of Derby, Lady Emma Stanley, the Dean of Faculty, Signor Garcia, Mr. J. F. Delane, editor of the *Times;* Lord Goderich, M.P., &c. The working classes attended in very large numbers, and there was a larger proportion of juveniles than we have hitherto seen. There were special trains from Chester and Birkenhead, by Erving; from Liverpool (Marcus's); and one from Sheffield.

The admissions during the week were as follows:—

		One Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Sept.	28.....	12,639	.....	1,025	13,664
,,	29.....	9,723	.....	1,473	11,196
,,	30.....	15,216	.....	1,329	16,545
Oct.	1.....	...	4,570	3,292	7,862
,,	2.....	20,900	.....	5,784	26,684
,,	3.....	15,396	.....	1,472	16,868

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter XIII.

THE CONNOISSEUR AT ROTTERDAM.—THE SALE OF PICTURES AT THE OLD CHATEAU NEAR THE HAGUE.

"Well, my dear young friend! what are your plans this morning?" exclaimed old Lazarus, as, rising from my miserable bed, my eyes first beheld, through the dirty casement of the widow's house, a dingy fragment of the bustling city of Rotterdam.

"I have something in your way, my friend," the Jew continued, "about which I wish to consult you. Here are catalogues of some fine paintings at an ancient mansion near the Hague, which are to be sold to-morrow and the following day. While breakfast is preparing we will con them over. I have the only two catalogues which reached London; I secured them both from the agent there, in order that the thing might not become known. I will take you to see the pictures, for I mean to buy largely, and shall be glad of your advice. You understand me?"

"Certainly; you want my advice with respect to the pictures you ought to purchase, and the prices you ought to give for them."

"That is very much like what I mean; you are very near the mark."

"But tell me,—where is the Signor Albano?"

"Not so fast, my impetuous young man; you will see that gentleman in good time, never fear me. Business before pleasure."

I here ventured to remind the Jew that I had tasted very little pleasure since I had known him; whereupon he cut me short, and, putting on an injured look, told me that I wronged him; that, but for me, he might have done better than he had; that the Signor was really living at the Hague, whither he would take me; and that he had planned his morrow's visit to that city partly on my account. To this I made answer, that he must excuse me if I had expressed some anxiety about the Signor, for that I had sworn to the daughter never to see her face until the father was found; and that I had been led to this grave resolve by his (the Jew's) assurances, and from my knowledge of his character and of his large experience and extensive acquaintance with the class of people to whom the Signor belonged. I further added, that my confidence in his promises was in no way diminished, and that I would still be ruled by him in all things. I uttered these words in all sincerity, for, indeed, spite of his vulgarity and meanness, there was a power and fascination in old Lazarus to which I irresistibly succumbed. The Jew, apparently flattered by my earnest assurance of undiminished confidence, replied, saying that I might with some reason charge him with being slow to fulfil his promises, but that, after all was said on that score that could be said, what was the loss of twelve months to one of my years? Besides, had I not during that brief period acquired a large amount of invaluable experience of the world?

"You may smile," he continued; "you have talent—I do not deny it; but I can tell you, were I to withdraw my experience and assistance you might never find the Signor Albano. Why, how stands your case? At this hour you have pretty much the same amount of cash as when you parted with the Italian girl in England. Now I undertake to say, that if you had set out alone upon your discoveries you would long since have spent all your money, and have given up the search in despair. You have worked hard, and fared anything but sumptuously, I admit; and you will allow that I have fared but indifferently well myself. It may seem hard to you; but I, for my part, prefer this changeful, wandering life to dwelling in a palace and lolling in a gilt chariot. Money I have, enough to support a dukedom, yet for all I possess I would not forfeit my word. Not a week has passed by since you slept under my roof without my receiving reliable intelligence of the Signor's movements. In fact, he has all along been in my employ at the Hague. You are one of the last to whom I would act unjustly. I have known you long. Before you could well run alone, when on my visits to Madame Mitchel's house, while other children fled affrighted at my presence, you, I well remember it, approached me with confidence, and even with reverence. As a boy, during all my dealings with your old master the carver, you ever treated me with respect; since then you have believed in me, and followed my counsel. I pray you put faith in me a little longer."

My friend having thus expressed himself, to my great relief, resumed his usual manner, and proposed that we should not go out empty-handed, but exert ourselves to turn a penny by the way. I agreed to assist him, and he forthwith loaded me with a variety of useful commodities, such as street hawkers usually carry, and which the widow had done up into convenient parcels. Having taken a similar quantity himself, we set out on our journey. I was about to question the Jew as the destination of our store of merchandise, when he began howling or crying the various articles for sale, so as to make the long narrow street to ring from end to end. I found that I was hawking for the first time. We had a capital run of business. The Jew, I noticed, took care to ease his own arms first. At length, just as I was getting heartily weary, and was thinking of throwing the remains of my stock into a canal, we sold the last lot to a sea captain, and immediately set out for the place of our destination. Arrived at the old chateau, where the paintings were on view prior to sale, we were soon busied with the Teniersses, Boths, Huysums, Wouvermans, Hondekoeters, and Ostades, scrutinising and pricing such lots as the Jew thought would suit his market; and having brought this operation to a close, my mission, as far as my friend was concerned, was completed.

On leaving the chateau, with the view of retracing our steps to the city of the Hague, the Jew took me by the hand in a friendly and familiar way, altogether different to his ordinary manner, and, with a kindliness of expression I had thought hardly possible in a face so hard and repulsive, thus addressed me:—

"Hitherto you have known old Lazarus only as the dealer—the driver of hard bargains—and seeing him only in that capacity, you can hardly have formed a fair estimate of his value; you shall see him to-night under another aspect, and in his more generous mood. The world I regard as a common stage, on which I am content to play the vulgar parts, varying my cast, as it suits me, betwixt the pedlar, the merchant, and the money-lender. To-night you shall be my guest, and sup with the actor at home."

Having uttered these words, the Jew paused on the edge of a canal, where a boor was seated near a tubful of live carp and tench, such as one sometimes sees depicted in the kitchen scenes of Snyders; and, accosting the fisherman, he selected and bargained for four of the largest and fattest tench.

"Now, my young friend," cried the Jew, "your troubles will soon end. Go to your lodgings, and attire yourself in your smartest raiment, and in an hour's time meet me at yonder mansion with the marble portico. Ask no question of man or woman by the way, but come as I have bidden you, and fail not, as you love Matilda Albano!"

(To be continued.)

WATER-COLOUR ART.

BY J. A. HAMMERSLEY, F.S.A.

No. X.

If there is one subject just now exciting a more than ordinary "confusion of tongues" in questions of art, assuredly it is how far art is aided or retarded by an illusive imitation of nature. From the earliest times we have anecdotes bearing on this subject, of more or less doubtful authenticity. The stories, for instance, told of Apelles and Protogenes; the incident of the fly painted on the peach, which every person who looked upon the picture endeavoured to brush away; the incident in modern fiction of the artist who amused himself by painting brushes and other artistical implements on the floor of his studio, which prompted remarks on his careless habits. All these little memoranda touching imitation seem to indicate that the faculty of painting so as to deceive the eye, has been practised, and that successfully, at many periods, provoking sneers or admiration during the various periods of art-history. This question of imitative power now agitating critic and artist, is amusing enough in the abstract, but it is certainly having a very peculiar and somewhat sad influence upon those more immediately interested. As briefly as may be, we shall endeavour to make the basis of this altercation understood, and do our best to lead to a recovery of popular no less than professional equanimity on a matter wherein there is really less occasion for dispute than is generally supposed. The works of John Lewis will furnish us with a convenient series of illustrative hints, from the fact that his practice gives at the same time the glorious results of conscientious imitation along with the evils of a too absolute individuality of detail in art. Imitation, in the full significancy of its meaning, is absolutely impossible, as we shall presently see, though it may be said also, that it is of all things the most easy. It is perfectly easy to make use of an *isolated* model, surrounded by conditions so changeless, and of a local permanency so absolutely fixed, that it shall be easy to the least imaginative to copy it so as to deceive; but a very little reflection will convince our readers that this object can contain but little of the truly picturesque, to say nothing of its lacking the higher quality of expression or motion. A sphere may perhaps be instanced as such a model. It is only when imitative art is employed upon such impassive material that it reaches the result it proposes to itself. But even this model, simple as is its form, ceases to be an object easily copied with absolute fidelity when it is placed under conditions which vary its effects, as, for instance, a gradually changing light, whether this light be changed in its intensity or in its hue. Absolute truth of imitation, in other words, presupposes no variety in the model, but fixedness in all its circumstances; or it presupposes in the artist the instantaneous realisation, as in the more subtle processes of the daguerreotype. As neither of these states can be realised, the artist has to make provision so that some approach can be made towards absolute truth. He accomplishes this variously, but the following

may be considered as sufficiently close in its classification :—

1st. The lazy artist flatters himself with a certain set of artistic formulas, with which he cheats himself and bewilders his spectators. He talks about expression and dramatic propriety as being the qualities required in art, and that imitation is only fit for still-life painters, as though when men and women are immersed in passion and emotion, and when their conjoint action gives the most satisfactory emotion to the love of the picturesque which we all have, that local and less significant truths vanished. Why even the fire of the soul, as it sparkles in the excited eye, is an object of imitation, and makes no subordinate demand upon the painter for direct resemblance.

2nd. The painter with more conscience and more sound integrity, who *will* have a model for all he does, fails almost as much even when he most succeeds in his imitation; because he, not being able to have his wholeness of material, and all the modifying influences at *work at once*, paints a picture of individualities, in which almost every governing influence and changing circumstance is wanting to give that whole which represents the unit "nature." Hence so many pictures of detail, in which obtrusiveness shocks our sense of gradation, and intensity of hue wars against our feeling of the modesty and repose of Nature, even when she is in her most glorious garb. Again—such is the controlling influence of isolated thought—the man of detail gets to know the local facts of Nature so accurately, and her multitudinous forms with such certainty, that he is apt to overlook the peculiar changes which light and heat develop. Only two days ago we sat on a bank of wild grass, with its enrichment of coloured weeds and flowers. The day was dull and grey, and as we looked through the wild herbage, it was all clear and emphatic—the local facts were all readable, and certain :—grass, vital and dead; flowers, in bud, in development, in despondent decay; insects meandering from blade to blade, all easily seen and almost as easily counted. While we lay thus examining the intricate variety of twelve inches of God's works, and wondering at their marvels, a bright ray of sunshine penetrated the grass, and all became a world of warm and sparkling confusion;—so far from the detail of the moment just past, all was a mass of gold and crimson, with mellow bars of softest green and grey. Now the painter of detail is apt to forget this—to allow one set of facts to be all-absorbing, and to sacrifice one truth to another, thus giving to his work an evil quite as great as the errors of artificiality, to which our first generalising friend committed himself.

3rd. Another painter, repudiating scholastic formulas on the one hand, and seeing the absolute impossibility of fixedness of model or omnipotence of power in himself, falls upon the third line of production, that of painting upon an intellectual perception, not only of the facts of Nature, but of her operations also. This has its dangers; and, with affectionate deference, we venture to think that the immortal Turner more than once left great schemes of pictures which would have become great realities had he trusted less to his knowledge, and more to his real power of imitation; and we may say of one who approaches nearest to him, that his failures are always the result of his knowledge, which stands in stead of going out to nature for immediate aid.

Want of space interferes with our enlarging upon this matter; but we hope the above hints will serve in drawing a hasty attention to the works of John Lewis, who is here very fairly represented.

The first of these works, "Frank Encampment in the Desert," is usually considered one of the painter's best works, and certainly, in the one direction of minute carefulness, it may be considered not only so, but one of the most marvellous pictures in existence. Independent of its multifarious pieces of imitation, it is full of wondrous characterisations of expression, but, for so important a production, is greatly in want of incident, and leaves no impression on the mind of the spectator that either touches his heart or informs his intellect. A shrewd friend called our attention to a peculiarity which indicates how absorbing mere imitation is, and how it may stand in the way of other truths. The Frank gentleman who occupies so prominent a place in the picture, has had a day's sport in the desert,—neither a cool occupation nor a cool preserve,—yet, as he rests after a day's labour, he flings himself on the ground with his eyes in the direct blaze of the evening light. In this drawing, as in others by Lewis, there is a curious and by no means pleasant dirtiness in the flesh tints. All the ten drawings by Lewis exhibit extraordinary power in many ways, but the work that more than any other gives us satisfaction is No. 641, "Roman Pilgrims at a Shrine." In this we have detail such as none but Lewis ever gives, but we have also the most subtle shades of character, and all wedded to colour the most glorious, and light and shade which seem only the result of a power uniting the clear emphasis of Veronese with the modulation of Rembrandt. This work in many respects we consider the finest in the whole exhibition of water-colour drawings.

We have the extreme of change in the works of Jenkins, who may be said to be at the other end of execution and feeling, when considered side by side with Lewis. Jenkins has the loose touch, the anti-texture, and, in fact, the non-resemblance to individual nature. His touch is full and luscious, with a freedom and abandonment that mark out the artist as an easy and fluent master. His colour is voluminous and glowing, and his execution evidently rapid. One peculiarity Jenkinises all his works—the presence of a somewhat overdrawn sentimentality, not studiously true to human emotions; this, however, by the way. His pictures are always pleasing, and, to the general taste, of a highly popular character. The same may be said of the works of the Callows, who are evidently executants of the dashing school, full in their sympathies with the laws of composition, up to every scheme which will secure to their works an agreeable wholeness, and a satisfactory *ensemble*. As, however, no particular law or principle of art can be fairly or fully illustrated by these

SCULPTURE.



"BOADICEA."—J. THOMAS.

SCULPTURE.



"VIRGINIUS."—P. M'DOWELL, R.A.

works, it is not necessary to do more than express a general gratification while admitting them into consideration as a part of our art-treasures.

The catalogue thence, from the Callows, gives us a number of names calling for but a passing recognition. Oakley gives us nothing in the Exhibition of special excellence, excepting in Nos. 680 and 682, in each of which we have pleasant faces, and in the latter something more, for the head of the "Fantoccini Boy" is full of real earnestness. After Oakley we have works by Rosenberg, Pearson, Fanny Corbaux, Finch, Hartman, and Nuijou, but none of them even worthy of their producers, though containing evidences of skill in the use of materials, with occasional graces of thought.

In our next notice we hope to be able to deduce some artistic laws, and some materials for thought, from the works of E. Corbould.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By H. Ottley.

No. X.

THE BOLOGNESE SCHOOL.

In previous chapters we have traced the first rise to perfection through the several schools of Florence, Venice, Lombardy, and Rome, and assigned to each the share of merit due to it. We have also seen how in the hands of the followers of those schools art became weak and mannered, the power of imitation being their only gift—invention and judgment being both equally wanting. In the words of Lanzi, at this crisis "each school was the slave of its founder, and had no idea of distinguishing itself in any department but that in which he surpassed all others. With these servile imitators, distinction, even in this respect, consisted in nothing more than constantly copying the same figures, executing them in a hasty or capricious manner, or introducing them on improper occasions. In all their works the followers of Raphael carried the ideal style to excess; the followers of Michael Angelo, the anatomical; while uncalled-for vivacity and unnecessary foreshortening reappeared in every performance of the Venetian and Lombard painters, even where the subject was of the sedatest kind."

It was under these discouraging and humiliating circumstances that the Art of Painting, betrayed and languishing in the seats of her former glory, had to seek an asylum in a remote and secluded district of Italy, where her votaries had hitherto been few and unambitious, and comparatively of little public renown. Bologna indeed had, from an early period in the 14th century, produced a succession of devotional painters, who earnestly wielded the pencil for the honour of God and His church; but their fame and their works were scarcely known beyond their own quiet homes. Francesco Raibolini, surnamed Il Francia, the cotemporary of Perugino, distinguished himself by his noble fervour and exquisite finish, and left works which will be admired to all time; and at a later period Primaticcio and Tibaldi followed the example of the great schools of Rome and Florence with considerable distinction; but there the record ends.

It was quite towards the close of the 16th century, when Raphael had been dead seventy-five years, and Michael Angelo's longer life had closed upwards of thirty years past, and when all their imitators had descended to the very abyss of mannerism, alternating between insipidity and extravagance, that a family of artists at Bologna, of the name of Carracci, projected the bold idea of forming a school of painting in which the best elements of the several existing schools—Florentine, Roman, Venetian, and Lombard—should be combined. The true founder of this school was Ludovico Carracci, who in his first studies under Fontana at Bologna, and Tintoret at Venice, was considered so stupid and slow that he was taunted with the epithet of "The Ox." To this slowness, however, or rather to the thoughtful habit which was its cause, we owe the accomplishment of that grand scheme of reform to which the art of Europe was indebted for its temporary revival. He early took his two cousins, Annibale and Agostino, who were the sons of a tailor and apprenticed to a goldsmith, under his charge; and the three together set out upon their mission, and that Eclectic School was founded, to which before long artists flocked from all parts of Italy. Agostino, who was a poet as well as a painter, wrote a sonnet, in which the principles of the new school were explained, or rather the recipe for making a good painter set forth very much after the fashion of Mrs. Glass, in her celebrated "Cookery Book." The ingredients were—"the design of Rome," "Venetian shade and action," "the dignified colouring of Lombardy," "the terrible manner of Michael Angelo," "the natural truth of Titian," "the sovereign purity of Correggio," "the true symmetry of Raphael," "the decorous and fundamental knowledge of Tibaldi," "the invention of the learned Primaticcio," the whole mixed up with "a little of Parmigiano's grace."

Anyone who properly weighs and considers this notable programme will perceive it to be unmeaning and impracticable, inasmuch as it proposes to bring into combination qualities as incongruous as anything contemplated by Horace when he wrote the opening lines of his "Ars Poetica." Fuseli has severely handled it on this score; and he suggests, as a parallel in absurdity, the prescribing to a candidate for dramatic fame the imitation of Shakspere, Otway, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Congreve, Racine, Addison, as amalgamated by Nicholas Rowe. The capital error, however, of the Carracci project was in selecting one characteristic quality, or peculiarity, in each school or master, and that of course the most prominent quality, and therefore in all probability one which had been indulged in to excess, and omitting all consideration of the other gifts and qualities held by the prototype in combination with it, controlling and harmonising its effect.

Nevertheless, this new Bolognese school—which in practice, by the way, was not strictly bound by the fanciful theories of Agostino—exercised a wonderful effect upon art and its prospects, and boasted a multitude of pupils, who, with their followers, have left behind them works in bulk the most important, and in character the most attractive, which adorn our galleries at the present day. The course of study pursued in it was very complete, having for its object not merely the proficiency of the pupil in the executive parts of the art, but the cultivation of his mind, and the development of his genius, if genius he had, by encouraging him on all occasions to think and reason for himself. The ordinary business of superintending the academy was allotted to Agostino and Annibale,—the former devoting himself more to the theory, the latter to the practice of art; but when any doubt or difficulty occurred, or when, as was not unfrequently the case, the brothers disagreed, Ludovico was referred to. The invention of the pupils was stimulated by giving out subjects for competition; and their several drawings were exhibited in the academy on a certain day, and a laurel wreath awarded to him whose performance received the highest award of the judges. In order to habituate them still more to observation and the exercise of the pencil, Annibale, himself an admirable caricaturist, encouraged them to make sketches of character, landscape, incident, or anything that came across them in the course of their walks.

The Carracci themselves were the great ornaments of the school they founded, and their works take the lead in general estimation over those of any of their pupils.

Annibale was the most daring—had more fire, more boldness of invention; and his style exhibits also more variety than that of either of the others; for he modified it, according to circumstances, at different periods of his life. His first style was based upon that of the Venetian and Parmese schools, as exhibited by Titian and Correggio; but in the latter part of his career he went to Rome, and aspired to the grand, severe style then prevalent there. It must be observed, however, as affording a key to what cannot fail to be observed in most of his works—namely, a want of elevation of character and of the grand ideal—that Annibale, unlike his brother Agostino, was an illiterate man and contemned letters, and altogether had rather vulgar ideas. Imagine, for instance, his painting a group of family portraits occupied in the business of a butcher's shop, which is to be seen (No. 342) in the Art-Treasures Exhibition. It is told of him also, that, wishing to have a fling at his brother Agostino, who affected fine company and fine clothes, he one day placed before him a picture of their father and mother, the one threading a needle and the other cutting out some ignoble garment, and that the poet never quite forgave him for it.

One of the most celebrated, and certainly most effective pictures in Annibale Carracci's own genuine manner, is that of "The Three Marys" (No. 310), the property of the Earl of Carlisle, and formerly in the Orleans Collection, of which we give an engraving in page 282. The sympathising crowds which gather round it the live-long day are proof of its powerful effect upon the human mind and the feelings of our nature. No one can doubt that it is a work of immense and moving power, full of the most pathetic incidents, the sufferers being wrought up to the highest pitch of mental agony it is possible for the human frame to endure. The Madonna has swooned away at the sight of the dead body of Christ; but the other holy women, with passionate gestures and loud lamentations, seem to be more engrossed by her affliction than by the solemn tragedy which has brought them to the spot. This, in our opinion, is a capital error,—dividing the interest, or rather diverting the attention of the spectator from that which should be the principal subject. Again, all these violent emotions, all this weeping and wailing, is of the flesh rather than of the spirit: it is exactly the picture of distress which any sudden and distressing catastrophe might occasion amongst people of ordinary life; and the sublime mystery to which it here refers is entirely lost sight of in it. When we gaze with astonishment upon the marvellous success of colour in the red suffused eyes and contorted countenances of these Marys, we should stop to inquire whether they are indeed the Marys of Scripture, who "stood afar off" during the enacting of the terrible tragedy which precedes the incident here represented, and whose feelings are



"THE THREE MARYS."—ANNIBALE CARRACCI. (See page 280.)

never obtruded upon our notice. The spectator will observe with admiration the study and skill bestowed upon the execution of this picture in all other respects—the marvellous colour and modelling of the dead body of Christ, and the contrast between it and the living flesh in the hand of the Madonna reposing upon it—and, above all things, the rare science displayed in the distribution of the colouring generally. This is particularly conspicuous—so conspicuous as too palpably to betray the study bestowed upon it—in the drapery of the Madonna, and in the continuation of it under the Christ. Beneath the lower limbs of the latter is a white linen sheet; the upper part of the body rests on a blue drapery, belonging to the Madonna, which serves to set forth the pallor of the face with greater intensity. In order to insulate this central gloom and coldness, the rest of the picture is generally warm; and the head of the Madonna, itself pallid, but not of the pallor of death, as in the Christ, is separated from the blue drapery aforesaid—which would be too trying to it, and give too ghastly an effect—by a russet brown hankerchief loosely thrown around the head and neck. We have dwelt at such length upon this picture because it is one which attracts a large share of public attention, and presents many points for instructive study.

Agostino Carracci painted much less than Annibale, his time being chiefly occupied in giving instruction, or in the kindred art of engraving; but his style was grand and noble, his draperies broad and gracefully disposed, and his colouring striking, like that of Tintoret. He had a theory that no picture ought to contain more than twelve figures. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition is "An Adoring Angel" (308), the property of the Earl of Yarborough, by Agostino, displaying fine thought and admirable freedom of hand.

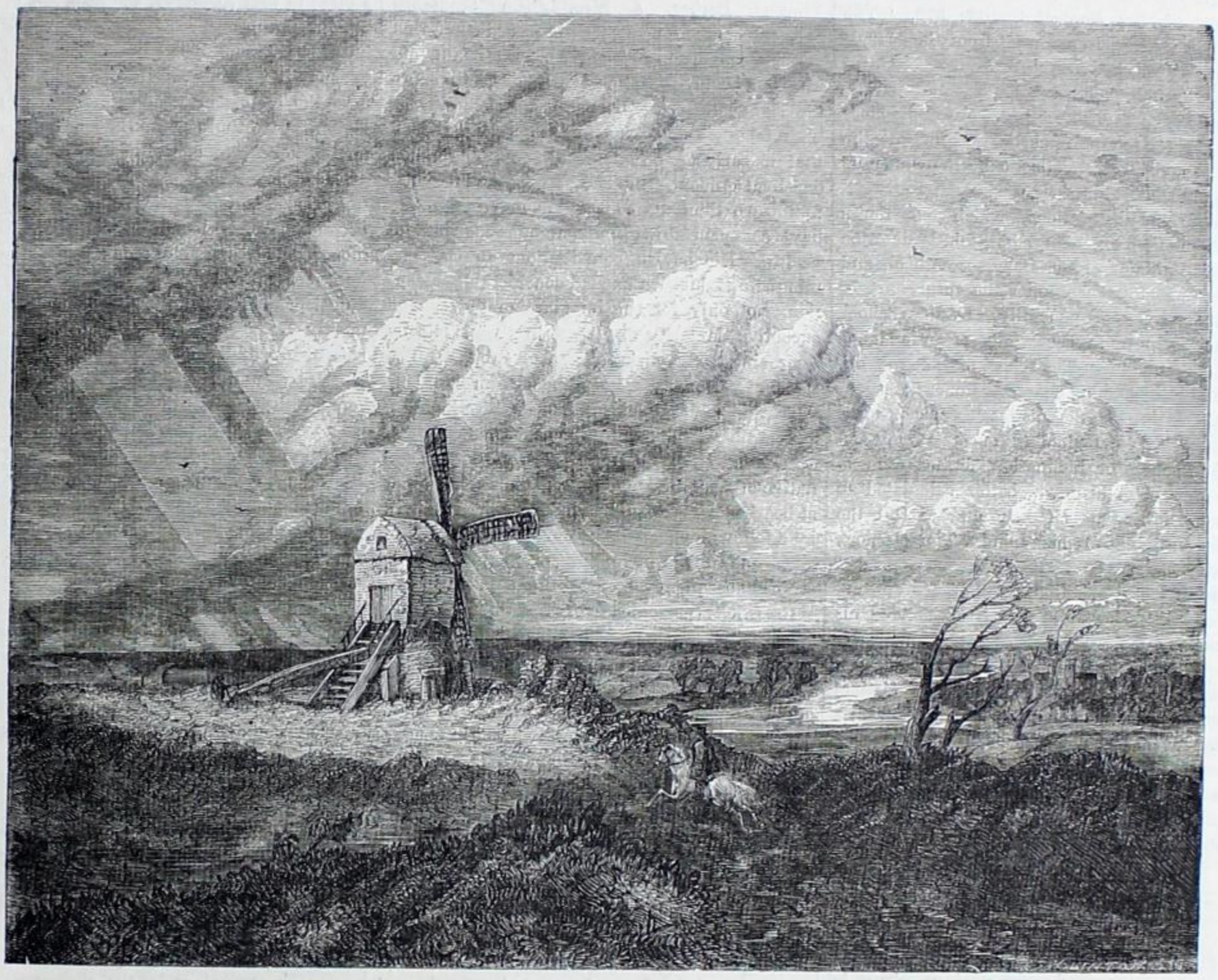
Ludovico Carracci has less spirit and dramatic character than either of his cousins; but there is a grandeur and repose about his works which neither of them attained. In the painting of the human figure he approached perfection. A fine specimen of this is seen in the "Entombment" (316), in the Art-Treasures Exhibition, which is the property of the Earl of Ellesmere.

Of the several pupils of the Carracci, the most celebrated were Guido, Domenichino, Albani, and Guercino.

Guido, though undoubtedly possessed of genius and erudition, was distinguished by an unmistakable mannerism, perhaps above all his fellows. In his heads he aimed at the ideal, after the classic type; but his ideal became one of monotony, in which character was lost sight of. Niobe was his favourite study, and her influence reigns alike in his Madonnas, his Venuses, his Cleopatras, and his Magdalens,—some even trace it in his Christs and saints. Without going into detailed criticism, we refer for verification of this remark to the numerous examples,—as Nos. 339, 340, 343, 344, 345, 362, &c., in the Exhibition. In his style, particularly of his later period, he aimed at a broad mode of treatment, which he too often carried to excess; and his colouring is frequently noticed for a grey, greenish tint, which is far from agreeable, and far also from the truth of nature.

Domenichino, who by some critics has been spoken of disparagingly, as timid, lazy, and wanting in invention and originality, is by others of very high authority celebrated as the worthiest of the pupils of the Carracci. His modest and retiring character was such that his works sent in anonymously for competition in the academy often obtained prizes which he was too bashful to come forward and claim; and the same modesty and purity reign in all his works. In poetic invention he was not wanting; he had a fine feeling for nature in its healthiest development; his subjects are generally pleasing, his drawing correct and vigorous, and his colouring genuine, harmonious, and transparent. In the Art-Treasures Collection we admire particularly his spirited picture of "David and Goliath" (248), which is the property of Lord Warwick; the innocent beauty and grace of his "St. Agnes" (334), belonging to Her Majesty; and a "Grand Landscape (337), one of the few he painted, contributed by Mr. F. Edwards.

Albani, the most fanciful, the most peculiar of them all, in his lovely groups of conventional goddesses, Cupids, satyrs, shepherdesses, &c., all glittering in charming little set-piece landscapes, and painted with great richness of colour and a luxuriant finish in every detail, attained to the perfection of mere sensuous executive beauty. But there is little of real poetry in his works, which rarely soar above the province of decorative art. His utter want of high sentiment is displayed in his prettily-painted "Riposo" (330), contributed by Mr. Holford. "The Judgment of Paris" (318), the property of Mr. J. Anderson, is a subject more in his way, but here even we observe an awkwardness and vul-



"PASSING SHOWERS."—T. CRESWICK, R.A. (See page 285.)

garity in the figures which show that Albani could not go beyond his model.

Guercino, whom some writers deny to have studied under the Carracci, but who was certainly indebted to the influence of their example, is bolder in invention, more vigorous in composition and design, than any of the preceding; but his besetting sin was extravagance in striving after effect—extravagance in his attitudes and groupings, and in the disposition of his lights and shades—combined with a certain vulgarity in his heads, which often mars the most solemn themes. Amongst his specialities may be mentioned what is known as his "candle-light manner," anovelty in those days—a fatal novelty, for it was the funereal torch of art. In the Art-Treasures Exhibition are several works by this master. One of the most pleasing is the "Madonna and Child with Bird" (333), the property of Miss Burdett Coutts; 370, "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," from St. Mary's College, Oscott; and 373, "An Altar-piece," with the Virgin and Child, and angels and saints, the property of Mr. T. Baring,—are in his more ambitious style, and remarkably illustrate the "darkness-visible" predilections to which he unhappily addicted himself.

The above observations, which our limits preclude us from extending, but faintly describe the characteristics of the Bolognese school, and its important influence upon the future art of Italy and of Europe generally. Of this school we may sum up in the words of an eminent critic, who says: "The school of Bologna obtained a distinguishing character under the scientific Carracci; but the distinction disappeared when the scholars, yielding to the strong impulse of genius or inclination, formed each of them a style of his own, better calculated to display a darling acquirement and exhibit the peculiar features of his mind. The studious Domenichino was the last to relent; nor does the unrestrained boldness of Lanfranco entirely conceal the source from which he derived his instruction. Albani, however, struck out a new path; and in the works of the admired artists Guido and Guercino, who soon founded distinct academies, and had numerous followers, scarce a vestige appears of the system of the Carracci. Hence the school of the Carracci soon became more remarkable for the talents it put forth, than for any peculiar mode of academic education by which those talents were matured."

STYLE IN PAINTING.

Style in painting is the same as in writing, a power over materials, whether words or colours, by which conceptions or sentiments are conveyed. And in this Ludovico Carracci, I mean in his best works, appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject, and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian: though Tintoret thought that Titian's colouring was the model of perfection, and would correspond even with the sublime of Michael Angelo, and that if Angelo had coloured like Titian, or Titian had designed like Angelo, the world would once have had a perfect painter.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

The first oil picture, according to Zanetti, that was painted in Venice, was executed by Bartolomeo Vivarini in 1473; and it is still preserved in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo at Venice.

BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. IX.

THOMAS CRESWICK, R.A.

This gentleman is the only landscapist whom the chariness of his brethren has within these dozen years admitted to academic rank. He is a native of Sheffield; but while he was yet a child, his father, a respectable cutler, removed to Birmingham. Here the boy's remarkable and precocious leaning towards art first discovered itself. He was perpetually occupied with his pencil, and even grudged the time given to meals as an abstraction from the pursuit of his favourite study. His friends, therefore, placed him early under the guidance of Mr. Joseph Vincent Barber, a Birmingham landscape painter, who immediately discerned the rich promise conveyed in his early sketches, and did his utmost to direct his incipient genius into the right path. Mr. Barber was a man of very high talent, and it was fortunate for Creswick that his early aspirations were committed to such excellent guidance; he had, in consequence, less to unlearn than most men, and may be said to have commenced art in a state of robust mental health. His boyish contributions to the Birmingham Exhibition excited considerable attention, not only for the imaginative power and executive dexterity displayed in them, but by their singularly varied range of subject. The late Sir Francis Chantrey, himself an amateur landscape painter, passing through Birmingham, visited the Exhibition, and made minute inquiries about the artist. The great sculptor was a native of Sheffield, and expressed much delight at hearing the works he admired were produced by a fellow-townsman; he sought his acquaintance, and proved of infinite service to Creswick on his subsequent removal to London.

Creswick possessed very strong imitative powers. In the year 1830 Constable sent his "Corn-field," now in the National Gallery, to the Birmingham Exhibition. It was greatly admired by our artist, who determined to paint what he called a companion to it. He chose a subject from nature, and handled it so much in the spirit and gusto of the "Corn-field," that when it was exhibited in the following year, John Chalon, the R.A., said, on seeing it, "Dear me, why here is a Constable I never saw before."

But Turner was the god of his idolatry. In his very boyish days numerous feverish looking sketches, strong in effect, and in which orange and blue tints predominated, evinced his predilection, and as time advanced he worshipped the great Leviathan of landscape art with the ardour of a devotee. He studied his works closely, and emulated his most extraordinary effects of sunshine and shadow, of calm and storm, thus speedily acquiring extensive knowledge of light and shade, and of that critical acumen which immediately detects the strong and weak points of a scene in nature.

At this period his fecund imagination ran riot in an extraordinary variety of subject; nothing seemed to come amiss to him. He was a sort of landscape *improvisatoré*. One day he might be seen with a calm sunny view on the Thames before him; on another his pencil was dashing in the inky depth of a thunderstorm, or spanning the air midway with a brilliant rainbow; sometimes a leafy grove, embosoming a happy cottage, occupied his easel; and again a fanciful Italian scene, with ruined temples, and distant aqueducts, after the manner of what Mr. Ruskin is pleased to call Turner's "nonsense pictures."

Mr. Creswick removed to London about the year 1835, and commenced what is called the struggle for fame—a momentous struggle it is for most artists, but on ours fortune ever seemed to smile. His pictures met with ready sale, at gradually advancing prices, and his elegance and grace of style soon attracted the notice of the publishers, for whom he produced numerous exquisite vignette sketches, Turneresque in style, and which told with remarkable brilliancy when rendered by the burin.

Creswick's name first appears in the Royal Academy's catalogue in the year 1828; and we believe we are correct in stating that it has only twice been absent therefrom up to the present time. The promptings of an honourable ambition, of course, soon led him to look forward to a place in that Academy, the members of which, limited in number, can only be refreshed by the infusion of new blood when death creates a vacancy in its ranks. How suspiciously, therefore, the claims of candidates, whose name is legion, are examined, in the anxiety to secure men of solid and enduring worth, and not the merely clever and captivating, may well be imagined. Now Creswick, like all imitators, had become a decided mannerist; his works were more elegant than true, more fanciful than just; he appeared to mistake cleverness for greatness, and depended too much on clear colouring and merely fluent execution, though his admirable *chiaroscuro* and poetic feeling always lifted his works beyond the commonplace. When, therefore, he became a candidate for academic rank, he rose with the occasion, and appears to have discovered that his fame was built on an insecure basis, and that recollections, however cleverly expressed, falter and fail when compared with pictures directly and assiduously studied from nature. Acting on this conviction, he determined to take his canvas out of doors, and manfully and earnestly to seek inspiration from the things themselves. His previous studies enabled him to unite with careful imitation of nature the charms of poetic and pastoral feeling, thus raising his works something beyond those frigid and merely photographic imitations, of which we have so many in the present day. The art-loving portion of the public at once appreciated his happy change of style, and the Academy was not slow in endorsing their opinion, and admitting him into their select and much-honoured body. We incline to think that the pictures produced by Creswick at this period are his best works; he is certainly less fresh than was his wont, and one sighs for a recurrence of his delicious bits of greenery studied under the time-worn walls of Haddon, or by the rocky streams of the Greta or the Llugwy.

His most important contribution to the Art-Treasures Exhibition is 321, "The Rocky Lake," the property of Mr. Mark Philips, and bought by him from the Royal Manchester Institution. It has many touches of simply natural feeling, yet is withal grand in feature, and poetic in sentiment. Note the glancing light of the evening sun, tinting the fretted edges of rock with roseate light; the gathering gloom in the mountain gorge, along which the eagle takes his homeward flight; and the dull, appalling solemnity of the hushed water. 548, "Over the Sands," appears to have been studied on the desolate waste presented by Morecombe Bay at low water. There is the Lancaster coach pursuing its homeward way, with the Hest Bank guide on his ancient and well-known steed, ready to pioneer

the way. The subject is exquisitely felt, but we must object to the want of perspicuity in the sky. Compare it for one moment with the fathomless limpidity of Mark Anthony's sky, in 332, "The Glen at Eve," which is indeed a triumph of *impasto* painting. In 393, "Passing Showers" (of which we give an illustration in page 283), the chief feature is a grey and ancient windmill, on the breezy edge of a moorland slope. There are black and threatening clouds beyond, and along the rough and tortuous road a solitary horseman is desperately urging forward his steed towards a home-shelter. Then there is a view of distant country stretching out almost to infinity; one of those purely English scenes of meadow and corn-field, dotted with village churches and sweet nests of cottages, and farm-buildings with rick-yards, and rich clumps of woodland, and a broad river flowing gently through the midst, irrigating the land to fat fertility. Creswick has fine feeling for these glimpses of English sylvan life; they always appear to us as reminiscences of the banks of the "soft-flowing Avon," or of the richly-wooded agricultural slopes which lie beneath the towers of Kenilworth, the scenes of the artist's earliest studies. Yet we are far from thinking that he carries this feeling out to the extent he might do. His works are certainly wanting in strength and *impasto;* and his manner is too thin and sketchy to leave a completely satisfactory impression on the mind. Then his trees, though generally beautifully drawn, appear too skeleton-like, and are greatly deficient in wealth of foliage and rich umbrageousness. Mr. Creswick is still in the prime of life, and we yet hope to find him displaying in future works a wider expanse of thought, joined to increased vigour and firmness of execution. This may appear to some rather a cormorant cry, but we trust to see it realised, nevertheless. We should be slow to believe that he conceives an artist's destiny to be fully accomplished when once the magic initials R.A. are appended to his name; and that this goal being once reached, the necessity for onward progress is done away with. So thought not Turner; he wrought with the ardour of a neophyte until the very last, and stood like a grand old granite column, defying alike the approach of age and the chilling hand of Time, till the inevitable blow of the grim destroyer Death laid him with the dust.

A FOP-PAINTER OF OTHER DAYS DRESSED FOR AN EVENING PARTY.

A true fop-painter of other days, amid all the imitative glitter of his costume, deserves remembrance; and luckily we have one described with all the accuracy of a regimental tailor. Behold one of the sons of St. Luke, some half a century ago, dressed for an evening party! "He entered the room in a scarlet lapelled coat, with large gilt buttons the size of a half-crown; a white satin waistcoat, embroidered with sprigs of jasmine; a pair of black satin small-clothes, with Bristol stone knee-buckles; a pair of Scott's liquid dye blue silk stockings, with Devonshire clocks; long-quartered shoes, with large square buckles, which covered the whole of his instep down to his toes; a shirt with a frill and ruffles of lace; his hair pomatumed and powdered, with an immense toupee, three curls on a side, and tied up with a tremendous club behind."—*Cunningham's Lives of British Painters.*

Genius and taste, in their common acceptation, appear to be very nearly related; the difference lies only in this, the genius has superadded to it a habit or power of execution; or we may say, that taste, when this power is added, changes its name, and is called genius.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

THE "DANSES OF DEATH."

No. I.

By Dr. Blakey.

It is one of the chief and ostensible purposes of all graphic art to teach men wisdom and virtue; to direct their attention to both the serious and the pleasant side of human existence; and to enable them to draw rules for the government of their understandings and conduct in the ordinary affairs of life. For this comprehensive purpose, various means are employed. We have the sublime and elevated in art; the soft, the beautiful, the emotional, and the commonplace; and likewise the satirical, the ridiculous, and the comic. Each artistic division has its appropriate field of action—its separate duties and offices to fulfil. It is against the constituted order of things that there should be an indiscriminate amalgamation of these separate elements of art. They may, on some occasions, be mixed or blended to a certain extent; but this is soon recognised and rectified. Nature, which is ever on the watch, and neither slumbereth or sleepeth, steps in to direct the labours of the artist, and to prevent him effecting any unnatural or hybrid union of sentiments and feelings confessedly antagonistic and unsuitable.

Nothing at first sight could appear more out of place—more directly opposed to the rule here laid down, than to make one of the most serious and deeply interesting events of our lives, a subject of satire and comic teaching. But a little reflection on the matter will enable us to reconcile this apparent incongruity and inconsistency. Death is the inexorable lot of all. This truth is deeply felt by all mankind. The other dispensations of life are seemingly meted out upon a more variable principle. Poverty and riches—pain and pleasure—dominion and servitude—fall to the lot of humanity according to no fixed scale that we can discover. A numerous host of feelings and sentiments spring from this source. It is upon these that are engrafted the lessons which the common mortality of us all, however variable and opposite our social condition, is fitted to teach. It is on this principle that artists have succeeded in drawing a deep moral from the ludicrous in the "Death's Doings" among mankind. No other event of our lives—nothing which the most vivid imagination of man could create—no combination of circumstances, however singular and momentous, could possibly be susceptible of this satirical application, but Death alone. It is an exception to an artistic rule—but an exception carrying with it a very pointed and universal truth, for a moral and religious purpose.

The various pictorial exhibitions of what are called the "Danses of Death," have long been objects of peculiar interest among artistic critics. Many controversies are connected with their history, and numerous volumes have been written concerning them. It is simply our present aim to give a brief and popular sketch of these graphic eccentricities, with a view of bringing them within the knowledge of those readers and youthful artists who may not have had any opportunities of making themselves acquainted with them. We can do little more than throw together a few detached and general remarks on the subject. Our observations shall be classified under two heads; namely, what relates to the "Danses" before the art of printing was established, and what is connected with them subsequent to this epoch.

Pictorial emblems of Death have their origin in remote antiquity. They spring, as we have already hinted, from an obvious source—the deep interest with which all men view their exit out of this present state of being, and the varied modes and uncertainties invariably connected with this termination of human life. Some writers maintain that the ancients represented Death by a skeleton, whilst others deny this position, and affirm that this figure was never intended to personify the extinction of life, but only as a mere abstraction of thought. This latter class of writers maintain that there were more apt and striking emblems for this purpose, and that the mortality of human nature was personified by birds devouring lizards and serpents, and by their pecking fruits and flowers; by goats browsing on vines; and by the fighting of cocks. The Romans adopted Homer's emblem of *repose*, and said that Death was the brother of *Sleep*. Sometimes, also, a genius was represented with a vase on his shoulder, and with a burning torch reversed in one of his hands. The figure of a butterfly was likewise employed by the ancients to represent the idea of the soul's immortality. In an ancient sepulchral monument a corpse is seen, and over it a butterfly that has just escaped from the mouth of the deceased. Afterwards, the painters and sculptors of the middle ages substituted a human figure escaping out of the mouth of the dying person, instead of the butterfly.

Herodotus states that the Egyptians introduced a person at their public banquets who carried round the table at which the guests were seated the figure of a dead body, placed on a coffin, exclaiming, at the same time, "Behold! this image of what yourselves will be; eat and drink, therefore, and be happy." The same sentiment was adopted by the Romans. And modern travellers in Egypt affirm that strikingly comic and caricatural designs have been traced on many sepulchral monuments, and on mummy cases in this country, evidently with the intention of pointing a homely moral, both to the high and lowly in station, that, however dissimilar their lots may be in this world, they will all be upon a perfect equality in the tomb.

A modern author makes the following observations on this topic:—"The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its strokes. They raised altars to Favour, to Misfortune, and to all the ills of life; for these might change. But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion. Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep, and ever the friend of the unhappy. * * * * * If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpse and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul;—a butterfly on the extremity of a lamp—Love, with a melancholy air, leaning on an inverted torch—elegantly denoted the cessation of life."*

Another writer says: "Beautiful as the emblem of mortality in the weeping infant with the inverted torch, certainly is, that of the butterfly is no less apt in representing the soul. The purity and lightness of its nature—its ambrosial food—the brightness and splendour of its colours; above all, its winged liberty when bursting from its tomb-like confinement, in which it appeared to sleep the sleep of death, offered so powerful a

* D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

contrast exhibited in the same creature, that it could not fail to strike the intelligent among the heathen as a fit symbol of immortality."*

But the chief displays of the "Danses of Death" have a Christian origin. They arose from the church, and were supported by it. It was a practice in Pagan times to have wild and indecorous dances and revelries in the temples of the deities; and when European nations came under the rule of the Christian system, the clergy, on a principle of compromise, sanctioned these dances in the churches and churchyards. Pope Eugenius the Second mentions the subject in the 9th century. Great scandals were, however, the result of these boisterous scenes of gaiety and merriment; and the clergy, who had at first countenanced them, were constrained to take up the matter with a view to a remedy. Historians tell us that notwithstanding the interdiction in several theological councils against the practice of dancing in churches and burial-places, it was found impossible to abolish it altogether; and it therefore became necessary that something of a similar but more decorous character should be substituted, which, whilst it afforded recreation and amusement, might, at the same time, convey with it a moral and religious sensation. It was mainly from these considerations that the clergy contrived and introduced the "Danse" or "Pegeant of Death."† Mr. Warton, in his "History of Poetry," states that in many churches of France there was an ancient show or mimicry, in which all ranks of life were personated by the ecclesiastics, who danced together, and disappeared one after another. M. Barante, in his "History of the Dukes of Burgundy," adverting to the public entertainments that took place at Paris when Philip the Good visited that city, in 1424, observes that "these were not solely made for the nobility, the common people being likewise amused from the month of August to the following season of Lent, with the 'Danse of Death,' in the churchyard of the Innocents; the English being particularly gratified with this exhibition, which included all ranks and conditions of men, Death being morally the principal character in the representation." The Duke of Bedford's victory at Verneuil was celebrated by a similar festival in the French capital.

The caricatural or burlesque representations, connected with the "Danses of Death" in France, have always occupied more or less attention from modern antiquarian critics. These graphic representations were much earlier than the period indicated in the public events just named. In 1325 there was an exhibition of this kind, got up with great care and ingenuity, in Paris. It was not, however, allowed to be seen for more than about a month, on account, it is stated, that the court, and the public authorities generally, considered that many of the graphic figures were directed against their public and private character, and that the piece was calculated to create and foster public discontent and disaffection.* We have likewise similar exhibitions, and upon a very large scale, about thirty years afterwards, at the city of Lyons, at Amiens, and at Fecamp.

The earliest] pictorial representation of the "Danses" in Spain dates from 1354. It consisted of forty-two figures, below each of which was an appropriate passage, taken either from the Bible or from the writings of the primitive Fathers of the Church. The piece was exhibited at Barcelona, and the artist's name is stated to have been Don Tomas Jose Gonzalez, a man of wit and learning. We have no detailed account of these figures; but we are led to infer that they had a considerable degree of satirical pungency about them, from the circumstance that the Court of the Inquisition suppressed the exhibition of the picture, and threatened the artist with its full measure of wrath, in case he should again offend in like manner. In Italy, Pignotti depicted the "Danses" in a whimsical style, about 1360, and was more fortunate than his Spanish cotemporary, for the Pope conferred upon Pignotti one of his orders of merit, as a proof of his approbation and esteem. The number of representations in this picture was thirty-four, and many of the mottos or sentences accompanying them were striking and appropriate. Artistic historians have left us in the dark, however, as



"THE RIVALS."—C. R. LESLIE, R.A. (See page 288.)

* Dagley. † Douce.

* *Histoire de Paris*, 1801. Vol. 2. p. 226.

to the precise nature of these graphic comicalities.*

There were "Danses of Death" at Lubeck, Dresden, Nuremberg, Berlin, Vienna, and several other cities in the north of Europe, before the art of printing, but nothing particular is known of these imaginative productions.

The interest which these "Danses" excited in the public mind of the middle ages was both general and intense. And if we consider the matter for a moment, we shall readily recognise something innately comic and ludicrous in the appearance of the human skeleton. This comicality is vastly increased when it is represented to be in motion, or to be performing any of the duties or offices of common life or intellectual volition. There is a high caricatural vein running through all such exhibitions, no matter how solemn may be the occasions or purposes for which such emblems are employed.

The learned Sir Thomas More speaks of the early illustrations of the "Danses of Death," displayed in this country, in the following words: "But if we not only here this word Death, but also let sink into our heartes the very fantasye and depe imagination thereof, we shall perceive thereby that we wer never so gretly moved by the beholding of the *Danse of Death pictured in Poules*, as we shal fele oursel stered and altered by the feling of that imagination in our hertes. And no marvell. For those pictures expresse only ye lothly figure of our dead, bony bodies, bitten away ye flesh."†

* Bojordo, vol. 1, p. 20.

† Works, p. 77.

Shakspere himself seems to have viewed these curious productions with a keen and philosophic eye:—

"For within the hollow crown
That bounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Mocking his state and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about his life,
Were brass impregnable,—and humoured thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!"

These caricatural prints on the "Danses of Death" greatly multiplied after the art of printing became general throughout Europe. Booksellers, painters, and engravers found it a profitable speculation to multiply books and pictorial illustrations of the subject. The popular interest was so intensely and steadily maintained for a long series of years that considerable variety was thrown into the figures and characters introduced into the "Danses." Though Death always occupied a prominent position, yet the other subordinate personages in the pictures became more varied as we approach to modern times. These have been regulated by the whim and comic conceptions of individual artists.

The properties of all objects, as far as a painter is concerned with them, are, the outline or drawing, the colour, and the light and shade; the drawing gives the form, the colour its visible quality, and the light and shade its solidity.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses at the Royal Academy.*

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. XIII.

C. R. LESLIE, R.A.

Mr. Leslie is of the Wilkie era. While the latter confined himself to subjects of common life, and studied nature in the cabin and the cottage, Leslie, adopting a species of high comedy style, did much to elucidate the manners and customs of the last century, and to illustrate the most picturesque narrations of our best comic writers. Their subjects were entirely distinct, their mode of practice very similar. They both possessed the same strongly determined will to pursue and persist in a predetermined course—viz., that of strict and religious adherence to nature, both in substance and detail. This they felt, and truly, as the only sure path to excellence, and the sole assurance of presenting perfect and enduring works to posterity.

The bane of British art had previously resided in the fact that its professors wrought almost without reference to nature. There was that marvellous and daring designer—Fuseli—who was wont to exclaim, in his irritable moments, "Hang Nature, she puts me out!" the result of which fallacious dogma may be seen and regretted in his monstrous piece of exaggeration in Saloon D—102, "Hotspur and Glendower." The oil paintings of Stothard, hanging in the neighbouring vestibule, show how little able even a man of elegant mind is to produce finished and



"SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY GOING TO CHURCH.—C. R. LESLIE, R.A. (See page 288.)

complete works, without direct and ever-recurring reference to the great progenitor. The works of Smirke, another man of talent, and a keenly susceptible humourist, may be placed in the same category; they possessed a reasonable value in their day, but their lack of reality has now almost placed them among the things that were.

If for Wilkie, then, is claimed the honour of being the founder of our British school of domestic painting, so we must admit that Leslie is the true father of that captivating school of *genre* painters which has among it *éleves* so many of the best artists of the age. These men are true to their paternity; his books are their books, and in their subjects and mode of treating them much of that species of resemblance which children owe to their common parents may be traced. Some of them adopt even a stricter and more scrupulously conscientious mode of finishing; others may be richer and more potent in their colouring; but where shall we find one who excels *pater* Leslie in truth of character and modest force of expression. Take his illustrations of English country life,—in how hearty a spirit he enters into its true Doric character! His rustics look village-fed, and village-bred; they never remind one of a fancy-dress rustic model, or of Mr. or Miss So-and-So, of the Theatre Royal, dressed for a rural afterpiece. *Par exemple*, here is his famous reading of that immortal scene (392), "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church," (an engraving of which we give in page 287), where the good baronet, accompanied by Mr. *Spectator*, in the person of the refined and courtly Joseph Addison, walks to service amidst the bows and salutations of his respectful and well-ordered tenantry. They are real rustics these. There is the old husbandman, who has lived on the farm of his father from youth to age, and grown grey thereon, his pretty daughter hanging on his arm, and looking the very personification of modesty and innocence; there the poor widow, for whom and her children the good man's sympathies are at once aroused; and there the silly, bedizened country belle, with her attendant and jealous Hodge. How they all seem, even to Mr. Bumble, the beadle, who stands pompous and erect at the church-door, to hang on the smiles of their kind landlord and friend. This is a thoroughly English picture; it touches our best feelings, and lays bare one of the sunniest scenes of country life. There is obviously no crouching to interest and authority here, but the genuine expression of gratitude and respect to a worthy superior. In 380, "The Rivals," (which we illustrate in our 286th page), Mr. Leslie takes us into one of those quaint gardens, richly varied with wood and water, with statues and terraces, which surrounded the stately mansions of Elizabeth's reign. A picturesque group of dames and cavaliers, placed in the foreground, have just come to a standstill, for a coquettish and fun-loving damsel has dropped her fan (accidentally, of course) in the path of a fat and unwieldy lover, whose physical powers are apparently taxed to their utmost in the attempt to recover it, much to the amusement of his younger rival. It is a pleasant piece of comedy painting, the colouring of a very sunny and agreeable character. Commend us strongly to Mr. Leslie as an illustrator of Sterne; his scene from "Tristram Shandy," 369, "Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman," is inimitable. "My Uncle" understands not the language of the eye, and is sorely puzzled to discover the widow's meaning. His heavy, stolid gaze is admirably telling. The debonair widow will make nothing of him. Listen to their colloquy. "I protest, madam," said my Uncle, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye." "It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My Uncle looked with might and main into the pupil. 425, "Sterne and the Grisette," is another well-developed piece of character, and is richer in colouring than usual with the artist. 378, "Scene from 'Henry the Eighth,'" is less to our liking than any of the foregoing. It has a queer, Gothic look, and the figures are too isolated and doll-like, though we must do justice to the eloquent pathos expressed in the countenance of the dying Queen.

The following are the titles of some of the most important works exhibited by Mr. Leslie at the Royal Academy, during a professional career which has extended over forty years:—"May-day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth;" "The Dinner at Page's House;" "Sancho Panza and the Duchess;" "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gipsies;" "Lady Jane Grey prevailed upon to accept the Crown;" "The Queen Receiving the Sacrament;" "The Grosvenor Family;" "Scene from the 'Taming of the Shrew,'" &c. Our artist also possesses considerable literary attainments. His "Life of John Constable" is a genial tribute of artistic friendship; and in his "Hand-book for Young Artists," sound information is conveyed in a manner at once modest and interesting.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, with a numerous suite, visited the Exhibition on Monday, the 5th instant, arriving there at ten minutes to one o'clock, in the midst of a heavy shower of rain. The royal party included the Duchess of Beaufort, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Colonel M'Donald, private secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, &c. At two o'clock the party lunched in the Queen's reception room, where covers were laid by Mr. Donald for 22. Amongst the visitors were the Earl and Countess of Derby, the Ladies Stanley, and the Countess of Jersey, Captain Powlett Harris, and Mr. J. F. Delane, of the *Times*. There were well-filled special trains from Shrewsbury, Burslem, Crewe, Macclesfield, the Potteries, Sheffield, Stalybridge, Chester, Lincoln, Liverpool, Halifax, Leeds, Huddersfield, Burton-upon-Trent, Derby, Birkenhead, and other places. The children of the Collyhurst Church Schools, Gadsby's Schools, and several other educational establishments were present, and large numbers of the working classes. The attendance was one of the best of the season.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the forces, the Princess Mary, and the members of their suite, arrived at the Exhibition on Tuesday, from Heaton Park, at five minutes past one. The royal party was joined by the Duchess of Manchester, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Earl of Wilton, Lady Katherine Egerton, Lady Somerset, Lady Newport, Viscount Valletat, and Colonel M'Donald. Amongst the other visitors were Miss Burdett Coutts, Lady Stanley of Alderley, and the Hon. Miss Stanley; Colonel and Lady Laura Meyrick, Mr. Danby Seymour, M.P., Colonel Hodge, C.B., Mr. R. Townley Parker, late M.P. for Preston; Colonel Wilbraham, deputy adjutant-general; Dr. Holden, of Durham; Dr. Robert Ferguson, physician to Her Majesty, &c. There was a large attendance of school children and of the working classes. Amongst the schools present we observed the boys and girls from the Manchester Deaf and Dumb School; the children from Cheadle Sunday School, with a plentiful display of flags and banners; 200 of the children from Swinton Industrial Schools, with a band of music; 80 of the children attending the Potter School at Irlams-o'-th'-Height; and the children of the New Jerusalem School, Salford, to whom 250 tickets had been presented by Alderman Agnew and Mr. W. Agnew. There were large special trains from Liverpool, Chester, Macclesfield, the Potteries, Derby, Stoke, Birmingham, Crewe, and Sheffield.

On Wednesday, the fast day, the Exhibition was not open to the public.

The Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess Mary attended the Exhibition on Thursday, accompanied by the Earl and Countess of Wilton, the Duchess of Manchester, Lady Catherine Egerton, and Colonel M'Donald. They proceeded to the Hertford Gallery, and after a short stay there passed through the Water-colour Galleries. Thence they proceeded, after an inspection of the British Portrait Gallery, to the transept, and listened to the second part of the orchestral performance, which included a selection from "Midsummer Night's Dream;" an overture, "Oberon," *Weber;* scherzo from Scotch symphony, *Mendelssohn;* and overture, "Zampa," *Herold.* The band then struck up the national anthem, after which they left the orchestra. A state arm-chair from the Queen's room was provided for the duchess, and four small chairs from the same apartment for other members of the party. At the conclusion of the musical performance the royal party passed along the Engraving Gallery on the north end of the transept, and then passed into the Clock Gallery to inspect the works of Ary Scheffer. They left the Exhibition at half-past five o'clock for Heaton Park. Amongst the visitors present were the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P., Mr. Garnett, M.P., Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, Colonel Meyrick, Lieut.-Colonel Meyrick and party, Mr. Howard Galton, a contributor; Mr. and Mrs. Holford, of Blaise Castle, large contributors.

Amongst the numerous visitors on Friday were Lord and Lady Kinsale, the Dean of Worcester, Mrs. Peel, Mr. Brown Westhead, M.P., Henry Cole, Esq., C.B., R. Redgrave, Esq., R.A., Sir Charles Cumming, Mr. Francis Fuller, contributor; Mr. M. C. Wyatt, sculptor, contributor; Mr. and Mrs. Holford, Blaise Castle; Wm. Dargan, Esq., of the Dublin Exhibition (the guest of Wm. Fairbairn, Esq., C.E.); the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P.; Mr. Egerton Leigh. The royal party from Heaton arrived at the building at twenty minutes to one o'clock, and were received by Mr. Deane, the general commissioner, and Colonel Hamilton, the secretary. They first went to the Clock Gallery, where they closely inspected the pictures by Ary Scheffer; from thence they proceeded respectively to the Portrait Gallery (south side); to the Miniature Gallery, which they examined minutely; and round by the Engraving Gallery, descended the stairs thence to the Dutch and Flemish masters in Saloon H, and to the Gallery of Ancient Masters. At half-past two they partook of a luncheon, laid in the state reception room. They left the building at three o'clock in the royal railway state saloon, which was obligingly brought from the main line by Mr. James Kirkman, the general manager of the Manchester South Junction and Altrincham Railway. The royal party left for Huyton, *en route* for Knowsley, the seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, who had invited a select circle to meet the royal party. The building was thronged up to the close.

Amongst the visitors on Saturday were the Earl of Cottenham, Sir Charles Douglas, the Countess of Chesterfield, Mr. Henry Cole, Mr. Redgrave, R.A., Mr. George Grove, secretary to the Sydenham Palace Company; Colonel Hodge, C.B., &c. &c. The attendance was larger than on any previous day. There were several well-filled trains from Yorkshire and the north, and we noticed a large attendance of Sunday-school children.

The week's attendances were as follows:—

		Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Oct.	5.....	20,550	...	1,209	21,759
,,	6.....	19,177	...	1,947	21,124
,,	7.....		Fast Day.		
,,	8.....	...	5,409	4,335	9,744
,,	9.....	16.256	...	1,123	17,379
,,	10.....	25,637	...	2,898	28,535
					98,541

THE

EARLY DAYS OF A CONNOISSEUR.

By H. Merritt.

Chapter XIV.

THE SUPPER AT THE JEW'S HOUSE, WHERE THE CONNOISSEUR IS MOST AGREEABLY ASTOUNDED. THE CONCLUSION.

On our way to the old chateau, where the pictures were on view prior to their sale, the Jew stopped at a small tenement by the way, and engaged a humble lodging for me. The mistress of the establishment was an Englishwoman who had early married and settled at the Hague, and where, having lost her husband, she had managed by her own industry to rear a large family in respectability. Among other accomplishments they all spoke tolerable English, which was fortunate for me. On leaving the Jew in the fish market, I hastened to my lodging, and not suffering any hindrance in making myself understood, I was the more speedily prepared for my appointment at the house on the quay, with the marble portico. Throughout my travels with old Lazarus I had carried a little pack containing my money and clothes, the latter, for lack of use, remaining as good as new. I know not what possessed me, but on that occasion I bestowed more pains in dressing than I remember ever to have taken before; the arrangement of my hair, which in those days was abundant, was a most elaborate performance. All the time I was thus engaged at my glass I could not help reverting to the Jew's altered demeanour towards me. By some sort of magic he had awakened sensations long dormant within my breast, and rekindled my earliest, fondest hopes. The stars lit up the cloudless sky as I wended my solitary way along the dark canal and over the bridge which led to the mansion which the Jew had pointed out, and which, owing to its singularity, could not well be mistaken. I paused breathless at the door, where, in the dim porch, my ancient friend stood in readiness to receive me. Taking a lamp, he led me into a little office, and without so much as asking me to be seated, commenced an earnest and animated conversation with a small man bearing the unmistakable characteristics of the Hebrew race.

"Business before pleasure, as usual, you see," cried the Jew, turning to me when the conversation at length ceased. "It was ever my rule. But come," he added, in his late much-improved manner, "now let us go to supper. You have fasted long, and must needs be hungry;" saying which he conducted me up a flight of stone steps into a large room furnished in the costliest manner, while a table in the centre displayed preparations for our approaching banquet. Seeing me cast a curious glance over the apartment, my host bade me defer my admiration of his taste for the present, and listen to what he had to say.

"I am expecting," he began, "a couple of friends to supper, whom, if I mistake not, will prove as agreeable to you as to myself. Before, however, I do myself the pleasure of introducing you, I must inflict upon you a little ceremony which I am afraid will try your patience. When, however, the brief prelude is over, you will not feel ungrateful to me, I am sure. Anyhow, it is a trifling fancy of mine, which your good nature will hardly permit you to mar. You will favour me by remaining in this small chamber while I speak to my friends on their coming, and, as it will perhaps render your brief imprisonment less irksome, it is my wish that you leave the door ajar, and pay a marked attention to every word that falls from my lips, for I have designed what I have to say for you no less than for my coming guests."

With these mysterious injunctions, the Jew handed me into a side-room, and hearing approaching footsteps on the stairs, carefully closed the door, leaving only a sufficient opening for the purpose he had specified. I had barely seated myself when the company arrived on the landing, where the Jew received and welcomed them into the banquet room which I had just left, in the following manner:—

"Signor, I am glad to see you and your lovely daughter, and in such good time too. Be seated, I pray, until my humble repast is in readiness. I know not how it is, Signor, but I never look upon your daughter's handsome face without being reminded of a most noble youth I once met with in Genoa, and about whom, until supper is served, I will tell you a story. Come, if I mistake not, it must be as much as thirty years back. I was a mere stripling, some forty years of age or so; but young as I was, I had the reputation of being trustworthy, so much so, that a wealthy uncle, to whom I owed the bread which I consumed, was wont to entrust me upon errands of some consequence. On the occasion to which my memory now leads me, I had gone, disguised in coarse habiliments, to the residence of a titled lady, in order to convey to her a large sum of money in gold, and to receive of her, by way of security, a diamond of huge dimensions, and of the first water. Well, whether it was owing to the responsibility suddenly thrust upon me, or whether that lady's refulgent charms oppressed my brain; it might have been from fear of meeting with abuse from the populace, who at that time were bitter against our race—of this I cannot speak with certainty; but so it was, a sort of unconsciousness came upon me as I left the palace, and in that state I proceeded on my way. Guess my horror when, on awakening from my trance, I discovered that I had dropped the casket of which I had taken charge, and which contained the third largest and best diamond in Europe. At first I stood still, gazing at my hands, doubting my eyes, and questioning whether the treasure was not still in my grasp. Then was I seized with fear and trembling, as though an ague fit had seized me. Anon, I howled like one demented, and dashed myself against the stones, and rent my clothes, and tore the hair by handsful from my head; and all this took place in the centre of Genoa, where I was hated and accursed. In an instant, like the waves of a wild sea which has broken through its bounds, the mob rushed in upon me, crying out, 'Behold, he is mad! Behold the mad Jew!' There had been some reason in their cries had they stopped there, but, like all mobs, knowing neither moderation nor humanity, they beat me with sticks, and pelted me with dirt until I sunk down upon the earth. Verily I had died upon the spot but for a handsome youth, who, attracted by the noise, came and beat off my cowardly assailants, and carried me bodily off to a place of safety. Such was my despair for the loss of my jewel, that the death from which I had been rescued had not been altogether unwelcome to me. Indeed, as my noble deliverer sat me down out of harm's way, I barely thanked him. 'What has been the cause of all this?' he asked; whereupon I told him of my misfortune and consequent behaviour in the market-place, and described the size and quality of the jewel I had lost. 'God be praised,' cried my deliverer, stopping my mouth; and taking from his vest the very casket I had dropped, he placed it in my hands and disappeared before I had recovered from my surprise. Years passed on, but I never forgot the image of that noble youth. It haunted me sleeping and waking, until at last I beheld, in this beautiful Italian maiden, the selfsame features I had so long sought in vain, and found, moreover, in you, my noble friend, the selfsame man who so generously restored my gem and so bravely preserved my life!"

The Jew delivered his story with much feeling, and with such volubility that it would have been impossible to have edged in a word during its progress; but as he paused, Signor Albano (for indeed it was he to whom the Jew had addressed himself) essayed to speak, and I, rising from my seat, was about to rush from my hiding-place, when old Lazarus, in a voice of thunder, demanded to be heard a moment longer, and thus proceeded:—"Signor Albano, I need not remind you of your quarrel with the young Italian at Madame Mitchel's. I had then but recently discovered and identified you as my great friend. It was high time that I made you some return for the gracious service you did me. You will remember how, on that night, I followed in your steps, and how, prompted by my advice and aided by my purse, you came here. It was I who employed you (not without profit to myself) since that hour, and it was through my influence that your good child there has never despaired of regaining her lost father, for I have never ceased to assure her at intervals of your safety and ultimate restoration. This night brings our troubles to a close. My design is completed. There are no longer any grounds for fear on the score of Signor Spada, who, so far from cherishing enmity, is mourning your absence. Your fortune is improved; see here, while I say it, are no less than a thousand guilders which my agent has received from the Burgomaster Delt, on account of your last five inimitable statuettes. Receive it from my hands without discount, and make note of the fact. It is the first, and will probably be the last instance of disinterestedness on my part in business matters. Stop! I will take just one per cent profit, in order to spare *your* feelings and my own at the same time. There, that will do. And now, my young lady, why so dull? Does not your father's good fortune move you to be happy? There was, if I mistake not, one who for long years loved you tenderly—one who for you would toil through life without repining—one who, if it were needed to test his love, would—nay, one who has, to my knowledge, braved insult and danger and privations for your sake. Behold! he is here, shut up like a jewel in a casket!"

With this exclamation the old man approached my hiding place, and, throwing open the door, led me forth. The effect of this, the last great scene in the old Jew's play, was most satisfactory.

After we had dried the tears from our eyes (even the Jew was not unmoved), we sat down to a quiet, frugal repast, during which the now *venerable* host never ceased to laud my behaviour and my constancy during the time he had known me, and which he said dated back to the period when I first left the cradle. He waxed quite warm on this theme, and even went so far as to compare me with the monster diamond he had nearly lost in the streets of Genoa.

In due time I and Matta were married. By the Jew's advice I and the Signor united our savings (I had left one hundred pounds in charge of Madame Mitchel), and opened a shop at the West End of London, where, what with the Signor's exquisitely-finished statuettes and bronzes, and the curious carvings and rare paintings which came under my charge, we carried all before us. Money flowed in apace, so that in time we were enabled to purchase this ancient, rural mansion, with its gardens, orchards, and meadow. The pictures which adorn our walls, and which you have so often admired, are in some measure household gods. They are such as have from time to time struck my fancy, and charmed my beautiful Matta.

"Well, here I am," as my old friend Samuel the porter observed, "about as well satisfied with myself and things in general as any man ought to be. There are no children which will compare with mine in these parts, and a better woman than Matta never broke bread." In our prosperity we have not proved ungrateful to old friends. We number among our visitors the Signor Spada, who has now become a popular professor. We kept up an intimacy with good Madame Mitchel while she lived, and followed her to the grave at last. The venerable man who daily sits like a patriarch at the head of our table, is no other than my old and revered master, M. Dalby, who, in the hour of need, first held out a friendly hand to the poor Green Coat Charity Boy.

THE END.

MR. GRAHAM'S GHOST TO MRS. GRAHAM.

THE LADY ON THE LEFT HAND OF GAINSBOROUGH'S "BLUE BOY."

I would not have the woods for ever green;
I would not have the days for ever bright;
Eve is to me the mother of delight,
For that she made the world a changing scene.
Had she ne'er stolen, thou had'st never been
The thing of sweet mutations that thou wert;
Nay, thou had'st shone for ever on the heart
A tiresome moon, unchangeably serene.
Dear wert thou for thy sweet vicissitude,
Thy sometimes fifty phases in a day;
The all uncertain weather in thine eye.
Dear were thy possibilities of mood
To *that* in me which sought the far away,
Filling my heart with expectation high.

October 23rd, 1857. J. Cameron.

THE MODERN GALLERY.

HISTORICAL AND GENRE PAINTERS.

By Peregrine Sketchly.

No. XIV.

E. M. WARD, R.A.

Mr. Ward is certainly the most sensible, as well as successful, of our living painters of history. He has done that for historical painting which Lord Macaulay has so admirably performed for history itself. That great and illustrious man appears to have felt that the time had arrived when authors must no longer, as of old, write solely for the perusal of dry old scholars and learned amateurs, but, in the universal spread of knowledge, for the public itself. Therefore, while fully maintaining the dignity of his subject, and retaining a sufficiency of argumentative reasoning and philosophical deduction, he has forborne somewhat of the stately gravity of his predecessors, and emulating the picturesque vividness of the historical novel, has imparted a completeness and a living interest to his pictures of the past, by presenting its heroes as real flesh and blood beings, standing in the midst of the actual time, with its manners and customs, its local scenery, its houses and furniture, and all those attractive details which have heretofore been the supposed private property of the writers of fiction, thus investing even the dullest epoch with inexpressible freshness and interest.

A kindred spirit has inspired the pencil of Mr. Ward. He has felt that the main employment for the painter of the present time is derived from wealthy private individuals, who require works of art for daily contemplation in their own houses and at their own firesides, and that in the limited space afforded by the private mansion, large canvasses and "the grand style" would be as great nuisances as the celebrated family picture of the village dauber was at the parsonage of good Dr. Primrose. Therefore, while treating subjects of grave importance and strictly historical interest, he has contented himself with limited space, and adapted with infinite success the complete finish, beautiful colouring, and picturesque treatment of the race of *genre* painters.

There are only two pictures of Mr. Ward's in the Exhibition, but they are important ones, and amply illustrate his genius. No. 597, "Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette in the Temple," is an admirable choice of subject. M. Thiers has fully described the habits of the unfortunate royal family during their protracted imprisonment. "At two o'clock," says he, "dinner was served, after which the king would lie down, and, during his sleep, the queen, with her sister and daughter, would continue their work in silence." This is apparently the time chosen by the artist. Louis, enveloped in a morning robe, is laid upon his couch, his countenance is calm even in sleep, though it wears an expression of sadness; near him is his breviary, and his fate is foreshadowed by a volume of Hume, open at the life of Charles the First. He beguiled the tedious hours by reading. "The authors and books he generally selected," says Thiers, "being Montesquieu, Buffon, Hume, the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' and some of the Latin and Italian classics. When he left the Temple, he had gone through above 250 volumes." Near the centre of the apartment sits the unfortunate queen, grand in the autumn of her beauty. She looks anxious and worn, and her occupation is such as might become the humblest wife in France—she is repairing a rent in her husband's coat. The dauphiness, a pensive-looking yet elegant girl, whose long amber tresses hang loosely and gracefully about her shoulders, is watering a small bouquet of flowers, while her brother is significantly playing with a shuttlecock. Near



"THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLE."—E. M. WARD, R.A.

him is the gentle and sensible Madame Elizabeth. A curtain, partially withdrawn, shows us the guards of the besotted municipality, in an outer room, busily engaged in drinking and gambling. One of them is brutal enough to puff a cloud of tobacco-smoke into the royal apartment, the odour of which it was well known the unfortunate king especially loathed. The artist's sympathy with his subject is complete and real; he has invested it with an indescribable pathos. As a work of art it is little short of perfection. The fine burst of light coming from the window to the right throws out the figures in bold and effective relief; and there is an union of power and delicacy throughout which modern art has hardly surpassed. In 464, "Charlotte Corday going to Execution," he has adopted a system of strong relief, produced by shadows, which have been criticised for their over-depth of blackness. We are, however, disposed to think that the sentiment of horror which pervades the scene is greatly enhanced by this treatment. It seems as though the figures were illumined by a fitful glow of light, darting from between heavy and lowering clouds. The scene is highly dramatic. The victim looks resolute and heroic, as she issues with firm step from her prison, dressed in the terrible red chemise; she shrinks not even from the serpent eye of Robespierre, who stands in his *petit-maitre* costume, eying her with cruel and unrelenting animosity. There, too, is Danton, with the look of a butcher and the appetite of a leech; Desmoulins, too, hard, callous, and calculating. Through an archway to the left we catch a glimpse of the crowd outside, dancing and yelling round the fatal tumbril. The execution of this fine picture is of the most vigorous kind—every touch tells, and bespeaks the impulse of a masterly hand.

Mr. Ward's success in art has been rapidly achieved. Those who remember his first noticeable work, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1841—"Cornet Joyce seizes the King at Holmby"—could hardly have anticipated from it his present eminence. It certainly exhibited inventive power, but its thinness and timidity of style was in strange contrast to his present works. Mr. Ward has been honoured by a government commission, and two of his finest works, "The Last Sleep of Argyle," and "The Execution of Montrose," grace the walls of the new Houses of Parliament. Of the former a small but powerful study will be found in the Water-colour Gallery, and of this we present an engraving.

SCULPTURE.



"FRANCESCA AND PAOLO."—MOLTINI. (THE PROPERTY OF S. MENDEL, ESQ.)

THE "DANSES OF DEATH."

No. II.

By Dr. Blakey.

The collection of prints, within the last four centuries, on this subject, has been so extensive that we can find no room for a particular enumeration. But as the chief features of all the productions are very much alike, we shall present the reader with a short description of the figures of the famous Lyons edition of the "Danses of Death," which bears the date of 1448, just ten years after the first application of printing from wooden blocks in Germany. This illustration of the "Danses" has formed the basis of many other productions of the same kind, and has even been said to owe its authorship to Hans Holbein himself, who was not even born till half a century after this date. The figures of this piece of satire amount to 49, and are as follows :—

1st, "The Creation." The Deity is here represented in the act of taking Eve from the side of Adam. 2nd, "The Temptation." Eve is taking the fruit from the serpent, and holds it up to her husband. 3rd, "The Expulsion from Eden." Adam and Eve are preceded by Death, who plays on a viol or beggar's lyre, and who testifies an intense satisfaction at their fall. 4th, "The Consequences." Adam is digging the ground, assisted by Death. In the distance, Eve is suckling her first-born, and holding a distaff. 5th, "A Cemetery." Several figures of Deaths are here assembled, most of them playing on instruments of music. 6th, "The Pope." He is in the act of crowning an emperor; two cardinals are waiting on him, one of whom ludicrously personates Death. Bishops figure in the background Death embraces the Pope with one hand, and with the other leans on a crutch. Two grotesque Devils are introduced, one of whom hovers over the Pope, and the other in the air holds a diploma, to which several seals are appended. 7th, "The Emperor." He is seated on a throne, attended by numerous courtiers in gay apparel, listening to a poor man's petition against a rich oppressor, whom the Emperor, holding the sword of justice, regards with a frowning countenance. Death lays his hand on the crown. 8th, "The King." He is sitting at a well-covered and sumptuous table. Death is the cup-bearer, and presents the King with his last draught. 9th, "The Cardinal." Some writers conceive that this theological functionary is in the act of receiving the *Bull* of his appointment; others again, that he is making a purchase of indulgences. Death is in the act of twisting off the Cardinal's hat. 10th, "The Empress." She is gorgeously attired, and attended by maids of honour, but is intercepted in her walk by Death, in the character of a shrivelled old woman, who points significantly to an open grave. 11th, "The Queen." She is just coming from her palace, when Death unexpectedly approaches, and drags her away. Her jester, in whose habiliments Death has comically attired himself, endeavours in vain to protect her. A female attendant is screaming violently. Death holds up his hourglass. 12th, "The Bishop." He is quietly resigned to his fate, and led away by Death. His loss is deplored by the flight, and great terror falls upon several shepherds amidst their flocks. The sun is setting in the distance. 13th, "The Duke." He is attended by his courtiers, and solicited for charity by a poor woman with a child. He disdainfully turns a deaf ear to the request. Death, fantastically crowned with leaves, lays hold of him. 14th, "The Abbot." Death, despoiling him of his mitre and crosier, drags him away. The Abbot resists with all his strength, and is aiming to throw his breviary at his antagonist. 15th, "The Abbess." Death, grotesquely crowned with flags, seizes the poor abbess by her scalpulary. A man at the convent gate is pathetically lamenting her fate. 16th, "The Gentleman." Vainly, with uplifted sword, he endeavours to liberate himself from the fatal grasp of the King of Terrors. An hourglass is placed on his bier. 17th, "The Canon." Death holds up his hourglass, as he is entering the cathedral. Both are followed by a noble person with a hawk on his fist, his buffoon, and a little boy. 18th, "The Judge." He is in the act of deciding a case between the rich and the poor. From the former he is about to receive a bribe. Death snatches his staff of office from his hands 19th, "The Advocate." The rich client is bribing him. Death reminds him that his glass is run out. He is so engrossed with counting his money that he pays little or no attention to the admonition. 20th, "The Magistrate." A demon is blowing corruption into his ear, and he has turned his back on an old man. Death is placed at his feet with an hourglass and spade. 21st, "The Preacher." Death, with a stole about his neck, stands behind the preacher, and holds a jawbone over his head, typifying that he is perhaps the most effective preacher of the two. 22nd, "The Priest." He is carrying the holy sacrament to some dying person. Attendants follow with tapers and holy water. Death strides on before, with bell and lanthorn, to announce the coming of the priest. 23rd, "The Mendicant Friar." He is in the act of entering his convent with his money-box and wallet. Death seizes him by the cowl, and drags him off. 24th, "The Nun." Here we have an affair of gallantry. The young lady has a lover in her apartment. She is kneeling before the altar, but is actually listening to the amorous music of the young man, who, seated on a bed, touches a lute. Death extinguishes the candle. 25th, "The Old Woman." She is accompanied by two Deaths, one of whom, playing on a wooden psalter, precedes her. She seems more attentive to her rosary of bones than to the music; whilst the other Death impatiently urges her forward with blows. 26th, "The Physician." He receives for inspection an urinal which Death presents to him, which contains the discharges from a decrepid old man—*medice cura te ipsum*. 27th, "The Astrologer." He is looking attentively in his study at a suspended sphere. Death holds out a skull to him, and, in mockery, seems to say, "Here is a more interesting and profitable subject for your contemplation." 28th, "The Miser." Death has burst into his strongroom, among his chests and money-bags, and, coolly seating himself on a stool, collects into a large dish the money on the table, which the miser had just been counting. The poor man is in an agony of despair. 29th, "The Merchant." He has escaped the perils of the sea, and reaches a snug retreat, laden with riches. Whilst in the act of contemplating them, Death surprises him. 30th, "The Ship in the Tempest." Death is employed in breaking the mast. The owner of the vessel is in despair. 31st, "The Knight." After escaping the dangers of numerous combats, he is vanquished by Death, whom he ineffectively resists. 32nd, "The Count." Death is attired in the dress of a ragged peasant, and revenges himself upon his proud and lordly oppressor. 33rd. "The Old Man." He is led to the grave by Death beguiling him with the music of a dulcimer. 34th, "The Countess." She is receiving a splendid dress and ornaments. Death places round her neck a collar of bones. 35th, "The New-married Lady." She is accompanied by her husband, who is diverting her attention from Death, who is insidiously dancing before them, and beating a tambour. 36th, "The Duchess." She is sitting up, dressed, in bed, at the foot of which are two Deaths. One plays on a violin, and the other is pulling the clothes from the bed. 37th, "The Pedlar." He is heavily laden, his dog by his side, and proceeding on his route. Death violently pulls him in another direction. 38th, "The Husbandman." He is assisted by Death, who conducts the horses of his plough. 39th, "The Child." A female cottager is preparing her family mess, when Death enters, and carries off the youngest of her children. 40th, "The Soldier." He is vanquished by Death, who strikes him with a bone. On the ground are laid many of the soldier's companions. 41st, "The Gamesters." Death and the Devil are contending for one of the company, whom both have seized. 42nd, "The Drunkards." They are assembled in a disreputable house, and intemperately feasting. Death pours liquor from a flagon into the mouth of one of the party. 43rd, "The Idiot Fool." He is mocking Death. Death smiles, and seems amused by his efforts, and leads him away in a dancing attitude. 44th, "The Robber." When in the act of robbing a poor woman, Death comes behind, and lays violent hands upon him. 45th, "The Blind Man." Carefully measuring his steps, and ignorant of his road, he is led on by Death, who with one hand takes him by the cloak, and with the other holds his staff. 46th, "The Waggoner." His cart is loaded with wine-casks. One of his horses is thrown down by two mischievous Deaths; the wheel is taken off, and the casks destroyed. The poor driver is in black despair. 47th, "The Beggar." He is nearly naked, and in the agonies of death. He sits on straw, at the gate of an hospital. On the ground are his crutches. 48th, "The Last Judgment." Christ sitting on a rainbow, amidst a group of angels. Many naked figures have arisen from their graves, and are imploring for mercy. 49th, "The Allegorical Escutcheon of Death." The shield is fractured in several places. On it is a skull; the helmet is surmounted by two arabesques; the hands grasp a rugged piece of stone, and an hourglass is placed at hand.

Such are the general topics treated of in the "Danses of Death," and such the peculiar fashion in which they are handled by graphic artists. It is obvious that a wide field is here opened for diversity of illustration. Every condition of life—every common phase which humanity assumes—is susceptible of being represented in various ways according to the imaginative powers and modes of thinking of artists. The serious and the comic—the instructive and the caricatural—are capable of being amalgamated in various proportions; and hence it is that we find, from an historical glance at the entire subject, that, though the ludicrous and satirical have always been attributes of these productions, yet there have been some of them in which the serious and contemplative have greatly predominated. There are likewise some solitary instances where particular and local topics have been treated after this fashion. When Leo the Tenth ascended the papal throne, the public rejoicings to celebrate the event were on the most expensive scale. Everything which wealth and the wit of man could devise to give zest to this pageantry display, was employed. The thing being manifestly overdone, it gave rise to sarcasm. An artistic satirist of the day caricatured the whole procession, under the figures of the "Danses of Death," and with the most irresistible and whimsical effect. With the figure of Death he rang the changes on all the most striking parts of the public rejoicings, and thus produced one of the most powerful and happy satirical attacks of his age. The artist's name is said to have been Carini.

We likewise find that in France a similar device was used to ridicule Louis the Fourteenth, his court, and government. Death is here made, in the most whimsical attitudes, the instrument of throwing contempt and derision on the ostentatious luxury and general profligacy which characterised this section of French history. There are likewise some editions of the "Danses" published in France, of a general character, embracing, like the one we have just noticed in detail, all the most prominent phases of the life of man, and the ordinary incidents and offices to which social and political institutions, in all countries, give rise. These productions are, for the most part, well executed, and the wit and comic spirit is fully elicited and sustained in them.

The best of the "Danses," after the Lyons one, is unquestionably that produced by Hans Holbein. Though we have no doubt but that he took this famous French edition as his guide, yet he recast the entire piece, and infused so much of original power and sarcastic pungency into the whole, as to make the production, which goes under his name, in a great measure his own. All the artists who have attempted to imitate or rival him in this line, have come far short of his general merits and artistic genius.

The "Death's Doings" of Mr. Dagley, published in London about thirty years ago, are but very sober and prosaic representations. They lack the comic and caricatural elements, and on this account are of a very subdued tone and interest compared with most of the continental productions on the same subject. Mr. Dagley's representations are each accompanied by a letterpress description, both in prose and verse, which makes them of some interest.

These "Danses of Death," which are better known among artists on the continent than in England, have both an artistic and social interest, inasmuch as they not only convey with the pencil some very refined and subtle conceptions of the mind, but must be considered as bold and successful attempts to satirise the governments of the day. Many of them were made the exponents of public sympathy and feeling, and gave the corrupt and unscrupulous many uncomfortable but seasonable warnings of their final punishment and expulsion from power and authority.

Perhaps it may be asked why we class this sub-



"PORTRAIT OF MRS. GRAHAM."—GAINSBOROUGH. (See Page 296.)



"HELEN FAUCIT AS ANTIGONE."—BURTON. (See Page 296.)

ject under the head of the caricatural at all? We think the question pertinent enough. Our opinion is, that all the "Danses of Death" are decidedly caricatural; but we are fully aware that they may likewise be classed under the heads of personification, or allegorical figures, used solely with a view of pointing a moral—*that death is the lot of all.* All caricatural designs, however, comprehend more or less of personification and allegory; and when these are joined to the whimsical and grotesque, the entire compound makes up a subject that comes legitimately under the category of the caricatural. We have found in many writers on the "Danses of Death" considerable discrepancies in their several modes of speaking and reasoning on the topic. Some place certain collections of pictorial devices under the head of caricature; others under the grotesque and fanciful; whilst others, again, have classified them under the denomination of simple allegory. We conceive, however, that the mass of written artistic criticism is in favour of all such figures forming a distinct branch of the caricatural; and it is from this conviction that we have ventured to treat the matter.

GAINSBOROUGH AS A PORTRAITIST.

Who is there will bid farewell to our glorious Exhibition without taking a last fond look at pretty Mistress Graham—without gazing once more at her rare beauty, at her ripe, pouting lips, and at the dazzling fairness of her complexion, still rich with the vermillion down of youth—at her finely-arched neck, and those two sweet little feet, fitly encased in satin, which peep from beneath her dainty taffeta petticoat?

"Oh that my soul might take its final station
In her waved hair, her perfumed breath to sip,
Or catch her blue eyes' fascination,
Or meet by stealth her soft vermillion lip!"

So sings Kirke White, and only gives us a true picture of that complete sympathy with female beauty which is an innate quality of the mind, bowing before it, and rendering it the tenderest homage, and the profoundest utterance of sensibility. Certainly never was this majesty and power of beauty more fully vindicated than in this exquisite work of Gainsborough's (157), "Mrs. Graham (Lord Lynedoch's wife)." Crowds have gathered round it ever since the opening of the Exhibition, to wonder and admire; and despite the elegant creations of Reynolds, which hang in close proximity, and the crowd of handsome faces which line the neighbouring portrait gallery, she is pronounced by all as the Queen of Beauty, and the leading star of Old Trafford. But with all her charms, her handsome countenance, and her grace of carriage, is it not written plainly on her countenance that she has what women are pleased to call "little ways?" She looks petted and spoiled, made haughty by flattery and adulation. See that slight frown on her white and polished brow—that pout on her lip—the proud arching of her neck—the portentous glistening of the eye, and the delicate-looking foot ready to perform a tattoo of dissatisfaction. Yet enchanting little vixen, dear delightful scorner, sweet scold, who would not be proud to wipe away thy tears, to do thy bidding, to be thy humble slave, and receive, as full and ample reward, one cheerful beam from thy eye, one ravishing smile from thy coral lips?

It is time we inquired something about the wonderful and secret power this portrait possesses over the spectator, in rivetting his mind and fixing his attention on the canvas as though it reflected a real presence, a power in the possession of which it and its neighbour "Master Buttall" stand almost alone among the British pictures. Herein it consists—that Gainsborough painted what he saw before him; he appreciated the young lady's beauty, and transferred it to his canvas in all its own glowing freshness and purity, depending on nature alone, and not falling back or leaning upon any abstract idea of beauty contained in his own mind. Compare it with the sham prettiness and conventionalism of Lawrence's female portraits, in which artificial loveliness and fashionable graces are so mixed up with and adulterate nature that identity is wellnigh gone. Even Reynolds is not free from this mannerism of expression, and we must look out of the English school to find other great instances of the grand nobility of nature being preserved in pictorial representations. We must go to Titian, Velasquez, and Vandyck if we wish to make acquaintance with the real and visible presence.

The British Portrait Gallery includes several fine works by Gainsborough. Two very memorable ones are those of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick (284 and 285). The latter is represented leaning on her guitar, her face so wreathed with smiles that it is quite pleasant to look upon. The picture is well coloured, the shadows mostly of a low-toned greenish hue, which is brought into beautiful harmony by the scarlet ribbon of the guitar. In the picture of "David Garrick," the great actor is looking at the spectator with an expression of acute intelligence, a smile hovering about his lips, and a good-humoured roll of the eye, which sufficiently announce its success as a likeness, and effectually extinguish the dramatic little tale perpetuated by Allan Cunningham, that Garrick made such grimaces and contortions of feature while sitting to Gainsborough, that the latter, "in a passion dashed down his pencils on the floor, and crying 'I believe I am painting from a devil rather than a man,' dismissed him in despair." There is another portrait here which claims attention more from the man represented than from any excellence it possesses as a work of art; it is 319, "William Pitt (prime minister)." We believe it to be the production of a forgotten artist, named Dupont, who was a nephew of Gainsborough and imitated his uncle's style with tolerable success, and the same picture which was engraved by Bartolozzi. An account of Dupont may be found in "Edwards's Anecdotes of Painters."

P. S.

THE VARNISH OF TIME.

Granting to admirers of richly-toned pictures that old oils and varnishes sometimes produce pleasing effects in parts of the foregrounds in sunny pictures, yet the impropriety of preserving them, even on such portions, cannot be doubted, when we reflect that neither Claude nor Cuyp, nor any painter, is to be justly credited with the creation of beauties which are the result of chance; for chance never formed part in any great artist's calculation of effects. Reflection brings us to believe that the slightest film on a fine picture is an undoubted evil. Every good picture, no matter what the subject—whether figures or landscape, or both combined—suffers more or less in proportion to the extent of its obscuration. An idea of distances, and the appearances of remote objects, can only be realised by a skilful management of air tints. Truth is as much obscured in a picture by the corruption of these tints as in linear perspective by the perversion of the lines. The "purple tinge which the mountain assumes as it recedes or approaches; the grey moss upon the ruin; the variegated greens and mellow browns of foliage"—in short, the colours in every part of nature, suffer alike from the much-admired "varnish of time." In historical pictures, the nicer points, which are the evidence of mastery, are alike involved. The various distinctions of colour in age and sex, the "bloom of youth and the wan cheek of sickness," are not spared. The "golden" compound is permitted to reduce each and all into one level tone; and cheerfulness and gloom, hope and despair, the times of the day and the seasons of the year, all wear the same look of sadness when beheld through the smoked glass of the picture-worm; for there are picture-worms as well as "book-worms."—*From "Pictures and Dirt Separated." By H. Merritt.*

BURTON'S PORTRAIT OF "HELEN FAUCIT."

Few visitors to the Water-colour Gallery will pass by No. 439, "Helen Faucit," by F. W. Burton (of which we give an engraving in page 295), without a tribute of genuine admiration. It is very attractive as a work of art, but doubly so as a masterly portraiture of one of the most intellectual occupants of the British stage. The artist has seized on an impassioned moment,—she leans against a Greek tripod, and might fitly personify a Delphic priestess about to utter the words of fancied inspiration. She is habited in a loose robe of pure white which envelops the whole figure save the neck and shoulders, and descends to the ground in statuesque and voluminous folds. The countenance has in itself more of intellect than beauty; a self-denying rapture sits upon it. The eyes are full and animate, and the mouth seems quivering with the impulse of expressive power. It appears as though the actress thoroughly identified herself with the character, and that the artist's mind had been infused by a similar spirit.

This power of identification is indeed a distinguishing feature of genius. A painter who comes to his work with a mind full of recollections of the triumphs of other artists, or occupied with preconceived ideas of fitness and beauty, must fall more or less into conventional graces, and lose somewhat of the freshness of reality. It is he who identifies himself with the beauties of nature, both literally and abstractedly, who extracts the kind of poetry peculiar to the object before him, instead of furnishing a cut-and-dried substitute of his own, who will retain the strongest hold on the admiration of the spectator. So with an actress, she must believe herself, and feel herself to be, for the time, the very character she is representing, or be content to be numbered with the Fotheringays of the stage, who parrot Shakspere, and fall back upon traditional points, and attitudes studied at the glass.

Helen Faucit is of a theatrical family, her mother, Mrs. Faucit, having been an actress of considerable celebrity during the early part of the present century. Her *début* took place at Covent Garden Theatre, during the management of Mr. Macready, and it is to the keen appreciation of the great tragedian that we are indebted for the discovery of her histrionic genius. One of her earliest parts was "Pauline," in Bulwer's melodramatic play of "The Lady of Lyons;" but the parts in which she will be especially remembered are those of "Beatrice," "Imogen," "Rosalind," "Antigone," and "King René's Daughter." In these personifications she exhibits a classic grace, a delicacy and refinement of feeling, a thorough appreciation of the author's meaning, and above all, a total abnegation of self. The latter character, "King René's Daughter," she has made especially her own, by the sweetness and grace with which she interprets the text of the writer.

In private life, Helen Faucit is known as the wife of Mr. Theodore Martin, barrister-at-law—a gentleman of eminent literary ability. His grotesque and satirical poems, contributed to *Tait's Magazine*, are among the best of their kind.

Amidst our profound admiration of the lady represented, it would seem as though we had almost forgotten the artist; yet his claims to favourable notice are by no means to be passed over. His drawing is clear in effect, very pure in colouring, and we must especially point out the excellent posing of the figure.

P. S.

THE SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

By H. Ottley.

No. XI.

THE LOMBARD SCHOOLS.

The Tuscan, Roman, Venetian, and Bolognese schools of painting are sufficiently individualised to be treated of severally under distinct heads, discriminating only the changes which marked successive periods of their history. But it was not so in Lombardy, which in the earlier periods of art was split up into many independent states, each of which had a school peculiar to itself, the productions of which were so widely different that it would be impossible to consider them in reference to a common standard. Lanzi, accordingly, classifies the art of Lombardy under five distinct schools, viz., the Mantuan, the Modenese, the Parmese, the Cremonese, and the Milanese. The principal lights amongst all these schools were undoubtedly Leonardo da Vinci, who founded the Milanese school, and Correggio, the founder of the Parmese school; and their influence is more or less felt amongst their cotemporaries and successors in the other Lombard schools, as well as throughout Italy and Europe generally. These great names we have already treated of, when speaking of the zenith period of art, and we need not further refer to them at any length; but it becomes necessary, for the completeness of our subject, to give an outline sketch of the leading incidents and performers in the other schools, as classified by Lanzi. In pursuing this subject, we shall not think it necessary in all cases to go back to the very earliest times, contenting ourselves with the general observation that in the various Lombard states there exist sufficient monuments, of a very early date, to show that throughout the darkest ages the genius of ancient art lingered yet amongst them, and sometimes produced fruits of great excellence. For the rest, we shall chiefly confine our regards to those who contributed to the great movement which resulted in the revival of art in Italy.

The Mantuan School was founded by Andrea Mantegna (b. 1431, d. 1505), himself a native of Padua, and a pupil in the school of Squarcione, in that town. Mantegna was distinguished by his masterly drawing, and the exquisite finish which he gave to all his works. But his style, founded principally upon a study of classic sculpture, was dry and formal, and his productions generally deficient in action and expression. Lanzi says: "Mantegna, wholly bent on giving chasteness to his contours and ideal beauty to his forms, not only adopted a littleness and parallelism in the folds of his drapery, as well as an accuracy in other respects which readily degenerates into the dry; but, in his figures, neglected that vivifying principle—expression." But, further, Mantegna is to be noticed with honour for the success with which he mastered the principles of foreshortening, an art but little understood before his time, by which the limbs of a figure, placed in other positions than across the plane of the picture, are represented with an appearance of reality, as projected towards the eye, and a roundness given to the figure itself. This art he probably acquired by a careful study of the sculpture models which he found in the school of Squarcione; but he never attempted it with that freedom and life which we find in Correggio, who came after, and improved upon his example. The peculiar merits and defects of Mantegna's style are sufficiently exemplified in the specimens exhibited in the Art-Treasures Collection; more particularly his exquisite finish in the Earl of Pembroke's "Judith" (No. 96); his remarkable, but somewhat severe foreshortening in Mr. Baring's "Christ on the Mount of Olives (No. 98); and his dry, sculpturesque manner in Mr. Vivian's "Triumph of Scipio" (No. 102).

After the death of Mantegna the Mantuan school gradually became extinct. Indeed during the grand period of art all greatness in art flowed to Florence or Rome, and it was not till after the decline of those great universities that the other schools of Italy resumed their operations with any show of activity or power. Thus it was that in Mantua a new school was founded in the early part of the 16th century, by Giulio Romano, who left many scholars behind him, who followed his types with great scrupulousness.

The Modenese School in its earlier period produced a great number of artists of considerable merit, but none of sufficient note to call for special mention here. After the revival, Raphael and Correggio were the models principally followed. Nicolo dell' Abate (b. 1512, d. 1571), was one of its chief ornaments. In the latter part of his life this artist, with Primaticcio, contributed to the foundation of the French school at Fontainebleau. In the 17th century the influence of the Bolognese school (that of the Carracci) was paramount at Modena. Schedone was a distinguished painter of this period.

The Parmese School.—The true founder of the Parmese school—that is, of an intellectual and highly-accomplished art as distinguished from the weak and crude performances of the degenerate art of the past—was Correggio; and the marvel is, that any one man, unsupported by the example of other great men of his age, far away from the accumulated stores of example and influences in which Rome abounded, should have done so much—creating an art of his own, out of materials almost all his own. The influence of Leonardo da Vinci in his fine tone of colour, and of Mantegna in his delicate handling and masterly foreshortening, are certainly traceable in Correggio; but these constitute but a small proportion of his excellences, which he developed upon a system so entirely original as to distinguish him, in bold relief, from all predecessors and cotemporaries. Yet the art of the Parmese school was not of the highest order, being deficient of many of the grandest excellences. Lanzi notices that the distinguishing feature of the Parmese school is foreshortening, as the elaborate expression of the anatomical development is of that of Florence, and adds: "Amongst the characteristics of the Parmese painters, we may also notice a closer attention to *chiaroscuro* and the disposition of the drapery, than to the representation of the human frame, in which few evince much merit. Their contours are ample, their heads not so much ideal as selected from their own fellow-countrymen, in whom they are usually found to be well rounded, high-coloured, and not unfrequently possessed of those features and that joyousness which in Correggio's works pass for original."

Parmigiano attempted to combine the grace of Correggio with the dramatic expressiveness of Raphael and the muscular development of Michael Angelo, but with questionable success. With this exception, external influences had small effect upon the followers of Correggio. The teachings of the Carracci did not make their way to Parma.

The Cremonese School dates from an early period. The magnificent cathedral at Cremona was commenced in 1107, and at the earliest opportunity was decorated both with sculpture and painting. Lanzi shows that there were painters here as early as 1213; and subsequently to 1335, traces a regular series of masters, down to Gian Francesco Bembo, styled Il Vetraro, and eulogised by Vasari. Amongst these was Boccaccio Boccaccino (b. 1460, d. 1518), who studied at Rome, under Pietro Perugino, and who, by his numerous fine qualities—the beautiful air of his heads, spirited attitudes, and rich, harmonious colouring, is entitled to hold a parallel position amongst the Cremonese to those occupied by Ghirlandajo, Mantegna, and Francia in their respective schools. He was the master of Garofalo, an artist of eminence, of whom a fine specimen, "The Vision of St. Augustine," is in the National Gallery.

About the middle of the 16th century an important school was established at Cremona, by the Campi, a family of artists four in number, three being brothers, who formed the idea of founding a school of painting which should partake of the manner of all the different schools of Italy, without directly borrowing from any. Lanzi sees in this project the origin, or at least the first sketch or suggestion, of that which the Carracci afterwards carried out with so much success at Bologna. But the Campi, of whom Giulio was the most eminent, failed of acquiring a lasting influence, for want of a proper combination of resources—for they worked and taught separately—and through a general deficiency in the important element of design. Early in the 17th century the Cremonese school had become utterly degenerate.

The Milanese School.—Milan may be looked upon as the true centre of the Lombard schools, for it was here, when the kingdom of Italy passed from the Goths to the Lombards, the arts transferred their chief seat from Ravenna, where they had heretofore flourished. Here and at Monza, Pavia, Galliano, &c., are still to be found vestiges of that style of art which is distinguished as Lombard. Some of these, chiefly in sculpture, are of as early as the 8th century; but in painting, Lanzi mentions several works by anonymous artists, of a date anterior to Giotto, who himself executed some few at Milan about the year 1335.

It is to Leonardo da Vinci, the Florentine, who went to Milan about the year 1494, upon the invitation of the Grand Duke Sforza, that we must attribute the foundation of the true Milanese school, in which the Gothic spirit was first discarded for purer and nobler elements. Of this great master we have spoken at length in a separate article. As the founder of a school, his chief attributes are—in respect of design, his exquisite taste, his nobleness of character and expression, his love for beauty in form, and his elaborate perfection in execution,—and in colouring, his grandeur of tone, and majestic *chiaroscuro*. His principal pupils, and who indeed executed most of the easel pictures passing under his name, were Bernardo Luini and Marco d'Oggione.

Towards the end of the 16th century, the school of Milan, after a long period of decline, received a new impulse and renown from the exertions of the Procaccini, a family of Bologna, of whom the head was Ercole, who established a school distinguished by many points of merely technic excellence, from which they sent forth a numerous tribe of pupils, who for a long time peopled all the neighbouring territory. Of these one man, undoubtedly gifted with genius, alone calls for particular mention,—Daniel Crespi, whom Lanzi styles "the last of the Milanese." He died in 1630, at the age of forty

TOPHAM'S "PEASANTS OF ANDALUSIA."

THE scene here given is the exterior of a Spanish posada, where, as is the custom in the land of the grape and the water melon, the parties are enjoying themselves *al fresco*. The two men, who wear the costume of vetturinos, are of veritable Spanish character,—note the eye of the losing gamester; but Mr. Topham appears to have studied so assiduously the Irish peasant character among the dark-eyed pensive beauties of Ballinasloe and Connemara, that he is quite unable to divest himself of its influence, although depicting a Spanish waiting maid. Even the dress is hardly in character.

Mr. Topham's style is one in which great power and depth of colouring is united to a lucid clearness and delicacy of effect, which is hardly surpassed by any of his cotemporaries; and his present work has a rich warmth of shadow, and an open daylight appearance which amply illustrates the peculiarity of climate. We must not either overlook its great merit as a composition—the figures are excellently arranged.



"PEASANTS OF ANDALUSIA."—TOPHAM.

"ON THE MEDWAY."

By MULLER.

THE picture from which the engraving in our next page is taken is numbered 250 in the Art-Treasures Catalogue. It is of small size, and is, as will be seen, extremely simple in subject. The aim of the artist appears to have been to show what could be effected by the use of negative colours, for there are scarcely any hues in the picture of higher key than dull blues, pure greys, and ochrey whites. Yet such is the power possessed by a true colourist, that this little work has absolutely kept its place with the brightest ornaments of the wall in which it is placed.

But Müller possessed more of the true Venetian style of colouring than perhaps any of our artists, Etty alone excepted. He was a thorough master of grey tones, and entirely eschewed those brown shadows which a too confined study of the Dutch school has engrafted on our own.

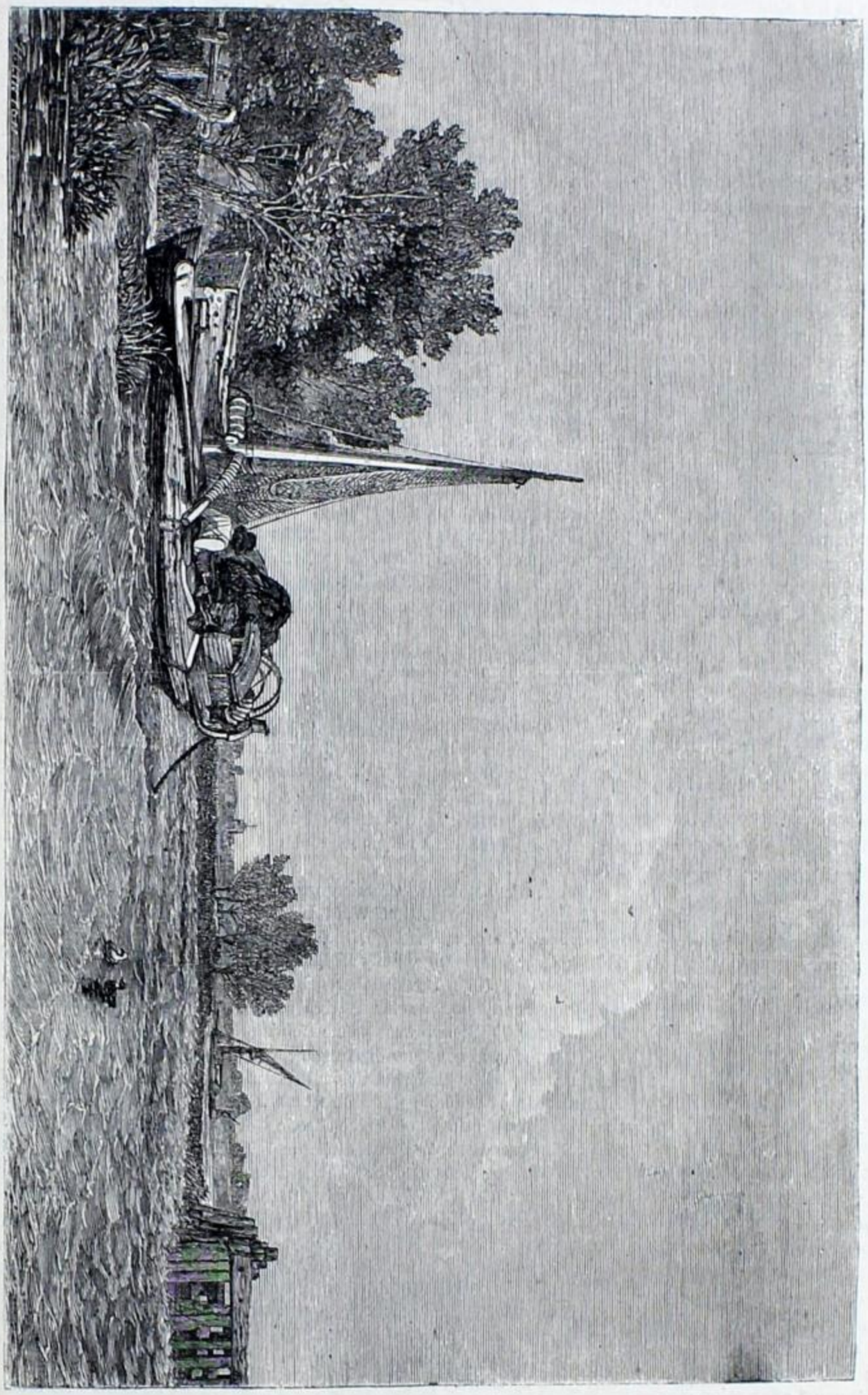
For a few particulars about this lamented artist see a notice of some of his other works in the Exhibition, at page 99.

WATER-COLOUR ART.

BY J. A. HAMMERSLEY, F.S.A.

No. XI.

THE closing of the Exhibition renders it necessary that we should now make appeals rather to the memory of works than to suggest actual examination. Our readers will have no difficulty in remembering the one work of E. H. Corbould, the "Scene from the Prophête," a work containing some of the most extraordinary evidences of power in the use of means and materials. It has often been amusing, while standing before the picture, to hear the speculations of amateurs as to the work being in water colours, accompanied by other odd conjectures as to the tricks of art by which Corbould has been supposed to have been aided. These speculations have been justified by the wonderful force characterising the drawing—the profound depth and lustrous solemnity with which the artist has developed his idea. All this is achieved without any superficial appearance of trick or subterfuge,—all appears fair and patient labour. Still it is sufficiently discoverable to anyone trained in the practice of art, that every mode by which ends can be compassed has been adopted, and every skilful operation used which could excite surprise and conjecture as to the resources at the command of the painter. This has reference solely to the workmanship, but higher considerations call us away from mere handicraft. The work, with all its power, is essentially melodramatic, and as this phrase is often used in speaking of art, it may be as well to define it. No work can be objected to on the score of being dramatic; for this implies action and arrangement conformable to the incident, when the result of an intellectual and moral perception; but when these are only sensuously perceived, when the eye and ear only are the controlling judges, it becomes merely melodramatic—it is no longer what the judgment approves, but what the eye and ear require for mere indulgence. On the stage we recognise the distinction immediately between one who forgets self in the character assumed, and one who is simply attitudinising to the merely sensuous gratification of an uncultured audience. Is it not as easily recognised in Corbould's drawing, where we have much skill, much graceful drawing, much elegance of intention, but absolutely nothing more than a "painted show?"



"ON THE MEDWAY."—MULLER.

Herbert's drawings are rare and priceless. The works by him, exhibited in the Art-Treasures galleries, are among his best; they are very nearly faultless. His power over action is singularly fine, at times suggesting the most vigorous doings of Michael Angelo; and his colour, without the liquid freshness of some other painters, is perfect in chromatic arrangement, and in the charms of

transparency. By far the finest of these works are the "Abduction of the Brides of Venice," "The Two Foscari," and "The Outcast,"—the two former being especially grand in design and wonderful in treatment. The second contains a power of expression almost terrible, in its knowledge of character, and is remarkable in the dignity of its realisation. The drawing of "The Outcast" is somewhat injured by inappropriateness of facial expression.

Maclise exhibits three drawings, the subjects of which are better known in his ultimate repetitions of them in his oil paintings. These drawings are full of Maclise's peculiarities—academic purity of drawing, great fancy, love of the picturesque, but *without imaginative treatment*, which discloses a strange incongruity of mind. These drawings by Maclise show a most singular absence of sympathy with the charms of modulation and quality of colours, and an equally remote approach to quality of texture. Not only is this abundantly obvious in the drawing immediately under notice, but the whole of his works (excepting the oil picture of "The Disenchantment of Bottom") present these damaging qualities.

Luckily the Art-Treasures Exhibition contained seven works of Pyne, and these among the best of his water-colour productions. Pyne may be said to be, in many respects, an intellectual Turner. He has the same love of the vast, the same sympathy with the mysterious in treatment. He has the same attachment to the diversified influences of aerial condition which modulate the severities of nature's forms through endless variety and beauty. But Pyne, with all these points of similarity, has less the look of sincere truthfulness. We feel, when looking at his works, that his plans are too obvious, and his motives too clearly expressed. We should be better pleased, perhaps, if we could divest ourselves of all idea of the man and his intellectual nature, and think of nothing but the actual charm of his drawings. Their beauties are infinite, as our readers will acknowledge when remembering the purity of his "Lago Maggiore" drawings, the rich glowing grandeur of his Coblentz (absurdly called "The Drachenfels" in the catalogue), the burning glow of the "Campagna," the exquisite composition of the "Castle of Ischia," in which the translucency of the water is inimitable; and the sense of evening repose in the "Venice." All these works are in the highest character of art—true, however, only to the observer of nature who can feel how local fact can be modified by accidental influences.

Bostock is unworthily hung, and has a fair right to complain. His works are at all times distinguished by the most subtle tenderness of expression and of colour. They require, and richly deserve, situations where they can be closely examined. This has not been accorded to him, and we will not therefore add to the insult by pretending to see beauties which are not to be distinguishable except by the aid of a step-ladder. There is a very good specimen of Vidal in the drawing of "Autumn," though charged with the artist's usual affectation of *pose* and expression. Duval's well-known drawing of "Gulnare" rather gains than otherwise in the company of the whole strength of water-colour art of the kingdom. It has, however, no legitimate place here, being a soft crayon drawing, which process has conditions of its own separating it from water-colour practice.

The drawings of Collingwood Smith show the artist in a strength for which we had not given him full credit. His "Tell's Chapel" is superb! especially in its rendering of certain conditions of translucent water; but by far the best of his works is "A Still Pool, Linton." This is perfection, or as nearly so as human fingers and a loving imagination can render nature.

STATISTICS OF THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.

THERE was an extraordinary number of visitors at the Exhibition on Monday, the 12th instant. About the middle of the day a party arrived from Knowsley Hall. The party included her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, the Earl of Derby, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and Colonel M'Donald. These distinguished visitors were met at the Exhibition by the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Lady Katherine Egerton, and Lord Grey de Wilton. Major J. Horne Purves was in attendance upon the royal duchess. These visitors partook of luncheon in the royal reception room at two o'clock, and then visited the Hertford Gallery and other parts of the Exhibition, Lord Derby accompanying the Duchess of Cambridge, and Lord Wilton the Princess Mary.

On Tuesday there was the largest attendance of paying visitors, there being over 27,000. The Heaton party again visited the Exhibition, and included the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Lord Grey de Wilton, Lady Grey de Wilton, Lady Katherine Egerton, and Mr. Boothby. There were also present his Grace the Duke of Bedford (who expressed himself highly gratified with the collection), the Hon. J. P. Vereker, Lady Armitage, Mr. David Roberts, artist; and Mr. Stephen Pearce, artist. There was a special organ performance at noon by Mr. E. T. Chipp, of London, and the usual orchestral performance in the afternoon, which was attended by several of Lord Wilton's party.

Amongst the visitors on Wednesday were the Duke of Wellington, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Bishop of Oxford, Miss Nightingale, with Mrs. and Miss Gaskill, the Countess of Wilton, the Duchess of Roxburgh, Lord and Lady Sidney, Lady Somerset, Lord Grey de Wilton, Lady C. Egerton, W. D. Lowe, Esq., a contributor; Theed, the sculptor; Mr. Boothby, S. Pearce, Esq., artist; and D. Roberts, Esq., R.A. There was a very numerous attendance of halfcrown visitors.

Amongst the visitors on Thursday were the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, Lord Ward, Lady Charlotte Innes Kerr, Viscount Ranelagh, Sir Augustus Clifford, Sir George Armitage, Lady Katherine Egerton, Lord Grey de Wilton, David Roberts, R.A.; Francis Pulsky, secretary of state for foreign affairs when Count Louis Batthyani was prime minister, and Louis Kossuth was governor of Hungary (M. Pwsky was accompanied by his friend Colonel Ihasz, one of Kossuth's aides-de-camp); Clarkson Stanfield, R.A.; Stephen Pearce, painter of "The Arctic Council;" the Bishops of Oxford, Manchester, and Exeter; Mrs. Gaskill, Miss Gaskill, Miss Nightingale; Theed, the sculptor; the Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Countess of Hardwicke, Viscount Newport, Lady Emma Stanley, Mr. James C. Horsley, W. Drury Lowe, Esq., a contributor, &c., &c. There were two special trains to the Exhibition, and they both brought large numbers of visitors. The orchestral performance was conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé, and included Beethoven's Symphony in D, which was given by desire.

On Friday there were present Lord Ward, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, Lady Charlotte Innes Kerr, Mrs. and Miss Gaskill, David Roberts, R.A.; S. Pearce, artist; Theed, the sculptor; and C. Stanfield, R.A. There was a heavy special train from Sheffield, and Marcus brought about 250 excursionists from Liverpool.

THE CLOSING DAY.

The attendance of halfcrown visitors on Saturday was not equal to expectation, being under 10,000. Though the halfcrowns did not come in so rapidly as the executive committee hoped they would, there was an extraordinary influx of season-ticket holders, and as there were very few season-ticket holders outside the Exhibition on Saturday, we may form a close estimate of the number of season-tickets which have been disposed of, though we cannot distinguish between guinea and two guinea tickets. It will be seen by the return, that the number of season-ticket holders on Saturday was 9,739. Amongst the visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Katherine Egerton, Lady Grey Egerton, Lord Grey de Wilton, Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Smith and Lady Smith, Sir James Watts, Knt. (mayor of Manchester), and Lady Watts; Sir John Potter, Knt., M.P.; Mr. W. Mackinnon, M.P.; Mr. A. Mackinnon, M.P.; Colonel Hodge, C.B.; Mr. William C. Macready, William Fairbairn, Esq.; Thomas Fairbairn, Esq. (chairman of the executive committee), and all the other members of the committee. During one of the intervals between the musical performances, Mr. Seymour, leader of the Exhibition band, presented an address and a silver flagon to Mr. Charles Hallé, conductor. The address was as follows:—

"*To Charles Hallé, Esq.*

"The members of the Art-Treasures Exhibition Orchestra, on this, the occasion of the close of the Exhibition, beg to express to Mr. Hallé their great admiration of the manner in which he has supported the musical department, and successfully fulfilled its onerous duties, always upholding the dignity of the art of which he is so great an ornament, and daily producing to the public the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the greatest masters of music, thereby not allowing his own divine art to suffer by comparison with and in the presence of the sister arts. The members of the orchestra also beg Mr. Hallé to accept the accompanying simple souvenir (which has been unanimously and cheerfully subscribed for), and hope that its possession and use will ever occasion him a pleasant remembrance of his six months' intimate connection with the Art-Treasures Exhibition Orchestra.

"Manchester, October 17th, 1857."

Mr. Hallé, after acknowledging the plaudits of the members of the orchestra, and then those of the assembled multitude, addressed Mr. Seymour in the following terms:—"Sir, I am excessively grateful to the orchestra for the very kind expressions Mr. Seymour has addressed to me, and I hope the few recollections you all have of the last six months may be as agreeable to you as they are to myself. I am thankful for the kindness and constant goodwill you have ever shown me, and I hope through our endeavours we have succeeded in making music one of the attractions of this great and wonderful Exhibition." (Loud applause, followed by three hearty cheers for Mr. Hallé.)

At the conclusion of the orchestral performances, there was a call for Mr. Thos. Fairbairn, who ascended the orchestra, and addressed the following words to the assembled multitude:—"Ladies and gentlemen,—It is my duty now to pronounce the last few words of farewell, and to inform you that, when you leave this building, the Exhibition of Art-Treasures will be closed. I hope you will never forget the liberality which has enabled that Exhibition to be formed—(cheers); and that, when you retire to your homes, and reflect upon this building and its contents, you will be able to realise the truth of the poet's line, that

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

(Loud cheers). While Mr. Fairbairn was making these observations, the unwelcome sound of the bell, summoning the visitors to depart, passed through the palace, and they gradually wended their way to the "exit" door, frequently turning their heads as they passed to the east end to glance once more at the "things of beauty," which were to be seen by them no more. As the last knot of visitors left the building, three hearty cheers were given for "The Ladies." The doors were closed, the last 'bus drove off with a merry cargo, and thus ended the Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857.

The total admissions last week were:—

	One Shilling.	Halfcrown.	Season.	Total.
Oct. 12.....	26,226	.....	1,495	27,721
,, 13.....	27,049	.....	1,935	28,984
,, 14.....	...	8,513	4,101	12,614
,, 15.....	...	8,041	6,442	14,483
,, 16.....	...	5,474	5,234	10,708
,, 17.....	...	8,609	9,379	17,988
	53,275	30,637	28,586	112,498

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